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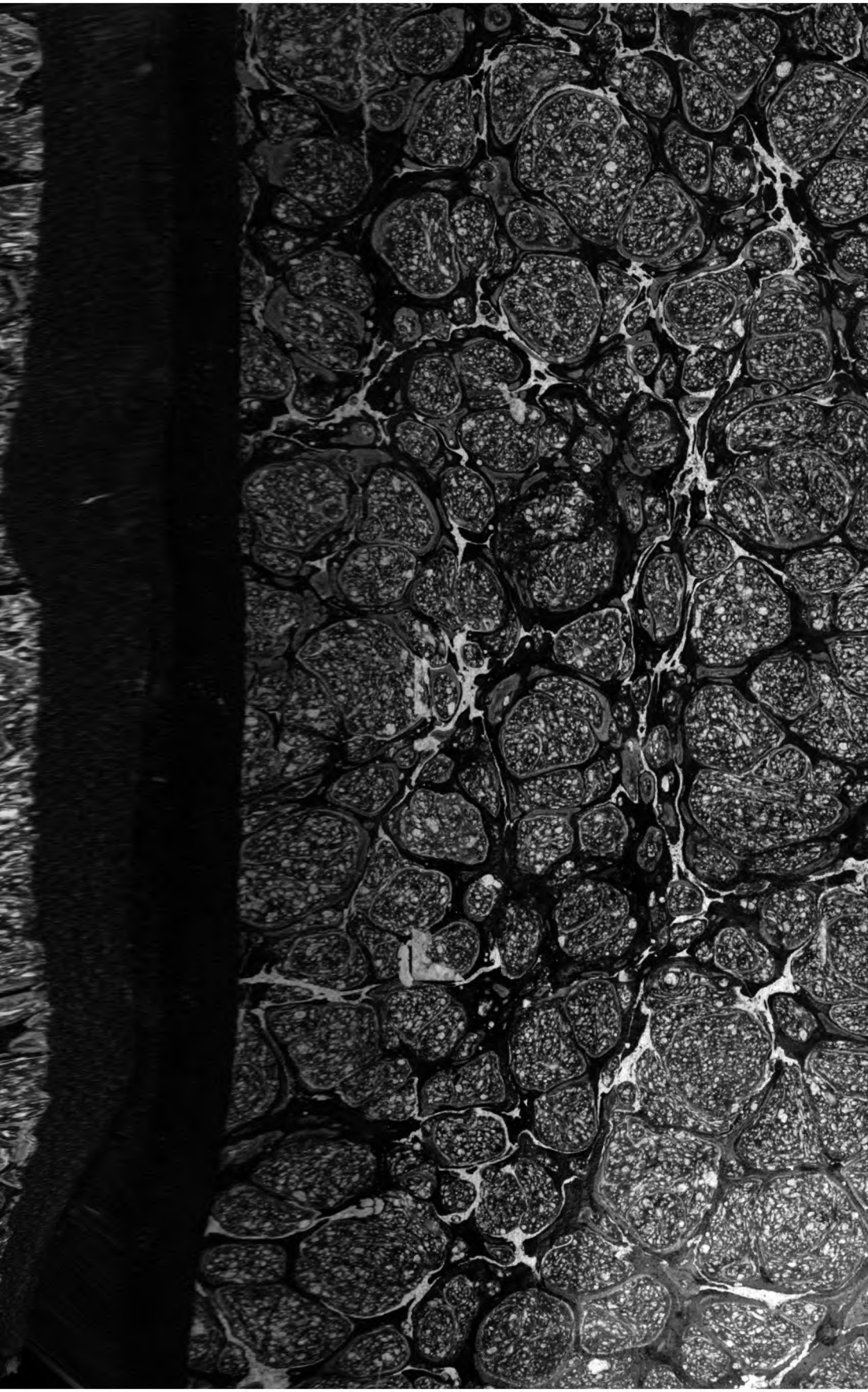

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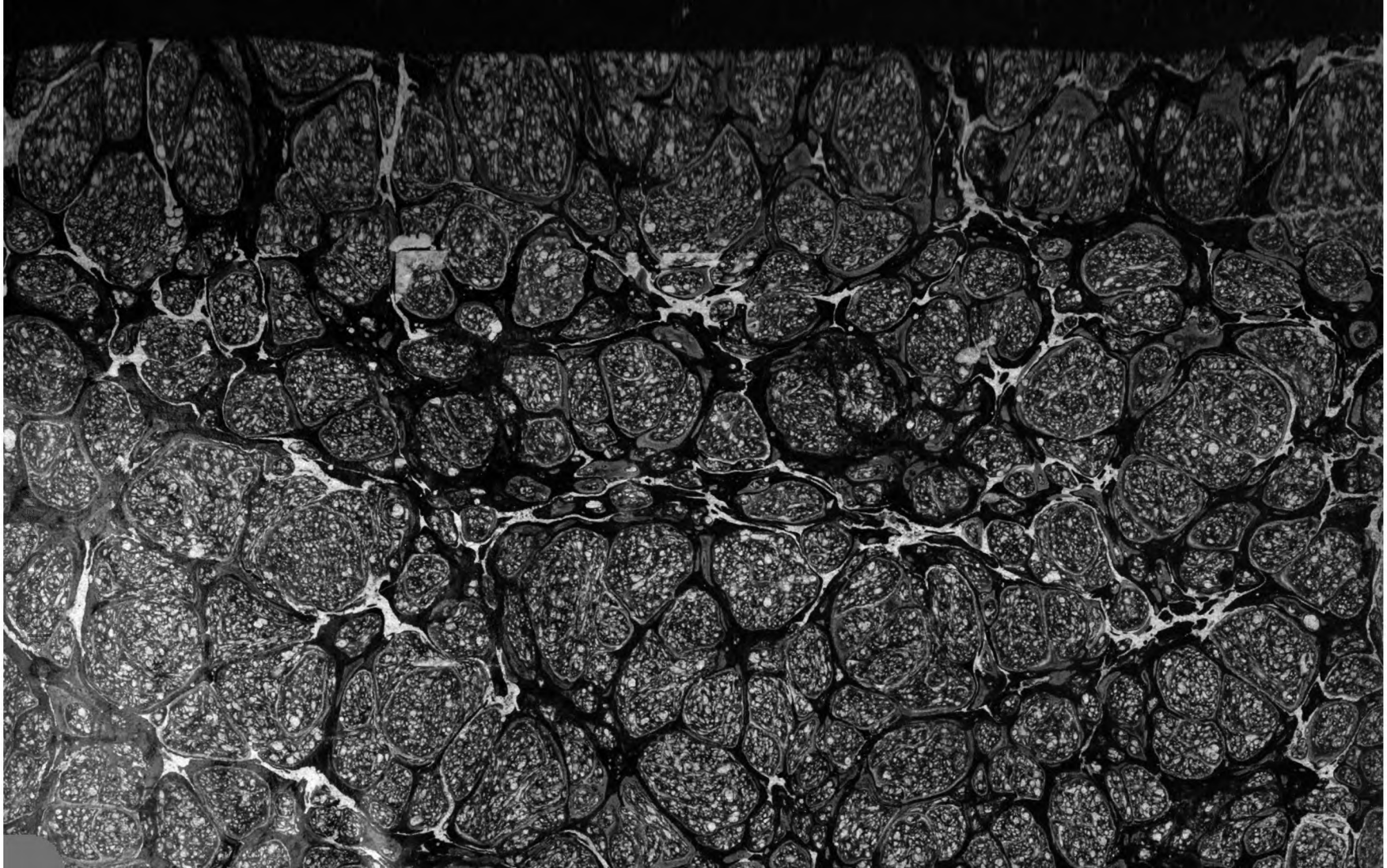

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STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

"Who Speaks First?"
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"Little Mischief."
Fashions for August, colored.
The Nymph of the Fountain.
Fashions for September, colored.
In "The Golden Age."
Fashions for October, colored.
The Little Haymaker.
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The Pet Pigeons.
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Title-Page.

COLORED ENGRAVINGS.

Border for Rugs, Toilette Sets, etc.
Tidy in Crochet, or on Java Canvas.
Mottoes for Card Boards.
Design for Embroidery on Stocking.
Tidy on Java Canvas.
The Holly and Mistletoe Slipper.
Pattern in Berlin Work, for Ottoman, Chair Seat, etc., etc.

FULL-PAGE WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

She Was Lying on the Sofa.
In the Garden.
Landing from the Boat.
The Opera Box.
The Oriel Window.
The Artist's Picture.
Singing Christmas Carols.

WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

July number, Thirty Engravings.
August number, Forty-seven Engravings.
September number, Fifty-one Engravings.
October number, Forty-three Engravings.
November number, Forty-eight Engravings.
December number, Forty-eight Engravings.

MUSIC.

Tyrolienne Waltz.
Wait for the Turn of the Tide.
A Thousand Leagues Away.
Fatinitza March.
Humming like the Bee.
Meet Me in the Twilight.

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STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

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COLORED ENGRAVINGS.

Border for Rugs, Toilette Sets, etc.
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FULL-PAGE WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

She Was Lying on the Sofa.
In the Garden.
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The Opera Box.
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WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

July number, Thirty Engravings.
August number, Forty-seven Engravings.
September number, Fifty-one Engravings.
October number, Forty-three Engravings.
November number, Forty-eight Engravings.
December number, Forty-eight Engravings.

MUSIC.

Tyrolienne Waltz.
Wait for the Turn of the Tide.
A Thousand Leagues Away.
Fatinitza March.
Humming like the Bee.
Meet Me in the Twilight.

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THE PLAYMATES.

Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine

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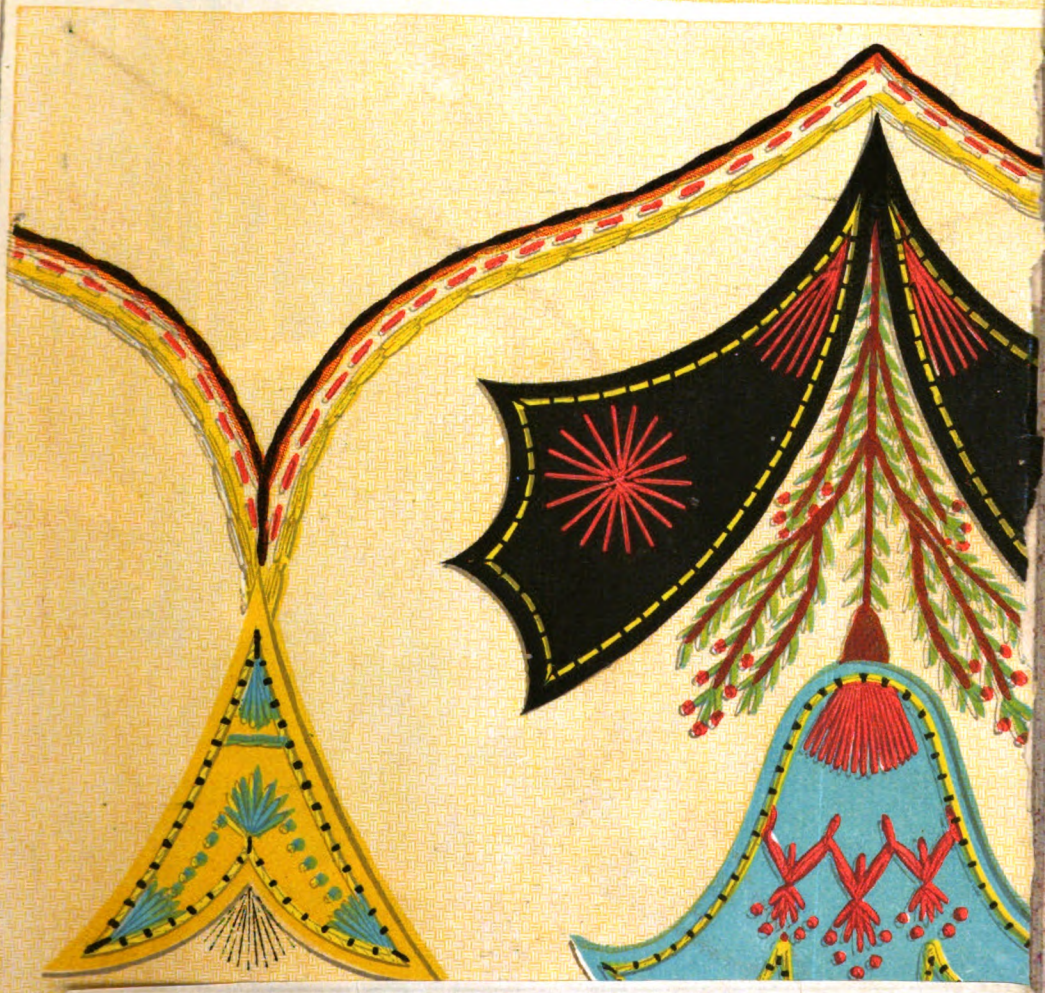

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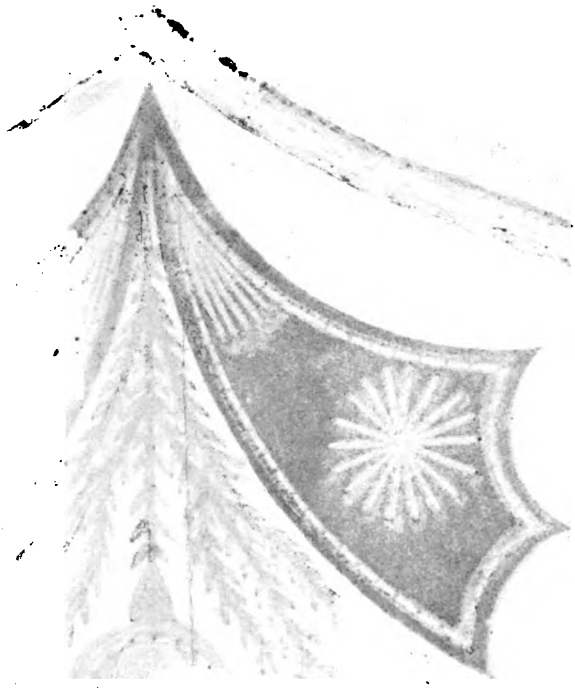

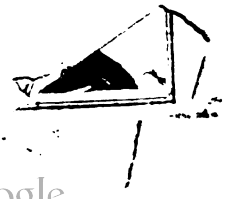

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FORSAKEN. [*See the Story.*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

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CLOTH COSTUME FOR WINTER: BACK AND FRONT.

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EVENING DRESS; MOUSE DRESS.

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CLOTH PALETOT. HAT.

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VELVET PALETOT. BONNET.

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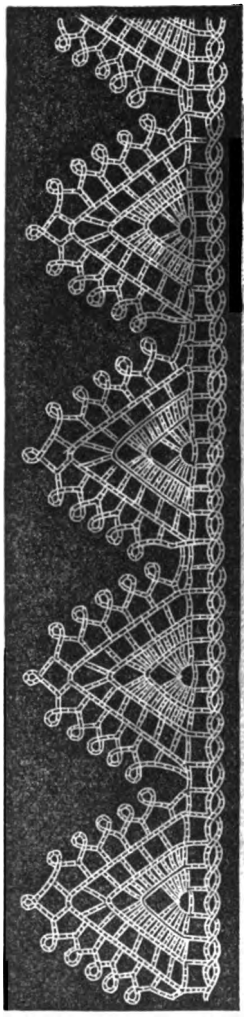

EDGINGS IN CROCHET. EMBROIDERY FOR CHAIR, EDGE OF CURTAIN, TABLE-CLOTH, ETC., ETC.

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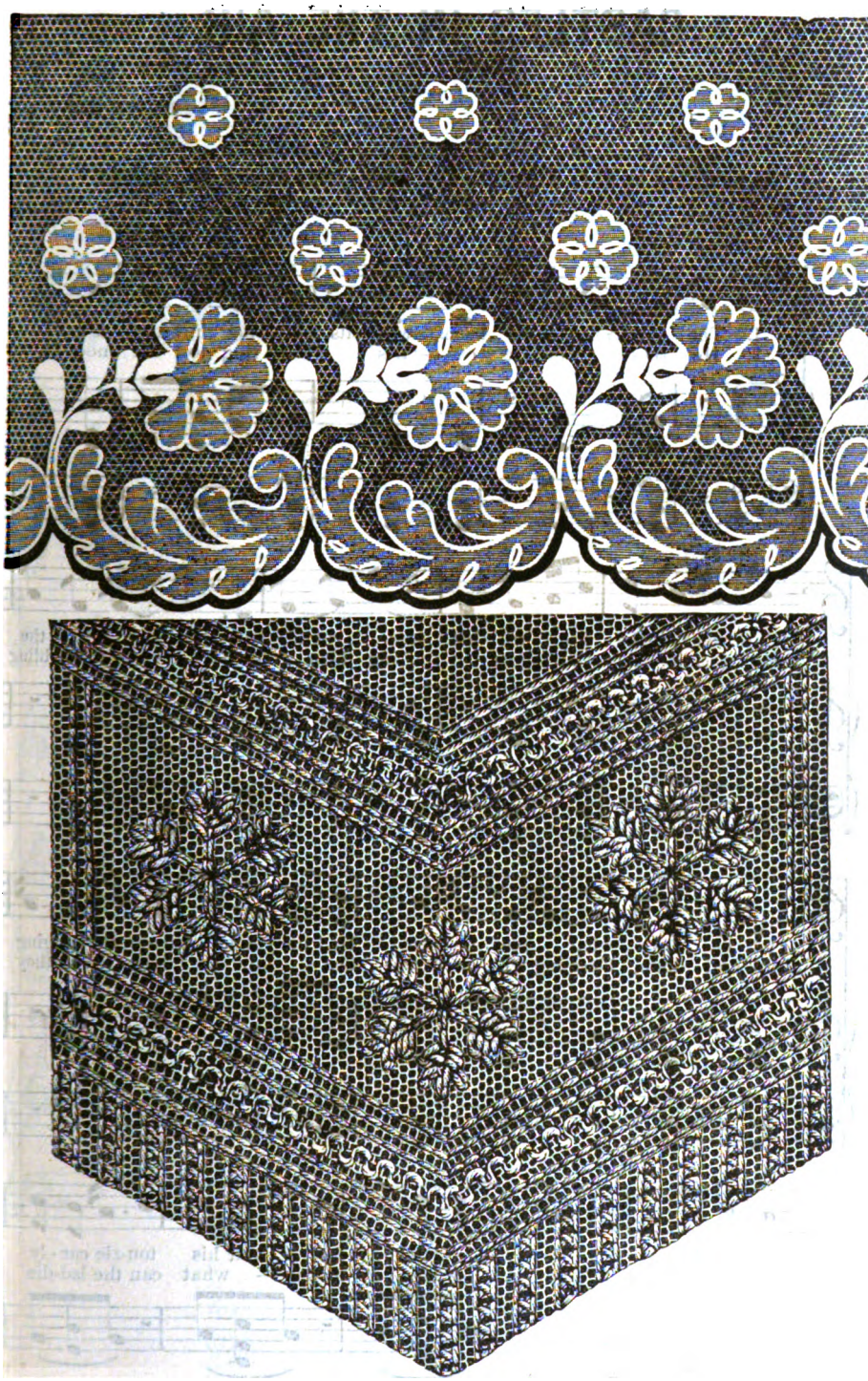

LACE IN APPLIQUÉ AND EMBROIDERY. END OF CRAVAT IN DARNED NET.

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CASTLES IN THE AIR.

SCOTCH SONG.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1063 Spring Garden St., Philada.

Allegretto.

1. The bon - nie, bon-nie bairn, who sits pok - ing in the ase,
2. He sees muc-kle cas - tles tow'- ring to the moon!

Glow'ring in the fire wi' his wee round face; Laugh-ing at the
He sees lit - tle sod - gers pu'-ing them a' doun! Worlds whombling

fuf - fin lowe what sees he there? Ha! the young dreamer's big-ging
up and doun, bleez-ing wi' a flare— See how he loups! as they

cas-tles in the air. His wee chubby face, and his tou-zie cur - ly
glimmer in the air. For a' sae sage he looks— what can the lad-die

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pow, Are laugh - ing and nodding to the dancing lowe:—He'll
ken? He's thinking up - on naething, like mo - ny mighty men; A

brown his ro - sy cheeks, and singe his sun - ny hair,
wee thing mak's us think, a sma' thing mak's us stare, There are

Glow-'ring at the imps wi' their cas - tles in the air.
mair folk than him big - ging cas - tles in the air.

p pp

3.

Sic a night in winter may weel make him cauld:
His chin upon his buffy hand will soon mak' him auld:
His brow is brent so braid, O pray that daddy care
Would let the wean alone wi' his castles in the air!
He'll glower at the fire and he'll keek at the light!
But mony sparkling stars are swallowed up by night,
Aulder een than his are glamoured by a glare,
Hearts are broken, heads are turn'd wi' castles in the air.

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NEW STYLES FOR HEAD-DRESSES.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXV. PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1879. No. 1.

FORSAKEN.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

THAT strain of music, crashing out on the winter night, the brilliantly illuminated window, brought it all back—the sweet bliss of early wedlock, the bitter pain of mistrust and separation.

Marian had played that strain so often, on the little cottage piano, in her happy, cottage home. And now, forsaken, friendless, unloved, she stood there, under the pitiless winter skies, with her nameless babe upon her bosom.

As she listened, all the bitterness of her fate, all the shame of her dishonored womanhood, all the fond yearnings of her deathless love were forgotten, and the past came back with its tender and short-lived happiness.

She was a girl again, a bright, innocent, happy girl, standing beside her father's grave. That first grief had seemed, then, hard to bear; she loved her father well, and felt his loss keenly; but deeper sorrows had taught her, since, that the grief we feel when death takes a dear one from us, ceases to be grief, compared with some of life's darker tragedies.

In those days Marian had one loyal friend, a young man, one of her father's pupils. He stood beside her, when the green sods had hidden the dear face from her sight.

"Don't take it to heart so, Marian," he had said. "Your father, of all men, was prepared to go; and while I live, so far as I can help it, you shall never feel his loss."

And he kept his promise. In a hundred little, unobtrusive ways, he lessened and lightened the burthen of Marian's grief. She had, naturally and instinctively, all the attributes and accomplishments of a lady; but she was poor, and dependent on her own exertions for the very bread she ate. Frank Herncastle was rich, but he knew Marian's proud character too well to offer pecuniary aid. All he could do was to give her a brother's counsel and sympathy. He stood, her true and loyal friend, therefore, through all those dark days of her sorrow, and when, at last, the old parsonage was shut up, and the orphan girl tore herself away from the scenes of her childhood, and went to a distant town to fill the post of governess in a wealthy lady's family, he left her, at last, and went home, trying to forget her. But he found that he had gone too far to forget. Marian's sweet, sad face haunted him; her gentle voice was continually in his ears.

His worldly prospects were dazzling, yet, to his honor, he held his happiness dearer than mere worldly success. So, despite the opposition of his family, he returned to Marian, and wooed and won her for his wife.

The task was not a hard one. She was such a tender, trustful, gentle creature, that the gratitude in her heart soon warmed into love. They were married, and a few brief, bright months of bliss followed.

But one day, the young husband went to the neighboring village for letters. Returning, as he crossed the lawn, in front of the cottage, he chanced to look up. Through an open window of his wife's chamber, he caught sight of her. She was not alone! A tall, handsome-looking man stood beside her, and her arms were about his neck, her face hidden on his shoulder.

Most men have a spice of jealousy in them. Frank Herncastle had more than his share; it was, indeed, his one fault. His heart gave a fierce throb, and he hurried up with great, angry strides. The front door was locked, and when, after some little delay, he gained admittance, he found his wife alone.

"Where is your guest, Marian?" he demanded, sternly.

She looked up at him, with tear-stained cheeks and startled eyes.

"My guest? Why, Frank—"

"I saw him," he interrupted, sharply. "Your chamber window was open. Who was he?"

"A dear friend, from whom I have been parted for years."

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He laughed, mockingly.

"He must be a very dear friend, indeed, Marian; why didn't he prolong his visit? I should have been glad to make his acquaintance."

Her lips quivered, painfully, and the rich bloom faded from her cheeks, but her clear eyes did not falter beneath his questioning gaze.

"Frank," she said, tenderly, and her caressing hand touched his. "You surely can trust me? Dear, I am worthy of your trust."

The simple words touched him; but his temper was up.

"I will trust no one in the dark," he replied, angrily. "A wife should have no secrets from her husband. You must explain this unfortunate matter to my satisfaction."

Her head fell upon her breast; sobs choked her utterance.

"I cannot explain—at least, not yet," she said. "Oh, do not ask me! Trust me, my husband, as I trust you."

He shook the caressing hand from his arm.

"No," he cried, more wrathfully than ever. "You shall explain, or we part, this hour."

A sudden flash lit her tender eyes. The color leaped back to her white cheeks.

"If you deem me unworthy of your trust," she said, quietly, "do as you like."

He turned on his heel, with a bitter laugh.

"This pays me for my folly," he said. "I have sacrificed the best interests of my life for your sake, and this is my reward. What a fool I have been!"

With the words, he was gone. All the day long, all through the starry, summer night she sat and waited, his last words ringing in her ears, "What a fool I have been."

But he did not return. Another day brought his mother, an aristocratic old lady, with a fair, cruel face.

"I have come on a disagreeable errand," she said, settling herself in the rocking-chair, and smoothing down the lace frills at her wrists, "but when duty is disagreeable we must not shirk it. My poor, dear child," looking compassionately at Marian, "I must set matters straight between you and my son. What a pity it is that men are so prone to deceive, and women so willing to trust."

"What do you mean?" demanded Marian.

"I mean this, my poor girl. Frank was, and is, fond of you, no doubt, and you of him, but it is wiser and better for your sake and his, that you should know the truth at once, since it must come to your ears sooner or later. You are not his wife. Of course, such a thing was out of the question. Don't interrupt me, please—I will make it as short as possible. All that marriage business was a mere sham, to quiet your scruples. You are not his wife, I repeat; and as his mother I am here to beg you that this connection may end. I may not be able to induce my son to give you up at once; but if you will promise to shun him, to keep out of his way, I will see that you are handsomely provided for."

Marian rose to her feet, all her outraged womanhood blazing in her eyes. But the words, that rushed in a torrent to her lips, found no utterance. The blow had struck home, like the thrust of a dagger; and with one wild, prolonged cry, she fell, senseless, at the feet of her guest.

She awoke to life, weeks after, to find herself deserted. But, in one sense, she was well provided for. They had given her gold in lieu of love. She was a true woman, however, and scorning even to purchase a crust to save her from starvation, with money which was given as the price of her dishonor, she went forth into the great world, with her broken heart, and her ruined life, friendless and destitute. The world, as a rule, is never over-kind to the unfortunate. With all her gentle beauty and her lady-like accomplishments, poor Marian found her path a rugged one.

And on that winter night, her cheeks made thin and white by pangs of anguish, tenfold more keen than death, she crouched there on the icy steps, her nameless babe on her bosom, homeless, friendless; the light of those glittering windows above her, the strains of that dear, familiar melody in her ears. But as the dark, cold, cruel minutes went by, her throes of pain, and her sweet dreams of bygone happiness, alike grew weaker and dimmer. The dull stupor of despair, the fatal drowsiness that precedes that solemn, endless slumber, stilled aching heart, and throbbing pulses; the poor, dishonored young head drooped lower and lower, and at last, mother and child were both unconscious.

So many of us dance, and feast, and rejoice, while the shadow of sorrow, and even death itself darkens our very threshold! In the festive halls, dimly seen through those brilliant windows, Frank Herncastle was the gayest of the gay. His proud mother, holding her son's worldly interests far dearer than his happiness, had managed his unfortunate marriage with a clever hand and a shrewd brain.

"She is false to you. That class of persons can never be trusted," she had said, on her return from her visit to Marian. "The girl has gone off with her former lover. Let her go; the riddance is a good one."

Still smarting from his jealousy he had believed

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her, and had gone to Europe to drown his sorrow.

But sorrow is tenacious of life. After many wanderings, after months of absence, he returned, moody and bitter, and discontented.

"She is dead. Forget that she ever lived, and marry the wife I have chosen for you," said his mother. And believing her still, he joined in the festivities that honored his return, with the wild and reckless abandon of despair.

Dance after dance, waltz after waltz, and then came that familiar strain. It tore open the wound in his heart afresh. He put aside the jeweled hand that rested on his arm, and went from the room, like a man suddenly smitten with illness. "I cannot bear it," he muttered. "I shall never forget her while I live."

Out of the house, down the steps he went, and almost stumbled over the unconscious woman crouching below.

"A woman—this bitter night. And great heavens! a child, too!"

He rushed back, and summoned help, and then they bore the two into the house-keeper's room.

Impelled by common curiosity, the young man looked down at the deathly face of the woman he had succored, as it lay on the pillows. A sudden cry broke from his lips.

"My God, it is Marian!" he said.

A mother's heart defies even death. The touch of those baby hands, the caress of the little mouth, which would never know other love-kisses than her own, awoke the mother from her trance of death. She clasped the child, and opened her weary eyes. They rested on her husband.

A flash of rapture lit the poor, wan face, the weary eyes grew luminous with the old love of happier days.

"Frank, oh! Frank, are we in heaven?" she whispered. "Is it all made clear at last?"

He lost sight of everything but his love for her. He took her in his arms.

"Marian, Marian, you were not false to me, after all, were you?"

The question, so wildly uttered, roused her. She raised her hand, and put it on his cheek, with the old, caressing touch.

"Look at me," she said; "look into my eyes, and answer that question for yourself."

"I have been mad," he said, brokenly. "You are truth, itself—I trust you with my whole soul."

"Am I your wife?" she questioned, solemnly.

"Certainly. Who told you otherwise? My own dear wife. And from henceforth, what God has joined together, no man shall ever again put asunder."

He stooped down, and kissed her lips, with passionate earnestness.

"It was all a mistake," she said, wearily. "Oh, my love! I have never wronged you, in thought, word or deed. The guest you saw, that day, was my brother—my only brother, who had broken my poor father's heart, and brought down his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. He was in fear of arrest—came to bid me farewell, before he fled the country forever—and made me promise I would not tell till he had sailed. Oh! the days have been so long, the weary, weary months; and I have suffered, suffered, suffered so."

"It is all over, now," he said, hoarsely, as he knelt beside her, his arm around her. "Marian, can you ever forgive me?"

She put forth her arm, and drew the babe from the pillow, where it lay, unheeded.

"You are my child's father," she said, "I can love only you."

He had no words, wherewith to answer her. But he gathered both mother and child close to his happy heart. They were no longer FORSAKEN.

REMEMBRANCE.

BY C. F. EARLE.

The winter wind blows fierce and strong,
And through the leafless branches roars,
And whirls the dead, brown leaves along,
As down the forest aisles it pours.

Southward the leaden storm-clouds tend;
The earth is bleak and cold below;
And far beyond the river's bend,
The low hill-tops are white with snow.

But when I think of you, my friend,
Once more the summer breezes blow,
Once more the skies, at sunset, glow,
And soothing sounds of nature blend
In gentle music, soft and low.

I catch the breath on gentle air,
All through the summer ev'ning hush,
Of the white rose you used to wear;
I hear again the hermit thrush
Sing from the distant tree-top there.

The crimson heaven's dying flush
Lights up the night-black of your hair,
Glows on your cheek in rosy blush,
And makes the fairest face more fair.

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THE LETTER AT THE GATE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

They stood at the garden gate, looking as if they had just stepped out of one of Watteau's pictures, the mandoline, which Ellice carried, increasing the resemblance; for in Italy the mandoline is still a favorite. Bimba, who was in advance, had caught sight of a letter, with a little bouquet attached to it, hanging from a stick, which had been passed through a convenient hole in the wall.

"Ellice, Ellice, here's the letter!" she exclaimed.

Bimba had stepped up on a stone bench, and now tried to take the letter.

"Oh, I can't reach it!" she cried. "Do get it for me; you are taller—and hurry—for if aunt Christina should happen to be in a mood to come this way, what should we do? What was that? I am sure I heard voices."

"Nonsense!" said Ellice. "Not even the gardener ever comes here! Stand by the gateway, and watch, while I take the letter."

Bimba leaned on her parasol, and peered out of the gateway to reconnoitre, while Ellice mounted the bench, and tried to sieze the letter.

But the missive hung beyond her reach, as well as beyond that of Bimba.

"I can't get it," she said, standing on tiptoe, and looking back at her cousin, with a comical mixture of fun and impatience in her face. "Give me your parasol, so that I can knock it down."

"Here comes aunt Christina!" cried Bimba. "I told you she would. Ellice—quick—quick!"

"Give me your parasol!" repeated her cousin.

"Here, here!" cried Bimba, handing up the weapon.

But just as Ellice raised it, Bimba, turning round to watch aunt Christina, unintentionally gave her friend a push. Ellice tottered. The umbrella hit the stick, which supported the letter, with such violence, that it flew upwards, slid back, and disappeared from Ellice's horrified eyes, through a gap in the wall.

"Here she is! Haven't you got it?" whispered Bimba.

Ellice did not speak. She dropped the parasol, jumped to the ground, fled past Bimba, past aunt Christina, and reached a little gate, which opened into a private carriage-road, leading to Mrs. Denistoun's house.

But just as she reached the gate, had fled through, and had shut it behind her, she heard the furious barking of a dog. She knew it was Mrs. Denistoun's good-natured retriever, by the voice, so she was not afraid. As she rounded the curve of the wall, she saw the dog pick up the letter, and rush frantically down the road; while the little bouquet, attached to the missive, waved to and fro above his head, like a tiny flag of triumph.

"Leo! Leo!" shrieked Ellice.

But Leo paid not the slightest attention. On he ran, and Ellice knew well that he would never stop till he had carried the letter straight to Mrs. Denistoun's feet; for this was a practice he had of doing with any scrap of paper he found.

"Leo!" shrieked Ellice, anew.

But away sped the dog. She followed, in a wild pursuit. As she turned a corner, abruptly, she landed full in the arms of a gentleman, who was leisurely mounting the hill.

If ever Ellice was angry, she was angry now. She straightened herself, in a flash, and glanced daggers at the very handsome stranger.

"I beg your pardon," she said, loftily.

"Not at all," returned the gentleman, lifting his hat, courteously.

The dog had now stopped, and stood, at a little distance, regarding them.

"Leo!" called Ellice.

"Leo!" echoed the young gentleman.

The dog trotted on, paying no attention to either.

"Oh, can't you make him stop?" cried Ellice, despairingly.

"He minds nobody but his mistress. My cousin says that he—"

He had no time to finish, for the garden gate opened, and Bimba and aunt Christina appeared, escorted by Mr. Donaldson.

"Papa, there is Ellice!" called Bimba.

"Time to go to Mrs. Denistoun's—had you started?" asked that gentleman. They were all engaged to that lady to dinner. Then he caught sight of Ellice's companion, and added, "Hallo! Mountfort, were you coming to meet us?"

Mr. Mountfort was Mrs. Denistoun's cousin, and had arrived, in Florence, only that day.

Ellice could hardly see or hear; she was thinking of the lost letter. She knew the trio had

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come up—that Mr. Donaldson was presenting the young man; that aunt Christina was regarding her with severe disapproval; and that Bimba was saying, with her eyes, "The letter—where is my letter?"

"We had better walk on," said Mr. Donaldson. "Ellice—"

"I must go to the house—I've forgotten something," she broke in, getting her wits back. "I'll not be a minute. I can take the path through the wood, and get to Mrs. Denistoun's as soon as you."

Off she ran, before anybody could speak, and disappeared through the gate.

Aunt Christina broke the silence.

"What is the matter with Ellice?" she asked. "Is she crazy?"

"She has forgotten her fan and handkerchief," explained Bimba, with ready tact.

Meantime, Ellice fled through the shrubberies, gained the wall which separated Mr. Donaldson's domain from his neighbor's; and traversed the grounds of the Denistoun villa by a short cut. In a few moments, she reached Mrs. Denistoun's house, which, and not her uncle's, was her object.

A terrace extended the entire length along the side, and on this, the doors of several rooms opened. Ellice saw Leo mount the terrace. She called. But he only darted on the faster, and disappeared in the house.

Ellice eagerly pursued. Mrs. Denistoun, she said to herself, was doubtless waiting in that salon to receive her guests. If she could only get there, Ellice thought, before Mrs. Denistoun had time to open the letter! The woman would be capable, if she had the opportunity, not only of reading the missive, but handing it over to Mr. Donaldson. For Ellice and Bimba believed her up to any atrocity, and detested her with the energy of their years, principally on account of a suspicion, with which Bimba had inoculated her cousin, that the widow meant to capture her father, and so bring desolation into his life and theirs.

Ellice followed Leo up the steps, and found herself in Mrs. Denistoun's pretty morning-room. It was empty now, except for Leo, who stood with his forepaws on a table, upon which he had doubtless dropped the missive, when he perceived his mistress's absence. He turned his head, as Ellice entered, and winked at her, as if to offer an assurance that he had arranged matters satisfactorily; then stretched himself full length on a rug, to rest after his scamper, and began chewing a little bouquet, which the young lady recognized at a glance.

"Where is the letter, Leo?" cried she.

"Yap!" replied Leo.

Ellice approached the table. It was littered with papers of all sorts and sizes. Ah, an envelope, with a bit of string lying by it! a crumpled envelope, bearing no address,—Bimba's letter!

Ellice seized her treasure, with a rapid, mental thanksgiving; thrust it in her pocket; ran out, and met Mr. Mountfort, face to face.

"They are all on the front terrace, Miss Graham," said he. "Mrs. Denistoun sent me round to meet you. You got here very quickly. How fast you must have walked, to have gone home first!"

Ellice had quite recovered her presence of mind, if not her breath, and looked lovelier than ever, with her heightened color.

"The path through the shrubberies is shorter," said she.

"Did you catch the dog?" he asked, with a rather quizzical smile, which made Ellice feel, on the instant, that she hated him, and always should—always!

Fortunately for her, before she was forced to answer him, the whole party, headed by Mrs. Denistoun, came round the corner of the terrace.

"Ah! you found Atlanta, Master Arthur," called the hostess, gaily: and Ellice quickly transferred her wrath from the young gentleman to her hostess, for venturing upon so impertinent a jest.

Presently Bimba got an opportunity to whisper in her ear:

"Have you got the letter?"

"It is in my pocket," replied Ellice, also in a whisper. "Oh, such a chase as I had—that dreadful dog ran off with it. But I can't give it to you now, they will see me. Moreover, here comes that horrid cousin of her's—how I hate him!"

"Why, he's very handsome and agreeable!" returned Bimba.

They were interrupted by Mrs. Denistoun exclaiming, as she went up to the table, and began turning over the papers there:

"I have lost a letter—a very important one. I can't find it anywhere. I am sure I put it on the table, a little while before you all came!"

Ellice felt herself turn cold and sick. What dreadful blunder had she committed?"

The search went on. Everbody talked at once. Mrs. Denistoun was evidently greatly troubled.

"You will find it yet," said Mr. Mountfort, and he looked significantly at Ellice. "You are sure to have taken it up stairs, or put it in a drawer. You know, my dear Amy, you never do find things where you think you put them."

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To the inexpressible relief of Ellice, dinner, at this moment, was announced, and Mrs. Denistoun called to Mr. Mountfort, in order that he might escort Miss Christina. He advanced, but passing Ellice, on his way, whispered:

"I have your letter. Did you pick up my cousin's, thinking it was yours? I caught Leo at the gate, but when you said you were not trying to overtake him, I thought it could not be your property he had possessed himself of."

"Oh, I am so much obliged," she faltered. "It isn't mine—it—oh, please give it to me!"

He dropped it in her lap, and hurried off to give the spinster his arm, while Ellice hid the note in her pocket, feeling that she had misjudged him—and he certainly was handsome, as Bimba had said!

While the party are at dinner, I will take the opportunity of giving a few explanations, necessary to the better understanding of my story.

Twenty years before, Robert Donaldson had come to Italy, to live, with his charming little bride. There, in Florence, Bimba was born, the pretty, spoiled, bewitching Bimba of my tale. Her name was Beatrice, though nobody ever called her by it; she was Bimba, and likely to remain so, to the end of the chapter, not only in name, but character; for the title was not a nick-name for Beatrice, but just the Italian appellation for baby; and it suited her too well to be given up.

When Bimba was three years old, her mother died, leaving Robert Donaldson broken-hearted. He sent for his spinster aunt, Christina, and from then till now, she had held sway in the pretty, picturesque villa, where he had established himself, on the hill towards Fiesole.

Ellice Graham was the daughter of a sister of Mr. Donaldson's wife. Some three months before the time I am writing of, she had come to live in her uncle's family, her guardian having died, and her cousin, Bimba, being the only relative she possessed in the world. She came just when she was doubly welcome to her cousin. Poor little Bimba had known Harry Archer since she was a child of twelve, and he a boy of sixteen. Mrs. Archer, Harry's widowed mother, was a woman, still young, in very delicate health, and living a very retired life. She called herself an American, and evidently had ample means; but who or what she was, no one knew; and Florence gossiped a great deal about her, as it does about everybody. However, Mrs. Archer kept herself aloof from the various little coteries of American and English residents. But Harry had saved Bimba's life, when she was upset in a sail boat, at Spezia, and this made the Donaldsons and Mrs. Archer naturally intimate. Not one of the elders, however, ever thought of the probability of the young pair growing up into lovers. But they did.

While their affection was still a secret, however, and about six months before my story opens, Mrs. Denistoun came to Florence to live. She soon perceived the state of affairs between the youthful couple, and being one of the few persons living, who knew Mrs. Archer's real story, she told the latter, who was an old friend, that Mr. Donaldson ought to share the secret. The poor woman, feeling the truth of this, commissioned her friend to tell. She had been deceived by a mock marriage, it seems, and Harry had, in law, no right to any name but hers.

Now, Robert Donaldson was one of the best men in the world. But he was Scotch, and, therefore, had inordinate family pride. Even for Bimba, he could not yield here. He was too honorable to betray the secret, however. But the young pair, he determined, must be separated. An adventure of Harry's gave him a pretext. The young man got into difficulty at the University, and was rusticated. Mr. Donaldson seized upon this. Prayers, entreaties, even Bimba's tears were unavailing.

Mrs. Archer went away from Florence, and Harry accompanied her. With a man's usual clumsiness, Mr. Donaldson let Bimba discover that Mrs. Denistoun had brought the matter to his ears, and Bimba hated that lady tenfold more, after that.

But now Ellice had come. She helped Bimba to bear her burthen and her hatred. Meantime, Mrs. Denistoun exasperated them both, by being kind and friendly, and obstinately blind to their coldness.

Only the week before this night, Harry had come back to Florence, and managed to see Ellice. He had business in Venice; but was to return on a certain day. "Could he not then see Bimba?" he asked. Ellice promised to assist him to an interview. He was to write a letter, on his return from Venice, and this was the letter the girls had gone to the gate to get.

They rose from the dinner-table at last. Coffee was served presently. Ellice had hoped, that, while everybody was occupied, she would have an opportunity to dispose of the stolen letter. But no; Mrs. Denistoun called her to her side.

"I am so worried about that letter I have mislaid," she whispered to Ellice. "It was of the greatest importance."

As she spoke, Ellice caught Bimba's eye. Bimba was looking beseechingly. "Can't you somehow manage to give me my letter?" she seemed to say.

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"I must go and speak to Bimba," said Ellice, rising. "Pray, excuse me, Mrs. Denistoun."

But before she had taken three steps, aunt Christina came up, and laid a hand on her arm.

"You and Bimba have some secret between you," said the spinster, in a severe undertone, while her sharp, gray eyes looked Ellice through and through. "Don't try to deceive me—it is useless!"

"Did you ever know me to try, aunt Christina?" asked Ellice, taking refuge in growing angry.

"You could not, if you did," retorted aunt Christina, with a triumphant chuckle. "I understand girls—yes, indeed—I warn you of that!"

At this moment, Mr. Mountfort approached.

"Mrs. Denistoun has commanded me to take you to the piano," he said, addressing Ellice, and bowing low.

Ellice mentally ejaculated:

"Anything to escape aunt Christina."

"It was a long dinner to you, Miss Graham," he said, as he led her away. "I was so sorry I could not help you. But when you can, give me the letter, and I'll put it in its place."

"Oh, thanks, a thousand times!" murmured Ellice, and thought she had never felt so grateful to anybody, in her life. She even forgave the speaker for being Mrs. Denistoun's cousin.

He was just seating her at the instrument, when Mrs. Denistoun, who was reclining on a sofa, near, rose, saying:

"Come, Mr. Donaldson, let us go nearer the piano."

But, as she got up, her fan hit the coffee cup, which she had placed on the table beside her, and upset it over her lovely amber and black costume.

"Oh, dear—my pretty dress!" she exclaimed. "It is all your fault, Mr. Donaldson. You told me coffee was bad for my nerves. If you had let me drink it, this accident would not have happened. And my wretched maid, too, is ill in bed! Was any woman ever so unlucky as I am? I never know where my things are kept."

A sudden inspiration seized Ellice.

"Bimba shall sing, and I will go and help you, Mrs. Denistoun," she said, and rose.

Mrs. Denistoun uttered some polite refusal, but Ellice persisted, and they went up stairs together.

While Mrs. Denistoun was arraying herself anew, Ellice, under pretense of seeing what damage the amber costume had sustained, closely examined the dress. She slipped the letters out of her pocket—which was which? Both were sealed—no address on either envelope! Verily, the stars—everything and everybody—fought against her! Ah, there were the marks of the dog's teeth on the pink envelope. But before she could look more narrowly, Mrs. Denistoun came up, saying:

"It is ruined, of course; and I never had worn it but once!"

Ellice crammed the white envelope into the pocket of the stained gown, and spread the dress over the back of a chair.

"Don't look at it," said she; "It will only exasperate you the more! Come down stairs now, and I'll sing you your favorite, 'Break, break,' to console you."

At the piano, Ellice found an opportunity, at last, to give Bimba her letter; her troubles were all over, she thought, with a sigh of relief. But now it was Bimba's turn to be tormented. She wanted to slip into another room, and read her precious missive. She knew it was to tell her when, and how, Harry would manage to see her. But first, her father called her; when she escaped from him, Colonel Falkland began to talk to her; then Mrs. Denistoun went into raptures over her fan.

But the evening ended at last. Everybody took leave. Mr. Mountfort accompanied the Donaldson party, as he had lodgings in the little village, just below their villa.

For once in her life, Mrs. Denistoun was glad to find herself alone. She returned to the morning-room, and searched again, everywhere, for the missing letter. But it could not be found. At length, she went up to her chamber, in dudgeon. The sight of her ruined costume increased her unusual fit of spleen. She gave the dress an impatient toss, when something fell out of its folds; and, lo! the lost epistle lay on the floor. After reading the sheet, she had sealed it, for safety, in a blank envelope; it contained important news she wished to communicate to Mr. Donaldson; and he had promised to come to her, on the following day, at noon.

She opened the envelope to read the letter again; unfolded the sheet; glanced at it; stared like a person who wondered if she were awake or asleep; then read, half aloud:

"I shall be at the little gate, at eleven this evening. You can hear me whistle, from your chamber. Do not fail to meet me, my darling, my own—it is most important! You cannot hesitate. You will have your cousin to come with you! Let nothing prevent you. It may be so long before we meet again. I am going away from Europe. I will tell you why, to-night. Perhaps, sometime, we may meet, under happier auspices. But near, or far, I am always your loving and devoted Harry."

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Mrs. Denistoun uttered a little scream.

"It's like a nightmare!" she moaned. "How, under heaven, did this letter get into my pocket? And where is the letter Mrs. Archer wrote me? That mad boy—going away! Why, I must stop it—I must see him! It is near eleven, now—I'll go through the grounds—I shall find him at the gate."

She caught up a shawl, wrapped it about her head, and ran down stairs, to meet her cousin, in the lower hall.

"I forgot to take that package," said Mr. Mountfort. "I remembered it, just after I left the Donaldsons, and came back to get it."

"Come with me," she cried, impetuously. "You're the very person I want. I'll explain as we go along. I must go to the villa! Don't stand there, staring, but come!"

She rushed off, down the terrace steps, and through the shrubberies; and he followed her, lost in amazement.

Meantime, the girls had escaped from aunt Christina and Mr. Donaldson, as soon as they had reached the house.

"What an evening!" groaned Bimba, as they mounted the stairs.

"You'll think so, when I tell you what happened to me," returned Ellice.

"Let me read my letter, first," whispered Bimba, as they reached the chamber door. "I know Harry has set a time to see me—and I must see him, this once, at least—oh, Ellice!"

"Yes, yes," replied her cousin, soothingly.

Bimba entered the room, and Ellice followed. Bimba put her hand in her pocket, and cried out, despairingly:

"My letter!" she moaned. "I've lost my letter!"

"Impossible!"

"I have, I tell you! I had it when we reached the gate—I felt it in my pocket. Oh, come down stairs with me—we can get out through the back hall. Hark, I hear aunt Chris—let her get safe into her room, first."

They waited till they heard the old maid's door close; then they softly opened theirs, and crept down stairs. The lights were still burning; the back door was unfastened. In another moment, they were flying through the garden, towards the gate which opened on the private road.

The moon shone brightly; every object in the path was distinctly visible; but no letter lay there, or anywhere, in sight. Suddenly, the report of a gun rang through the air.

There was a rush—a heavy fall; then a voice cried:

"I've killed the villain—I swore I would!"

"Papa—papa has shot Harry!" screamed Bimba, and fell in a dead faint at her cousin's feet.

Meantime, Mrs. Denistoun and Mountfort had reached the broken wall, and just as the gun echoed through the silence, they, too, caught the hoarse, exultant cry.

"My God!" exclaimed Mountfort. "What is it?"

"Oh, if he has shot Harry—taken him for a burglar!" cried Mrs. Denistoun. Then she shrieked: "Mr. Donaldson—what have you done?—Mr. Donaldson!"

The person she called did not hear; but Harry Archer did. He had just succeeded in opening the gate, and now entered the grounds, having picked up, outside, the letter that Bimba had lost.

"Bimba, Bimba!" he called, softly.

Mrs. Denistoun hurried forward, followed by Mountfort. The gun had sounded from near the gate. In her haste she ran full against Harry Archer, who caught her in his arms, exclaiming:

"Bimba, Bimba!"

"Good gracious, you are not shot!" exclaimed Mrs. Denistoun, beginning to laugh and cry, both at once.

"I've shot him!" again shouted Mr. Donaldson.

"Who—what?" called back Mrs. Denistoun.

Up walked the master of the house, with a great owl in his hand.

"Here's the thief that stole my chickens!" cried he. "Why, Mrs. Denistoun—what, in the name of wonder, are you doing there?"

"It's your fault—rousing the whole neighborhood in that fashion!" replied she, laughing and sobbing. But her woman's wits could act in spite of her nerves. "I've brought Harry Archer," said she; "I've something to tell you." Then she whispered Harry: "Don't say a word—leave it to me"—and he stood dumbfounded.

Ellice heard them all, plainly enough; but frightened as she was, she had sufficient sense to keep still, and do her best to restore Bimba to consciousness. Luckily, there was a fountain close by, so she could get water to bathe the girl's forehead. But her efforts seemed unavailing. Bimba looked like a dead creature, lying there, in the moonlight.

"What's all this?" cried Mr. Donaldson. "Brought Harry, did you say?"

Just then, Mrs. Denistoun spied the letter, which Archer had picked up at the gate, and was holding in his hand. She snatched it, recognized the envelope, and exclaimed:

"Stop here, you two! Mr. Donaldson, come with me!"

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She hurried him off to a little distance, and rapidly told her story. It was that Mrs. Archer had obtained proof that her marriage was a real one. Harry need never know the dreadful misery which she had borne, so patiently, for years.

"Nephew! nephew!" boomed aunt Christina, who had been roused by the shot, had thrown on a wrapper, and now rushed down into the garden. "Help, help! Murder, fire! Where are the girls? Nephew, nephew!"

Just then, she turned a corner of the path, and fell over Ellice, who was kneeling by Bimba.

"Bimba's shot!" screamed aunt Christina, and fainted away in her turn.

Up rushed the four, and for a little there was a scene of indescribable confusion. But when Bimba came to her senses, she was in her father's arms, and Harry was kneeling beside her, calling her by every possible tender epithet, regardless of all listeners.

"It's all right, my dear," Mr. Donaldson was saying. "I've forgiven that boy his sins—you may thank Mrs. Denistoun for it—it was she set matters straight."

Bimba and Harry will live and die, without knowing aught of the dark secret, which threatened utterly to blight their future. Six months after that adventure, the two were married, and in the meantime Bimba had grown so fond of her dear Mrs. Denistoun, that it was she who begged the lady to console Mr. Donaldson for the loss of his daughter.

Mountfort and Ellice were already engaged, and aunt Christina declared that the whole party were indecent, to contemplate so many marriages in so short a space of time. She took herself off to Scotland, accordingly, where she had a large brood of relations, whom she could torment at her pleasure.

As they were poor, and she rich, of course they would never venture to oppose her sovereign will, as her ungrateful nephew and his rebellious daughter had so often done, this latter more and more frequently, since Ellice Graham had become a member of the household.

THE POET'S LADY.

BY ABBY M. BOND.

Round her forehead, like a halo,
She has misty, golden hair.
Wond'rous eyes of shadowy hazel,
Light her face with radiance rare.

Holds she converse with the wild birds,
Reads the secrets of the flowers,
Bears the burdens of the burdened,
Fills with joy the saddest hours.

And her very touch is blessing,
And her every sigh is prayer.
All her thoughts are born of Heaven:
Guarded she, by angel's care.

Every movement of this lady
Is in perfect time, we feel,
To some music, sweet and distant,
That, to us, does not reveal.

And her voice, we know, is gentle,
And her words are sweetly quaint,
And her garment's slightest rustle
Sheds a fragrance, sweet and faint.

Many lovers has this lady,
Men, and women, both are they;
And they dream of her, at midnight,
And they think of her, by day.

Every poet sings her beauty,
Every dreamer knows her face,
But none ever saw the maiden,
Ever won from her a grace.

For she lives, alone, in dream-land.
She can never come to earth.
But not less the poet loves her,
That his own thought gave her birth.

ON THE STAIR.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

I watch at the foot of the stately stair,
My poor heart throbs, as I, waiting, stand;
For see! She comes with a rose in her hair,
With gems at her throat, and on her hand.

But the rose is not as red as her mouth,
Nor sweet as the faint, slow smile I see.
Ah! my rare, rare bud of the tropic South,
Bloom, bloom in these Northern climes for me.

As you glide, swift down, with your dainty feet
A heart is lying upon the stair;
Oh! Tread on it light, and pity, my sweet,
The passionate heart that is pleading there!

I catch the faint scent of her silken dress,
The waft of her fan, as she hurries down.
Ah, would the hand were but mine to caress!
Ah, would those tresses were mine to crown:

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IT NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH.

BY MRS. JANE G. AUSTIN.

CHAPTER I.

TWO HEROES AND AS MANY HEROINES.

"Excuse me, sir, but these ladies cannot pass!"

"Beg pardon, I'm sure—of the ladies."

And the speaker removed his foot from the end of the gangway plank, upon which he had planted it, while turning his head to give some last direction to the servant he was dismissing, bowed politely to the ladies, who hesitated to pass him. They were two: first, an exceedingly well preserved, aristocratic woman, who rewarded the interference of the first cavalier, and the movement of the last one, by an impatient smile and bow, fine and cold as winter sunshine. Behind her came a charming girl, American in the type of her beauty, that is to say lithesome and graceful of form, with dainty hands and feet, quick and nervous of temperament, high couraged and self-reliant, apt at observation and quick at learning, fond and loving, daring and innocent; the coloring of her finely moulded features was mezzo-brun, with gray eyes, whose black lashes could shade them into sombre melancholy, or the sunshine light with a glint like that of running water. Her name was Hildegarde, and she was the only child and heiress of Mrs. Waterston, the dignified lady who preceded her over the plank.

The eyes of the two gentlemen, thus left vis-a-vis, met for the first time, and a glance of mutual, instinctive dislike shot from one to the other. And yet, both men were attractive in appearance, although of strongly opposing types, both handsomely dressed, both wearing the unmistakable air of the thorough gentleman, born and bred to his position. The first speaker was evidently a foreigner; his clear, olive skin, slight figure, and black hair and moustache, suggested a Spanish extraction; while his violet blue eyes, with short lashes, betrayed the strain of rich Milesian blood, coming to him from his mother's ancestry. The other man was taller, bigger, sturdier, and not so lithe of form; the coloring and expression of his proud, handsome face was essentially that of a high-bred Englishman. Mark Trecothick's father, in fact, came from one of those Cornish families who preserve the family tree when the house is on fire, and let the bank-notes burn; and in transplanting his family to America, he had not forgotten to pack up every one of the traditions and observances, that had crystallized about the Trecothick stem, from even before the Norman Conquest.

Slowly adjusting his travelling bag across his broad shoulders, and allowing the faintest trace of a supercilious smile to curve his golden moustache, the young fellow stared across the plank at the Cuban, whose blue eyes contracted and darkened ominously, as he demanded:

"What did you say, sir?"

"I said I begged pardon of the ladies, for detaining them. They don't seem to need any farther championship, do they?"

"Not at present, but I also go in this boat, and if they should require assistance, I shall be prompt to offer it."

"The ladies are most fortunate in their defender; let us hope his services will not be needed."

"Hello, Trecothick! what are you doing here, man?" demanded a hearty voice.

The Cuban, thus interrupted, gravely inclined his head, and passing over the plank, mounted the companionway to the upper deck, where Mrs. and Miss Waterston were already seated.

"Who's that little Spaniard?" asked the newcomer.

"Don't know, I'm sure, Bonnycastle. He was trying to teach me manners, and I chaffed him a little, that's all," replied Trecothick, indifferently. "What am I doing here? Why, going to sail for the Carribee Isles, or Patagonia, or anywhere that this boat goes."

"Going to Cuba, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Do you know the Waterstons?"

"No."

"Then they are on the promenade deck. Come up, and I'll present you."

"Thanks; but I want to get away from everybody and everything."

"All right! see you later." And Mr. Bonnycastle stepped up to the ladies' room.

"So kind of you to come down!" exclaimed mother and daughter, in a breath. "Such lovely flowers! Too charming, altogether! Thanks, very much." And Hildegarde and her mother daintily sniffed at the great box of fragrant blossoms, which Mr. Bonnycastle had sent.

"Do you know the captain of this boat, Mr. Bonnycastle?" enquired Mrs. Waterston, presently. "I always like to have the captain prop-

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erly presented, at the beginning, you know; and then there is no awkwardness in first sitting down at table. I always have the upper, right-hand seats, at the captain's table, secured, along with my ticket and stateroom."

"Yes, that's nice, of course, and Captain James is a very pleasant sort of man to sit near, at table or anywhere. There, he's shaking hands with that Cuban gentleman. Do you know him?"

"Not in the least," said mamma, and Hilda murmured, "Only he is very polite," and smelled of the flowers again.

A moment later, Mr. Bonnycastle was presenting Captain James, who made his passengers welcome, in his own hearty fashion, saying:

"Going straight down to Havana, I hope? I was just telling Mr. Pampalona that we'll have a splendid run, and get there in time for the Christmas Holidays."

"No, we shall stay some weeks at Nassau, before we go to Cuba," replied Mrs. Waterston. "We are invited to make a visit to Governor Burleigh and his family, relatives of ours."

"Pampalona? That's the name of the proprietor of Las Palmas, the next estate to La Caridad, your new possession, Mrs. Waterston," said Mr. Bonnycastle, who was, in fact, the wealthy widow's lawyer and confidential adviser.

"Is it, really? I wonder—perhaps Captain James would know."

Thus appealed to, the captain crossed over to the young Cuban, and brought him up to be presented to the ladies and Mr. Bonnycastle.

He did this, just as Mark Trecothick, repenting his refusal, came on deck again, seeking an introduction to the fair friends of his friend. The first thing he saw was the Cuban bowing profoundly and bareheaded before Mrs. Waterston and her daughter, while Bonnycastle, like a benificent but portly fairy-godmother, smiled amiably upon all concerned.

"Pshaw!" muttered Trecothick, crossly. But as he watched, at a distance, the play of Hilda Waterston's gray eyes, and caught the high-bred accents of her voice, he again repented of his churlishness, and was pondering the best means of attracting Bonnycastle's notice, when that gentleman hastily detached himself from the group, and hurried toward the steps, against which Trecothick leaned. Intercepting him, and catching his arm, he muttered:

"Say, old fellow, I was an ass, just now. Present me."

"Oh! Well, can't till I come up. Mrs. Waterston has just remembered a book she wanted, and I've to rush up the street, and see if I can find a shop. I'll be back."

And he was off like a flash. A good deal annoyed, Trecothick threw himself upon a bench, to wait for Bonnycastle's return, and sat there, looking doggedly down upon the busy quay, where now all was bustle and confusion, as the moment of departure approached.

At this moment, a carriage dashed through the gates; the door was thrown violently open; and a man sprang out. His white hair and beard suggested advanced life, which his angry and glittering eyes seemed to contradict. He ran to a pile of luggage, not yet on board, fiercely demanded checks, and cried out, impatiently, for some one to carry it on board. A little dog began to bark within the carriage, and presently appeared in the door, but was immediately caught back by two black-gloved hands.

Trecothick smiled lazily, and tried to peer into the carriage, to see the fat old dowager, that he had decided must appertain to such a lord. But, at that moment, a face suddenly appeared, framed in the dark opening of the door, and gazing straight at him; the face of a woman not yet five and twenty years of age. It was pale, with that ivory, yet glowing whiteness, so different from the bluish pallor of ill health; with waves of dark hair waving from a low, straight brow, full and rounded at the temples. The lines of the cheek were delicate, but curving into a round, soft chin; the mouth was one of pathetic loveliness. But the charm of the face was in the eyes, great, soft, velvety, dark eyes, like black pansies, and full of such intense meaning, that it thrilled one's blood to meet their gaze.

What *was* the meaning? Trecothick tried in vain to fathom. Was it terror, or anxiety, or an appeal for help? Something of all these, mingled with a childish frankness and innocence, impelling any brave and generous nature to dare and do something to answer that endless cry for help.

It was only for a moment that the two pairs of eyes met; in the next an angry voice exclaimed:

"Dolóres!"

The white-haired man, as he spoke, darted back to the door of the coupé, within whose recesses the lovely, terrified face had disappeared. Some words followed, inaudible to Trecothick's strained ears; but he saw the old man shake his fist at the hidden figure, and his own strong, young fingers clenched themselves upon the rail, over which he leaned, until it groaned again.

The pile of baggage, by this time, had been wheeled over the gangway; a shout from the boat warned the lagging passengers to come on board; and, finally, Trecothick's impatient eyes were greeted by the sight of a figure, closely

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muffled in a great, loose cloak, the head and face quite hidden in a thick veil, descending from the carriage. This shrouded figure was led across the plank, by the still irate old man, who glared fiercely in every direction, as if challenging notice, or interference.

With two steps Trecothick was down the stairs, and lounging carelessly through the principal saloon, expecting to see the newcomers pass into one of the staterooms opening upon it. But they did not appear; and it soon became obvious that they had contented themselves with one of those below, whose only merit is their superior seclusion. Passing down into the lower cabin, Trecothick looked along the rows of closed doors, in vain, ttill he heard a shrill little bark from behind one of them.

"42," murmured he, glancing at the number, and turned to seek the purser, whom he found in his office, affable, and not too busy to accept a cigar, and answer a question.

"42? Yes, sir. Let me see. He's a little queer. 42 and 43 are taken for the Valdez family. Odd, isn't it?"

"Well—I don't know. Why?"

"Why, Valdez, in Cuba, means nobody, you know. Like John Smith with us. All the foundlings are named Valdez, after the founder of the Foundling Hospital, and so it is a sort of no name, you see."

"I see. But there are two rooms."

"Yes, I don't know how many are in the family, but probably several."

"A man, a woman, and a little dog," murmured Trecothick, walking away, "and her name is, at least, Dolóres."

"Hullo, Mark, catch," shouted Bonnycastle's hearty voice from the wharf, as he frantically waved a small parcel in his hand. "It's Mrs. Waterston's book, and the plank is drawn in. Hand it to her!"

He tossed the parcel, Trecothick caught it mechanically; the wheels revolved; the boat was off; the journey began.

CHAPTER II.

TRECOTHICK RETRIEVES HIS BLUNDER.

"Mrs. Waterston?" inquired Trecothick, approaching the mother and daughter, and raising his hat. He looked very handsome, with the salt wind ruffling his tawny hair.

Mrs. Waterston inclined her head, and looked a polite interrogation.

"My friend, Mr. Bonnycastle, promised me the honor of an introduction, when he returned, but as he got back after the plank was taken in, he tossed me this little package, and told me to make it serve as an introduction."

As he spoke, he slipped his card under the string of the parcel, and presented both to Mrs. Waterston.

"Any friend of Mr. Bonnycastle is sure of a welcome with us, Mr. Trecothick," said the lady, graciously. "Hilda, dear, Mr. Trecothick; my daughter, sir; Mr. Pampalona, a neighbor of ours in Cuba."

The Cuban raised his Irish eyes, with a gleam of languid triumph in their depths. Trecothick answered with a supercilious stare of indifference. Hildegarde did not seem to notice this bye-play, though she saw it well enough; but quietly removed her shawl from a neighboring chair. Trecothick sat down, with a little bow of gratitude, and glided into one of those skirmishing and experimental conversations, with which people in society are apt to begin an acquaintance, which may prove interesting, later on.

The composite meal, replacing a regular dinner, on sailing day, was served; and by a little manœuvring, both Pampalona and Trecothick secured seats, the former beside Hildegarde, the latter opposite; but Trecothick's attention wandered, continually, from the fair face of his *vis-a-vis* to a door, directly behind her, numbered 42.

Presently, the door opened, and the white-haired man choosing to call himself Valdez, appeared, locked the door on the outside, and putting the key in his pocket, stood, for a moment, surveying the tables, scowled darkly at Trecothick, and taking a place at the other table, with his back to him, began his tea.

"Isn't poor Dolóres to have anything, I wonder?" said the young man, half aloud; and Miss Waterston, whose eyes were fixed upon him, innocently asked:

"Who?"

"Oh! Excuse me. I was wondering if that coffee was never coming. Are you doing pretty well with your dinner, Miss Waterston?"

He was careful not to talk aloud any more, but not a movement of the peevish and requiring old man escaped him. Valdez made the servant bring a salver, on which he heaped all manner of delicacies with his own hand; and Trecothick was so interested in watching this, that he did not perceive the ladies leave the table, until Hilda's slender little boot-heels were just disappearing up the companionway. Then he started to his feet, but still lingered, just in sight, until Valdez, followed by the servant, went to unlock the door of No. 42, and himself carried the salver inside, audibly bolting the door within.

"Dolóres is a prisoner, although not on bread

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and water," commented Mark. "Does she inhabit 42 or 43? Do the rooms communicate? Of course they do. Is she the old man's wife, or his daughter? Is she afraid of him? Does she need help? Would she be outraged, if I asked her if I could help her?"

Revolving these questions, the young man slowly mounted the stairs; but by this time, Mrs. Waterston and Hilda had gone to their staterooms. Pampalona was also seeking his.

"Why, it's 22, by all that's queer!" exclaimed Trecothick, hastily pulling a ticket out of his pocket, and gazing at it. "My room-mate for a whole blessed week! I detest Spaniards. Well, that *is* luck!"

CHAPTER III.

HOW SEVERAL PERSONS TRIED TO CHEAT, AND GOT CHEATED.

By the fourth morning, the passengers were becoming accustomed to the sea, and most of them appeared at the breakfast table, except Dolóres. Meantime, the most artful enquiries that Mark could frame, had failed to elicit from the stewardess, or the man who attended rooms 42 and 43, more than the information that the lady and gentleman were both "pretty comfortable." Neither attendant knew whether they were married, or father and daughter. Finally, on this last day, Trecothick attacked the captain, with whom he had cultivated quite an intimacy, during their solitary meals.

"Going to land us at Nassau, to-night, captain?"

"Yes, sir, wind and weather permitting."

"How many?"

"Well, I don't know; for any of the passengers, having tickets for Havana, may take a fancy to stay over a trip, at Nassau. Mrs. and Miss Waterston, and you, I believe, are going to stop."

"I haven't quite settled," replied Mark, disingenuously; for his ticket was distinctly printed for Nassau, only. "What about that queer old Spanish fellow? Valdez, I believe."

"He? Well, I don't really remember. I suppose he's going on, however. What should he want in Nassau?"

"And Pampalona's going on," mused Trecothick. "Well, captain, I don't believe I shall land, after all. I suppose I can pay the difference of passage-money, on board, just as well as to get a ticket at Nassau?"

"Yes, indeed. Well, the ladies will have to lose both their beaux, at once, won't they?"

"They never will miss a stupid fellow like me," replied Mark, with a contented air. "But please don't mention anything about my plans; they are not quite settled yet."

"All right," replied the captain, carelessly, and half an hour later dropped a word in Hilda's ear, which that young lady received with a vacant and innocent expression worthy of seven years old.

Late in the afternoon, Mark lounged up to where she sat alone, her novel neglected upon her lap.

"Can you see Nassau yet, Miss Hildegarde?"

"Almost. Oh, I shall have such lovely times there! My cousin Tom is such a capital horseman, and they say there are splendid rides. I am fairly longing to feel a good horse under me, and to be on shore. Don't you think a sea-voyage horribly monotonous?"

Trecothick half closed his keen blue eyes, after a near-sighted fashion of his own, and studied her face, swiftly and intelligently. Hilda felt the gaze, understood it perfectly, and raised her proud, delicate features, a little more clearly to the light.

"Plenty of pluck, my dear; but for all that, you've heard that I am going on to Cuba; and you're provoked." So said Trecothick, in his heart, while with his lips he replied, still intently watching the upraised, delicate face.

"Won't you let me join your riding party, occasionally?"

In spite of herself, a great wave of color flashed into her cheeks, and mounted to her brow; she knew it, she knew that he saw it; she could have cried with shame and vexation; and had she been less high-bred, she would have done it; as it was, she slowly raised her eyes, until they looked straight into his, and with a smile of superb indifference, replied:

"Yes, indeed, if you are to be at Nassau. Are you? I don't remember whether you are landing there, or going on."

"That's awfully crushing, Miss Waterston, when we've talked Nassau so much these two days. But Pampalona's going on, and how could I tear myself from Pampalona? Don't you consider his society worth sacrificing a good deal for?"

"I fear I must sacrifice yours, just now, at any rate," replied Hilda, in whose heart vexation and disappointment were fighting very hard with her conventional training. "I must see if mamma is coming on deck before dinner."

At that instant, Mrs. Waterston's head appeared above the companionway, followed by Pampalona's.

"There is your mamma, and there is your—friend. No wonder I want to escape to Cuba, or anywhere," muttered Mark, in Hilda's ear; and then strode forward to offer his arm to Mrs.

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Waterston, leaving the young girl thoroughly puzzled as to his meaning.

Was he really jealous? If so, was it her place to assure him, delicately, that so far from Pampalona's being her favored admirer, he—

But at this point, maidenly consciousness stepped in, and refused to allow the sentence to finish itself, and at the same moment, the young Cuban's musical voice said, softly, in her ear:

"You land at Nassau, to-night, señorita?"

"Yes." And Hilda smiled both sadly and gently. She was pitying herself, and he thought she was pitying him.

His purple eyes darkened rapturously.

"I am thinking of landing, too," said he, watching her as intently as Mark had done, but with widely differing motives.

He was rewarded by a glance and smile of genuine pleasure, the reward a proud woman is always ready to give to the man who brings balm to the feelings, or the vanity, that another man has wounded. But how was he to know? He mistook her, as any but one of her own stamp would have done, and eagerly exclaimed:

"I shall do as you advise, señorita. Will you have me land at Nassau, or go on to Cuba?"

"Of course, if you leave it to me, I shall selfishly say, land at Nassau," replied Hilda, in the tone she would have recommended sherbet rather than cream. "Mamma and I will of course be glad of an acquaintance the more, and the place is worth seeing, if you have never been there."

"Then I shall land," said Pampalona, a little chilled, for the most sanguine lover could have found nothing personal, or conscious, in word or tone.

Hilda watched him—watched Mark promenading the deck with her mother, and all the time most fixedly watched a sell-gull gyrating about the mast.

"Isn't he graceful!" exclaimed she, at length.

"Señorita, they call our women cruel because they go sometimes to bull-fights. You Northern women are more cruel," said Pampalona, softly.

"Do you think so? Oh, no! Why, we all dote on Mr. Bergh in New York; and mamma walks sometimes, rather than take the horses out, in bad weather."

"Yes, you are very tender of animals, all you, and revenge yourselves on men," said the Cuban, bitterly.

Hilda turned and looked at him in real kindliness, almost tenderness; but her voice was full of pride, as she slowly said:

"Because men can take care of themselves, Mr. Pampalona. A man who allows a woman to gain such power over him, that she *can* be cruel, has sold his birthright for a mess of very weak and vapid pottage. A man must rule his own will and his own heart, or he never will conquer those of a woman who is worth having."

Pampalona was about to reply, when the dinner-bell sounded.

"Oh, welcome sound!" cried Hilda, glad to escape. "Aren't you hungry? I am starved."

"Yes—I am starved," replied Pampalona, bitterly; and Hilda blithely rejoined, not choosing to understand him: "Well, relief is at hand. Let us go to dinner."

Dinner over, another interview took place. Señor Valdez, instead of retreating at once to his stateroom, as was his habit, mounted to the deck, and sought his compatriot, whom he found moodily leaning against the rail, while Mrs. Waterston, her daughter, Trecothick, and the captain, chatted gaily at a little distance.

"Pardon my intrusion, señor," said he, courteously, and in Spanish, "but I knew your father very well, and I am a Cuban gentleman. May I ask a question, without impertinence?"

"I am at your service, señor; and if you will tell me to whom I have the honor of speaking, I doubt not I shall remember the name of my father's friend."

"That is not important. I call myself Valdez, at present; a travelling name, you understand. Some day I will call at Los Palmas, in my true character. My question is simply, what does the gentleman, your room-mate, intend to do? Will he land at Nassau, or go on to Cuba?"

"The gentleman is no friend of mine, hardly an acquaintance, so I betray no confidence in saying that he announced, to-night, his intention of proceeding to Havana."

"Aha! It is settled?"

"Entirely. That is, he said that he should remove to a vacant stateroom, to-night, and leave ours to me alone."

"Very good. Thanks, señor. Your kindness emboldens me to ask yet one more question. The señorita lands also at Nassau?"

"Yes, señor."

"And this gentleman, is he her suitor?"

"Pardon, señor, but I know nothing of his affairs, beyond what I have told you."

"Excuse me, señor, and thanks." And the gray-haired man walked away, very grave exteriorly, but inwardly chuckling.

"Thou art jealous, Rafaelito, as thy mother used to call thee. Ah, Violéta, sweet flower of my youth—and now!"

And now an air of preparation pervaded the ship. The passengers were absorbed in packing

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their stateroom belongings, or in looking through the twilight for the first glimpse of land; the steward and stewardess were all-pervading, and blandly smiling in expectation of a fee; the captain had no time for chat; and sailors, ropes, chains, hatchways, anchors, and luggage became predominant features of the quiet deck.

The moon rose, and the white lighthouse, on the end of Hog Island, shone out like a monster ghost; the twinkling lights of the town appeared, crowning the steep heights by Government House and the Prison, and glimmering all down the slope to the water's edge; the soft land breeze, loaded with the perfume of orange, and jessamine, and magnolia, drifted lazily out to meet the eager travellers; the anchor slid from the bows, and took hold in the silvery sands, that, shining through the clear waters of this bay, give it color and light, such as no other water in the world possesses; the engine ceased its throbs; the temperature of the air changed, from chill and bracing, to balmy and quiet; the voyage was over; and the lovely life of the tropics had begun.

"Captain, can we land, to-night?" clamored a voice, at every turn, and the patient captain replied, invariably:

"Certainly, if you like; but I wouldn't advise it, as you can't take any luggage ashore, and may not get any beds."

So nearly everybody subsided, especially as no boats appeared, and the vessel was not yet alongside the wharf.

But at a wonderfully early hour in the morning, everybody was astir; the steamer had lifted anchor, and was at the quay; the shore was crowded with the oddest of all hack-carriages, and with negroes of every size, age, and shade; the custom-house officers were on board; and porters were carrying luggage ashore, and piling it upon drays, carriages, and trucks, with as much noise and as little exercise of brain as possible.

Hilda Waterston, a little pale and silent, stood by herself on the after deck, watching all this, and waiting for her mother to finish dressing, when Pampalona hurriedly approached.

"Señorita, the last moment has come. I am all ready to go ashore, or I will remain on board. It is for you to decide—"

But Hilda was spared answering, by the cries of the urchins that called from the shore.

"Say, mister, want to see us dive? I'll go you twenty feet for a shillin'," said one.

"I'll dive for a sixpence!" cried another.

"I'll go for a check!" shouted a third.

"For a penny!" vociferated a fourth.

"Fling in a bit of silver, miss, 'cause it shines most, and I'll fetch it up in my mouth," was the culminating exclamation of a fifth.

Hilda laughed, partly because the crowd of sable imps, all stripped to their waists, and balancing themselves on the edge of the wharf, were so grotesque a sight, and partly that the tears were so near the surface, that she must laugh to keep them down.

"Want to see them dive, Miss Waterston?" called Trecothick's blithe voice, from his stateroom window. "Look!"

He tossed a silver coin into the twenty-feet deep water, so clear, in spite of its depth, that every object on the bottom was perfectly apparent. The silver coin could be seen whirling down, through layer after layer of sunshine and shade, until, before it reached the bottom, these little, sable wretches had pursued and captured it, fighting among themselves for it, as they rose, cork-like to the surface.

Hilda laughed, gleefully. Trecothick applauded. Pampalona muttered a strong Spanish oath, deep down in his throat.

"What *is* the matter, Hilda?" demanded Mrs. Waterston, a little peevish at having to rise so early, and by her presence on deck completing Pampalona's discomfiture.

At the same moment, the steward, whom Trecothick had several times essayed to bribe for information concerning the Valdez family, entered his cabin with a cup of coffee, and in putting it down, innocently remarked:

"The old gentleman and the lady went off very permiscuous from 42, didn't they, sir?"

"42? What do you mean? Tell me all about it, steward."

Trecothick, as he spoke, slipped a gold piece in the man's palm.

"Well, Señor Valdez, the lady, and the little dog, with the luggage in their staterooms, left the ship in the dead of the night. A carriage was waiting, at the head of the wharf, for which the captain must have sent, or it would not have been there; it drove off. They left their heavy luggage on board, whether to be landed later, or not, I cannot say."

The story was hardly finished, before Mark Trecothick was packing his valise.

"I'll do all that, sir. Going ashore, sir?" enquired the steward, at this.

"Yes. Do it—that's a good fellow—while I go to see about my trunks. I suppose they're not hoisted up."

And thus it came about that Pampalona, comforting himself for the loss of his quiet moment with Hilda, by the reflection that he should find many another moment in Nassau, and that his

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detestable rival would not be there to interfere, had the chagrin of hearing the captain give orders to the officer, in charge of getting the luggage out of the hold, to hurry up Mr. Trecothick's trunks, who was going ashore, after all.

Hilda, almost at the same moment, met Mark rushing through the saloon. She put out a slender, gray-gloved hand to be shaken, and said, in a gay, careless, little voice:

"Good-bye, Mr. Trecothick. We are just going, and shan't see you again."

He stopped, took the hand, pressed it, and detained it, looking deep into the eyes, which were too proud to sink beneath his gaze, yet too clear to quite hide the sharp pain under all this brave exterior; looked and probed, and satisfied his own vanity, as these brave men always do, at the expense of the weaker and more self-forgetting natures, that are forever giving their gold for other's brass, and then he slowly said:

"Did you think I could go, Hildegarde? I shall stay where you are."

Even her perfect training could not keep down the flash of delighted surprise from her eyes, or the lovely flush from her cheeks, nor could she quite hold the full tones of her voice, as she suddenly released her hand, and turned from him, saying:

"I—I am glad."

Trecothick, scowling at himself, as he hurried on, muttered:

"Am I a fool, or a rascal! But I must land. I must see Dolóres once more. I must know what those eyes mean."

CHAPTER IV.

THE FAMILY VALDEZ.

It is pleasant, to the average mind, to find one's self of consequence. It is also pleasant to visit governors, and potentates generally. Mrs. Waterston's mind was of the average, in that particular; and when she and Hildegarde walked up the quay, with Pampalona and Trecothick in dutiful attendance, a servant in livery carrying their satchels, and an exceedingly bright, handsome young fellow, of twenty or so, greeting them with effusion, and welcoming them to Government House, in his father's name, Mrs. Waterston was placidly content with herself and her surroundings, and did them great credit, too.

A handsome carriage, with more livery, was in attendance; for servants are a universal luxury in Nassau. The ladies were duly seated, with Mr. Tom Burleigh and the parcels upon the front seat; the liveries bestowed themselves in their appointed places; and Mrs. Waterston turned, with real kindliness in her eyes, to the two young men, standing, like supporters to a shield, at either side the door of the barouche.

"And now, I suppose, we must say good-bye, for a while, at least, to you gentlemen, hoping to meet again, perhaps in Cuba, Mr. Pampalona; perhaps in New York, Mr. Trecothick."

Both men bowed; Trecothick smiled, Pampalona looked embarrassed.

The Saxon was readiest to declare his intentions.

"I certainly hope to meet again, Mrs. Waterston," he said, "but may I not change the scene from New York to Nassau, and the time to this evening, or to-morrow morning?"

"What, are you going to stay here?"

"With your permission, dear madam."

"Oh! Well, I'm very glad, I'm sure." And she spoke the truth, for Trecothick was an unexceptionable *parti*, and Hilda was a marriageable girl. "But you, Mr. Pampalona?" continued she, holding out her hand.

"I, too, madam, am proposing to remain in Nassau," said the Cuban, with a pleading half glance at Hilda, who looked at the sea, shimmering in the morning sunshine.

"Perfectly charming!" exclaimed Hilda's mother, in her most society tone, for she was really vexed. "Then, as there are no adieux to make, we will not detain you gentlemen longer, just now, hoping to see you at Government House, very soon and very often. Good morning."

Both gentlemen lifted their hats. Pampalona, including Trecothick in his sweeping bow, was turning away, when the latter, with a sudden impulse, made a stride toward him, and offered his hand. The Cuban took it, but looked surprised.

"Let us walk up to the hotel, together," said Mark. "I have something to say. And in the first place, I will beg you to excuse any want of ceremony, or etiquette, in this way of breaking the ice; but I'm a plain, honest sort of fellow, and say what I mean, without fear or favor, to every one."

"I shall meet you in the same spirit, sir, and am honored by your confidence," replied Pampalona, guardedly.

"Well, we have been rather at cross purposes, so far, because there's been a little rivalry, perhaps; and you, more than I, have been jealous; but the fact is just here. On board that ship there was a lady, whose name I do not know, and to whom I never spoke; but for whose sake I am going to stay in Nassau, just as for her sake I could have gone on to Cuba, or to the world's end, to get another look into her face, and see

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what she meant by the look she did give me, the only time I ever saw her."

"And you do not address Miss Waterston?"

"Not at all, except as she is a very charming girl, and of my world, and so we naturally are companionable."

This time it was the Spaniard who grasped the Saxon's hand, and stared straight into his eyes.

"My friend, you have slain a terrible lion in my path, and one of which I was horribly afraid," said he. "Now, tell me if I can help you in this matter."

"Very much, perhaps; for the lady is either the wife, or daughter of your countryman, Valdez."

"Valdez! I know nobody called Valdez," replied Pampalona, guardedly.

"Oh, it is only a travelling name, I presume; but he is the old gentleman, with whom I saw you speaking, on the after-deck, last night. Gray-haired, rather stout, with shaggy eyebrows, and keen black eyes. His staterooms were 42 and 43."

"Yes, yes, I know. No, he is not really Valdez, of course he is not; and he said he used to know my parents, and would come to my house, sometime, in his true character. I do not know, at all, who he is," said Pampalona, musingly. "And it is a lady with him, whom you are in this place to meet?"

"Yes, and I hoped you could tell me who she is."

"No, I have never heard of her until now; but your confidence shall not be misplaced, señor. I will both keep your secret, and help you to unravel your mystery; always with the understanding that you are not my rival with the Señorita Waterston."

"It is a bargain, *amigo*." And once more the young men struck hands, and proceeded together up the steep, white hill of Parliament street, to the huge, pink hotel, whose hospitable roof shelters pretty nearly every visitor to Nassau.

But upon the books of the Royal Victoria, though Trecothick looked, and looked again, appeared no such name as Valdez; and to the table came no such face; and in the corridors resounded no such shrill bark, as proclaimed the presence of the dog belonging to the Valdez family.

That afternoon, the two young man, enlisting the services of a shrewd and very black gentleman, who offered himself as guide, servant, and general factotum, thoroughly explored the town, at least, so far as minor hotels, lodging houses, and furnished apartments went; but still no trace of the family Valdez was discovered. Tired, disgusted and puzzled, they stood at the top of the hill, above the hotel, to watch the steamer gracefully curve her way out of the harbor. Suddenly, Pampalona exclaimed:

"Amigo! The family Valdez is on board that vessel."

"No! What do you mean?"

"What more natural? Valdez wishes to throw you off the scent. He knows that you will discover that he has landed; perhaps it was he who bribed the steward to tell you so; he comes on shore, puts himself out of the way, until the vessel is about to sail; then goes quietly on board again; and is off before you guess at the trick. Eh?"

"And no way to follow, for two weeks! Let us go up to Government House, and call upon our friends there," said Trecothick, lighting a cigar, and handing his case to his friend.

Pampalona looked at him, out of the corners of his violet eyes. This stolid, Saxon self-command and reticence, was so foreign to his nature, as to fill him with suspicion; and declining the cigar, with a backward movement of the hand, he coldly asked:

"Are we then to be rivals again?"

Mark stared him full in the face, colored angrily, and then burst into a loud laugh.

"Excuse me, Pampalona, slow-moulded fellows, like us, can't whiffle round at that rate. At five o'clock, ready to swim from here to Cuba, to follow Dolóres; and at six, making love to Miss Hildegarde Waterston! Besides that, there's such a word as honor in English; and I presume in Spanish, also."

"Men have died by thousands, to prove that there is both such a word in Spanish and such a thing," replied the Cuban, proudly.

In reply, Mark silently offered the cigar-case, again, this time with success.

That evening, the young men strolled along the crest of the hill, looking down upon the twinkling lights of the town, and across the bay to the Pharos, on the long, low island, serving as its breakwater. They followed the white, hard road, until it wound in between iron gates, guarded by a sentry, and so walked along to the front of the handsome residence, known to Nassau folk, as Government House.

The ladies were at home, a fact patent to the guests, as they were sitting upon the verandah, Hilda looking very lovely in the white lawn dress, she had already distinterred from her boxes, and Mrs. Waterston, serene and dignified, in black lace and velvet, with jewels in her soft, white hair. The Governor, a gentleman somewhat advanced in life, and a widower, was away from

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Nassau, making an official tour through the out-islands; but he was represented at home, by his private secretary, who was, furthermore, husband of the governor's daughter; and by his son, Tom, with whom we are already acquainted, and who, with all the ardor and freshness of twenty, was now making desperate love to his cousin Hilda.

But the latter, however, listened to him in amiable abstraction, while her eyes shyly followed Mark Trecothick's movements, as he made himself agreeable, now to Mrs. Murray, now to Mrs. Waterston, and without apparent intention avoided herself, while Rafael's dark and luminous glances shot ceaselessly from her face to that of his friend.

Nobody felt very comfortable, or at ease, and Trecothick was fingering his hat, preparatory to leave-taking, when, in one of those sudden pauses to which general conversation is liable, Tom Burleigh's merry voice was audible, saying:

"Oh, yes, cousin, there is a jolly underground passage, from here to Fort Charlotte, as much as two miles long, and dangerous no end. I'll show it you, some day."

"Nonsense, Tom," interposed Mrs. Murray, who was of an eminently practical turn of mind, "Papa says there is no such passage, and if there ever was, it is filled up now. You know he doesn't like you to talk in that wild way."

"But was there ever really such a passage, and what was it for?" demanded Mrs. Waterston, curiously,

"I don't know, really. How is it, James?" asked Mrs. Murray, deferring to her husband, who had amused himself a little with antiquarian researches, and she was replied:

"Why, yes, I think, no doubt, there was and is such a passage; but the entrance is walled up in the fort, and hidden at this end. It was constructed to enable the governor to escape to a place of safety, in case of one of the insurrections, or attacks of Spaniards or pirates, so common in the early history of the colony. There are also subterraneous passages, from Fort Charlotte to the sea-coast, so any fugitive governor, prudent enough to have a vessel in the offing, and a boat on the beach, would have a very fair chance of escape."

"There, Bertha, you see it was not 'nonsense,' after all," exclaimed Tom, triumphantly; and as Bertha seemed likely to reply with some warmth, Trecothick hastened to take leave, idly musing, as he and Pampalona walked back to the hotel, upon the subterraneous passage from Government House to Fort Charlotte, a boat upon the beach, and the vessel in the offing.

Three days passed languidly away. The Cuban cared for nothing in Nassau but Hilda Waterston, and was always at Government House. Trecothick cared for nothing, whatever, in Nassau, and only waited for the day when he could leave it. He had found a good saddle horse, and rode, restlessly, hither and yon, sometimes with his party, oftener alone.

One day, when he had allowed his horse to choose a faint hill track, hardly to be made out among the luxuriant vegetation of the place, he suddenly perceived that he had come upon the rear of a wild settlement of native Africans, colonized here, and as savage, except, perhaps, for cannibalism, as in the wilds of Timbuctoo. The roads through this place are hardly more than footpaths, and as intricate as a maze, so that Trecothick, not wishing to sever his acquaintance with people, or dwellings, turned his horse hither and thither, trying to escape this vicinity, until he felt himself fairly lost, and paused beside a hedge of maguey, looking enquiringly about him.

A shrill little yelp, from the other side of the hedge, startled him, and sent the blood racing through his veins, with a tingle of delight. That yelp! It was, it must be, the yelp of the only dog in the world, for which Trecothick cared—the dog of the Valdez family.

He reined his horse close to the hedge; but the maguey plants grew so strongly, and so close, that it was impossible to see over or through them, or to thrust them aside. One sense disappointed, he essayed another, and half timidly, half audaciously, exclaimed:

"Dolóres! Are you there?"

A low rustle, as of a woman's garments, a pause, and then a soft voice replied, tremulously,

"Who calls? Who knows poor Dolóres?"

"A friend. One who will help her if he can. (Confound the hedge!) Wait until I can come to you, dear lady, and I will tell you more."

And Mark, who had, as may be imagined, spoken some of these phrases aloud, and one to himself, shook his horse's bridle, and set off at a gallop down the line of the hedge, which terminated, at last, beside a high, locked gate, through whose bars he saw a large, old house of weather-stained limestone, half buried in tropical foliage.

Leaning from his horse, the young man examined the fastenings of the gate. They were proof against anything less than a locksmith's, or blacksmith's arts, and the iron pickets rose eight feet from the ground. No one was in sight. But the sharp voice of the little dog sounded nearer, and Mark waited with such patience as he might, until he again caught the sound of rustling skirts, and the next moment saw a slender, black-clad figure emerge from the thicket, and approach the gate.

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Yes, there were the great, unfathomable, dark eyes, with that wistful gaze intensified now, as they rested, enquiringly, upon his; the sweet, pale face, and infantile mouth; the low, wide sweep of brow; and the massive waves of hair, rippling above it. Yes, Dolóres, herself, and better worth the seeking, than he, at first, had thought her. He leaped from his horse, and, hardly knowing what he did, thrust both hands through the bars, exclaiming, passionately:

"Thank God! I see you at last!"

She hesitated, then drew a little nearer, but not within reach of the wistful hands, and shyly asked:

"But who are you, señor, and how do you know my name?"

"I am Mark, call me Mark; and let me call you Dolóres."

"Mark! It is an English name; and you, are you an Englishman?"

"No, an American. But tell me, quickly, Dolóres, are you in danger, or unhappy? Do you need help? Who is that old man? Is he—"

He wished to say "your husband," but the words choked him, and he could not speak them. Nor did Dolóres reply. In the momentary pause that ensued, the little dog jumped up, and began barking furiously, looking in the direction whence the crackling of boughs, and the rustle of leaves, suggested that some one was approaching.

Dolóres clasped her hands, and turning yet paler than was her wont, exclaimed:

"They are coming! Go, go quickly! Oh, go, or you can never help me again. Come to-morrow."

Mark leaped upon his horse, and at the same moment the gray head of Señor Valdez protruded itself from among the bushes, followed by that of a sullen-looking negro.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SONNETS.

BY FRANK L. FIFIELD.

NIGHT.

When peeps the moon above the Orient's height,
And shadows scatter o'er the evening's plain,
My fancy wakes, and through a fair domain,
The realm of dreams, speeds onward in its flight.
I seem to walk 'neath skies forever bright,
To listen to the wild bird's 'trancing strain.
I watch the blue waves sparkle in the night,
Around the islands of the southern main.
And many a lovely scene again I see,
Borne from the shadowy past, unto my view,
Young faces, woods, green fields, and streams as free
As my own heart, when first their charms I knew,
But false and fleeting, like all visions fair,
They vanish as the mists on morning's air.

MORNING.

And when, afar, the glimmering fires of day,
Along the gateway of the sun are burning,
When Nature wakes, and from her slumber turning,
With rosy smiles, greets the bright sun's first ray;
When from the wood resounds the wild bird's lay,
And mounts the lark, the dewy meadow spurning;
Far in the east the glorious sun discerning,
The mists before his pathway break away;
I hear the birds, amid the branches singing.
I walk where roses droop o'er shady streams,
Where crystal dew on grass and flowers clinging
Sparkles like diamonds in the sun's bright beams;
I dream not of the past, a fairer scene
Lies in the future, dewy, fresh and green!

SNOW.

BY MARIE J. M'COLL.

I sit by the fern-traced window,
And gaze at the fleecy snow,
As it softly falters downward
To the cold, brown earth, below.
Flakelet on flakelet falls it,
Pure as the soul of a child.
Fairer than lily petals,
Stainless and undefiled.

Crowning each cot and mansion,
Shrouding the long, dark street;
White, as the glistening foam-bells,
Noiseless as fairy feet,
Draping the leafless branches
In rich and chaste array;
Bringing a dream of blossoms,
And sunny, fragrant May.

Beautiful snow, fit emblem
Art thou of the heart, e'er sin
Has sullied the soul's fair temple,
And evil dwells within.
Ah! who hath a stainless tablet?
Yet God hath said, we know,
"Though your sins be red as scarlet,
I will make them white as snow."

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HOW THE BAMBERSES BORROWED JOSIAH.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

When we bought our farm, there wus a house on it, jist acrost the road from our'n; it wus middlin' small, and dretful kinder run down and shakey, and I had entirely gin up the idee of enybody's livin' there.

But all of a sudden, Josiah started up, and said he was goin' to fix up that house, and rent it, "he believed he could make piles of money out of it, a-rentin' it, and he wanted some neighbors."

Says I, "Josiah Allen, you'd better let well enough alone. You'd better let the old house stay as it is," says I, "There is werse neighbors than them that is stayin' in the old house now."

"What do you mean, Samantha?" And his eyes showed the whites all 'round 'em, he was that surprised.

But I says, "There are werse neighbors, and more troublesome creeters in this world, Josiah Allen, than peace, and quiet, and repose."

"Oh, shaw!" says he. "Why can't you talk common sense, if you have got any." And he went on in a firm, obstinate way. "I am determined to fix up the house, and rent it. Wimmens never can see into business. They haven't got the brains for it. You hain't to blame for it, Samantha; but you haven't got the head to see how profitable I am goin' to make it. And then, our nearest neighbors now live well on to a quarter of a mile away. How neat it will be to have neighbors, right here, by us all the time, day and night." And he added, dreamily, "I love to neighber, Samantha, I love to neighber, dearly."

But I held firm, and told him "He'd better let well enough alone." But he wus sot as sot could be, and went on a-fixin' the house, and it cost him nearer a hundred dollars than it did anything else, besides lamin' himself, and blisterin' his hands to work on it himself, and fillin' his eyes with plaster, and gettin' creaks in his back a-liftin' 'round and repairin'.

But he felt neat through it all. It seemed as if the more money he laid out, and the werse he got hurt, the more his mind soared up, a-thinkin' how much money he wus goin' to make a-rentin' it, and what a beautiful time he wus a-goin' to have a-neighberin'.

Wall, jist as soon as the house wus done, he sot out to find some one to occupy it, for that man couldn't seem to wait a minute. I told him to keep cool. Says I, "You'l make money by it, if you do." But no: he couldn't wait till somebody came to him, he kept inquirin' 'round; and one day he came home from Janesville tickled most to death, seemingly. He'd rented the house to a Mr. Bamber; the bargain wus all made.

Says I, coldly, "Is it the Bamberses that used to live in Loon Town?"

"Yes," says he. "And they are splendid folks, Samantha; and I have made a splendid bargain; they are goin' to give me fifty dollars a year for the house and garden. What do you think now? I never should have known they wus a-lookin' for a house, if I hadn't been a-enquirin' 'round. What do you think, now, about my keepin' cool?"

Says I, mildly, but firmly, "My mind hain't changed from what is wus more formally."

"Wall, what do you think, now, about my lettin' the old house run down, when I can make fifty dollars a year, clean gain, besides more'n three times that in solid comfort, a-neighberin'."

Says I, firm as a rock, "My mind hain't changed, Josiah Allen, so much as the width of a horse-hair."

Says he, "I always said, and knew, that wimmen hadn't got no heads. But it is agrevatin', it is awful agrevatin', when enybody has made such a bargain as I have, to not have enybody's wife appreciate it. And I should think it wus about time to have supper, if you are goin' have any to-night."

I calmly rose, and put on the tea-kettle, and never disputed a word with him about whether I had a head, or not. Good Lord: I knew I had one, and what was the use of arguin' about it? I never said a word, but I kept a-thinkin'. I had heard of the Bamberses before. It had come right straight to me: Miss Ebenezer Scwelz, she that was Nably Spink's nephew's wife's stepmother, Miss Bumper, lived neighber to 'em, and she had told me, Nably had, that them Bamberses wus shiftless creeters.

Bnt the bargain wus all made, and there wuzn't no use in saying anything, and I knew if I should tell Josiah what I had heard, he'd only go to arguin' agin that I hadn't no head. So I didn't say nothin', and the very next day they moved in. They had been stayin' a spell

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to her folks'es, a little ways beyond Janesville. They said the house they had been livin' in, at Loon Town, was so uncomfortable, they couldn't stay in it a day longer. But we heard afterwards, Miss Scwels heard right from Miss Bumpers'es own lips, that they wus smoked out, the man that owned the house had to smoke 'em out, to get rid of 'em.

Wall, as I said, they come—Mr. Bamber and his wife, and his wive's sister (she wus Irish,) and the childern. And, oh! how neat Josiah Allen did feel. He wus over there before they had hardly got sot down, and offered to do anything under the sun for 'em, and offered 'em everything we had in the house. I, myself, kep' cool and cullected together. Though I treated 'em in a liberal way, and in the course of two or three days, I made 'em a friendly call, and acted well towards 'em.

But instead of runnin' over there the next day, and two or three times a day, I made a practice of stayin' to home considerable; and Josiah took me to do for it. But I told him that "I treated them jist exactly as I wanted them to treat me." Says I, "a megum course is the best course to pursue in nearly every course of life, neighborin' especially," says I. "I begin as I can hold out. I lay out to be kind and friendly to 'em, but I don't intend to make it my home with them, nor do I want them to make it their home with me." Says I, "once in two or three days is enough, and enough, Josiah Allen, is as good as a feast."

"Wall," says he, "if I ever enjoyed anything in this world, I enjoy neighberin' with them folks," says he. "They think the world of me. It beats all how they wership me. The childern take to me so, they don't want me out of their sight, hardly a minute. Bamber and his wife says they think it is in my looks. You know I *am* pretty-lookin', Samantha. They say the baby will cry after me so quick. It beats all, what friends we have got to be, I and the Bamberses, and it is agrevatin', Samantha, to think you don't seem to feel towards 'em that strong friendship that I feel."

Says I, "Friendship, Josiah Allen, is a great word." Says I, "True friendship is the most beautiful thing on earth; it is love without passion, tenderness without alloy. And," says I, soarin' up into the realm of allegory, where, on the feathery wings of pure eloquence, I fly frequent, "Intimacy hain't friendship." Says I, "Two men may sleep together, year after year, on the same feather bed, and wake up in the mornin', and shake hands with each other, perfect strangers, made so unbeknown to them. And feather beds, nor pillers, nor nothin' can't bring 'em no nigher to each other. And they can keep it up, from year to year, and lock arms and prominade together through the day, and not be no nigher to each other. They can keep their bodies side by side, but their souls, who can tackle 'em together, unless nature tackled 'em, unbeknown to them? Nobody.

"And then agin two persons may meet, comin' from each side of the world; and they will look right through each other's eyes, down into their souls, and see each other's image there; born so, born friends, entirely unbeknown to them. Thousands of milds apart, and all the insperations of heaven and earth; all the influence of life, education, joy and sorrow, has been fitting them for each other (unbeknown to them); twin souls, and they not knowin' of it."

"Speakin' of twin—" says Josiah.

But I wus soarin' too high to light down, that minute; so I kep' on, though his interruption wus a-lowerin' me down gradual.

Says I, "Be good and kind to everybody, and Mr. Bambers'es folks, as you have opportunity; but before you make bosom friends of 'em, wait and see if your soul speaks." Says I, firmly, "Mine don't, in the case of the Bamberses."

"Speakin' of twin," says Josiah, agin, "Did you ever see so beautiful a twin as Mr. Bambers'es twin is? What a pity they lost the mate to it! Their ma says it is perfectly wonderful the way that babe takes to me! I held it all the while she wus ironin', this forenoon. And the two boys foller me 'round all day, tight to my heels, instead of their father. Bamber says they think I am the prettiest man they ever see."

Before I had time to say a word back, Bamber's wive's sister opened the door, and come in unexpected, and said, "that Mrs. Bamber wanted to borrow the loan of ten pounds of side pork, some flour, the dish-kettle, and my tooth-brush."

I let 'em all go, for I wus determined to use 'em well, but I told Josiah, after she went off with 'em, "that I did hate to lend my tooth-brush, the worst kind."

And Josiah 'most snapped my head off, and muttered about my not bein' neighberly, and that I didn't feel a mite about neighberin', as he did.

And I made a vow, then and there, (inside of my mind,) that I wouldn't say a word to Josiah Allen on the subject, not if they borrowed us out of house and home. Thinkses I, I can stand it as long as he can; if they spile our things, he has got to pay for new ones; if they waste our property, he has got to lose it; if they spile our comfort, he's got to stand it as well as I have; and knowin' the doggy obstinacy of his sect, I

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considered this great truth, that the stiller I kep', and the less I said about 'em, the quicker he'd get sick of 'em; so I held firm. And never let on to Josiah but what it wus solid comfort to me to have 'em there, all the time, a'most; and not havin' a minute I could call my own, and havin' 'em borrow everything under the sun that ever wus borrowed: garden-sass of all kinds, and the lookin'-glass, groceries, vittles, cookin' utensils, stove pipe, a feather bed, bolsters, bed-clothes and the New Testament.

They even borrowed Josiah's clothes. Why, Bamber wore Josiah's best pantaloons more than Josiah did. He got so, he didn't act as if he could ster out without Josiah's best pantaloons. He'd keep a-tellin' that he wus goin' to get a new pair, but didn't get 'em, and would hang onto Josiah's. And Josiah had to stay to home a number of times, jist on that account. And then he'd borrow Josiah's galluses. Josiah had got kinder run out of galluses, and hadn't got but one pair of sound ones. And Josiah would have to pin his pantaloons onto his vest, and the pins would loose out, and it wus all Josiah could do to keep his clothes on. It made it awful bad for him. I know, one day, when I had a lot of company, I had to wink him out of the room a number of times, to fix himself, so he would look decent. But all through it, I kep' still and never said a word. I see we wus loosin' property fast, and had lost every mite of comfort we had enjoyed, for there wus some on 'em there every minute of the time, a'most, and some of the time two or three of 'em. Why, Mrs. Bamber used to come over and eat breakfast with us lots of times. She'd say she felt so manger that she couldn't eat nothin' to home, and she thought mebby my vittles would go to the place. And besides losin' our property and comfort, I'll be hanged if I didn't think, sometimes, that I should lose my pardner by 'em, they worked him so. But I held firm. Thinkses I, to myself, it must be that Josiah will get sick of neighborin', after awhile, and start 'em off. For the sufferin's that man endured couldn't never be told or sung.

Why before they had been there a month, as I told Miss Sewelz, she was to our house a-visitin', and Josiah was in the buttery a-churnin', and I knew he wouldn't hear, says I, "They have borrowed everything I have got, unless it is Josiah." And if you'll believe it, before I had got the words out of my mouth, Mrs. Bamber'ses sister opened the door, and walked in, and asked me "If I could spare Mr. Allen, to help stretch a carpet." And I whispered to Miss Sewelz, and says I, "if they hain't borrowed the last thing now, if they hain't borrowed Josiah." But I told the girl "to take him in welcome." (I wus very polite to 'em, and meant to be, but cool).

So I tuk holt and done the churnin', myself, and let him go.

But I must stop now, for I see Josiah a-comin' across the field to supper, and curius to tell, he's always hungry for supper. Boys and husbands allus is hungry. Another time I'll tell what came of borrowin' Josiah.

AN ARTIST'S DREAM.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.

We met at the sea-side, one summer.
  She had such a "love of a dress."
(She wore it for every new-comer,)
  And smiled—it was like a caress!
I said that I sketched for a living,
  She answered she "doted on art,"
And looked so, I thought she was giving
  Her fortune, as well as her heart.

I dreamed then a dream that might madden
  The soul, say of even Millais.
I fancied I'd found, like Aladdin,
  The wealth to give kingdoms away.
I'd woo her, and win her, and marry,
  And then to dear Paris we'd hie.
Thrice fortunate ship that should carry
  Twin souls, such as Lily and I!

We strolled in the moonlight, that even;
  The sea was as calm as the skies.
I vowed that her face was my heaven,
  No stars were as bright as her eyes.

She languishing sang (oh! that shoulder,
  I still see its ravishing gleam,
And shall, till I'm centuries older),
  "How dear, how divine is Love's Dream."

All night the sweet strains of that solo
  Surged wildly and mad thro' my brain—
I met her, next day, at the Polo,
  With young Pete Gorilla Fitz Payn!
He'd four-in-hands; led the cotillions;
  Shot pigeons, too, out of a trap;
Was heir to a couple of millions;
  While I wasn't heir to a "rap."

She watched, from his mail-coach, the playing,
  And smiled her witch-smile at his leer.
I bowed; but she stared, as if saying,
  "What impudent tramp have we here?"
That Fall, at Grace Church, they were married,
  And went off to Europe to stay.
While I—well, by duns I'm still harried,
  And "pot-boilers" paint night and day.

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MEG'S LOVE.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

She finished her letter, thus:

"There is a great deal of company in the house, and everybody is very grand and gay. Dear Val, I hope you won't think me a disgrace to you, when I confess that, sometimes, when I hear them laughing and enjoying themselves in the drawing-room below me, I cannot help wishing that I was grand and gay too, and occasionally even feel a little savage about it—not, however, because they are rich, so much as because I am not. Won't it be nice, Val, when you get that 'raise,' and I can come to Paris to you, and we can live together in one of those tiny suites of apartments, which are like the compartments in a work-box. I am sure you would not care how small the compartments were, so that your housekeeper was Your own Affectionate,

Meg."

There was a floating mist in the flower-like blue of Meg's eyes, as she closed her envelope, and secured it with an unnecessary little thump of her small fist.

"Because," she whispered unsteadily, "there never was a brother worth half of Val, and I can't help feeling a bit homesick for him, particularly when those people down stairs make so much hilarious fuss. It is the queerest thing, that laughing, and singing, and dancing should have such a strange, melancholy sound, just because they have to float up a pair of stairs. It is as if all the fun died out on the way, and there was nothing left *but* the sound, without the least atom of meaning." Supporting her pretty, round chin on the hollow of her palm, her elbow on the table, she sat still for a minute, and listened. Some one was singing now, some one with a delightful, masculine voice, full of music.

"My love is like the red, red rose,
That's freshly sprung in June;
My love is like the melody,
That's sweetly played in tune."

And more of like effect, with a great deal of tenderness and spirit.

"Ah," said Meg, softly, as in meditation, "that is Captain Biddulph."

Almost directly, however, the closing of the drawing-room door shut off Captain Biddulph, and his song too; and with a half impatient sigh, Meg rose.

"Never mind," she said. "I shall have time to slip out, and take Val's letter to the village before the children's dinner. The walk will do me good too."

Just ten minutes afterwards, Captain Biddulph, who had a moment before seated himself on a lounge near a window, for the purpose of entertaining three nephews of tender age, but sanguinary taste, with a story of a "man-eater," suddenly paused at the very outset of the thrilling recital, with the remark:

"Look here! Suppose we go out, and tell it. It will sound ever so much worse out of doors."

There was no hesitation in swallowing the bait. Six voices—three neices having joined the chorus—vociferated ecstatic delight at once.

"Yes, yes. Let us! And then you can show how it roared—and everything."

Biddulph got up.

"Come along," he said, unceremoniously, taking long strides across the room, as if there was not a moment to lose. And thus, followed by his adoring juvenile rabble, he took his departure.

It was rather base, the manner in which he turned upon the affectionate mob, when he got them out of doors; but perhaps it could not be helped.

"I say!" he exclaimed. "There is Miss Langdale, on her way to the village. Suppose we go with her." And not regarding in the least the cries of, "Ah, but the tiger, uncle Eric—the tiger," he followed the slim, black figure, without more ado.

It was not the easiest thing in the world, to gain upon her light, springing steps, particularly with the six protesting at his heels; but he accomplished the matter, so far as to get within hearing distance, and then, as was very natural, Meg turned about, in some astonishment.

"Children!" she exclaimed to her pupils. "Does Mrs. Dalglieth know that you have left the house? I am afraid—"

"Uncle Eric—" began the chorus.

By this time, Biddulph was at her side, raising his hat, and looking down into her face.

"She knows they are with me," he said. "Don't mind them. They needed exercise—and so did I."

Meg ordered her charges into line, and marshaled them before her, sedately.

"If Mrs. Dalglieth knows," she answered, "of course it does not matter."

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He was an odd fellow, this Biddulph, certainly. After all the treacherous diplomacy he had employed to gain this poor little interview, he scarcely spoke a dozen sentences, either on their way to the village, or back again; but stalked along in a brooding kind of silence, only occasionally making a remark. In fact, upon the whole, he had the effect of rather depressing Meg's spirits. "If he is as—as sulky as this, always," was her secret thought, "I would rather have Val, than ten of him." And if it had not been for the exuberant spirits of the sportive six, who kept her entirely employed, she would have found her walk a very neutral-tinted affair, indeed.

Once, however, as they neared home, he did rouse himself, in quite a remarkable manner; and it was an innocent question of little Jack Dalglieth's, which was the means of stimulating him.

"Miss Langdale," said Jack, who was rather a confidential friend of his preceptress's. "Miss Langdale, was that letter to Val?"

"Yes, Jack," answered Meg, in her pretty, soft voice. "It was to Val."

Then Captain Biddulph roused himself from his depth of silence and abstraction.

"Val!" he echoed. "That is rather a point-blank question, isn't it, Jack? There is an excellent moral axiom, which remarks that 'Boys should be seen, but not—'"

Meg stopped him, with a frank, little smile.

"Val is my brother," she said. "And I often talk to Jack about him."

"Yes," added Jack. "And he loves her; she loves him. And he lives in Paris, works very hard; but when he gets a raise, he is going to send for her to live with him, and keep house; and they will have a little apartment, and go to the theatre together—"

"Never mind, Jack," said Meg. "We must not trouble Captain Biddulph. Everybody cannot be expected to care about it as we do."

"Care?" exclaimed Jack's extraordinary relative, turning and looking down into Meg's big, troubled eyes, with most unnecessary warmth and fervor in his own.

"Care? If you only knew how unavoidable it is, that I should care for everything and everybody connected—"

But there he stopped, seeming to check himself, with a violent effort.

"I beg pardon," he ended. "I am worse than Jack." And looked so gloomy, forthwith, that Meg was quite perturbed, and was glad of the excuse of gathering together the strays of her flock, before entering the grounds.

The flock, however, had been stabbed in the most vulnerable part of their armor, and broke into vigorous protestations of discontent.

"Ah!" they wailed. "And we have not heard a word about the tiger—not a word! And you brought us out on purpose to hear it, uncle Eric. And now we have to go in! It's just a shame!" And Jack was goaded into adding, with true British vigorousness of phrase, that the state of affairs was "Beastly."

They had reached the gates, by this time. Biddulph stopped, and regarded the malcontents reflectively.

"So it is, by Jove!" he remarked. "And if Miss Langdale will let me come into the schoolroom, after you have had your dinner, I will tell you that story, and another for interest—a fearful one, with a mad elephant in it. I did use the story as a bait," he added to Meg, with frank grimness. "And it does seem too bad. A little like 'seething the kid in its mother's milk,' you know."

Meg ran up stairs to her room, to lay aside her hat, and prepare for the nursery dinner.

"A bait!" she said, touching up her soft, black hair. "That was a queer word to use. A bait!"

And the face on the toilet glass looked back at her, with a hint of confused amazement, not entirely unmixed with shy pleasure.

This, however, was by no means the first time that Captain Biddulph had joined her, in her walks. He had been in the house longer than any of the rest of the guests, and his position was naturally a more established one, being founded upon the fact of his relationship. Two months before, he had arrived from Madras, with bag and baggage, and a native servant who had occasioned much alarm in the nursery. He was Mrs. Dalgleith's only brother, and being of an amiable and mendacious character, and not averse to the relation of tragic and diffuse histories of the most unreliable description, became, at once, an object of tumultuous admiration to the tender sex. In her seclusion, in the third story, Meg heard much of him; but for some days did not chance to see him. One morning, however, on going up stairs, Biddulph suddenly found himself looking up at a slim, young maiden, in an unadorned dress of black, made from some soft, close-clinging, old-fashioned silk. It fell to her feet, and closed at her slender little throat and wrists with a prim, white frill. Her hair was quite black, also, but her face was of a flower-like fairness, and her eyes reminded him of blue convolvulus in full bloom. She was simply a fresh, innocent girl, of an unusually sweet type, but she affected him in a manner quite indescrib-

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able. She startled him into forgetting his good manners. He stopped upon his step, and stared at her for several seconds, as she stood upon her's above him. It was her natural, surprised blush, which recalled him to himself, and caused him to pass on, with a rather confused air, and the "beg pardon," which is so thoroughly English in its *brusque* politeness.

After that, it appeared that he gave himself up wholly to the wiles of his mob of young relations. He allowed them to ensnare him into the nursery and school-room, and to persuade him to accompany them in their walks.

"You are making those children positively unbearable, Eric," said Mrs. Dalglieth. "If Miss Langdale were not such a gentle, dear person, I am sure she would object. You may rejoice that she is not a middle-aged woman, with theories."

"I do," replied Biddulph, quietly.

Meg did not object. She listened to the fearfully unreliable stories, when they were told in her presence, and even went so far as to laugh at them, though their influence upon geographical and historical knowledge was scarcely orthodox, and rather tended to people all parts of India with Thugs, Sepoys, tigers of the "man-eating" order, and a most exaggeratedly monstrous species of boa-constrictor. She did her best to keep her flock in order, during these rambles, and succeeded very creditably, notwithstanding the fact that their companion frequently found means to interest her. He was a good talker, and had also lived an adventurous, emotional life. Sometimes, Meg discovered, during these strolls, that she was quite happy—happy in an entirely new way—so light-hearted, as she was sure she should be, when Val sent for her to join him in Paris, and play housekeeping in the tiny apartment. This, however, was not invariably the case, after the first month. After that time, the bright aspect of affairs changed a little. A number of visitors arrived, and the house was gayer below stairs than above. Then, again, Biddulph began to have queer moods—fits of silence and abstraction, such as he gave way to on his walk to the post-office. Sometimes, in the midst of conversation, he would suddenly sink into a gloom, not easy to account for, and wonderfully depressing to Meg.

"Though, of course," she decided, with much simplicity, "it is no business of mine. It is not as if he was Val. If he was Val, it would be a different matter, and I should never rest, until I found out what troubled him."

Occasionally, however, at this juncture, Val found her letters not quite so bright as was their wont, and fancying that the root of the trouble lay in her loneliness and yearning for himself, he put forth mightier efforts, and economized still more sternly, in his hopes of attaining the end he had held in view so long.

"If we were together, she would be happier," he would say. "It is quite natural that she should feel the want of pleasure and freedom."

It was true that she had but few enjoyments in the course of her young life. The two had been left desolate as children, and from seven to seventeen, Meg had known only the dull, dreary side of existence, to be found in the cheap boarding-school, her poor, little patrimony would pay for. Val, who was five years her senior, had gone the treadmill round of a friendless boy's mercantile experience, until a turn of good luck had carried him from a tall, dingy warehouse, in London, to a brighter, if busier, life in Paris. Up to that time, he had been wont to visit Meg in her prim retirement, and an occasional interview with her, in the privacy of the stiff, scholastic parlor, when seated together upon the most unpleasant and slippery of horsehair sofas, they had rather sadly compared experiences and partaken in some trepidation of various indigestibles of a cheap kind, supposed to give a festive character to the meeting.

After Val's departure to foreign shores, Meg, but for a certain patient simplicity, which was one of her sweetest characteristics, would have sunk into depths of despair; but she had been so used to the neglects and uncomfortable tricks of fortune, that she was a very unexacting young maiden, indeed. Consequently, after her first natural days of mourning in secret, she had proceeded to console herself, to the best of her ability, and out of this effort had arisen her little dream of living, as Val's housekeeper, at some fairy future, in the bright, always gay Paris, of which he wrote, and of which, like the rest of the world, he had become so desperately and reasonably enamored.

But this had not come to pass yet, and Val was quite a man, and she had finished her education, and taken her position as governess to five of the six rampant, even though well disposed, young Dalglieths.

So, taking all these things into consideration, it is not to be wondered at, that, before she understood her danger, she had begun to enjoy the strolls, and unreliable stories, more than was quite safe, and to listen with a perilous thrill of the heart, when the opened door below allowed divers sentimental and well-sung masculine ditties, to float up the staircase to her small, solitary room.

She did not understand herself, as I say, and

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this arose from the fact that, as far as emotions were concerned, she had lived the life of a young nun, cloister-bred, and consequently was not an adept in the matter of sentimental analyzation. And still less did she understand Biddulph. Since she found she must not measure him by Val, she could not measure him at all, having no other standard, and could only wonder at, pity, and admire him, by turns.

And yet, she was so far affected by his moods, that when, in the afternoon, after their walk, he presented himself with his peace-offerings to her pupils, he found her in rather a subdued frame of mind. Instead of sharing the general hilariousness, she sat apart and sewed; and several times during the thrilling recitals which followed, the audience were roused to much impatient clamor, by a sudden lull at some interesting climax, when the story-teller was discovered to be most unavoidably forgetting himself, and lapsing into abstracted silence, instead of attending to the catastrophe on hand; though, fortunately, the slim, black-clad figure in the roomy, square-backed chair, was not once suspected of being sufficient cause for this remissness. The fact was, however, that the stories were not upon this occasion, up to the usual high-water mark of excellence; and in consequence of this deficiency, the audience was more easily disposed of.

"Let's go and play 'storming of Delhi,'" said young Jack, at last, in some discontent. "And we can pretend that uncle Eric is Nana Sahib."

But Biddulph did not seem to hear this final, interesting proposition,

"Yes," he said, absently. "Go and storm Delhi, there's amiable youngsters. I am used up, rather."

Then he left his chair, and went over to Meg; stood by her for a few seconds, without speaking.

"You think that I am a sullen fellow," he said, at length.

It was so sudden, and his voice had so odd and soft a tone of reproach and appeal, that Meg's tender heart started violently. She lifted her face; her lips parted, her eyes troubled and half alarmed. She did not know what to say, even if he had given her time to say anything, which he did not.

"I am an unhappy fellow," he added, in a stranger tone still. "An unhappy fellow!" And he turned round, and strode out of the room.

Meg's work slipped from her hands, and fell upon the floor. When she had stooped to pick it up, her eyes were wide and wet, and she felt that her chin quivered, in a helpless, childless fashion.

"Oh!" she whispered, "and I am unhappy, too! I am unhappy, too—though I ought not to be."

She had never even thought as much before, and having been startled into a feeling, which forced her to say as much, she had made a great step. She had advanced to an indirect kind of consciousness.

"I am unhappy, too," she found herself repeating, more than once, during her restless hours, that night. "I am unhappy, too—though I ought not to be."

Perhaps, upon the whole, this very state of affairs prepared her, a little, for the event which happened the very next day.

In the course of the morning, a message was brought to the school-room, requesting that the children should be sent down stairs; and this request having been complied with, after half an hour's absence, little Jack Dalglieth rushed in upon Meg, who sat in the bare solitude, awaiting the return. He bore an expression of indignation and bewilderment commingled.

"Look here, Miss Langdale," he cried. "I say, uncle Eric's gone."

Meg's heart seemed to leap up and throb in her throat.

"Gone!" she echoed.

"Yes," in a staccato, which threatened to terminate ignominously in tears. "Gone! And that was why we were wanted down stairs—to—to say good-bye to him. Oh, look here. It's a—it's a beastly shame!"

"D-don't say 'beastly shame,' Jack," faltered Meg. "It's—it's improper."

She got up, feeling quite unsteady upon her feet. "Wait a minute," she said. "I'll be back directly. I—forgot something." And she fled precipitately to the friendly shelter of her own room. When she returned, after a rather prolonged stay, Mrs. Dalglieth was in the room, consoling the wounded and bewailing six.

"It is very sudden," she said, good naturedly, to Meg. "And Captain Biddulph has allowed them so many liberties, that they feel they have a right to protest. They don't understand the exigency of the case. Miss Marian Biddulph appears to them a very insufficient reason to offer for a neglect of themselves."

Meg tried to smile.

"They were very fond of him," she said.

"Oh! yes," answered Mrs. Dalglieth, "that was very natural. He spoils them in the most bare-faced and shameful manner. Perhaps, on the whole, it is as well that Miss Biddulph arrived in London, before he had time to compass their moral destruction, altogether. Having been

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a belle and a beauty, it hardly seems probable that she will let him begin again, when he brings her here, as his bride, to present her to us, in May. We have been informed that she does not like children at all."

There could be no further misunderstanding. Meg went through the regular morning routine, as if she had been in some vague, desolate dream. When at last it was over, and the children left her alone, the tremor she had been struggling against, became too strong for her. The room seemed terribly empty, as she walked to the window, and stood there.

"Why should I care?" she said. "If it had been Val I had lost, I should have the right to be miserable; but as it is—" And before she fully realized the power of the feeling, which had seized upon her, she was so far overcame by it, as to burst into a strange passion of tears.

It was a kindly chance, by which, just at this juncture Fortune was reminded of her existence. The mornings spent among books and slates, and the long constitutional walks became such flavorless affairs, and the laughter and gaiety in the parlors floated out and up the stairs, with such added dreariness of sound, sometimes, Meg felt that she could not bear the monotony of her fate much longer, and fortunately she was not called upon to do so.

One afternoon, without having received any previous warning, she was called down stairs to see a visitor. The visitor was a stalwart, delighted-looking young man, who opened his arms as soon as she entered the room.

"Meg!" he cried out, with jubilant, grand eloquence. "Behold me! At last—at last!"

Meg ran at him with a little gasp of joy; submitted to his ecstatic embrace; and, rather to his bewilderment, burst into tears again.

"Oh, Val!" she said. "Good Val! Dear Val! *Is* it you?"

To his mental picture of their meeting, Val had imagined her doing and saying all manner of things, but he had never once thought of such a state of affairs as this, in which she seemed, somehow, unlike the Meg of his affectionate fancy, and actually cried, instead of laughed.

He managed to disentangle himself from her, so far as to admit of his regarding her at half arm's length.

"Look at the girl!" he exclaimed. "She's crying. Why, Meg, what does this mean? You don't look jolly at all! You—I verily believe you are pale! And—is it possible you are thin! No, I won't believe it of you!"

Then, very naturally, Meg's laughter dried her weak-minded little gush of tears.

"You ridiculous boy," she answered. "It's because I've grown. I am ever so much older—years and years older than I was, when you went away, and of course I've grown."

"Naturally!" responded Val. "But then you have no need to cry, if you *have* grown."

"Oh," said Meg, with a superior air, "that's nothing, I cried because I was so glad to see you, and because—" rather feebly, "I was so happy."

She did not cry again, however, when he told her the reason of his coming, which certainly was reason enough for being happier still.

"I have come for *you*," he answered. "They have given me the 'raise,' and you are to see Paris at last, Meg. I have even engaged the apartments—up four pairs of stairs, and with more bright tin things in the *cuisine*, than the mind of man can possibly conceive uses for. Also, a little waxed and shining *salon*, with red plush chairs, and a card-table, and a mirror, and the most gorgeous gilt clock and candlesticks that high art could be accountable for. Wait until you see them!"

In three days she did see them, and in a week's time she had settled down, so far as actually to realize that she, herself—the Meg of so much past dreariness—was mistress of all these splendors. She could not have helped being happy, even if she had tried, and she certainly did not try. Being of an unselfish and loving nature, she made a brave effort to subdue any little pangs of memory she might feel in secret, and was so bright and cheering a presence, and so constantly grateful, that Val felt himself really an individual to be envied.

"It is worth a man's while to try to please Meg," he said, to his sworn friend and ally, a brisk, little American matron, and writer of spicy news-letters. "She is always so delightful, and so willing to take things as they come."

Mrs. Harrowly, who was the typical American of a class—indefatigable in the matter of work, having wit, good nature and friends in abundance—took an affectionate fancy to Meg at once. She climbed up the four flights of stairs to bid her welcome, before she had been two days in her new home; and having thus virtually adopted her, never relaxed her cheery kindness. She gave her two boys into her charge as music pupils, and lent to their lessons the nature of delightful family entertainments. She petted Meg, introduced her to the people she, herself, liked best, and gave her excellent advice, which was the result of her own experience, in the matter of small economies of housekeeping and dress. She was rather a hard-worked little woman, and by

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no means a rich one, but she made the most of all possibilities of exhiliration and amusement, and shared the results with her friends generously.

It was quite natural, that, such being the case, she should not be entirely guiltless of concocting, in secret, occasional little plans for the furthering of her pet protégé's interest.

"She is the kind of girl, who ought to have the happiest description of love story," she said, with serious good nature to Val. "A nice little romance, with the bloom on, and ending in a natural, sweet way. For Meg to remain unmarried, or to marry mistakenly, would be the height of inconsistency."

But though Meg became very popular indeed, and was openly admired by the many young weilders of pen and brush, who frequented Mrs. Harrowly's bright *salon*, her friend was just a little surprised, to find her far from being as susceptible as she had hoped. Meg was always charming, always sweet-tempered, always ready to make the best of everybody; but she showed not the slightest sign of a preference.

"Which really *is* a bit odd, considering that she is such a soft, kind, little thing, and that they all like her so, and pay her such attention." Mrs. Harrowly commented mentally. "There is Howard Ferris, for instance—if I was not married, and was young, I am sure I could be fond of Howard Ferris, myself. And Phil Leslie admires her desperately—and that little poem of Glyndon's, about 'the convolvulvus blue of her eyes,' was too lovely for anything, I am certain."

But there came a time, when Mrs. Harrowly comprehended all.

This, however, was not until Meg had been with Val quite a year. Had in fact, become quite an old Parisian, knowing where to buy things, and when to resist all fascinations, and how to avoid being imposed upon to an umlimited extent.

"I have made," she said to Val, one morning, "the most lovely dress you can imagine, to wear at Mrs. Harrowly's party, to-night."

"You are a worldly young person," said Val. "And given up to tiring of the hair and adorning of the body. This is the third 'most lovely dress,' I have been called upon to imagine this winter."

Meg made a little face, and shrugged her shoulders, in the most approved French style.

"It is blue," she proceeded, "turquoise blue, and it is soft, fine Chinese *crêpe*. And I have blue convolvulus for my hair."

"Earthly vanities of the most lowering description," said Val, lugubriously. "A saddening spectacle indeed."

But when she came out of her room, at night, all soft, lovely blue, from head to foot, even to her trim, little shoes, it must be confessed, that he was guilty of exhibiting something, very like the unbecoming admiration of an unregenerate spirit.

"By Jove!" he said, walking round her. "How blue it is, and how prettily it falls. Only—I say, Meg, isn't it rather—seems to me garments of that order used to stand out more."

"Stand out more!" echoed Meg, in high disdain. "'Used.' How degradingly like a man. Don't you know that a girl of *any* style whatever, would sooner be *dead* than wear things that stood out *now*. It isn't the fashion at all. That style went out ages ago. Completely. Pooh!" with a fine wave of her hand. "Stand out!"

"Ah," said Val, reflectively. "That's it, is it? Well, at any rate, this has a very astounding effect." And he tucked her under his arm, and escorted her down the four flights, to the *fiacre*, which, for a consideration of one franc and a-half, was to convey them to the festive scene.

Mrs. Harrowly, who had a positive faculty for entertaining, stood near the door of her not too long *salon*, and received each guest with the kind of greeting he or she was sure to like best. Meg she kissed warm-heartedly.

"Go, and show yourself to the boys, I beg," she said. "I have actually been guilty of letting them remain in the room. Maurice already affects a *blasé* air, and is criticizing *toilette*. He says he is sure you will be prettier than any of the rest—and so you are," in a pleased whisper.

Accordingly, Meg reported herself to her pupils, who were fine and fearfully sharp infants, of ten to twelve years of age.

"Ah," commented Maurice, the elder. "I knew you would look like that—different from all the others, you know. I told mamma so. That dress looks as if it had been made out of a flower," with all the amiable audacity and candor of youth.

"Thank you," said Meg.

Being unaffectedly partial to these innocents, she remained with them for some time, and allowed them to entertain her to the best of their by no means limited ability, until the appearance of their mother, who finally presented herself, in the best of spirits, as usual.

"I came to tell you," she began, "that, to-night, I hope to present my English lion to you."

"A lion!" cried the younger infant. "A lion that roars, mamma? He would frighten the ladies."

Mrs. Harrowly laughed.

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"'He will roar you,'" she quoted. "'He will roar you as gently as any sucking dove?' For, big as he is, I vouch for his being the most amiable in the whole menagerie."

"Mamma," asked the more experienced Maurice, "do you mean the big Englishman, with the red moustache?"

"It is not red," laughing again. "It is the exact shade Miss Broughten chooses for her heroes. It is 'tawny,' which I consider a very happy thought. And you are a most objectionable boy, Maurice, to call it anything else."

At this point, however, she was called away, by the entrance of a fresh arrival, and so Maurice was left to take up the thread of the conversation.

"He is very nice," he said. "We like him very much. He is an officer, and fought in the Indian mutiny. He told us about the Sikhs and Sepoys."

"He was wounded three times," cried Lewis, in triumphant appreciation of such exceptional good luck. "He has a sabre cut on his wrist. Maurice! Maurice! There he comes!"

Naturally, Meg glanced towards the door. A tall man had just entered, and stood near Mrs. Harrowly, who was talking vivaciously. The boys so far forgot their dignity as to break away, without ceremony, and rush towards the new comer. But as they did so, Mrs. Harrowly led him forward in the direction of Meg's corner.

"Captain Biddulph—" she began.

The introduction was not completed. Mrs. Harrowly was surprised into breaking into an exclamation of pleasure.

"Why," she said, "I am sure you know each other."

"Yes," answered Biddulph. "We know each other."

There was an almost desperate appeal in the look he gave Meg, as he held out his hand to her. It was as if he had said, "pity me." But Meg's smile, as she extended her little, kid glove, was so calm, that it surprised herself.

"We met in Middlesex," she said. "Captain Biddulph is Mrs. Dalglieth's brother."

What was said next, even Mrs. Harrowly scarcely knew, but being blessed with the most active of wits, she said something, which covered the hurt of discomfort she, herself, felt at once. A few minutes she remained with them, and was bright and voluble enough to support them under the nrst shock. Presently, however, she retired with ease, and carried *les enfants terribles* with her.

Then ensued a pause, in which Meg first looked for a second, or so, at the lilies of the valley, painted on the blue satin of her fan; and then lifted her eyes to Biddulph, who was regarding her with a look she knew too well.

"May I sit down?" he asked, at length, in a low voice.

She made room for him, trying to smile again, but this time finding no reason to be surprised at her success, and so being betrayed into making a blundering little speech, which was more innocent than she knew.

"Mrs. Biddulph is not with you?" she said.

He turned to look her full in the eyes.

"There is no Mrs. Biddulph," he answered; and so sat down.

It was of little use to try to look serene, and profess to be only genteely interested. Such an attempt might have succeeded under different circumstances, but the moment that Biddulph seated himself at her side, Meg felt that such a course would be a signal failure here.

"There is no Mrs. Biddulph," he repeated. "May I tell you why?"

It was one of the fine features of the case, that neither of them saw the odd side of it. Would it was all over! At the time, there seemed no oddity about it, at all—nothing but an almost tragic seriousness in their meeting thus, without a moment's warning, and entering at once, as by instinct, into the subtleties of each others moods, taking all things for granted as they came. Even against this startlingly, unexpected question, it did not once occur to Meg to protest. She only looked across the room at Val, talking to an exuberant artist with flowing locks, and faltered forth an absurd, palpitating little "Yes." And then heard him from beginning to end.

"It is because my engagement to my cousin was a poor farce, which began in folly, and ended in repentance. It began when we were little more than children, and heaven only knows how it dragged on its lingering existence so long. I think we learned at last almost to hate each other. Do you remember that I told you I was an unhappy fellow? Well, it was true, and it was true, because, while I was bound to one woman, I passionately loved another. When I went to London, I went because I had made up my mind to speak the truth, like a man, instead of playing the dallying coward longer. I knew what Marian Biddulph's feelings were, and she proved their nature herself. When we met, she had a story of her own to tell, and she did not hesitate to tell it coolly enough. It was always her way to carry matters with a high hand. She had landed a prize, who suited her needs, better than I did, and she told me so. I had been free all the time, if I had only known it.

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That was my punishment. And that is why there is no Mrs. Biddulph with me, to-night."

Meg still kept her eyes fixed on Val, holding on to him, as a sort of safeguard.

Biddulph went on, determinedly.

"When I went back to the Dalglieth's," he said, "you were gone; and Jack had lost the address you had given him. Otherwise, I should have found you before."

"I wrote once, and received no answer to my letter," faltered Meg. "And I meant to have written again, but—but—"

"It would have saved me a year's misery, if you had," he returned.

Then he looked across at Val, himself.

"Is that your brother?" he asked.

"Val," she replied. "Yes, that is Val."

He rose, quite suddenly.

"Will you introduce me to him?"

She was beginning to answer, when he stopped her, with a quick, light gesture.

"Wait a minute," he said, in an agitated voice, "and think it over. If you say 'no,' I shall bid Mrs. Harrowly good-night, and go away, and not trouble you any more. If you say 'yes—'"

He paused and waited. Meg caught her breath with a soft, little gasp. But the next minute she turned her face upwards, bravely, looking like a young rose in bloom.

"Will you go?" he whispered.

"Yes," she answered, and rose to her feet, and laid a soft, impulsive hand, lightly upon his arm.

OLD AND NEW.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

'Twas only a year ago, love,
In the balmy summer-time,
That I lingered in the churchyard
Till the bells began to chime;
On a quiet Sunday morning,
When the air was still and sweet,
I sat dreaming in the sunlight,
With the grass about my feet.

It was full a year ago, love,
And the scene is far away,
Yet here, amid our busy life
I dream old dreams to-day;
The bells are chiming, chiming,
Through the crowded, city street,
But I linger in the sunlight
With the grass about my feet.

Oh, the pigeon cooed above me
In a soft and sleepy tune;
From a hundred cottage-gardens
Came the musky breath of June;
But my thoughts went straying, straying,
To a crowded city street;
And my tears fell in the sunlight,
On the grass about my feet.

I am blest beyond all visions
That my foolish girlhood knew;
I have found your love so tender,
And your trust in God so true;
But the old days seem the fairest
When we half forget their pain,
And you must not blame me, darling,
If I dream old dreams again.

"REQUIESCAT IN PACE."

BY HATTIE DEFREESE.

So calm he sleeps, so still, so deep,
Nor hears the river ripples creep,
Nor spring winds murmur by,
Nor sees the shadowy clouds, that pass
Above the daisy-printed grass,
Across the sunny sky.

The mock-bird trills his tenderest lays,
Amid the drooping willow's sprays,
That roof his low domain;
But, though the thrilling notes of love
Be sweet as seraph song above,
He heedeth not the strain.

The mild-eyed hare, with timid tread,
Creeps where the sunlit shadows spread
Above his peaceful breast.

The wood-dove makes its plaintive moan,
About his couch, so low and lone,
Yet tranquil is his rest.

In hues of love the roses blow,
And hawthorn showers its fragrant snow,
And larks soar to the skies;
The freshening spring greens all the lea,
The singing waves dance to the sea,
Yet all unmoved he lies.

Thus, heeding naught of wind or wave,
Of song or bloom above his grave,
He sleeps—while I—ah, me!
Oft cheerless walk life's weary way,
With fainting heart, that needs must pray,
To rest as calm as he.

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LANDRY'S STRANGE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE," ETC., ETC.

We had been tramping through the West Virginia mountains, in search of deer, for two or three days, and were camped on the shore of the Ohio. It was a dull, murky afternoon; a raw wind blew the smoke of our camp-fire along the ground; the river swept by, broad and dark, with a continuous, cheerless murmur.

Champney, who had been off, by himself, all the afternoon, with some pain in his head, came back, lighted his pipe, and sat down.

"If you don't put an end to that twinge in your brain, Judge," said the Doctor, "it will—"

He hesitated.

"Put an end to me, you mean to say," answered the Judge, and shrugged his broad shoulders. "I guessed as much. Well, what is to be —will be."

"Absurd!" The Doctor kicked the burning log with his heel, as he said this. "There is nothing that seems so ridiculous to me as fatalism, now-a-days. It did well enough for a Turk, in the dark ages. But for a nineteenth-century American, in the face of science, medicine—all the million of helps, cures and preventives for every evil, by which he can control his own destiny—it's simply childish superstition!"

"Too large a subject to tackle before supper, Ames," tersely said the Judge, yawning.

But after a few minutes silence, he broke out. "Superstition, eh? If you think belief in an inexorable, fore-ordered plan of our lives, superstition, I don't know what you would say to some whimseys of other men, that I have known. Scholarly, keen-witted men, too."

"As—for example?" I asked.

"Well, such as this," slowly rubbing his knee, with his palm. "That there are coincidences, in most men's lives—queer happenings, which can be accounted for only on the presumption that there are some forces controlling, or, at least, interfering with them, other than God and the devil. You needn't laugh, Ames. Landry, here, will understand me," nodding to a grim, dark, young fellow, at his side, who, as usual, listened in absolute quiet. "Landry lived, once, where I do, in a quiet little village, up in the hills, yonder, where the same families have held the ground since Indian days. There's a good deal of Indian blood in some of them; and, I fancy, by that means, we have got nearer to Nature's secrets. We don't laugh at what you call superstition. I know one family—peaceable folk, as need be—of which the first-born child, for generations, has met with a violent death. The first-born—no other. Now I—for example—when I die, it will be in the month of October, at the full of the moon. There has not been a single event of my life, of importance, which did not occur at that time."

"Well, what do you argue from these things, even supposing they were true?"

"Do you suppose such whims of fatality are controlled by anything, but some inferior malignant, spirit, or demon, who interferes with our lives? Depend upon it, one of them has his joke, back yonder, when I reach October, every year. Has it ever occurred to you, too, how a strong-willed soul, once having lived in the world, makes its personality felt through generations of weaker descendants? You see whole families with irrational antipathies, proclivities, tricks of gesture or expression. It is the one Man, bigger than they, far back, in forgotten centuries, that stamped his sign manual on them."

"'This is midsummer madness!'" said the Doctor, who seemed a little bored, "Besides, a dead man, who can only peep into the world again, through the faces of his grandchildren and their disagreeable oddities, is a poor creature, compared to the genuine, old-fashioned ghost, that went trailing its chains and silk dresses through haunted rooms."

But the Judge did not laugh.

"I'll tell you a queer story, Ames," he said, after pausing for a moment, "which I can vouch for, as true in every particular."

At this, we all drew nearer; the solemnity of the speaker impressed us.

"In the county where I live," he began, "the first settler, about two hundred years ago, was a white man, named Woulfe—Redmon Woulfe. He had some little knowledge of surveying, and after other settlers came, was employed by the government to survey the county, being paid, in the usual way, in those days, by a grant of as much land as he could ride around, in four hours. Woulfe's horse must have been the Dexter of its day, for the tract was immense, and has made his descendants, at the present time, the wealthiest people in this part of the State. Woulfe

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himself, was a tricky fellow, tradition states; but with a bigoted, strong, hard character, which forced all the people about him to yield to his will.

Among the few white squatters, scattered through the hills, was a Huguenot Frenchman. This man had one daughter, whom Woulfe resolved to marry; and her father forced her to consent, against her will, as she had fallen in love with a young Indian, the son of the chief. Those were rough times, you know; and there was little prejudice about the color line. On the very day set for the wedding with Woulfe, the old Huguenot, Landrêt, died; and his daughter refused, of course, to fulfil her promise.

This girl, known as Franzay—English for Françoise, probably—and whom the old legend represents as pretty, gentle and shy, managed to deceive Wolfe, until she was actually married to her red-skinned lover. Woulfe met his disappointment quietly enough at first, married one of the women of the neighborhood, and, as was supposed, forgot the matter. But he was only nursing his vengeance.

Five years later, he followed the Indian to an island in the Ohio, where the latter had gone to fish, and there attacked him. How long the men fought, or what the other horrors of the night were, no one ever knew. It is probable that Franzay went to seek her husband, before midnight. The next morning, he was at home, in his cabin, desperately wounded. Woulfe was missing. The island was a lonely mass of swamp and vines, seldom visited by white men. Four days passed before Woulfe was discovered, cut and mangled by the Indian's knife, and dying of starvation. He was tied to a tree, and the cords were made of strips of a woman's woolen dress. When they loosened him, and laid him on the grass, he motioned them to stand him upright. 'Franzay did it,' he said. Old as the story is, his quiet, calm tone is always remembered in it. 'I can't pay her. But as long as a drop of my blood runs in the veins of a living creature, they will pay her, and her children, what I owe.'"

The Judge stopped a moment, looked at each of us in succession, and then went on.

"Now here is the curious part of the story. Woulfe, and Franzay, and their story may be myths. But their reputed descendants are living, in the western part of the State, to-day: the Woulfes are people of large means; and both families hold high social positions. But they have never been brought into contact, that the Woulfes have not inflicted some deadly injury on the others."

"A Vendetta? That is common enough," said Ames.

"No. Nothing of the kind. There has been no ill-feeling; but rather a disposition to avoid each other. The wrong done has been sometimes accidental, but oftener in a sudden quarrel, arising from an ingrained, natural antipathy, such as certain animals show to each other."

"Well, what is your theory about it, Judge?"

"If I said I believed old Woulfe was making tools of his descendants, to pay his debt," was the reply, "you would laugh at me. But there are the facts. I have not heard the matter spoken of for many years. Franzay's descendants are scattered. Indeed I think the family is nearly extinct."

"I am the last surviving member," said Landry, with a quizzical smile.

"God bless me, boy! I forgot. You are—"

"A lineal descendant of that very energetic Franzay. Her children took her name, Landrêt, corrupted into Landry. Her Indian husband, I suppose, had no name to boast of. But he has left me his skin and cheek-bones," touching his face. "Many thanks for the family history, Judge. I have only heard it hinted, before."

We all scanned the young fellow curiously, as though he were a stranger, though he had been our messmate for three days. There was, unmistakably, a hint of Indian blood in the tint of the complexion, in the high features, and in the singular, laconic calm of the lad.

"Do you know the Woulfe family, Mr. Landry?" asked Ames, with a good deal of interest.

"None of them. I have been reared in East Virginia."

"Now, you will go about with an uneasy dread, lest every good fellow you meet may be the appointed avenger, with a warrant from his dead grandfather to pay the interest of his debt," persisted the Doctor.

Landry nodded, laughing, and got up to slice some venison for our supper.

"The Woulfe name is extinct," said the Judge. "The family estates passed into the female line, a generation back."

"Come, come! Build up the fire, Judge," cried Ames, jumping up. "I am more interested, now, in slap-jacks and coffee, than in your ghostly stories."

But when supper was over, and Landry was out of hearing, he asked, "Who is this lad, by the way, Champney?"

"'The only son of his mother, and she was a widow,'" said the Judge. "They were very much reduced in circumstances. He supported her, for years, young as he is. She died, a few months ago. His health gave way from over-

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work, and grief, I suspect, for he is a lonely sort of fellow, and had no friends but his mother. His Indian blood tells, in his queer, solitary ways. I met him in Parkersburgh, and brought him here, to try and build him up again. I wish my tongue had been blistered, before I told him that absurd story!"

"Pah! He will never think of it again. He has sound sense. I have observed him, closely. A remarkably manly, practical fellow."

Our hunt lasted for a week longer. The Judge's story was remembered, only to give a keener interest in Charles Landry, to whom we became attached, as older men are apt to be to a young fellow, who brings back to them the fresher, better phases of their own existence. Landry was a civil engineer, by profession; and as far as business or work was concerned, was a hard-headed, masculine man enough. But there was a singular reserve, and gentle delicacy about the lad, which I have often observed in boys, over whom the mother's influence has long dominated.

When the party broke up, and we all separated on the railway platform at Charleston, it was with a hearty desire, from each of us, that we might meet the lad again, or, at least, be the means, in some way, of bettering his fortunes.

It was two years before I visited the western part of the State again, or met any of my companions. In the early winter of 1844, however, I was in Cincinnati, on my way to Wheeling. The Ohio river was filled with floating ice, and most of the boats had stopped running for the season. One of the larger class, the Victory, was to make her last trip, starting that day. I hurried on board, secured a stateroom, and then sauntered on deck, to see if I had any acquaintances among the passengers.

One of the first men I met was Doctor Ames, who hailed me with delight.

"Glad to find you aboard! Oh, we're in for a long trip, I can tell you! I doubt if she makes it, at all. Have you seen Charles Landry? Just met him, for the first time since that day in Charleston. There he is!"

Landry came forward, at that moment, leaving a group of ladies, with whom he had been talking. I scarcely knew the sad, pale lad, in this bright-eyed, glowing young fellow, who shook me heartily by the hand.

The gong sounded, and Ames and I went down to supper, together, while Charles returned to his companions.

The Doctor was ready, as usual, to gossip. "That is the famous Kentucky beauty, Miss Sevier, beside Landry. He met her last summer at Greenbriar, and has been waiting on her ever since. I heard it all discussed, this morning, by some of her own people. I don't believe the boy ever was in love before; and this affair will make or mar him for life. He is not like other young men."

I watched Miss Sevier, critically, that evening. She had a delicate, infantine type of beauty, and a perpetually appealing, helpless manner, with men. No doubt, Landry found infinite depths of some kind of meaning, in the little woman, for he followed her, with a rapt, passionate gaze, as if looking into heaven, itself. But all that I could gather, after my inspection, was a blur of soft, pale tints, pretty poses and tinkling little laughs. Miss Sevier reminded me of a small Dresden figure, a flower-girl, of the last century, in fine porcelain, which I had at home.

"Well, what do you think of her?" said Ames, at my elbow, impatiently. The Doctor considered himself a connoisseur in fine women.

"She is very young," was all that I could venture upon. "You only see that translucent coloring in extreme youth."

"I'm not so sure! not so sure," peering through his spectacles. "She might be sixteen, or sixty. There are some terribly hard lines in that baby face."

The next day, Ames came to me again. Our progress, crushing and ploughing the ice as we went, was slow: we were forced to observe each other for amusement.

"I'm sorry for that lad," said the Doctor. "I never saw such blind infatuation in a man. Blood tells. Now, a man all white, would not be capable of such intensity of passion."

"Will she marry him?"

"I doubt it. Though the Seviers are rich, and this girl is an orphan, and an heiress, and can afford to follow her inclination. But I hear that she has had lovers by the score. She is not the young creature you imagine. Besides, Landry is a slave to her; he is ready as a spaniel, to humor her slightest whim. That woman will care only for a man who is difficult to win. She is full of hard ambition."

"You are too severe upon the poor child," I said, indignantly, turning from him.

Soon afterward, I went into the cabin, as Landry had asked me to do, and requested an introduction to Miss Sevier, close at hand. She was indisputably very charming. There was something rare and fine in the atmosphere about her, which quickened the blood in even my old veins. I did not wonder that the poor, solitary, lad was maddened by it.

I remember, as we stood talking, that a child passed us, one of the second-class passengers, a

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miserably clad, deformed, little creature. Landry's eyes followed her, with an infinite pity. Presently he disappeared, going into the lower cabin. Miss Sevier's lovely, shallow blue eyes rested on the little girl, precisely as they did on the water or the deck: they saw nothing which it was unpleasant to see.

She reminded me of some delicate bird, brought up in a parlor. The little creature saw nothing of the big world, but only her own little, gilt bars of wealth, fashion, society.

I could not tell how she was affected to Landry. She had always been used to lovers, just as she had been used to dainty dresses, and luxurious living. Whether she cared for this lover more than for a new gown, which was a trifle more costly than the others, was hard to discover.

She certainly spoke of him as dispassionately as she might of some stuff for a dress.

"Mr. Landry does not go with us to New York," she said. "I believe he is a person without property, and the winter season is costly. Besides, he knows nobody. He is not in Society."

"I did not know that," I said. "It never occurred to me, when with Charles, to think of his income, or social position. He is so much of a man outside of those things."

She fixed her porcelain blue eyes on me, steadily, as though perplexed to know what I meant. "He is not in Society," she repeated.

Landry came back, at the moment. His eyes were kindled, and his voice husky. "I found a terrible case of misery below—" he began.

But at this moment, Mrs. Soames, the aunt of Miss Seviers, a slow-moving, faint-voiced woman, interposed.

"If you please, Mr. Landry! Laura knows nothing of such things. We have always sedulously guarded her from contact with that kind of people. She is so delicate, poor child!"

Landry turned, with quick concern, to Miss Sevier, and began to plead forgiveness. "You never should see trouble," he said. "I was a brute to bring it before you."

Mrs. Soames, while talking to me, watched him through her half-shut eyes, with an amused smile in them. Undoubtedly, there was a directness, an intensity in the poor lad's love-making, which was different from that of ordinary drawing-room loungers. It was a matter of life and death with him. He did not care if all the world saw that he loved this girl and meant to win her. But as he turned away, I saw the aunt and neice exchange the same amused, cool glance, precisely such as they might have given, when watching any inferior animal, in a menagerie, display an appetite or passion, remotely akin to their own.

"You see," said Ames, angrily, who had joined us, meantime, and who now turned away with me. "The poor devil might have all the genius or culture possible to man, but as he does not belong to a narrow set in Louisville and New Orleans, he is a barbarian."

During the night, one or two passengers came on board, at a stopping place. One of them proved to be a Colonel Holt, well-known in Southern society, as a cynic and exquisite.

"His reign began when I was a boy, the padded old skeleton," Ames said. But the Doctor was given to exaggeration.

Colonel Holt was received with delight by the Soames party. I fancied that they were giving him an account of poor Landry and his bizarre passion, for when the lad came in, the Colonel turned laughing to Miss Sevier, and said:

"Try how far the creature will go, Louisa."

It was a dull, gusty day. The far off banks looked ghost-like in the fog. The muddy current swept down with resistless force, under the great blocks of ice and frozen mud, which twisted, and eddied, and swayed, in an almost solid mass, from shore to shore.

Ames and I came up on deck together. Landry was standing alone, at the bow. Miss Sevier was with Colonel Holt. She wore a close-fitting, Polish dress of green, trimmed with some rich fur; her hair had fallen down, and was blown like a golden mist about her rose-tinted face.

"They have driven that boy nearly mad, to-day; and merely to while away the time," said Ames. "See, now she is beckoning to him —worrying him. Pah! What a weak fool he is!"

We joined them, presently. Landry was speaking to Colonel Holt, with a suppressed fierceness in his tone.

"It may be your experience, colonel, that women are won by neglect. But I shall never try such tactics. There is nothing I would not attempt, no waiting or humiliation which I would not bear, to prove to a woman that I loved her."

"Very poetic, I'm sure," said the colonel. "I really fancied that sort of spirit belonged to the Middle Ages, and had quite gone out. We have too much common sense for it now-a-days."

"It is very easy to talk of such proofs," piped Miss Sevier's thin, sweet voice. "But if one could see them—"

"Try me!" his face dark with passion. "Put me to the proof, Laura—to any proof."

There was a scintilla of answering fire in her

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shallow eyes. I have no doubt, she was as much kindled by the magnetism of the boy's devotion, as she would have been in seeing Salvini woo Desdemona on the stage.

"Proof?" She hesitated. "What can you do? Well—there! Bring me my rose."

As she spoke, she flung a flower on to one of the blocks of ice, off the prow.

Without a word, Landry sprung to the deck-railing. Ames darted forward, and held him back, just as he was about to leap overboard.

"Fool! Would you let her murder you?" he cried.

The colonel, also, hastily caught him by the shoulder.

"Are you mad, boy?" he said. "Laura," sternly, "this is carrying a joke too far."

The angry red rose into her cheek.

"I thought he would let somebody stop him. Words are cheap," she said, quietly.

The next moment, Landry had flung the men back, and leaped down on to the ice. The rose was on a block far behind the boat. He sprang from one to another, each as he touched it, sinking deep into the swift current. There was a yell of dismay from the firemen below, as they saw him—then a sudden, awful silence.

One leap more. He had reached the rose. He held it up, with a shout.

Then the ice beneath him swayed—sank—

Two hours afterwards, they found the boy's body. It was taken into the men's cabin. Miss Sevier did not see it, of course. Mrs. Soames came out to express her sympathy.

"Poor Laura is dreadfully shaken. Though of course she was not at all to blame. How was she to know the man would be so bereft of reason?"

The Soames party left the boat, the next day, at Parkersburgh. Some friends met them, on the wharf.

"Such a sad voyage!" said Mrs. Soames. "A young man drowned. Such a pleasant fellow, too. No, nobody you know."

"No," sighed Laura. "You don't know him. He wasn't in Society. How is the Major, Clara?"

Meanwhile, the white, stiff figure lay in the stateroom.

"He has no kinsfolk to mourn for him, poor boy!" said the Doctor. "So much the better." Then, after a moment's hesitation, he added, "I heard a curious fact, last night. This Laura Sevier is, by the mother's side, it seems, a Woulfe. She has inherited all of old Redmon Woulfe's property. And Champney would say," he added, stroking his chin, doubtfully, "she had paid his debt. But Champney is a superstitious fool!"

He turned away, and made an attempt at a laugh, but I saw that he looked moodily down into the dark, running water, nevertheless.

FIFTY SUMMERS AGO.

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

I'm thinking now of a time, my friend—
How many Summers ago?
In the morning's dewy prime, my friend,
The June's young glow.
That morn when I and the girl that died,
Happy-hearted, tender-eyed,
Sat side by side, sat side by side,
And whispered low.

At length they came, a word or two—
Simple words—
Which none o'erheard but a bird or two—
Flowers and birds.
Slowly my darling raised her head;
Never a word the sweet lips said,
But the flower-cheeks blossomed a riper red,
And the lashes were bright and a-tremble with tears,
As two young souls in a long kiss met—
A kiss whose melody haunts me yet
Through all the years.

And then, from his nest hard by,
A lark upsprung,
And quivered into the sky,
And sung—and sung.
The noisiest babbler held his breath,
And the wind and the trees stood still as death,
To list to the rapture deep and strong
Of that skylark's song.

I heard the lark sing yeterday;
From his grassy nest hard by,
He quivered away in the morning grey,
And lost himself in the sky.
He sang once more that self-same air;
But, ah, for the rapture, the vast despair,
The passionate pain! it had passed from there;
His heart was sere and dry.
He never will sing again, ah, no!
As he sung in that Summer of long ago.

Ah, never again will he sing such a strain
Of passionate strength and glow,
As the strain he sung when we both were young—
How many Summers ago?
As the strain he sung in the blithe June-tide,
When I and my darling sat side by side,
I and the dear little heart that died—
How many Summers ago?
Ah, fifty Summers ago, my friend,
Fifty Summers ago!

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THE TRAGEDY OF TREVYLAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CHAPTER I.

THE coast was picturesque to wildness, in that part of England. For miles and miles it was broken up by rocks, among which the waves rushed, ebbed, and rushed again. Amid these rocks seaweed was the only vegetation, and that came in drifts after a storm. But here and there a weather-beaten fir tree kept its hold between the shore and the cultivated lands that rolled down to it. At a certain point, on the Trevylan estate, the rich soil of the upland curved over the sea, forming a precipitous promontory, uplifted a hundred feet or more from the waters. This promontory was black and frowning, when storms gathered, and hurled their fierce artillery against it; or a great sea fog enveloped it with draperies of lead-colored mist; but it was pleasant enough, when the base of the precipice was washed by the ebb and flow of tides; when a soft, opaline haze trembled afar off between sky and water, and the topmost cliff lifted its grass and wild flowers to the sunshine. From this precipice, worn smooth as a sea-wall, the coast grew rugged again; rocks were piled on rocks, with wild irregularity; cleft into caverns here, torn into chasms there; in another place, hollowed into caves, through which the wind whistled and the waters moaned.

As you went on, these wild features were softened by the richer soil of the back country, that swept down upon the rocks in waves of vegetation, and formed nooks of verdure in the ravines which the sunshine seldom penetrated.

In one place, a mile or more from the cliff, a great hollow, too broad for a ravine, and too narrow for a valley, had been washed by the tides of many centuries, into a pretty harbor, where a yacht was moored, and the boats of fishermen were lying, with reefed sails, like great sea birds, with wings folded, rocked to sleep on the waves.

Broken hills lay on either side this little valley on which the homes of the fishermen were built like birds' nests among the rocks and verdure, thus making human a scene that would have been too bleak and rude, if left entirely to nature. This village and the cliff, a mile away, formed a very small part of the boundary that separated the great Trevylan estate from the ocean. Indeed, that vast property would have formed no inconsiderable kingdom, in the Heptarchy of old Saxon times. Even from the highest point of the cliffs, whence a glorious panorama of farms, villages, wild moors and fine old timber lands spread away toward the horizon, you could hardly tell where the lands terminated, that called Lord Colgate master. No matter where your eyes wandered, as you stood there, looking inland, they were sure to rest, at last, on that grand, old building, whose gray walls could be seen above the tallest trees of a park, that extended within half a mile of the shore, and covered miles and miles of that beautiful view, of which it was the grandest object.

What was that woman thinking of, as she stood there, upon the cliff, with folded arms, and a stern, hard face turned upon the landscape? Not with admiration—for there was nothing but gloom in those dark eyes. Not with curiosity—for she had looked upon the same landscape a thousand times, and for years her home had been in the grand, old building, half buried in the park, over yonder.

The lady was in deep mourning; tall, slender, and clad in darkness, like a cloud. Her veil, of black crape, streamed seaward on the wind, filling the very atmosphere with gloom; for the sun was going down, and its rays, striking through the crape, kindled a glow of red fire all around her.

She was comparatively young looking, thirty-five or six at the utmost, and most people would have insisted that she was in the prime of her beauty. She certainly was a handsome woman, with rare traces of what had been perfect in her youth, still lingering about her. Her figure was erect and stately. The waves of her hair, still bright with original gloss, could not be concealed by the widow's cap, which was all the gleam of white to be found in her garments. Her eyes may have been beautiful, but you could not realize it with that sombre thoughtfulness—not to say passion—that brooded in their depths, as poisonous floats blacken the waters of a pool. That mouth must have been soft and mobile, once; but now it was firmly set, and seemed incapable of raillery.

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The lady had been very beautiful once, no doubt; but all the gentle sweetness that gave grace to beauty, had been lost, entirely, in the hardening process of a mercenary marriage, that had just terminated, by the death of her husband.

The deep mourning of her garments, that disturbed countenance, must have aroused sympathy in the beholder, had they been the emblems of a real grief; for she was a widow of only three days standing; a woman who had held the social power of a queen in the county, until the thirteenth earl of Colgate was carried from that princely mansion in the park, and laid in the family vault, down yonder, where the spire of an antique church can just be seen, on the outskirts of a village, away to the west.

That old nobleman, who had endowed her with all the splendor that rank or wealth could give, while he was alive to possess it, was now lying, helpless as was the poorest fisherman in the cove, down yonder. Before a grain of dust had dimmed the crimson velvet of his coffin, title, wealth, and all the splendor of that woman's greatness, had fallen upon another, his son by a former marriage. For this, she had sold herself, when her beauty was in its bloom, and her ambition boundless; and this was the miserable culmination.

That son had been a weak cripple, the victim of a recent accident when she married the old lover, so that she felt sure the lad would soon die. Even when her own son was born, the elder brother continued so sickly, that she said to herself, "he cannot live a year, and then mine will inherit the title and estates." But years had passed, and still the first son lived, nay, had grown conparatively stronger; and now he was the earl, and her own child but a second son, with an inconsiderable portion.

"All this gone forever! Swept from me and mine, as straws are scattered by the wind," she said, aloud, giving a wild sweep of her hand around the landscape. "That grand, old mansion, where kings and queens have been entertained—land—everything—even the jewels I wore, torn from me, and given to this Colgate—this hunch-backed cripple! He Lord Colgate! The fourteenth earl! Oh, I could laugh, if it were given me to laugh again!"

She did laugh, with a sneer that lifted the corners of her mouth, as you see the lips of wild animals curled up in hate.

"He the earl, with his broken back and twisted limbs. A fine presence he will make at the queen's drawing-room. I wonder the laws permit such deformities to enter the peerage. He, the earl, and I, the dowager; bound to live on her jointure, or fall down on hands and knees to fawn upon this new peer."

These thoughts filled the woman's mind, and sometimes broke into words, while the wind shook and swayed her mourning garments, and would have chilled her, but for the fever of poison that burned within her veins. Still, she stood upon the cliff, filled with a poisonous fascination, as she surveyed the domain that was lost to her and hers. Her son had gone out in one of the fishing boats, thus escaping the gloom of a home of which he felt himself robbed, and she had been drawn from her solitary chamber, by a sudden fear that he might be in danger. Yet, on reaching the cliff, she forgot him in an overwhelming sense of loss, and turning her back upon the sea, gave herself up to the bitterness of a survey that was, in itself, a torment.

As the lady stood thus, wrapped in the intensity of her disappointment, a young girl came up from the direction of the cove, and had climbed to the top of the cliff, before she saw the dark figure, on which the red sunshine was falling.

The girl uttered a cry, and turning, was about to flee from a presence which seemed supernatural to her, but Lady Colgate was aware of her approach, and, instantly, controlled herself.

"Come here, girl, and tell me if you can see a boat coming in. The sun blinds me."

"A boat," faltered the girl, turning red as the sunset. "I—I did not come for that."

"Still, look seaward. The young master is out, and this high wind terrifies me."

"Oh, lady! do you think there is danger?" cried the girl, stooping forward, and shading her eyes with a hand that shook like a leaf. "Yes, lady. Yes, I see a boat. His boat, driving in before the wind. The young lord is there. I cannot see him, but he always goes out with—with—that is, he likes grandfather Winter's boat best."

The lady went down to the edge of the precipice, and looked out to sea. A sharp wind was blowing inland, and the turbulent waters were crested with foam, sometimes tinged with red by the sunset. The little craft which Delia Fitch had pointed out, was flying toward the bay, with strained sails, like a white-winged sea-gull—sometimes rising on the heave of a wave—sometimes dropping into the waters, like a bird diving for its prey.

Lady Colgate saw the boat clearly. Two men were in it; one at the tiller, the other working the sails. They were dressed like fishermen, but the lady knew it was her son in the stern, with a storm of spray dashing over him. Though she

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had lived on the coast many years, the turbulance of a gale always frightened her, and she saw the boat plunge through the waves, with a tremor of dread.

The girl saw the terror in her face, and answered it with an encouraging smile.

"Do not be afraid, lady. There is not another boat like that on the coast, and Keath can manage anything. He rather likes a stiff bit of weather—only it looks dangerous, from here."

"Are you sure that he can make the harbor?" questioned Lady Colgate, turning a face, white with terror, on the girl. "This young man is not like one of the old fishermen."

"No, indeed," answered Delia, with a sweet, little laugh. "No one can think it of him; but he will bring the young lord in safely. So, please, do not be so frightened. See, now. He is rounding into the harbor. Now, if one could only see into the village. There would be Keath's mother out in front of her house, watching for him; for sometimes she gets frightened when the wind is high. You would like to see her, standing out there, my lady. She does not look like the rest of our people, at all; but if poor fishermen ever had a queen, all to themselves, she would be like one."

"You speak of Huldah Winters, the young man's mother," said the lady, drawing a deep breath, for the boat she had watched, had entered the little harbor, and was safe. "She is very fond of her son, then?"

"Fond. Oh, yes, and proud of him, too; but in a grand sort of way, for she never scolds him, or pets him, as the other women do, only just worships him with her eyes, and smiles whenever he comes near her. That is the way she loves him."

Lady Colgate looked into the girl's face as she was making this eager speech, and remarked its wonderful beauty, for the first time. She had seen her from year to year, growing up from a plain, and not particularly pretty child, into the developments of girlhood; but never, till now, when those great velvety eyes were lifted in the enthusiasm of a loving description, had she noticed how richly, wildly beautiful she really was. With this surprise, came the shadow of a dawning suspicion, and for a moment she forgot the great charge that had fallen upon her.

"My son loves the sea, and takes great interest in the fishermen," she said, with unconscious craft. "No doubt he is popular among them."

"You mean, lady, that our people like the young lord. They do, indeed; that is, most of them."

The girl answered with hesitation, and bent her eyes to the ground as she spoke. The lady thought that some of the rich color that gave her cheeks the bloom of a sun-kissed peach, had died out from her face.

"Your father likes him, I have no doubt," she questioned, still following the thread of her new-born suspicions.

"My father. You ask about him, lady," Delia replied, "as if a tenant on the estate could help liking the young heir."

Lady Colgate started, as if that young creature had innocently dealt her a blow upon the heart. She remembered, with a sharp pang, that her son was not the heir; that, already, the inheritance she had so courted for him, had passed into the hands of another In the pain of this thought, she failed to observe the evasion, so evident, in Delia's reply. But she had no heart to go on with the conversation, and walked away, abruptly, a step or two, then she turned back.

"You know my son, when you see him?"

The girl blushed crimson, as she faltered out her reply.

"Yes, lady."

"Then tell him, when you get back to the village, that I shall walk home through the park, and wish him to join me."

"I will give—that is, I will see that Lord Belus is told," Delia answered, with a shrinking gesture.

"Do."

There was something abrupt and sharp in the utterance of this single word, that startled the girl, and when the lady walked from her, she followed the retreating figure a step or two, as if to say something more, then paused and retreated.

"If I had told her all—if I had only dared," she thought, regretfully, "my lady might have prevented him saying such things to me again. He would listen to her, now that she is in her grief—but I had not the courage. How could I, when this is the first time she ever spoke so kindly? It is the sorrow that softens her, I suppose, but what will ever soften him?"

For some time, Delia stood gazing after the dark figure of Lady Colegate, then she turned, thoughtfully, and left the cliff, in an opposite direction.

CHAPTER II.

The Lady of Trevylan entered the park by a rude entrance that opened directly to the cliff. Here the old walls were so thick and massive, that antiquarians insisted that a road or two had been built by the Romans. The place, too, had been a Saxon stronghold in its time, and the date of its foundations could only be conjectured by the

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masonry still existing. As she went through the gate, heavy bunches of ivy trailed over her, and the gloom of knotted old oaks, whose lower branches rested on the walls, wrapped its shadows around her. She was a woman of unusual acquirements, and could thoroughly appreciate the grandeur of these oaks, and the romance of centuries buried in the walls. That romance all belonged to the family of which she had just become an insignificant part. She walked through the shadows, a widow bereft of the power that had been her life, not a broken-hearted woman—she was too proud for that—but a fearfully disappointed one.

Even in these early days of bereavement, the lady was capable of new combinations; for her ambition never slept. Thus her thoughts were busy about the future of herself and son, as she walked slowly onward, into the depths of the park.

The sun was down by this time, and all the tree-tops were full of quivering gold. But the park, with its soft sweeps of grass, the fern hollows, and a waterfall that came leaping down from the rocky highlands, far back on the estate, was veiled in the soft, purplish mist, through which the lady saw a figure moving slowly toward her.

She knew the figure at once, and, for a moment, recoiled from it with an impulse of disgust. But, as it came slowly up, she conquered herself, and moved forward with a sweeping grace of movement, holding out her hand to the man she loathed from her soul, as the one being that stood between her son and the vast inheritance of Trevylan.

The object of this deceptive greeting halted, suddenly, in his slow walk, surprised, and a little disturbed, by the lady's singular presence in that portion of the grounds, which lay upon the edge of a wild, picturesque region known as the wilderness.

"You here, Lady Colgate? Is not this a little imprudent? The dews are falling heavily."

The voice in which this was spoken might have carried soothing to a less resentful person, for, though deep-toned, it was soft, and persuasively gentle as a woman's.

"It does not matter," answered the lady. "I am restless and borne down with trouble. Within the great house, yonder, the funeral air stifles me. It no longer seems my home. In fact, I am not sure that it is so; for the very foundations of my life are broken up; perhaps my home there, with the rest."

The man looked at her earnestly, as she spoke. "I did not think that you could be anxious about the future," he said. "All that seemed of so little importance, compared to our great loss; but like all things else, your interests must be considered. If the great house oppresses you, let us walk this way."

The man turned, apparently with some difficulty of step, and walked slowly by Lady Colgate's side, so slowly that she became impatient, and moved restively—a creature restraining herself. Turning from the open space in which they had met, the gentleman took a path that wound up toward the waterfall, leading, by a gradual slope, to a broad table-rock, covered with lichen and soft cushions of moss, over which tiny, wild vines scattered their red berries. In the spring time, wood hyacinths shot up the blue hills, through the tangled greenness, tinging it with azure. Standing back from this rock was a small pavillion, rustic almost to rudeness on the exterior, with a balcony in front, supported by the trunks of young fir trees with the bark on. This pavillion had been a pretty caprice of Lady Colgate's, who, fancying herself charmed by the music of the waterfall, had erected it as a resting place, whenever her walks extended so far into the wilderness. It was uplifted from the level of the park, and the last gleams of light dying in the west were twinkling among the vine leaves, and about the windows and balcony.

The gentleman tried the door, but found it locked.

"The pavillion was built for my pleasure," said Lady Colgate, with a slight tremor of the voice, "and I have always kept the key. It shall be given up with the rest. The Earl of Colgate may rest certain that nothing shall be kept back from him."

"The Earl of Colgate has hardly deserved this of his father's wife," said the gentleman, gravely, "but, as we cannot get into this pretty place, the balcony will give shelter enough. We shall find seats there."

Lady Colgate, somewhat subdued, went round to the balcony and seated herself on a rustic sofa, receiving upon her black garments the last rays of light that preceded the dusk. Her companion took a chair of woven roots, close by, and the same glow upon him revealed a man who had been of more than usual height, but was so curved and bent at the shoulders, so twisted in the limbs, that it was a cause of wonder that he had mounted that steep path without exhausting himself.

The same light that revealed this, fell upon a face and head, so grand in form, so strong, yet gentle, in expression, that it seemed like the head of a god, set upon a ruined body.

For some moments, this man sat in front of the

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lady, grave and silent. He had taken off his hat, and his face was turned full upon her.

"You wished to see me?—I received a message to that effect," he said, at last.

"Yes, I wished to see you. I was anxious to know why it was that my husband's will was not read after the funeral."

"There was no will to read: at least, his solicitors had never heard of one," was the answer.

"No will—no provision made for my son. I cannot believe this—Lord Colgate, my husband, was not quite a monster."

"Still, as I inform you, no testament has been found."

The woman turned white with the force of her disappointment, but before she could express etiher sorrow or complaint, Lord Colgate spoke again.

"But the papers have not yet been unsealed, and it is early to say that no will has been made."

The lady drew a deep breath, and said,

"I know that it may seem mercenary, to think of one's interests so soon, but there may be cases that cause it. For myself, I care nothing. But my son, what is to become of him, if his father has failed to provide for him?"

Lord Colgate smiled a little, sadly.

"Now then, there might have been no neglect," he said. "My father, I think, could trust me so far as my brother's rights are concerned."

"I was not speaking of rights. They are so little, as regards a younger son," answered the lady, with more gentleness than she had yet observed. "I know how generous you can be."

Lord Colgate lifted his hand, as if to check the praises he did not feel to be sincere.

"We have had little opportunity for generosity, as yet," he said.

"But my son has told me—"

"Of nothing, I am sure, that can be held as unusually kind. My infirmities leave me little use for money, and even without the fortune, left me by my mother, it would be strange, if the lad could not sometimes have had the pleasure of spending some portion of my income."

Lady Colgate sighed. This man had been made independent by the property left by his mother; but she had come to Lord Colgate with no richer dowery than her own beauty; yet all the wealth of the dead Lord had gone to the one who needed it least. The grasp of her ambition had failed to accomplish more than that.

"All this wealth must be a burden to you," she said, with a fresh tone of bitterness in her voice.

"Yes," was the quiet, almost weary answer.

"And Trevylan lonely beyond anything, after we have left it," she added, casting a keen, anxious look on his face; for this question of her future home was of great importance to her, and she was troubled with vague doubts regarding it.

"Do you propose then, occupying the Dower House?" inquired Colgate, quietly.

The lady caught her breath.

"No, I have not decided on that. Trevylan will need a mistress more than ever, and Belus being heir-apparent, as he will be until you marry, will naturally make this his home. You are not strong, you know, and the welfare of the estate will demand his presence."

The woman shot a swift glance at her companion's face as she spoke, and was reassured when a faint smile flitted over it.

"As for myself," she added, "the dignity of the family will always appeal to me for self-sacrifice, and on one condition, I shall be willing to maintain it, as of old."

"What is the condition," asked Colgate, in a dry, questioning tone, which she did not like.

"It is a delicate subject—one I never entered upon during your father's life-time, because his trust in you was so great, that I could not find the heart to disturb it. Beyond that, considering all the circumstances that seemed to make suspicion ridiculous, I was reluctant to entertain it."

Again, that quiet smile came over Colgate's face.

"I do not quite understand," he said.

"I allude to—it seems very absurd I know—but I allude to the family down at the fishermen's cove."

"Ah!"

"The favor you have shown these people, your constant visits there have been the occasion of much unpleasant scandal—"

"Indeed!"

"And now, when my son, from his relationship and position as heir, will naturally look to you for example, it behooves me, in regard to his youth and spotless character, to request, nay, to demand, that all this shall be discontinued."

Now, the smile deepened about Colgate's face, and a quiet gleam of humor shone in his brown eyes.

"You smile," broke in the woman, quickly, in some unaccountable way stung by the expression of his face. "I do not wonder. I too, would almost laugh at the idea; but you have been very imprudent in your benevolence to these people—wickedly generous, I must say—in supplying money for the education of that young fisherman, who is every day getting above his business—putting on the airs of a gentleman, indeed!"

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"Perhaps—one does not always know what is for the best; but I think it can do no harm to give the grace of a little knowledge to our working people, especially when they have more than ordinary ability. As for this lad, his attainments, I should think, would almost equal those of your son."

"Of my son! as if there could be a comparison," exclaimed the lady, sharply.

"I think you are right. There is no comparison between the two lads."

"The two lads! Another person might forget that one is Lord Belus Stamford—the other a grandchild of old Winters, the fisherman. But I am surprised that you should so couple them, my lord. It is this leveling principle, that I object to; it leads my son to neglect his high position. Even now he is just coming in from sea, in the young man's fishing smack, and will return home smelling of mackerel and seaweed, I dare say."

"He might have been in a more objectionable atmosphere. Still, I do not in any way encourage this intimacy."

"Yet your own example has brought it about, my lord. That is what I complain of."

For a moment, Lady Colgate forgot that the man before her held control of her destiny. She had been so long accustomed to treat him as an incumbrance on the estate, that it was impossible, at first, to regard him as master of Trevylan; but the grave, almost stern, glance with which her last speech was received, brought the unwelcome truth back to her mind, with a sudden jar.

"Excuse me, if I am unnecessarily earnest," she said, with some attempt at an apology. "A mother cannot be too regardful of her son's dignity, even though anxiety makes her rude. I am hurt and humiliated by the intimacy of Belus with this low-born fellow."

As usual, when a forced apology is made, the lady repeated her offence, and she saw that rare thing, a frown on the new earl's forehead, with some dismay.

"There was something more you wished to urge upon me, I think," he said, with a degree of haughtiness she had seldom witnessed in him before. "The intimacy of Belus, with young Winters, cannot be all the concession you wish to attain."

"No, I must speak of the young man's mother, Huldah Winters."

"Indeed! What interest can your ladyship have in Huldah Winters?"

"Her position among the people of the cove is a singular one. She scarcely seems one of them."

"That is the natural result of a better education, and more gentle parentage, perhaps. I am astonished that you should consider it a fault."

"She was a fisherman's wife, and is a fisherman's widow. I remember well, that she was living at the cove with old Winters, when I first came to Trevylan."

"Yes," said Lord Colgate. "I remember the time well. It was just after the accident that left me as I am. When you were married, I lay almost at the point of death."

A thrill of something, that almost amounted to remorse, shot through the woman; for she recollected well, that it was this seemingly hopeless condition of the heir, that had been one great inducement to her marriage with the late earl. He might linger a month or two, the physicians said, but a permanent recovery was impossible. This mandate had determined her, and she came down to Trevylan a bride, only to see her ambitious hopes melt away, as the young man slowly, but surely, took up his life again, maimed and distorted in body; but a grand, strong man, even then, for he was untouched in intellect and heart—always the best part of a human being—and the power that might have proved too massive, had it been left to a free growth, was turned down almost to feminine tenderness, by that long struggle of an active soul in a disabled body.

All this passed through the woman's mind, while that low, sad voice was dying on her ears. She knew how bitter was the disappointment his recovery had been. How it had grown into hate after her son was born! And while she sometimes shuddered at herself for these feelings, the detestation still remained.

"Excuse me," said the earl, after a long silence. "I was wrong to drag your memory back to that painful time. But when I lay very ill, with no one but servants to care for me—for especial pains were taken, that my father should not be informed of the worst—the person you alluded to was with me—the most faithful, the kindest nurse that ever a man had. You must not think it discourteous, then, if I say that the time will never come, when I shall not honor her above all other living women."

A smile that was fearfully discordant with her mourning weeds, curled the widow's lip.

"Honor a low-born woman, because she is a good nurse! Why, that is the highest vocation of such people. They are paid for it, with money, and should be satisfied with that. It is because the world cannot be made to believe in such inordinate gratitude between a man of forty, a peer of the realm, and a fisherman's daughter, that I

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have, perhaps, offended you, by speaking on the subject. Still, I must insist—"

Colgate lifted his hand, warningly, and interrupted her, with grave firmness.

"Insist on nothing, dear lady; for in this matter, I can neither accept criticism or advice. Permit me to add, that so long as I am master of Trevylan, no act or word of disrespect must be offered to Huldah Winters, by any of its inmates, from the highest to the lowest."

The widow arose from her seat, with an air of resistance, and gathered the black draperies haughtily around her.

"You have suddenly come into great power, my lord; but it is not enough to force men to stifle their thoughts, or women to bow their dignity to your behests. While I live at Trevylan, that audacious woman shall never enter its doors."

Lord Colgate arose. A flash, as of lightning, shot across his face, and his lips were set firmly together, forcing back the fiery words that were pressing against them. But he mastered himself, and was about to speak again, when a voice reached them from the path, lower down.

"Hallo, mother! is it you that I hear talking, up yonder? How on earth could I expect to find you wandering about in the wilderness? Why, it is almost dark."

Lady Colgate was too much disturbed for any attempt at reply. But she stood up in the balcony, full of majestic wrath, waiting for her son's approach.

The young man came up the path with swift footsteps, swinging a small cane as he walked. He paused, beneath the little balcony, surprised by the presence of a gentleman; but, recognizing the earl, came forward, exclaiming:

"You here, brother—tete-a-tete with my lady? When did such a thing happen before, I wonder?"

The young man ended this salutation with a short, nervous laugh, and was evidently ill at ease in the presence of his brother, whom he certainly did not expect to find there.

"As you are here, Belus, my escort will be unnecessary to your mother," said Colgate, and with a grave bend of the head he left the balcony.

The young man stood by his mother, leaning against a rustic pillar of the balcony, until the earl had disappeared down the winding path. Then he took off his hat, which was swinging in in his hand, when he addressed his mother.

"What's up, now, old lady? His high mightiness seems out of sorts. I never saw that fire in his eyes, in all my life before. Have you taken to nagging him?"

"Belus!"

"Oh! I didn't mean anything uncivil. Only, if you mean to take up that role, put it off awhile till I have a chance at him. The fact is, I want money confoundedly, and can't wait for wills, legacies or anything of that sort, so just let him up and make him good-natured, till he comes down—he's sure to do it; there never was a fellow that cared less about money, and now he will have plenty of it."

"I would not, for the world, that you should ask that man for money, now," said the lady. "It would be a degradation."

"But I must. If the old governor had lived, you could have managed it for me, though he was getting close, toward the last. But now, with no will found, and all that, I have no other way. Those confounded college debts, were so heavy that I could not venture to put them all in, at once."

"College debts! Why, Belus, they have been paid twice over."

"Well then, call them something else, if you like it better. One does not go on the race course, even for the first time, for nothing. What is the use of talking about it? I must have money. So just be a little sweet on the new earl till I get it. I never saw the time, that you could not do anything you liked with any man."

"Except my own son," said the lady, with a faint smile; for even this coarse flattery from the creature she adored with more than a mother's fondness, pleased her.

"Most of all with him." Here the youth took his mother's hand, and kissed it with empressment.

"Ah, Belus," she said, "how hard it is to see that man in your place."

That young face had been open and cheerful till then—more cheerful than seemed becoming in a son who had just seen a kind father laid in his coffin—but now a frown lowered over his eyes, and an evil look came upon him.

"It is a shame. If he was only straight and steady on his pins, like most people, one could bear it. I tell you, mother, a man should look the nobleman, as well as be one."

As he made this speech, with a dash of bravado, the youth stood in the light of a new moon, which was shining full upon his features and his lithe person. It was a handsome face, sunburned, and with a fresh color from the wind. His brown hair had been tossed into disturbed waves about his forehead, and his large, grey eyes were bright with unusual spirit. The mother sighed heavily as she looked upon him. How full of life he was! How splendidly her own rare beauty was blended with the strength and dignity of the Stamfords, in his person! He

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was a Stamford of Trevylan, but not its owner—a lord by courtesy, nothing more. In short, a younger son, though her own first-born; and she had hoped so much for him.

"Ah!" she said, "how cruelly fate has dealt with us, my son. When you were a pretty boy, kneeling in my lap, with your arms around my neck, and your sweet lips to mine, I used to call you, in my heart, the little earl, for the man who has just left us, was given up by his physician; but for the woman, over yonder, who took such care of him, as no man ever had before, he must have died. It was her devotion that flung this wreck of a man across our path. But for her, you would have been the master of Trevylan, now."

"You speak of Keath Winters' mother," said the youth. "I suppose that is the reason she holds her head so high among the fisher people, down yonder, and sets Keath up till I sometimes find him disputing with me like an equal."

"No doubt of that, while you sink yourself to the level of such companionship."

"That's all nonsense, mother. A fellow must have some one to help manage his boat; Keath is a great deal more gentlemanly than the others, and handles the craft like an old salt. But that he sometimes gets on his high horse, and attempts to ride alone, he wouldn't be half a bad fellow."

The lady shook her head, and gave up the contest, with a heavy sigh. She could be aggressive enough in opposition to others, but with this rude, selfish youth, her proud spirit always bent itself, and, while shrinking from his despotism, yielded to it.

"Come," she said, wearily. "Let us go home, if Trevylan really is our home."

"Home," exclaimed the young man, following his mother down the path, twisting his pliable cane between his hands. "What makes you talk in that fashion. At the worst, I am the next heir. Colgate is old enough to be my father, and awful rickety—no bad lookout for a young fellow who wants a fair chance to see life, before settling down. Besides, he will be hived up at Trevylan, saving money, while I shall have the happiness of spending it, and you will queen it, as Lady Dowager, more magnificently than ever. I will accept nothing less than that, lady mother."

"Hush!" said the lady. "That is Colgate, walking on before us. Look at his shadow on the grass."

CHAPTER III.

Few places in that region, could have been more picturesque than the fisherman's cove; for all the rocky wilderness of the coast was there softened into beauty by a fine soil, capable of varied cultivation. Year after year, for many generations, the pretty harbor had eaten its way into the fine grass-lands of the valley, that lay within the embrace of two broken elevations, until the inhabitants had been driven to higher ground; and then dwellings were built, like birds' nests, among the rocky terraces, from the lower slopes to the hilltops, thus looking far out upon the sea.

These houses were approached by many footpaths, winding up from the beach, some of them ending on the highway that swept the coast back from the cove, but mostly terminating at the cottages to which the owners had trodden it on their way up from the sea. Between these paths the grass was green and thick, mosses gleamed like cushions of emeralds on the rocks, and in the nook of land which each dwelling possessed, there was room for those common, household flowers that country people love so much. Some of these irregular, little gardens were gorgeous with a summer growth of blossoms; others gave out the deep, rich tint of vegetable beds, in all their variations of color: thus, combining to make a feature of toil and comfort, to which nature and circumstances had given a singularly artistic effect.

Among these dwellings, was one more capacious and imposing than the neighborhood warranted. It stood high up, on a curve, back of the two hills, overlooking them and the open sea. A huge elm drooped its plume-like branches over the roof, and the grassy terrace, on which it stood, took the sunshine like velvet. Vines were clinging about the walls, and flowers more rare than the sunflowers, sweet williams, marygolds, and snap-dragons, in which the other gardens vied with each other, bloomed in profuse masses here.

Standing high up, between the hills that sheltered it from the sea storms, with a southern aspect for its grass and flowers, this building made a somewhat imposing appearance to vessels sailing up and down the coast; but, after all, it was only an ordinary fisherman's home, enlarged and embellished into a rude sort of cottage, in which one of the oldest inhabitants of the cove had lived, when it was scarcely larger than a crow's nest, on the hill. Even now, his nets were hanging down the grassy walls of the terrace, and on one side of the cottage you could see him, sitting in the open door of what had once been the original building, laying a delicate species of fish, just taken from the water, on layers of moss that he had carefully arranged, in a bucket, at his feet.

Now and then, the old man lifted his head,

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and looked out to sea, somewhat anxiously, for a high wind was rising, and it might be that a storm would make the night dangerous to small craft, outside.

While the old man was sitting there, a woman came to the front door, and stepping out through the porch, where the vines obstructed her view, looked wistfully out to sea. Her eyes wandered over the boats that were flying toward the harbor, but evidently found nothing they were searching for; her face grew anxious, and the hand that shaded her eyes began to shake a little.

As she stood thus, with vines trailing overhead, and a warm glow of flowers all around her, Huldah Winters made as fine a picture as an artist could desire to look upon. Tall and robust as a Greek statue—finely developed in the healthy grace of mature womanhood—her dark face rich with coloring, mobile, loving, patient, or spirited, as thoughts or feelings crowded on each other, she poised herself against a support of the porch, looking out upon the sea.

A scarf of silk, woven from many colors, was twined among the purplish-black masses of her hair, and dropped to her left shoulder, as the women of her neighborhood wore their kerchiefs of coarser stuff. Save that her garments were of fine material, she stood there, in all respects dressed like a fisherman's wife, but with the pose of a goddess.

The old fisherman looked up and saw the woman, shading her eyes from the sun. The anxiety in their gray depths was visible to him, even where he sat, and he called out:

"Nay, Huldah, take no trouble about the lads. The wind is only freshening a bit. There is no danger."

"Are you certain, father?" she answered. "See how the waves are cresting themselves, and Keath is so venturesome. Ah, Heaven be thanked! There comes the White Witch, flying this way, like a frightened bird."

The old man arose from his seat, and shaded his eyes; for the sunset was shooting tiny arrows of gold all around him.

"Aye—aye! That's her, sure enough, and our Keath at the helm; steady, lad, steady. Aye, steady it is! Come in, Huldah, they are sure to make the harbor."

The old man took up his bucket, and went into his wing of the building, arranging the downy moss as he went. But Huldah stood at her post, with her eyes, now flooded with tender longing, fixed on the white-winged boat, as if she had freighted her soul there, and could not move till it came back to her bosom.

The boat rounded the point with a dash, and came up the harbor more slowly, checked by the comparative calm. Her sails went down; a man leaped to the beach, where a girl had been waiting, while the sunset turned all the sand beneath her feet to particles of gold. Huldah knew the girl, even from that distance, and a smile lighted her face, as one of the young men went toward her. The other was yet busy about the boat.

What was that? The girl turned as if to avoid the hand he held out. She walked backward, with her face to his, as if afraid to turn; but he seemed to press upon her with unwelcome persistency. Then she flung him back with both hands, and must have cried out; for the man on the boat gave a great leap to the sand, staggered forward a step, then sprang upon the other with the swift bound of a deer.

For one moment, those two men were so entangled, body and limb, that they seemed one form. Then with a great heave of strength, they were hurled apart. One stood panting in his tracks; the other lay prone and still upon the sand.

Huldah Winters was only conscious beyond this, that the girl had fallen upon her knees, and was wildly throwing up her arms; for, swift as an arrow, she had darted down the footpath that led to the shore—her face white as death—her lips drawn apart with terror.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EARLY WINTER.

BY E. M. CONKLIN.

Now all the woodland boughs are bare,
And all the meadow-lands are sere;
And where of late the blossoms were,
The barren stalks stand dead and drear.
The spruce hangs out its russet cones,
(A Christmas tree too early trimmed!)
And all the brooklet's mossy stones,
With strings of icy gems are rimmed.

Not yet the magic sculptor, Snow,
Carves all the world anew in white;
Not yet the river's stately flow,
Is bound and prisoned in a night;
Still o'er the distant woodland glows
A purplish mist, on sunny days;
But skies grow dim with coming snows,
Their blue oft veiled with thinnest haze.

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NELLIE'S NEW YEAR'S VISIT.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"QUARRELLED with Frank!" exclaimed Mrs. Wentworth.

"Quarrelled with Frank!" echoed her husband, in the same breath, and with not less amazement.

Then they both looked at Nellie. Nellie was Mrs. Wentworth's unmarried sister, and she now stood before them, still dusty with travel, having just accounted for her unexpected journey, by saying she had "quarrelled with Frank," the said Frank being her lover, to whom she had been engaged.

"Quarrelled with Frank!" repeated Mrs. Wentworth, holding up her hands. "Oh, Nellie! and I thought him so nice!"

Nellie laughed.

"Don't look so horrified!" she cried. "The fault's all mine. You were good enough to ask me to spend the winter with you; but I declined, because, you see, I thought I was in love with Frank. But now that I find I am not, I have come."

"Not in love with Frank!" exclaimed her sister, holding up both hands. "Oh! Nellie, how can you say so?"

"But I do say it. Or rather, I find I can't marry a parson, and live a hum-drum life, in some stuffy little rectory, all my days. So Frank must go. I have come here, on the last day of December, as you see, so as to finish off the old year, and be done with the old life. To-morrow I begin a new year and a new life. I shall 'come out,' as it were, at your Reception. I intend to catch a millionaire, and be 'happy forever after,' as the story books say."

"'Be happy forever after?'" echoed her brother-in-law, dubiously.

"And why not?" replied the gay girl, turning sharply on him. "Doesn't everybody, now-a-days, say that money's the chief good? You've got so much of it, yourself, you don't understand about others. You can afford to be romantic; but I can't. And as for living all my days in a poky little rectory—"

"Ah, my dear!" interposed her sister, with a deprecating shake of her head.

"There, now, don't be didactic," retorted Nellie, laughing again. "It doesn't become you, darling, and besides, I intend to have my own way. I always did have it, you know."

Nothing more, therefore, was said about Frank. The winter that followed was one of the gayest for years. Not an evening passed that Nellie was not present at some party or other, and the days were filled up with receptions, calls, sleighing parties, etc., etc. For Mrs. Wentworth's beautiful sister was quite a belle. A dozen fortunes were laid at her feet, before Lent came, bringing with it some slight cessation of the round of gayeties; but one and all were rejected. This suitor was too old, that one not sufficiently cultivated, a third was too obviously selfish, a fourth too high-tempered. Besides, now that she had tasted of the siren cup of fashionable society, Nellie found, as many a one had found before, that it was, after all, but "Dead sea ashes." She turned from it, finally, with loathing.

"I suppose I have exhausted life," she said, one day, as she sat in her dressing-room, and curiously regarded herself in the mirror. "I am looking frightfully old and worn—not a bit like the fresh, bright girl that came here, last December. The fact is, all men are fops or fools, seeking rich wives; and we, well, we're no better; all the women are scheming puppets, among which I may class myself, trying their best to secure rich husbands."

"I'm disgusted with them," she continued; "with myself, most of all. I'd rather go back and marry the parson, and mend stockings in the bay-window of the little green rectory, than marry the best man in society. Heigh ho!"

"But the parson isn't there, now," said Mrs. Wentworth to her, one day, when she had repeated something like this, in her presence.

"What? has he left Dingley parish?" and she gave a great gasp, while the color fled from her cheeks.

"Yes, I heard he had."

"Left Dingley parish! What, for good?"

"So I suppose. Some rich, city church has called him. They thought the jewel required finer setting."

"And it did," she said, frankly. "Frank was too great for us, and our little village; I might have seen it. Why hasn't anybody written? Mother knew that I—at least, she might have thought it would have been of some little interest to me."

"Mamma knew you had thrown him over, and

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took it for granted, I suppose, that you didn't care to hear."

Nellie's reply was a significant shrug of the shoulders.

"I shall never see him again, I suppose," she said, that night, however, to her sister.

"He will find you out yet, dear," said Agnes.

"Never. You've no idea how horribly I treated him. Now, I suppose, he'll go hunting after a wealthy woman. Well, I don't care."

But she did care. Her tears, in the night watches, attested to it; she cared, in her own effusive language, tremendously.

The next day was Sunday.

Nellie could hardly be induced to go to church. She had suffered, in learning, too late, perhaps, the priceless worth of the heart she had dared to trifle with.

The church was at a goodly distance, and Nellie, as she entered, with downcast eyes, and a heavy heart, felt desperately in need of its calm and strengthening service. At the first sound of the rector's voice, however, a shiver of delight thrilled to her heart. She dared not, at the moment, lift her eyes, she felt so humbled; but when she did gather the courage, there stood Frank Penrose, and his ringing voice was the sweetest music she had ever heard. And when she caught his eye, she bade farewell to hope; for she felt, then, that she loved him, and had loved him all along.

At the close of the service, he came to meet them; came quietly, steadily, smilingly; this man, whom Nellie had deserted for society and fashion.

If his hand had but trembled a little, as he grasped her's, masterfully, she might have again indulged in some flippant speech, to prove that he had not conquered her; but the tears were too near for that.

He pointed out the varied beauties of the old church.

"I think you would like the parsonage—it is not green," he added, with a half suppressed smile.

"Frank," she said, imploringly.

"And when you are there, it will be a bower of roses," he added. "You will come?"

What could she say? Nothing. Her eyes, eloquent with tears, did all the talking.

"Did you know Frank was going to preach, this morning?" she asked of Wentworth, as they drove home.

"Of course," was the laconic reply.

"You might, at least, have prepared me."

"Why? To keep you from going? And defer, if not prevent, this happy ending? Confess now, Nellie, you're tired of fashion and society."

She held out her hand.

"I am tired of it, and I forgive you," she said. "Love is better than money, after all. And," she added, enthusiastically, "there's not another man in the world, so good as Frank Penrose."

"Except Harry," said Agnes, nestling closer up to her husband.

TO A DEAD ROSE.

BY DR. LA MOILLE.

The eve I pulled thee from thy parent stem,
Thou was't the last upon the naked bush;
The last of many that had graced the blush
Of her whose cheeks could rival even them.
It was the eve I gave love's banded gem
To her. (And thou hast felt her finger's touch.)
From then she wore the ring that means so much.
Thou hast been withered long—fate's true emblem.
Thy beauty decked her glorious dark brown hair.
And when we parted, late, in night-veiled porch,
I paid thy ransom with sweet, answered kiss.
I hid thy richness in this book, my fair
Gave me—but, ah! she's dead. Now, like a torch
In love's dark night, you show me vanished bliss.

SATISFIED.

BY LULU V. WILLIAMS.

Oh, Hope! so long, I've followed thee,
Yearned but to kiss thy hands, thy feet,
While still you fled, afar and fleet.
But now, ah! doubly dear and sweet,
You turn, and smile on me.
And since I drink of that pure bliss,
What can I ask of time, or space;
Of future joy, or future grace?
Since I this day have seen thy face,
No more I ask than this.

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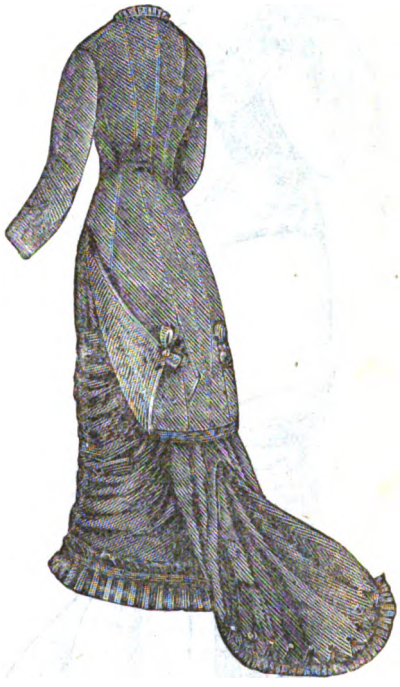
EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this mouth, a house or dinner-dress, of plain and brocatelle material, in either silk or woolen fabric. The color is a very dark, almost invisible green. For woolen material, use

dark green cashmere, or camel's hair cloth, with a bourette, or brocaded material, in the same color, with a dash of mixed colors running through. This to be used for the vest and trimmings. We give front and back views.

The dress is cut with a skirt, in the Princess shape. First, a lining for the front and side gores; on to this is draped the cashmere, for the apron—the bottom of the front being trimmed with a box plaiting five inches deep, with the heading when finished. A band of the mixed material, one inch wide, separates the box-plaiting, as seen. The train has, first, a narrow, knife plaiting of the plain material; then the edge of the train is faced four inches deep with



the mixed material, and caught up at intervals, and fastened with a button. The long, coat-tail basque has a long vest of the brocade, and it is turned back, and the revers faced with the same. The revers form the trimmings for the back of the basque, and are finished with a tiny bow, as may be seen from the engraving of the back view. Tight coat sleeves, with cuffs of the brocade. This dress is cut V shape in front, but if preferred, it will look equally stylish cut high in the throat, and finished with a standing collar. Six yards of double width goods. Handsome India cashmere, or camel's hair cloth can be bought for

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$1.50 per yard; inferior qualities, from 50 cents, up to 75 for single width, $1.00 for double. Four yards of brocaded, or bourette material for vest and trimming. One dozen buttons.

Next, we give an evening toilette of cashmere, in either white, baby blue, delicate pink, or soft gray. These cashmeres come, in the sofest, prettiest shades, at $1.00 a yard, double width; and twelve to fourteen yards will make a full dress. This one is cut with a moderately long train, which is trimmed with five fine, knife plaited ruffles, the top one put on with a heading. One width of the cashmere, three yards long, is folded round the skirt, and fastened on the left side with a tuft of snow balls. The ends fall in a square sash, and are simply hemmed in a two-inch hem, as also the entire scarf. The low bodice is laced at the back, and has a berthe arranged in loose

folds, and trimmed with a narrow plaiting. A bunch of snow balls on the left shoulder and another in the hair. Short, puffed sleeves, edged with plaiting. This toilette would also look well, in clear muslin, or gauze, over silk.

For a mourning dress, we have a striped flannel of mixed pink and gray, or blue and gray. Solid colored flannels, with a tiny star pattern woven in, are to be had in all colors, at 65 cents per yard; twelve yards are required. This is cut loose in front, and close fitting at the back. A flounce nine inches deep is cut on the bias, and edged with a coarse Torchon lace, two inches wide at the bottom, one inch for the edge at the

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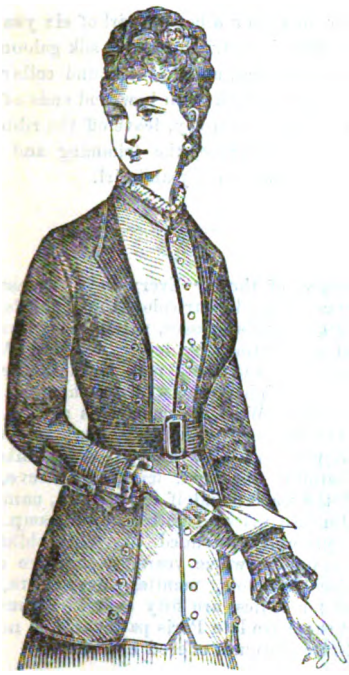
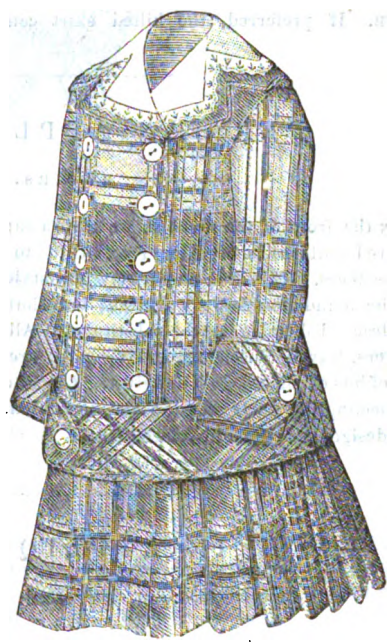
top. This flounce is gathered, and put on with a heading, separated by a narrow bias band. The pockets, double collar, and cuffs are all trimmed with the lace, to match. Two dozen large, pearl buttons for the front.



Next, we give one of the new corsages with vest and belt. Here, it is part of a black silk costume. The vest is of white, or any light-colored silk or satin, and the revers are of velvet. The belt is a plaited one, of the silk, fastened with a buckle of steel or jet. The same trims the sleeves. If preferred, the vest may be of the same color as the costume, in either silk or velvet. Satin, also, is much used. Buttons on both sides of the jacket, are the only ornamentation. Finish the edge of both vest and jacket with a thick cording to match.

For a little girl of six to eight years, we give a Princess dress, showing the back and front view. The under part, which forms the vest-like front, and the knife-plaiting at the bottom, is made of silk. The outside is of cashmere, or camel's hair cloth, plain or striped. Navy blue, or dark brown, are the most popular. If brown, let the outside be of a light coffee-color: the edge of it cut in deep slashes, lined, and turned over. The knife plaiting is arranged just at the top of these slashes. The deep collar, and cuffs are done in the same way. These squares, and the front may be further ornamented by embroidery, if preferred; but the plainer, the more stylish, for a child, we should say.

For a boy of four to six years, we have a large plaid, in blue and green, made double breasted, and with a kilted skirt. Over this is a wide belt,



cut on the bias, and bound on both edges with a braid. This is lined with stiff crinoline, and

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fastened on the dress in place, except in front, where it is left loose, and fastens with a button and buttonhole. Pointed cuffs, and a large turn-

over collar, square at the back, over which a linen one, edged with lace or Hamburg, is to be worn. If preferred, the kilted skirt can be arranged to an under-vest. In that case, the upper part is made into a short paletot, and instead of the belt, trim the edge of the paletot with a wide cross band of the plaid, piped either with silk, or bound with braid. Large, smoke pearl or bone buttons are used.

Ulster for either a boy or girl of six years, of camel's hair cloth, trimmed with silk galoon. It is double-breasted, and has a round collar, terminating at the back with bow and ends of gros grain ribbon. For a boy, leave off the ribbon at the back. Otherwise, the trimming and style are suitable for both boy and girl.

Patterns of these "Every-Day" dresses, or for the costumes in our colored fashion-plate, or for our children's dresses, paletots, etc., may be had on application, by letter, to Miss M. A. Gordon, dress and cloak maker, 1113 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, who will cut them out after our patterns. We have made this arrangement in answer to numerous solicitations. In sending for the patterns, always send the number of inches around the bust, length of sleeve, and around the waist; and if for a child, name the age. Enclose price of pattern and stamp. All orders promptly attended to. All children's patterns, under twelve years, twenty-five cents. Polonaises, paletots, mantles, over-skirts, and basques for ladies, are fifty cents. Remember, that all these are late Paris patterns, and not the second-rate costumes offered elsewhere.

PERSIAN APPLIQUE EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a superb colored pattern, as a "New Year's Gift" to our subscribers. This is in an entirely new style.

The foundation is Java canvas; but cloth or unbleached sheeting may be substituted. All the flowers, leaves, butterflies, and the edge are cut out of bits of colored cloth or velvet. The stitches connecting the parts and the ornamentation, on the designs, are done in colored silks.

First, cut out the different designs, and slightly gum them upon the under side, arranging them according to the pattern, a few pieces at a time; then put in all the stitches. It is better to finish a small piece, as the pieces appliquéd are apt to become frayed, unless immediately sewed down, in which case, the work will never look neat, or be satisfactory when complete. This Persian embroidery is now all the fashion.

LACE, IN APPLIQUE AND EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give a new and pretty design for lace, in appliqué and embroidery. The groundwork is Brussels net, and the applications are in muslin, overcast at the edges. The leaves are satin stitch. Great care is required in cutting away the muslin from the net.

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PARDESSUS MANTILLA.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, this month, for our Full-Size Dress Pattern, a Pardessus Mantilla, one of the newest and most fashionable things this winter. Above is our engraving of this pretty wrap, showing how it looks when made up.

Folded in this number, as a Supplement, is a Pattern Sheet, with the various parts of this Pardessus, full-size. Aided by this Pattern sheet, any lady can cut out, and make up this elegant wrap for herself, without the aid of a mantua-maker, if she chooses. It will be seen that it consists of two pieces. But see the Supplement for yourselves. The pattern should be first cut out of some old material, and fitted to the figure, before you cut into the stuff: this is, at least, the most workman-like way.

The Pardessus may be made of velvet, cloth or camel's hair material; the trimming may be of lace, in fine knife plaitings, with a ruche of narrower lace for the heading.

Our design has passmenterie tassels, at regular intervals, as ornamentation; but without these, the garment would be quite as stylish, and less expensive, if made of cloth, or camel's hair goods, trimmed with fine plaitings of silk, fringe or fur, as the taste may suggest; but we would prefer the plaited ruffles.

Line the Pardessus with flannel; make the lining entirely separate, and fasten at the neck and shoulder seams only, leaving it unsewed at the bottom edge, as it will set better.

The letters and notches, on the Supplement, show how to put the shoulder seams together. Make a seam, also, in the back.

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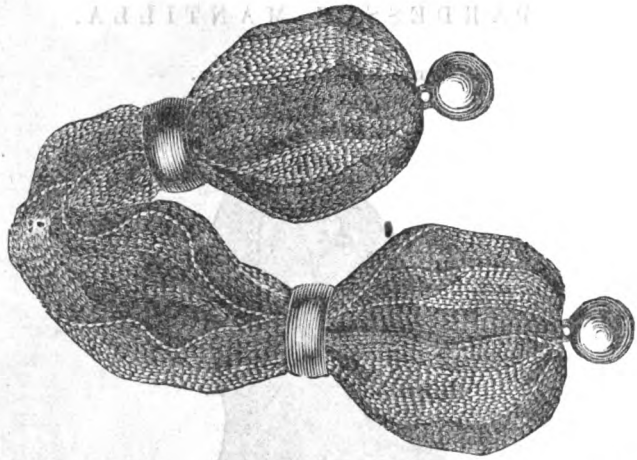
HENRY III. PURSE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Long purses are now once more restored to favor. Some are knitted and others are crocheted. Our model is crocheted in lengthwise stripes, with two shades of the same color in purse-twist—plain, close crochet. The rings and balls are either steel or gilt. A nice Christmas gift.

WAX FLOWERS. No. 1.

BY MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON.

TO SHEET WAX FOR WAX FLOWERS.

Melt, by a slow heat, one pound of best cake wax in an earthen bowl. It is best to set the bowl in boiling water. When melted, add a large tablespoonful of balsam of fir, stirring in with a clean stick. If a pure white is wanted, add oil paint (such as comes in tubes), until the mixture looks white and clear. Then strain through very thin muslin into a clean bowl; this removes all impurities. Have ready a pane of glass, a basin of water, and a dipper with a long handle. A small table, with a covering of thick, brown paper, is best to work on. Have your wax on the stove hearth, keeping it warm, but not hot. Dip your pane of glass in the basin of water, shake off all the drops quickly; then dip up a dipper of wax, and pour down lengthwise of the pane. Slip the point of a case-knife under one edge, and remove carefully. Wet the glass again, shake off the drops, and make another sheet, and so on, until you have a sufficient quantity. If you wish colored wax, add the tube paint, in any shade you desire, to the melted wax, to which the balsam of fir has previously been added. By using care, a very desirable result may be obtained. In cool weather, always work with wax in a warm room, as it breaks easily.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS.

To clean soiled wax.—Moisten a cloth in turpentine, and rub very carefully.

To give the petals of flowers a velvety appearance.—Dip, first, in powdered arrow-root, then in the dry paint (whatever shade they may require). Do not dip the part to be joined to the stem, as the arrow-root and paint prevent sticking.

For Tea Roses.—Use two shades of wax, very light straw-color for the centre, and very light pink for the outside row of petals. Light yellow (dry paint) and carmine mixed; only a little carmine makes a handsome shade for roses. Cut the petals of pure, white wax, rubbing them afterward with the carmine and yellow mixed.

For Pansies.—Use Victoria carmine, rubbing it into the white, sheet wax, (have the wax near a fire); then tint up with light yellow, using the natural flower for a guide.

For Coral Honeysuckles.—Rub Vermillion (dry paint) into the white, sheet wax.

White Crosses.—If the cross-frame is not painted

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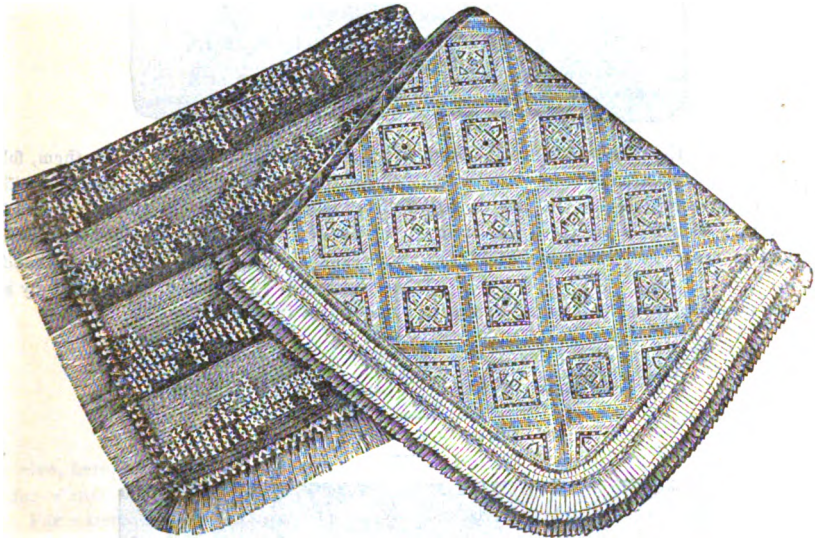
white, cover it with thick writing paper; paste the paper on with starch, which has been well boiled and strained. Use white spool-wire (silk wound), for the stemming of small, fine flowers, and spool-wire, (cotton wound) for the large flowers. For pinks, tube-roses and honeysuckles it is best to have the tin flower-cutters. They vary in price from ten to twenty-five cents each, and may be had of any first-class Art Dealer. Next month, we shall describe how to make roses.

COVERLETS.

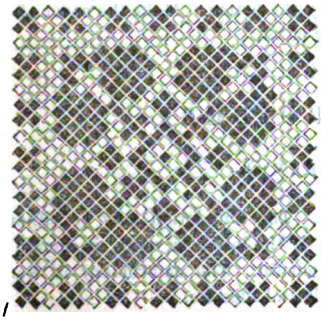
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

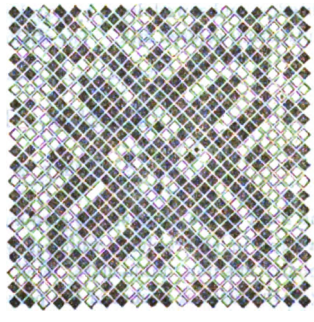


The first one is crocheted in alternate rows of shades of red and tea-green double, Berlin wool of four shades of each color. These stripes are then embroidered in cross-stitch with colored filoselle. Round the outer edge is a knotted fringe. The stripes are worked in plain crochet, with four shades of wool, so as to have four working threads. Cast on seven stitches of each shade of the wool, and then crochet as usual. Afterwards do the embroidery.

The second design—of which we give the detail of the working pattern—is a square of dark-colored cashmere, over which canvas is placed, worked with the same colored floss silk in cross-stitch, which takes in two threads to each stitch. The canvas threads are then drawn out, and a narrow ribbon or velvet placed between the embroidery. The two designs which we give below, are for the squares so made, and are to be worked in different colors—forming an oriental design. These are to be worked upon the canvas before pulling out the threads.

DETAIL OF SECOND COVERLET.





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SHOE POCKET.

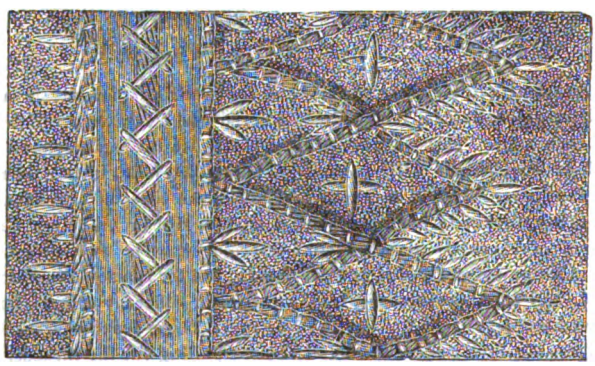
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The foundation of the shoe-pocket is of holland. The front and back are cut in one piece, measuring thirty-seven inches in length, and eight in width. This is ornamented with a border worked in cross-stitch with scarlet ingrain cotton.

The sides measure each three inches in width, and ten inches in length. To fix them, fold one end of the long piece up ten inches, this will leave three inches for the bottom, and four inches for the flap to turn over at the top, place the sides, front and back together, and bind them all round with scarlet braid. The pocket is fastened by scarlet ribbon tied in a bow.

BORDER FOR TABLE-COVER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



A band of black velvet is placed two inches from the edge. Gold colored braid is then laid on each edge, and sewed down by regular stitches in a contrasting colored silk. The diamonds are done in the same manner. All the other stitches are put in in different colored silks; the greater variety the better. Make the cover of linen canvas or cloth.

BAND, IN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give an engraving of a band in embroidery, which may be used for a chair, cushion, table-cloth, etc., etc., according to the taste or wishes of the person working it. The foundation may be either cloth or satin; if the latter is used, it should be lined with muslin. The embroidery is worked with crewels and filoselle.

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SHETLAND PETTICOAT, IN POINT-NEIGE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, here, an engraving of a warm petticoat, for winter wear, to be made of Shetland wool. For materials there are required: half an ounce of mauve Shetland wool, one and a-half ounces of white, a fine bone hook, and a pair of No. 12 knitting needles. Make a chain of two hundred stitches, turn. Take up the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh stitches from the needle in the usual way, then draw the wool through all five on the needle; * third ch., take up the second and third of the third ch., the loop drawn through all five stitches, and the two next chain of the foundation draw the wool through all. Repeat from *. At the end of the row join the work. Make five long chain; take up the three first of these two ch., the two ch. on the point underneath, and draw the wool through, *, then three ch., take up the third and second ch., the loop through the four stitches, the second last chain on the next point, draw through; repeat from *.—Work eighteen rounds of white, one mauve—twentieth round. White.—twenty-first to the twenty-sixth rounds. Mauve.—twenty-seventh round. White.—twenty-eighth round. Mauve. Cast off, take up the stitches cast on with the knitting needles, and knit ten rounds of two purl, two plain stitches.—eleventh round. Knit two together throughout the row; then eight rows plain.—ninth row. Knit two together,* make one, knit two together; repeat from *. Then four rows plain, and cast off. Every lady should have a warm petticoat like this.

NAME FOR MARKING.

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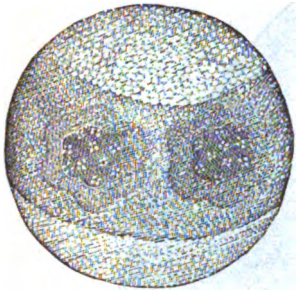
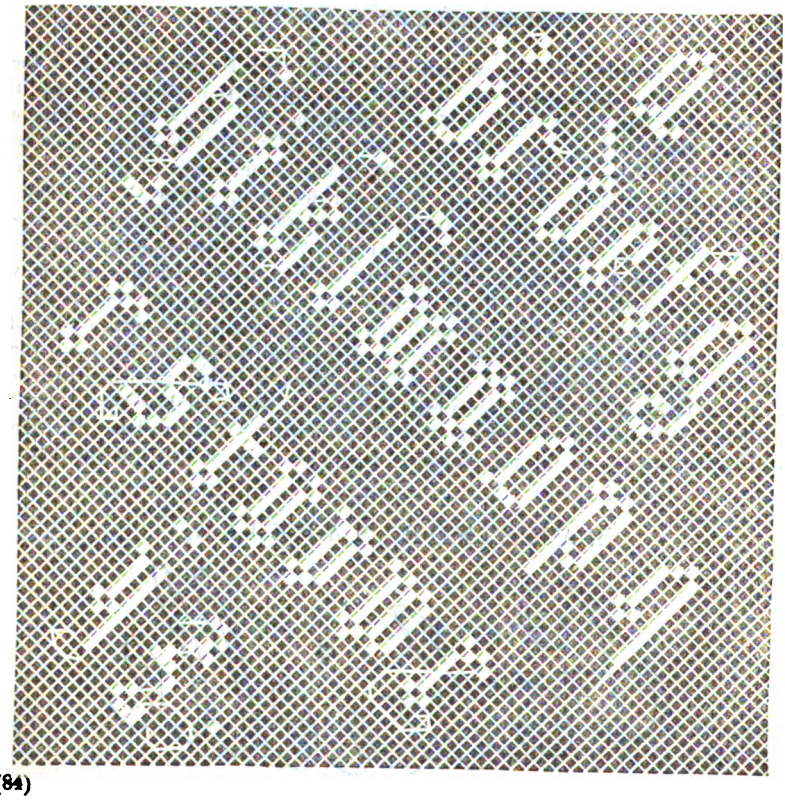
KNITTED BALL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Cast on twenty-two stitches with black wool, and knit along them with blue wool as follows: First row: Ten times alternately cotton forward, slip one as if for purling, knit one, leave the last two stitches unnoticed. Second row: Like the last, but repeat only nine times, and knit together the made and knitted stitches, leave the last two unnoticed. Third to tenth row: Like the preceding, with one pattern less in each succeeding row. Eleventh row: As before, but knit to the very end in the same pattern. Twelfth row: Same as Eleventh. Then come two rows in patent knitting with black wool as before. Then repeat once the first to the fourteenth row with yellow and black wool, and once with blue and black wool; there must be six blue and six yellow sections. Then cast off, fill the ball with wadding, and sew the knitted part together.

ALPHABET FOR MARKING.



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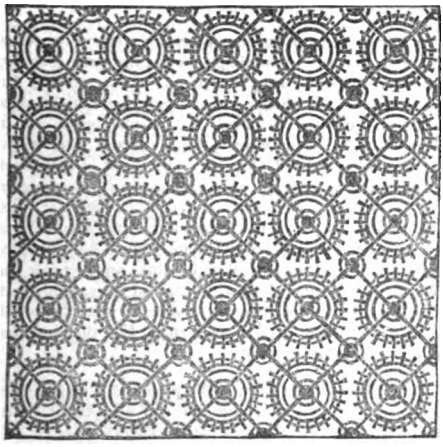
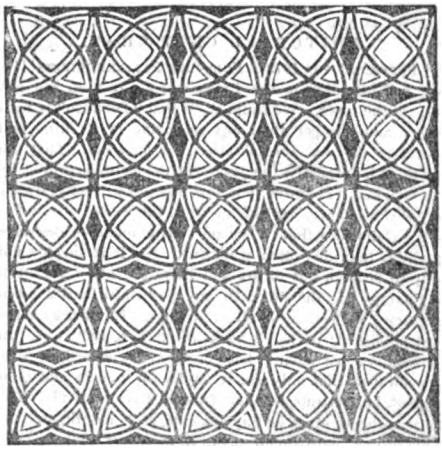
WHEEL DESIGN. MOORISH DESIGN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





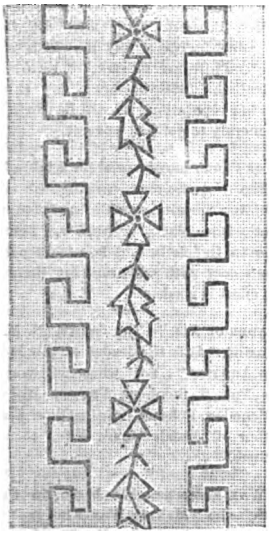
We give, here, two pretty designs:

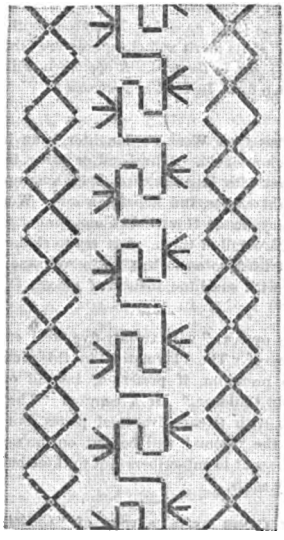
WHEEL DESIGN.—Is suitable for reticella lace work, or for fillings and centres of modern point lace.

MOORISH DESIGN.—Might be utilized, if suitably enlarged, for patchwork, for a border to be painted on wood or canvas, on imitation of inlaid work.

BORDERS: RUSSIAN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





We give, here, two very pretty borders in the Russian Embroidery, now so popular. Work in colored silks, or wool, or braids, for sacque and dress trimmings.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1879! FULL-SIZE PATTERN SHEETS!!!—We call attention to the Prospectus for 1879 on the last page of the cover. We claim there that "Peterson" is both better and cheaper than any magazine of its kind, and therefore *the one, above all others, for the times.* That the public at large admits the justice of the claim, is proved by the fact, that "Peterson" has now, and has had for years, *the laryest circulation of any lady's book* in the world.

We claim also that "Peterson" combines more desirable qualities than any other magazine. For it is devoted, not only to fashion, but to art and literature also. Its steel-engravings are the finest in any periodical, and a steel-engraving is the finest of all engravings. Its stories are the best published: no lady's book has such contributors. In its fashion department, it has long been acknowledged to be pre-eminent: not only are its styles the newest and most elegant, but its superb, colored plates have no rivals. The Pattern-sheets, given as Supplements, each month, and the "Every-Day" department, make it, moreover, indispensable in a family, *as a matter of economy.* Where but one magazine is taken, "Peterson" should be that magazine. And every family should, at least, take one magazine.

We continue to offer three kinds of clubs. For one kind the premium is our unrivalled engraving: "Christ Blessing Little Children." For another kind, the premium is a copy of "Peterson" for 1879. For still another kind, there are two premiums: the engraving and also a copy of "Peterson." No other magazine offers such inducements.

Still further to meet the requirements of the times, *we have made liberal deductions in the prices of our clubs.* Compare them with those of others! There never was so cheap a magazine, never one giving so much for the money, as "Peterson" will be for 1879.

Now is the time to get up clubs. Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merit and cheapness are fairly put before them. *Be first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for. *Do not lose a moment!*

CHEERFULNESS IN A WIFE or daughter is an invaluable quality in the household. A husband, or father, if he comes home, worn out with business cares, brightens up, at once, if met by bright smiles, and hopeful words. Women have their own annoyances. Household management, the care of children, etc., are full of them. But try to shake them off by evening, at least, so as to be able to welcome the head of the family with sunshine, instead of gloom.

THE "GEMS OF ART," with twenty-five steel engravings, each of the size of "The Playmates," in this number, will be sent, as a premium, if preferred, instead of "Christ Blessing Little Children." Or a copy of "The Pictorial Annual," also with twenty-five steel plates, but different from those in the "Gems," will be sent on the same terms. Or each will be sent to subscribers (but to those only) on the receipt of fifty cents.

FOR FIFTY CENTS extra, a copy of "Christ Blessing Little Children," or any other of our premium engravings, will be sent to subscribers to "Peterson" for 1879. But as this represents only the cost of printing an impression, we must confine this offer strictly to subscribers.

A PRETTY PAIR OF BOUDOIR CURTAINS were shown to us, recently, that were quite simple, but at the same time very attractive looking. They were a pair of the ordinary fine muslin curtains on which were picturesquely grouped flowers, birds, and Watteau shepherds and shepherdesses cut out from cretonne; these were appliqué on, and more or less worked up in colored filosellas. The result of such work cannot fail to be graceful, if the arrangement of the cretonne scraps is carefully carried out in an unstudied manner. One pair of curtains we saw had a charming arrangement of peacocks, Oriental foliage, and brilliantly hued butterflies, the lighter shades of all worked up in silks; another pair had Watteau groups and birds, with graceful ferns. This work should not be elaborately worked; a very few stitches of silk carefully disposed, give a great effect, and the work has always the charm of novelty.

OUR "NEW YEAR'S GIFT."—We promised our subscribers, last month, to give them something of exceptional beauty and costliness, in our colored pattern for this number. We think that everybody will confess that we have kept our word. This "Persian Embroidery" is now all the rage abroad, as is, indeed, every kind of Oriental work. We offer this exquisite pattern, as a "New Year's Gift," to our hundred and fifty thousand subscribers. No other magazine has these superb and expensive patterns. This one, for example, cost more than most chromos. But instead of advertising it, as chromos are advertised, as a premium, we give it to our subscribers outright, and not this, only, but others, during the year.

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT'S charming little story, in this number, is only a prelude to the novelet, the longest she has ever written for us, which will appear in "Peterson," later in the year. Nobody else writes such exquisite love stories as Mrs. Burnett. They have all the fervor and romance of youth, without any mawkish sentimentality. Her "Theo," "Phillippa Fairfax," "Kathleen," etc., are simply unrivalled. "Miss Dufarge," we think, will more than sustain her reputation. It will be worth subscribing to "Peterson" merely to get that novelet.

ODD BITS OF CLOTH may be used for a table border, by cutting them into a square form, turning the edges down all round, and hiding the stitches with fine Russian braid, either to match, or white, black, or yellow. Then place them diamondwise on the cloth, that is, with a point at the top. Arrange the colors with care, and lap them one over the other. The effect is good.

"THE LEADER OF ALL"—The Seneca (N. Y.) Courier says of this magazine, "It is the leader of the ladies magazine literature, in America." Yes! where will you find such contributors as Ann S. Stephens, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Frank Lee Benedict, Rebecca Harding Davis, Jane G. Austin, and the author of "Josiah Allen's Wife," to say nothing of dozens of others?

MAKING WAX FLOWERS.—We begin, in this number, a series of articles on "Making Wax Flowers." One will appear every month, or twelve in all. The first article, as will be seen, is principally introductory. The subsequent ones will be illustrated. Each will describe how to make one or more wax flowers, etc., etc.

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Our Premium Engraving for 1879! Everywhere, where our premium engraving for 1879, "Christ Blessing Little Children," has been seen, it has been pronounced the most beautiful we have ever issued. The Peabody, (Mass.) *Press*, says: "It is of unrivalled excellence, costliness and beauty. It is not one of the cheap, colored lithographs, with which the country is flooded, but a first-class line and stipple engraving, executed in the highest style of art. It is a picture that ought to be in every household in America; that every mother, at least, should own. In artistic merit and beauty it is, we think, the finest that 'Peterson' has ever issued." This opinion is echoed from all quarters. To secure it, it is only necessary to get up a small club for "Peterson." See the advertisement on the second page of cover, etc.

For clubs of larger size, an extra copy of the magazine will be given, in addition to this beautiful premium engraving. See the Prospectus, on the last page of cover. *Now is the time* to get up clubs for 1879. Send for a specimen of the Magazine to show. No other lady's book offers such inducements as "Peterson." It never was so cheap. In every respect—price, merit, etc.—*it is the magazine for the times.*

Compare Our Colored Fashions with those in other magazines. The fashions in "Peterson" are engraved on steel, printed from the steel plates, and colored by hand; and this is the only magazine which gives such first-class plates. Other magazines lithograph their fashions. The difference is seen, not only in the general superior elegance of ours, but particularly in the faces in "Peterson." Some magazines do not even color their fashion plates. Were we to lithograph our fashions, or send them out uncolored, we could save thousands of dollars; but our plan has always been to give the best of everything we undertook to give, no matter at what cost. Again, we say, compare "Peterson," not only in its fashions, but all things, with others. We ask nobody to take our word. Examine for yourselves.

"Peterson" for 1879.—If we may judge by the rush of subscribers for 1879, the "times" are not only getting better, but people are realizing it. Last year, we added largely to our list, and this year we are still further increasing it. Everybody, in fact, is taking this magazine. "We cannot do without it," is the universal cry. We do not take any especial credit to ourselves for this, for the unparalelled success of "Peterson" is due to a very simple fact—it gives more for the money, and of a better quality, than any other periodical of its kind in the world.

Dress, as a Beautifier—A cotemporary says that it once know a very plain woman, who dressed so tastefully, that it was an absolute pleasure to look at her. We could furnish scores of similar instances, from our own experience. Every woman can dress tastefully, and so be stylish; and such women carry off the palm wherever they go. It is not money, but taste, that makes a well-dressed woman.

Having Nothing To Do is, perhaps, the greatest evil possible. It is certainly a fertile cause of ill-health. Occupy the mind and body with fancy-work, or household duties, or acts of beneficence; be doing something, in other words; then disappointments, worries, even grief will take to themselves wings, "and fly away."

Do Not Wake your children in the morning. Let Nature wake them; she will not do it prematurely. Take care that they go to bed at an early hour, and if they sleep late, let it be earlier and earlier, until it is found that they wake up themselves in full time to dress for breakfast.

The Novelet, by Jane G. Austin, begun in this number, will be finished in the April number. It is full of intense interest, from first to last, as the reader will find.

"Finest Ever Offered."—The editor of the Seymour, (Iowa) Ensign, says: "The premium mezzotint, 'Christ Blessing Little Children,' is the finest ever offered, and is, alone, worth the price asked for it and the magazine, together."

Management of Infants.—We begin, in this number, this valuable series of papers. They will be continued through the year.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

"For Percival." A Novel. With Illustrations. 1 *vol.*, 8*vo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—A very readable story, but one that would have been more so, if there had been fewer characters in it. To have more than is necessary to carry on a plot is, always, an artistic defect; for the canvas, in that case, becomes too crowded; and figures, colors all become blurred. Sissy Langdon, the real heroine, is very ably drawn, and enlists and retains the reader's sympathies to the end. Judith Lisle is also forcibly sketched, though she does not interest us like the other; and this, in spite of being, as is too often the case in real life, the more successful.

Dosia. By Henry Gréville. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—Of all the novels of this author, the present is, by far, the best. The scene is laid in Russia, as was that of "Savéli;" and there is the same vivid, local color as in that fiction. But the story is pleasanter in every respect. In France, if we are not mistaken, "Dosia" is regarded as the author's masterpiece. The translation is a very excellent one. The volume is neatly printed.

The White Horse of Wootton. By C. J. Foster. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.*—The scene of this story opens in England, is then transferred to the wilds of America, and finally returns to the place of starting. The life of the frontier is graphically depicted; the racing scenes are spiritedly told; some of the characters are quite life-like. Those good points in the novel partially redeem the improbability of the plot. The volume is well printed.

A Woman's Mistake. By Madame Angele Dussand. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A story of very great merit, admirably translated by Mary Neal Sherwood. We are glad to see the works of this author being introduced to the American public. There are other admirable French novelists, free from all taint of any kind, who might also be advantageously translated.

Helene. By Emile Zola. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is a translation, by Mary Neal Sherwood, from the French. The author is favorably known for her "L'Assommoir," and other fictions. "Helene" is quite powerfully told. The volume is neatly printed, in the same style as "Dosia" and "A Woman's Mistake."

The Playmate. A Picture and Story Book for Boys and Girls. Edited by Uncle Herbert. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—The title of this book sufficiently indicates its character. The wood engravings are as numerous as they are excellent. The volume will make a nice Christmas gift for a child.

My Picture Story Book; in Prose and Poetry. For the Little Ones. Edited by Uncle Harry. 1 *vol.*, *small* 4*to. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—Large, clear type; bold, effective wood cuts; and letter-press suited to the capacity of young children, recommend this as suitable for a Christmas or New Year's gift.

Fanchon. By George Sand. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is a new edition of one of the best and most idyllic of those stories of peasant life, which represent the better side of George Sand. If you have never read it, get it at once.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS. It is as well, if you are getting up a club, to call attention to the manner in which the newspaper press speaks of this magazine The praise is universal. Says the Seneca County (N. Y) Courier: "it is the leader of the ladies magazines." The New Hampton (Iowa) Courier echoes the sentiment, calling it "the leading fashion magazine of the day." The St. Louis (Mo.) Baptist says, "the best ladies magazine we receive." The Evansville (Miss.) Review says, "always ahead in everything." The Abington (Ill.) Express says, "undoubtedly the cheapest and best of the ladies books." The Philadelphia (Pa.) Christian Instructor says, "no monthly is so welcome in every house.' The Norristown (Pa.) Herald says, "the best lady's book, for the money, published anywhere." The Syracuse (N. Y.) Press says, "the stories are by the best authors in the country: in this department, 'Peterson' excels pre-eminently." The Owatomma (Minn.) Journal says, "for the variety and excellence of its stories, 'Peterson' beats the world." The Marona (Ill.) News says, "taking the lead of all." The Maryland Republican says, "the perfection of art and beauty." The Norwood (N. Y.) Advertiser says, "the cheapest and best fashion publication." The Union (N. Y.) News says, "it is perfection itself." The Fonda (N. Y.) Democrat says, "unquestionably the cheapest of the really good magazines." If we had space, we could quote hundreds of similar notices, but the result of all is, that "Peterson" is declared, by the newspapers generally, to combine more, and of a better quality, for a less price, than any other magazine.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS IN EUROPE—Franz Liszt, who would, by many, be classed as the most distinguished musician living, uses, and prizes an American musical instrument; a cabinet organ, made for him, by the Mason & Hamlin Organ Co, and pronounces it "magnificent," "matchless," "unrivalled," declaring that he greatly prizes it. These organs are almost as famous in Europe, as in America. His Majesty, Oscar II., recently awarded to Mason & Hamlin the grand gold medal, "Litteris et Artibus," for the excellence of their organs, one of which he presented to the Royal Academy of Music, at Stockholm. He also appointed them "Furnishers to the Court."

But while it is generally known, that Mason & Hamlin organs are the best in the world, it is not so well understood that the prices are not much higher than those of most inferior organs. Unquestionably it is economy to give the best where difference in price is small.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson" has had, for twenty years, an average circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia.

WAX FRUIT.—Complete directions for making moulds, and moulding vases, peaches, plums, grapes, strawberries, etc., sent, post-paid, for $1.25. Address, Mrs. E. S. L. Thompson, Winchester, Randoph Co., Indiana.

WOMAN'S BEAUTY.—Every lady ought to know that Laird's "Bloom of Youth" is a combination of wholesome elements, capable of imparting a natural and exquisitely beautiful complexion. Ladies, try it.

THE CATALOGUE OF BOOKS published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, has the best list of novels, perhaps, in the United States. It is sent, gratis, on application. Now is the time to begin laying in your stock for winter reading.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. I.—GARDEN PLANTS, CONTINUED.

XVI.—*Calendula Officinalis*, or common garden Marygold, is a well-known, rank, smoothish flowering plant—flowers large, and petals very many upon a large, green calyx; of a peculiar, disagreeable odor, which is lost by drying. The Marygold is well-known to the old mothers of our country, but its culture is being sadly neglected by their daughters, as its medicinal properties for domestic purposes as a vulnerary, are, or seem to be, entirely unknown, both to them as well as to the "regular," or old school physician.

The Dispensatory speaks of it as being formerly used, internally, in a few diseases, in which it is of no account and has fallen into disuse; but as a vulnerary, or wound-healing agent, it says nothing; yet it is most invaluable as such, and owes its introduction in our Materia Medica to the Homœopaths. The common people of Germany ascribed such great vulnerary virtues to this plant, that one of their physicians, Dr. Thoror, willing to seize upon truth where'er it may be found, proceeded to investigate its properties and ascertain to what extent it could be relied upon in the treatment of injuries. His cases soon showed that the application of a mild tincture of the flowers of the Marygold, had a most beneficial influence over wounds of all kinds; promoting cicatrization rapidly and most favorably, with little or no suppuration. It is now used largely by American Homœopaths, as well as by Eclectic and progressive physicians, in the treatment of injuries of the soft parts—in incised, lacerated, or mangled wounds: and during our late civil war these two medical sects used the tincture of the Calendula largely, and it received their warmest commendation. Yet a very large majority of our old school friends, with wonted prejudice clinging to their skirts, do not use it—apparently do not know it as a vulnerary—or if they do, still maintain (without trying it,) that *vulneraries* belong to a past superstitious age, that the application of cold water, spirits and water, etc., will answer every purpose, as the healing power—the *vis medicatrix*—exists in nature only. The latter fact we admit, but if we prevent inflammation, and consequent suppuration from ensuing after a wound is received, by the application of Calendula, we assist nature, and obtain results not often effected by any other applications.

PROPERTIES AND USES.—Clip off the heads of the Marygold flowers, when in full bloom, pick off the fine petals, dry them in the shade, (or buy a quarter of a pound of the botanic druggist,) and having filled a pint or quart, wide-mouthed bottle loosely with them, cover with apple whisky and water, equal parts; or alcohol one part, water two parts. After standing ten days it is ready to use, and should be thus kept by every household, ready to apply to any little or severe injury, from the cut finger, skinned knuckle, up to the mashed finger, torn hand by machinery,—falls, lacerating the face, or tearing open the hairy scalp, etc. All that mothers have to do in all these cases, is to wash away dirt, (if any,) cleanse the wound by a little cold water, cut away little shreddy fibres, (if any,) bring the parts together, and cover them with all the cuticle or skin she can find—never cut away any loose or hanging skin, if it has the least attachment—then saturate with this tincture some fine, old linen, or scraped lint, apply to the wound, with a light bandage over all, and keep constantly wet—changing the cloths very seldom—in some cases not at all. The parts will soon become white—no inflammation, no suppuration will appear. Every mother in the land should have a quart bottle of this mild tincture of Calendula in her cupboard, and use it with entire confidence, as it is far superior to the famed "Balsam Apple in liquor," of which we shall next speak.

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YOUR BIRDS.

Cages of Canary Birds should be placed so that no draught of air can strike the bird. Give nothing to healthy birds but rape and canary seed, water, cuttlefish bone, and gravel-paper or sand on the floor of the cage. No hemp seed. A bath three times a week. The room should not be overheated—never above seventy degrees. When moulting (shedding feathers) keep warm, avoid all draughts of air. Give plenty of German rape seed; a little hard boiled egg, mixed with crackers grated fine, is excellent. Feed at a certain hour in the morning. By observing these simple rules, birds may be kept in fine condition for years. For birds that are sick, or have lost their songs, procure bird tonic at a bird store. Very many keep birds who mean to give their pets all things to make them bright and happy, and at the same time, are guilty of great cruelty in regard to perches. The perches in a cage should be each one of different size, and the smallest as large as a pipe stem. If perches are of the right sort, no trouble is ever had about the bird's toe-nails growing too long; and of all things, keep the perches clean.

MANAGEMENT OF INFANTS.

Daily Routine.—One of the most important subjects of consideration with a young mother, is the feeding of the new-born child. Many babies are over-fed. Although our young man knows when he has had enough as well anybody, he does not want his "comfort" to be taken from him, not because he is hungry, but because he likes to nestle to it, and be "cuddled."

For the day time this can be checked and prevented, but at night, he takes liberties with his property, and the consequence is that, in the morning, he is no better, and the poor mother rises fagged and weary, and in no state to enforce the necessary rules for the masterful little spirit.

Let the baby have his first breakfast just before the mother gets up, and a tumblerful of pure, new milk will be a wonderful support to the mother herself.

Then baby should lie in bed until the mother has breakfasted, and is ready to dress him; at first, there will probably be a little trouble about this waiting. Naturally restless, when awake, lying still does not suit him, but long before we are quite conscious that "baby takes notice," he has done so; his eyes wander around the room, and are gradually fixed upon some bright spot, or some moving thing.

If the baby is in good health, and is a strong, robust child, a *little* crying will not hurt him; it will probably last but a few moments if he has had a good breakfast.

Keep to one hour, or as near to it as possible, for the baby's rising in the morning, and for his bedtime; very soon will he know when those periods arrive. *After* washing and dressing him, give him his second breakfast, *not before*, as the operation of washing and necessarily turning his little body about, is apt to derange the digestive functions.

A very young child will, after the fatigue of being washed and dressed, and having a comparatively full stomach, be very sleepy, and be glad to go to bed again at once, sleeping sometimes for three or four hours; but an older one, say of three or four months, will feel inclined for a little play. Teach him, at the very earliest opportunity, to lie and play on his back; accustom him to be put down anywhere, at your pleasure; the convenience of this, in days to come, will be incalculable, as you need never, if suddenly compelled to put him out of your arms, fear a fit of violent screaming. The floor, *well protected from a draught*, is the best place for him to rest upon. Sofas are dangerous, when the small limbs have begun to know their strength and use, so the best thing is to spread a doubled blanket, or some warm, thick material, upon the floor. The best thing is a baby's "floor mattress." Make a mattress, a yard and a-half square, of good, strong ticking; the stuffing should be of good, white cotton or wool, and it should be made like an ordinary mattress, only not so thick; it should, of course, be tacked through, here and there, at regular intervals, with twine to keep the wool in place. At the bottom, and where it lies on the floor, tack on some muslin or calico, that can be taken off easily and washed, and on one end sew a couple of rings, that it may be hung up, out of the way, and aired, when it is not in use; or, if preferred, sew on a long piece of stout tape, so that the mattress can be rolled up and put away. On this the baby can lie, and roll, and kick to his heart's content; it will do him no end of good, and will stretch and strengthen and straigten his limbs. Behind him put a couple of chairs or a towel-horse, with a shawl thrown over, reaching well to the floor, so that no cold currents of air from open doors can reach him.

Whilst he is enjoying his kick, the mother can accomplish many little household duties, finish a piece of fancy-work, read the last new book, or do nothing at all but take absolute rest, which so many mothers require. This rest for the mother, and care for herself, is, in reality, taking care the baby. Half an hour is as much as baby, usually, will care for, at first, of this rolling and kicking; though some will lie for a much longer time. After amusing himself for so long, he will naturally expect to be entertained a little; as a little carrying about the room, out into the hall or another room, just to engage his attention, and to put fretting out of his head, and make him good-humored before he takes his nap.

This nap should be a long one, but the length will depend upon the child's age. Three or four hours for a young baby, but those of eight or nine months will, probably, not sleep for more than about two hours at a time.

After he has been fed, put baby into his cradle or cot, with his body warmly, but not heavily, covered, but leave the head as free from any wrapping as possible; let his pillow be cool and light, and do not get the head in a perspiration if it can be avoided.

After his nap, take the baby up, as soon as his first whimper reaches you; he should not be allowed to cry a moment, but be talked to, cheerily, and chattered to in a way that all babies understand, and have his attention distracted from himself, so that he will probably be in high good humor, let you attend to changing him, raise the blinds, etc., and in the meanwhile learn his first lesson in patience. But this should not be tried, for he wants his dinner, and should have it now.

If the baby has cried, when put to sleep, it has probably been from some little ache or pain that so often comes after meal-times, but no notice need be taken of it, as it will likely go away as suddenly as it came. Avoid going to him, if possible, as it may put the notion in his head, of being taken up. If the cry comes from temper (and most mothers soon learn the difference between the cry of temper and the cry of pain), the cry will soon cease, and baby go quickly to sleep. If a child is in feeble health, of course the case is different, but if he eats well, and seems otherwise in good health, his little fretting, unnoticed, will not harm him.

Baby's dinner over, he is now ready for another kick on his mattress, and we cannot say too much of the importance of this kick and roll. It is an exceedingly bad thing for both baby and his nurse, to have a child almost constantly in the arms; it cramps his legs, weakens his back, and is a woeful waste of time for nurse or mother. A little nursing and "cuddling" is all very well, and even necessary, but not too much.

After his dinner, and his roll, baby should be carried out for his walk, or for his ride in the baby-carriage; but he ought to be, at least, six months old, before he is allowed to sit up in his rides; a comfortable half-reclining position can easily be arranged for him, with the aid of a pillow, or a

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cushion. Cover him up warmly, and on no account let him get *chilled*, the peircing wind is as bad, if not worse, than damp air. Baby will usually sleep a good deal when he is out, and will also expect a plentiful meal when he gets home.

He should be put to bed by about six o'clock, but by about eight o'clock he will, *probably*, awake, and want another light meal; and if he should do so, he should be attended to, at once, but in a dark, or dimly lighted room, and he should not be taken up to be nursed; but the mother should lie down beside him, and nurse him in that way; or, if he is artificially fed, his bottle should be given to him in the same way.

Never accustom a baby to a light in a room, if it is possible to avoid it; he will not be afraid of the dark, if he is habituated to it from the beginning.

There is a great danger of over-feeding infant; but if the baby sleeps in a cot, beside the mother's bed, there will be less difficulty in keeping him from over-feeding; but if he is allowed to get in the "big bed," just for a few moments, he will, most probably, take up his quarters there for the whole night. If, however, he must sleep in the "big bed," for want of a crib, he should be gently put off the mother's arm, each time he has been fed, otherwise, he will arouse at the slighest movement, and in utter uneasiness, the mother will probably allow him to make one long night meal.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUPS.

Scotch Broth.—This is made from the liquor in which a leg of mutton, piece of beef, or old fowl has been boiled, or it may be made at the time they are boiled. Add to the liquor some barley and vegetables, chopped small, in sufficient quantity to make the broth quite thick. The necessary vegetables are carrots, turnips, onions, and cabbage, but any others may be added; old (not parched) peas and celery are good additions. When the vegetables are boiled tender mix a cupful of rough oatmeal with cold water, stir it into the broth, salt and pepper to taste.

White Soup.—Take a large knuckle of veal, one pound of ham, and a fowl, if required; a few pepper-corns, a head of celery, finely shredded, and two or three onions; add six quarts of water, and let it stew for several hours. Strain the soup, and, when cold, having taken off the fat, add to the liquor, on the day it is required, one-quarter pound almonds, blanched and pounded. Boil it very gently, then pass the soup through a sieve, and thicken with half a pint of cream and two eggs

Oyster Soup.—Take two ounces of butter and a tablespoonful of flour; mix over the fire, and add one quart of fish stock. When it boils add two dozen of oysters, blanched in their liquor each cut in two or three pieces; add also the strained liquor, some grated nutmeg, a small quantity of minced parsley, pepper, and salt to taste. Stir in at the last, off the fire, the yolks of two eggs, beaten up with the juice of half a lemon and strained.

MEATS AND POULTRY.

Mutton Cutlets, Plain.—Take a neck of mutton that has been killed three or four days. Saw off the rib-bones and the scrag end, so as to leave the cutlet-bones three and a half inches long. The spine-bone must also be removed without injuring the fillet. Then divide the neck of mutton into as many cutlets as there are bones. From the upper part of each bone the meat must be detached three-quarters of an inch. Dip them in water, and flatten them. Trim away the superfluous fat and sinewy parts. Season them with pepper and salt. Dip a paste-brush into clarified butter, pass it over the cutlets, broil them before a clear fire, and serve with brown gravy under them.

Fricassee of Chicken with Eggs.—Cut up two chickens; wash them, and let them drain; then season them with pepper, salt, one small, white onion, six sprigs of parsley, tied up. Put all flat in a stewpan; add some pieces of lean bacon, one tablespoonful of butter, and half a pint of water; let it stew for half an hour. Take it out of this gravy, and put it into a saucepan with a gill of cream. Mix a tablespoon of flour with cold water, and add it to the gravy, stirring all the time until thick. Just before serving, stir in the yolks of three eggs well beaten. Put a little cold water to the eggs before you stir them in.

Stuffed Fillet of Veal.—Remove the bone of a leg of veal with a sharp knife; fill the place with rich stuffing, made of grated bread crumbs, butter, pepper and salt, and a little thyme; secure it with a string, and put it upon the spit to roast; baste it with sweet lard every quarter of an hour until it begins to brown, then use the drippings for basting. When done, thicken the gravy with a little browned flour; pour over the meat, and serve on a heated dish of a deep shape. Veal should be wiped each day that it is kept raw. Do not lay it upon a plank or it will mould.

French Stewed Rabbit.—Cut a rabbit in pieces, wash it, and put it in a stew-pan, with salt, pepper, a little mace, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of ground allspice; put in water enough to keep it from sticking to the pan, cover it closely, and let it stew very slowly. When about half done add one-quarter pound butter, cut in pieces and rolled in flour, and half a pint of beef gravy. If the meat should not be seasoned enough, add more salt, pepper, or spice. Rabbit requires a great deal of seasoning, especially pepper. Serve it hot.

Roast Spare-Rib of Pork.—As this joint frequently comes to the table hard and dry, particular care should be taken that it is well basted. Put it down to a bright fire and flour it. About ten minutes before taking it up, sprinkle over some powdered sage; make a little gravy in the dripping-pan; strain it over the meat, and serve with a tureen of apple-sauce. This joint will be done in far less time when the skin is left on; consequently, should have attention, that it be not dried up.

VEGETABLES.

Fried Potatoes.—Pare some potatoes so as to give each the form of a cylinder, then cut each cylinder in slices the eighth of an inch thick. By this means, all the pieces of potato will be the same size. Dry them thoroughly in a napkin; put them in the frying basket, and finish as above. Serve as garnish for game, steaks, or cutlets.

Or, peel some potatoes, cut them in slices three-eighths of an inch thick, cut each slice to two inches length, and divide it in strips three-eighths of an inch wide, dry them well, and fry as above. Serve as garnish for steaks.

Or, pare the potatoes to the shape of a ball, cut each ball in six pieces to resemble the quarter of an orange, chamfer the edges slightly, then proceed as above. Serve as garnish for roast or braised joints.

Potato Salad.—Rub a dish with an onion; dispose on it some cold boiled potatoes, cut in slices; beat together three parts of oil and one part, more or less, according to the strength of it, of tarragon vinegar, with pepper and salt to taste. Pour this over the potatoes, and strew over all a small quantity of any of the following: powdered sweet herbs, mint, parsley, chervil, tarragon or capers, or a combination of them all, finely minced.

DESSERTS.

Snow Pancakes.—Mix in a basin one-quarter pound flour, with a little salt, some grated lemon peel, and sufficient new milk to make rather a thick batter, mix and beat the mixture well. Melt some butter (or fresh dripping) in a frying

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pan, divide the batter into four parts, and just before frying, beat up very quickly one tablespoonful of fresh snow into each pancake. Fry on both sides till of a pale brown color, fold them up, inserting a little sugar within the folds, sprinkle sugar over them, and serve immediately, with a cut lemon, and with powdered sugar.

Winter Pudding.—Two pounds bread-crumbs, just wetted with cold milk, fifteen eggs, four and a-half pounds plums when stoned, five pounds currants, one and a-quarter pounds candied peel, two pounds sugar, three pounds suet, two pounds flour, one nutmeg, a little ginger, a quarter ounce allspice, made into six puddings, boiled first ten hours; after, two or three hours, according to size.

Plum Pudding.—One-half pound flour, one-half pound suet, one-half pound plums, one-half pound currants, one-half pound brown sugar, a large teaspoonful of baking-powder, a little salt and nutmeg, one-half pound raw carrots, grated, one-half pound raw potatoes, grated. The vegetables are sufficient to mix; neither eggs nor milk are required. Boil six hours.

Lemon Mince Pies.—Boil a lemon about four hours, and chop it small and one-half pound beef suet, one-half pound of sugar, one-half pound of currants, one-half pound of raisins, five apples, nutmeg and lemon peel; the lemon peel must not be put in before you use it.

Lemon Cream.—Take a pint of thick cream, and put it to the yolks of two eggs well beaten, four ounces fine sugar, and thin rind of a lemon; boil it up; then stir it till almost cold; put the juice of a lemon in a dish or bowl, and pour the cream upon it stirring it till quite cold.

Puff Pudding.—Beat six eggs; add six spoonfuls of milk and six or flour; butter some cups, pour in the batter and bake the puddings quickly; then turn them out, and eat them with butter, sugar and nutmeg.

CAKES.

Pound Cake.—One pound butter, one pound loaf sugar, one pound eggs, one and a-quarter pounds flour. Put the butter into a clean pan, about milk warm, and stir it round with your hand until it becomes cream; then add the sugar, which must be pounded very fine, and stir them together for a few minutes. Break the eggs in, and beat them all together for five minutes; then gradually add the flour, and six drops of essence of lemon; stir them lightly together, put in a buttered mould, and bake in a cool oven. This cake is good, but plain. If a richer one is desired, put in one pound currants, half a nutmeg, grated, and a-quarter pound candied lemon, cut into thin slices.

Small Rice Cakes.—Beat and mix well together four eggs properly whisked, and one-half pound fine sifted sugar; pour to them, by degrees, a quarter pound clarified butter, as little warmed as possible; stir lightly in with these four ounces dry, sifted flour; beat the mixture for about ten minutes; put it into small, buttered patty-pans, and bake the cakes a quarter of an hour in a moderate oven. They should be flavored with the grated rind of a small lemon, with pounded mace or cinnamon.

Cake for Children.—Mix well two pounds of flour in one pint of warm milk, add a tablespoonful of yeast, let it rise about half an hour; then add a quarter pound treacle, one-half pound of brown sugar, a quarter pound raisins, stoned and chopped, two ounces of candied peel, shred fine, and a quarter pound of good fresh beef dripping, beat the mixture well for a quarter of an hour, and bake in a moderate oven.

FIRESIDE GAMES.

MAKING HISTORY.—A most useful game, as tending to exhibit to those who play it the little relation which the facts of any case may bear to the version of it, current in society, and thereby teaching them how little reliance is to be placed upon gossip—a result which, if achieved, will amply repay any difficulties which may be encountered in order to arrive at it. Let one person of the party write down a short tale, concerning anything or anybody, of any age or country whatever, and then retiring into a separate room, read it to another of the party, who is then to be left alone. A third is then sent in, to whom the person who has just heard it repeats the tale from memory, and then leaves the room in turn; and thus each passes it on to the other, until it has been told to the last person, who must then relate it aloud to the company. The original tale is then read, and will certainly be found to differ from that which is related by the last person, in every essential particular, a result which cannot fail to shake the faith of those who believe in the value of oral tradition. In telling the tale, it is advisable to introduce the names of persons and places, in order to see to what extent they are capable of being metamorphosed in passing from one person to another. This game is sometimes called "Russian Scandal."

FORFEITS TO BE PAID. *To dance a blind quadrille.*—Four culprits are blindfolded, and set to dance a quadrille to music, which results in confusion, if not in contusion.

To cap a verse.—The forfeit-crier recites a verse of poetry, and the culprit must immediately follow with another verse, beginning with the last word of the model. If he cannot recollect one, then he must improvise one, on pain of another forfeit.

To bite an inch off the poker.—This consists simply in biting the air an inch from the end of the poker.

To illustrate one of your best qualities in each corner of the room. If the culprit has sufficient belief in himself, he may illustrate mercy, generosity, truth, and constancy, by the aid of a little pantomime.

State why you have not paid your washerwoman.

Make a speech on the differential calculus, with musical illustrations.

State whether you would prefer to be yourself eaten by an alligator, or an alligator eaten by yourself, and give your reasons.

Run through the table.—Here the culprit may try it first with the multiplication table.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

FIG. I.—EVENING-DRESS OF WHITE SILK AND BLACK VELVET; the white silk skirt is trimmed with three knife-plaited flounces, headed by a wreath of roses; at the back is a puff, caught up by a large bunch of roses, and on either side is a triple narrow knife-plaiting of the silk. The deep corsage is of black velvet, embroidered in jet, with a ruffle of lace at the bottom of the bodice; the long panels of velvet at the sides are plain; the *bérthe* is of white illusion over white silk, and is ornamented with roses.

FIG. II.—PRINCESS EVENING-DRESS OF WHITE MUSLIN; there is a trimming extending down the whole length of the front, of blue ribbon, bordered on either side by a lace edging; the same kind of trimming is repeated across the front of the dress, as well as on the train at the back; long loops of blue satin ribbon on the right shoulder; white roses and blue ribbon in the hair.

FIG. III.—DINNER-DRESS OF STONE-COLORED SILK; the skirt is trimmed across the front with rows of silver braid, and knife-plaitings of violet satin; at the right side, low down, the train is caught to the front of the skirt by a large bow and ends of silk, covered with the braid; the long coat basque is plain, with a vest of violet satin, and is square in the neck; half long sleeves; rose and violets in the hair.

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FIG. IV.—RECEPTION-DRESS OF BLACK VELVET; the skirt is long, and quite plain, with the exception of a narrow knife plaiting of satin around the bottom. The deep, close fitting basque is trimmed with lace and rows of rich embroidery, in various colors, down the front; the cuffs of the sleeves are of the same embroidery.

FIG. V.—BREAKFAST-DRESS of green silk, with a Chinese pattern over it in gay colors; this breakfast-dress is adapted from a real Chinese costume, and has the large sleeves worn by Chinese women; it is worn over a cashmere under-dress, though a white muslin petticoat, richly trimmed, can be used. The breakfast-cap is also an adaptation from a Chinese head-dress, and is made of muslin with green silk bows, and ornamented daggers or pins.

FIGS. VI AND VII.—BACK AND FRONT OF CLOTH COSTUME OF GRAY CLOTH, TRIMMED WITH DARK GREEN CLOTH AND DARK GREEN VELVET; the skirt is kilt-plaited; the gray tunic is turned back with the dark green cloth, and falls at the back as a puffed square end; green cloth jacket, fastened at the sides; it has *revers* collar, and pockets of the dark green velvet; the buttons are all mother-of-pearl.

FIG. VIII.—EVENING-DRESS OF LIGHT BLUE SILK; the over-dress is trimmed with two vandyked plaited ruffles of the silk, headed by a full ruching of blonde lace; the *revers* are of delicate pink silk, edged with lace; the front of the dress is of the light blue silk, with large pipings or folds of pink silk put on lengthwise; the narrow ruffles in front are of the two colors; the cuirass waist is of the blue silk, cut square in front, and it, with the short sleeves, is trimmed with lace and a ruching of blue silk and a ruching of pink silk.

FIG. IX.—HOUSE-DRESS OF BÈGE, with a flounce at the bottom of the same material; the front of the dress is laid in upright folds, which are ornamented down the front with shell plaitings of silk and bows of ribbon of bège color; the dress is cut in Princess style, and the bège colored silk vest buttons to the depth of a deep basque bodice.

FIG. X.—CLOTH PALETOT OF LIGHT CHESTNUT BROWN; it is tight-fitting at the back, is cut off straight at the waist, and shows a simulated vest of the cloth, with two pockets; the deep revers are fastened back with buttons; close coat sleeves ornamented with buttons.

FIG. XI.—BLACK VELVET PALETOT; close-fitting and trimmed with large crochet and jet buttons; deep, rich fringe, and handsome gimp.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give, as usual, this month, a variety of hats and head-dresses; the hat is of black felt, trimmed with black velvet, and a bird's head; the bonnet is of black velvet, with a jet ornament on the edge of the brim; the Alsatian bow and the strings are of old gold color; the plumes are black.

Of the Head-dresses, the larger one is to be worn by a married lady in evening-dress; the young lady's is very simple, the only ornament being the tortoise shell side comb; and the young girl's is simply braided and tied with a bow of black velvet.

The rich and beautifully blended colors of the brocades, satins, silks and velvet, delight the eyes of all persons with artistic tastes; never have we seen so many things which might be put in a picture without a change of tint or pattern, as this season. These rich goods are used freely in the making of dresses, but never compose the entire dress; thus a skirt will be made of silk, with brocaded trimmings, the deep basque will be of the brocade with a vest of silk, satin or velvet; and the cuffs, collar, etc., is made of one of these materials. Old gold, dark red and other gay colors are much used in trimming dresses, especially black ones, but they should be used with judgment.

The short skirt is becoming every day more popular for street wear, but the train still holds sway in the house, as it should do. The materials for the out-of-door wear are legion, and though many of them are of two or three colors, the colors are so nicely blended that, at a short distance, it looks only like some rich shade of green or brown, etc. All these new goods are of woolen in some shape, but in the making of them up, silk is generally used with the woolen, for the better kind of dresses.

The deep basque, with a vest, or vest-like front, is one of the most popular styles of making house-dresses, and the trained skirts are trimmed always in some way to correspond with the basque.

White is very much worn by all persons, not too advanced in years, for evening-dress, or white in combination with some other color. Light blue, pink, cream-color, delicate green, etc., are also very popular with young ladies, for evening wear; and bèrège, camel's hair, cashmere, delaine, and other comparatively economical materials are much more so than silks.

An old light silk dress may be made to do service as a new one, by flouncing it at the bottom with thin, soft white muslin, (but the *yellower* the white muslin is, the better), and draping it with scarfs of muslin over the front, and at the back.

Black dresses are more popular than ever; either all black, but composed of two or three materials, or else black, brightened up by gold-color, red, blue or pink, or with knots and long ends of ribbon of these colors.

Buttons are made of various colors, or of combination of colors, to correspond with the materials of the dress; ribbons and braids are also woven in such colors that they will match almost any material.

Wrappings are long, and for a slender person, rather loose and ample, though the long sacque, half tight-fitting, is preferred by many. Bands of fur are the fashionable trimming, but fur is often quite expensive, and, moreover, looks very warm as the spring sets in, though the wrap may not be dispensed with.

Bonnets are of all shapes, to suit all faces, but the small, close-fitting one is rather the favorite; it is but little trimmed, and unobtrusive.

There is no decided change in the style of wearing the hair; it is usually crimped, combed up from the temples, and often worn in puffs at the top. But as in all other matters of the toilet, it is very much a matter of individual taste and becomingness.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S OUT-OF-DOOR COSTUME OF GREY KERSYMERE; the trousers are half loose, and reach below the knee; the paletot is of the same material as the trousers, is long and buttons to the bottom, and has a *revers* on one side which extends around the neck, and forms a cape. Grey felt hat, with a blue wing.

FIG. II.—OUT-OF-DOOR DRESS FOR A GIRL OF FIFTEEN; the round silk skirt is of dark almond brown, and is bordered with kilt-plaiting; the over-dress is of almond brown "snow-flake," of two different shades, is gathered at the back, and terminates in a tunic at the back; the jacket is also of almond brown plush cloth; the hat is brown felt, with a plume twisted around the crown.

FIG. III.—OUT-OF-DOOR DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL; the paletot is of dark green camel's hair, made in Princess style in front, with a large pocket; at the back are five long pieces, made shorter than the Princess front, with two rows of box-plaits below. Green felt hat, with a band of grey Astrakan fur around it.

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"THE BEAUTY OF THE SEASON"

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THE CASTLE BY THE SEA. [*See the Story, "A Bit of Blue Ribbon."*]

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"LITTLE DORA." [*See the Story.*]

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NAMES FOR MARKING. CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

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NEW STYLE WINTER PALETOT.

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NEW STYLE WINTER DOLMAN.

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EVENING-DRESS. DINNER-DRESS.

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WALKING-DRESSES FOR WINTER.

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NEW STYLES FOR HATS AND BONNETS.

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NEW STYLE FOR DRESSING THE HAIR; THE FOUR STAGES.

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ONLY A LOCK OF HER HAIR.

Words by Dr. CARPENTER. Music by W. T. WRIGHTON.

Andantino.

1. On - ly one lock of her hair, On - ly some flow'rs that she wore,
2. Was it last night that I gaz'd In - to her beau - ti - ful eyes?

ad lib.

Years have I treas-ur'd them where Oth-ers can see them no more.
Hers up to mine they were rais'd. Mingled with mine were her sighs.

Fa - ded the flow'rs are and dead,—
Still her warm breath on my cheek,—

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Beau - ti-ful still is the tress, Oh! for the days that are
Feel I in fan - cy, and hear The words that she trembled to

fled, Nev - er my love has been less.
speak, Yet told me to her I was dear.

rall. - -

Still in my dreams she ap - - pears,
No! but in dreams she ap - - pears,

tempo primo.

Lov - ing and beau - ti-ful there, Mine aft - er wait - ing long
Lov - ing and beau - ti-ful there, Mine aft - er wait - ing long

rall. - -

years, — On - ly a lock of her hair.
years, — On - ly a lock of her hair.

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FURRED CLOAK. NEW STYLES FOR SLEEVES.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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A BIT OF BLUE RIBBON.

BY GRACE ELDREDGE.

He was, certainly, a handsome young man, and seemed a rather knowing one. I felt a certain amount of languid interest in his talk of shooting alligators in the bayous; chasing wild bulls, in the everglades, and all sorts of game in what he called by the, to me, totally incomprehensible name of hummock-land.

We were fellow-passengers, on the big, white steamer, and were puffing up the magnificent St. John's river. Papa, who talked to everyone, had endeavored to extract all this gentlemanly young man knew, in the course of our journey; but he seemed inexhaustible, and I think my eyes must have thanked him for his patience with my dear, garrulous, old father.

I would put my pleasant thoughts of him into words, I said, one day, if his glance should wander towards me. It may be, he divined my intention. Or was it fate alone? For he turned a bright pair of eyes, with an expectant look in them, directly on me.

I found my usually glib, little tongue strangely unserviceable, and only said, stupidly, "Is it not a lovely day?"

He agreed with me, and supplemented my brilliant remark, by adding that it would be a lovely evening. I tried to answer; but my tongue refused to speak. If I could only evolve anything like an idea from my inner consciousness, I thought.

"I am bound up the Oklawaha," he said, at last. "Are you going there, too!"

"Oh, yes," I rashly replied. For such had, by no means, been our destination. But I determined, then and there, to persuade papa to go. Such a fascinating description, as I then heard, of the silent, tortuous stream; the live-oaks, cypress trees and palmettos; the sad, drooping moss; and anon the shrill scream of some tropical bird, scared from its haunt. I quite made up my mind, that I desired nothing so much, in all the world, as to go to Silver Spring.

Of course, I was not the least influenced in this, my last whim, by the fact that a strange young man, with apparently only a broad brow and wavy hair to recommend him, was making a pilgrimage to that shrine of alligators and snakes.

I wanted to see all I had heard about, I said to myself, *solely* for instruction, and that I might impart the result of my observations to my northern friends.

I found my interest in our new acquaintance increase, as the hours flew by. He told of adventure by flood and field, and I noticed his mobile mouth, and changeful expression, as he talked. He helped a poor invalid down the companionway, and picked up the stupid, little roly-poly baby, when it fell on its round, fat nose, as naturally as if he were their lawful caretakers. Then, too, he did not flirt with me, as I, a born coquette, expected. I began to wonder what sort of creature this was, who was so irresistibly charming, and so very different from the typical young gentleman.

I thought of my own face, and wondered if it had "suffered a sea-change;" for had I not been told, by a succession of victims, that I had a winning smile, melting eyes, and a provoking mouth? I anxiously felt to see if the fluffy, little curls on my forehead, were long, lank locks of hair. But they still were crisp, and the hand that patted them approvingly, was shapely. I sighed and marvelled, and was a little annoyed, for so far this array of charms had not penetrated the impervious armor of this young man's heart.

We were at Pilatka, however, by this time, and I must see that papa was kept comfortable and amiable all the evening, so that he might agree to my premeditated plan for the following day.

In quite a little flutter of triumph, I went to bed; for it was all settled. Then I took myself severely to task for caring. What was this stripling to me? And why did I feel so elated,

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at the prospect of a stupid jaunt? I, who had seen the Alps, and the Nile, and had felt the warm glow of a Spanish sun; and had shivered in the chilly air of Norway's fjords.

I fell asleep, and in my dreams a fierce bull, and alligator in turn, threatened the life of a wavy-haired youth, till I was awakened by papa's gentle voice.

What a queer little boat awaited us at the landing! The deck was scarcely larger than my travelling rug, and the windows were innocent of glass; and we were doomed to occupy these primitive accommodations for the next two days. I ensconced papa in a snug corner, and nestled myself close to his side. My handsome acquaintance soon came towards us, and said, as we were to be fellow-prisoners, we must formally present ourselves to each other. He was Frank Estabrook, looking up roguishly, and I told him papa was just papa, and I, Katrine Winston.

We were now in the little river, that winds its way, with many a turn and doubling, for miles, up through the low, flat country. Our boat would seem at times to steer directly for the bank, that lay so close; and then the lusty negroes would bring big poles, and push us about awhile; then another sharp bend in the river obliged a fresh recourse to poles and negroes; and then, again, we were free, and slowly making way up the stream.

At night, as I lay on the hard bed, that St. Lawrence would have willingly deserted for his gridiron, I coolly faced the existing state of affairs. I was in love; in love at last. It was not vanity, or any other nonsense; but love, pure and undeniable. When I thought how quickly I had given way to this, the first real feeling of my heart, I hid my face in the pillow, and tried to divine why I was so enamoured of this stranger. He had not made love to me either. What a little fool I was, I said, finally, and fell asleep.

The morning found me with an adamantine resolution, that no look, or word of mine, should betray the passion, that, it seemed to me, I carried, like a blazing inscription, on my brow. Think, then, of the light and joy that surged over me, when, later in the day, a look and a clasp of the stranger's hand, told me that I was regarded, not only as a pretty girl, to be chattered to, *pour passer le temps*, but as something dearer.

He gave me a bit of blue ribbon, from his hat, to fasten a refractory veil; and his smile, as he tied it on, in clumsy man-fashion, made me vow, inwardly, to cherish that scrap, until the day of my death. He said something, too, about keeping it, till he could offer a souvenir more worthy of the wearer. I answered, in a voice smothered by the joy that I dared not show to its full extent, that I would indeed keep and wear it for his sake.

Oh, the delight of the hours that followed! How merry our laugh, as the great boughs of the overhanging trees came rasping and rattling over us. And in the evening, how weird the glare of the flaming pine-knot, at the prow of the little boat, as it played on the dark river, dank grass and funereal moss.

Late at night, we reached the landing, where we were told we would find a stage to take us to the nearest village, Ocala, from whence we were to make various excursions.

The little steamer went laboring and creaking on its way, and left us on the infirm and deserted pier.

Where was the stage, however? Could there be a misunderstanding? If so, what was to become of us? A negro boy, not in full toilet, whistling as he ambled along, seemed a messenger direct from heaven; and to our hurried questions and mollifying half-dollar, gave us disjointed and terrible information.

"Coach bery onsartin, sah; passengers scarce, sah; only one house near, sah; poor white trash house, sah," etc.

So we seized on the darky as cicerone, and were taken to that one house near.

Was ever pine forest more gloomy? Was ever sand-hill more steep? Could scrub palmettos be more harassing to delicate, kid-clad feet?

A faint glimmer, through the trees, and the barking of many-voiced dogs, announced that we were nearing what seemed to me, tired as I was, a very "temple of hospitality." It was, in truth, only a low shanty, with a sallow-faced, ague-stricken woman standing in the doorway.

She gave us the queerest supper possible. It was of sodden sweet potatoes and corn-cake; but *ortolans aux truffles* could not have been more tempting to me; and the cracked dishes and clumsy forks, became, by the touch of love's fairy wand, changed to delicate china and plate.

We were variously assigned for the night to a narrow bed, a ricketty sofa, and a stiff-backed rocking chair.

The pigs and chickens, beneath the house, awakened us, betimes, from our heavy sleep. The stage was soon descried. A hasty toilet, without even a glance at the cracked mirror, was scarcely achieved, before we were ploughing along the sandy road. Frank, who, until now, had been so thoughtful, so almost womanly in his tender care for me, seemed suddenly, but with perfect politeness, to ignore everything like affection between us.

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I was cut to the heart, and tired myself in conjecturing the cause. To change so strangely, to treat me just like a casual acquaintance, oh, it was unbearable! What had I done? Perhaps he had found me too ready to give my heart: I had "dropped like an over-ripe peach," and he was disgusted with my want of maidenly modesty. The thought made me tingle with shame. I tried to talk and laugh, as we plodded along; but he grew more and more reserved; and the dull weight at my heart grew heavier and heavier.

At Ocala, Frank said, stiffly, that he must go back to Jacksonville. I forget what reason he gave. I scarcely heard or cared, only that he was going away.

Papa was troubled, for many days after he had gone, at my listless air and sad looks. I tried, for his sake, to take an interest in our many excursions. But what we saw, or where we went, was a sort of vague, black dream to me.

To have found my little bit of blue ribbon would have comforted me, perhaps; but this, too, was gone from me.

I knew only, after awhile, that we were back in our great, airy hotel, at Jacksonville; and I went about, and danced, and did as those about me were doing, but "all men seemed to me like shadows."

Then papa took me abroad, again, for I was all he had to love, and we wandered, for two or three months, about our dear old European haunts, but how "dreary, stale, flat and unprofitable," they seemed!

"Let us go to Scotland," said papa, at last. "You have never seen your relatives there. I promised to go, the last time we were abroad, but you lingered at Rome so long, that we had to give up the visit, as you remember."

Papa had come of an ancient Gaelic family, and his second cousin, Sir John McIvan, the baronet, lived in the ancestral castle, on that extreme northern Scottish coast, that looks westward, over the seething Atlantic, towards the setting sun.

McIvan castle was a rugged old edifice, half fortress, half dwelling, that, on the land side, was defended by scarped and battlemented walls, and on the sea side, rose sheer from granite rocks, that, at high tide, were often swept by the in-coming waves. It was a wild and desolate spot, and my heart sank within me, when I first saw it, notwithstanding Sir John's more than hearty greeting.

"Welcome to McIvan castle," he said, meeting us on the threshold. "Your race, my dear, have lived here since before history; but no one has ever come, in all that time, that a McIvan was more glad to see."

The day had been threatening a storm, and wild masses of clouds, as he spoke, were driving in, from the Atlantic, with gusts of occasional rain. My spirits, already, as I have said, depressed, soon gave way entirely; and strange forebodings of evil possessed me. Making the excuse of fatigue, I sought my chamber at an early hour, and tried, but in vain, to sleep, hoping that the morning would bring back my usual composure.

My chamber looked down on the sea, and the waves were already booming on the rocks below, with such fury, that often they actually shook the walls. The rain came in great gusts against the casement. For a long while I could not sleep, but lay listening to the fierce turmoil, which increased momently. Fatigue, at last, conquered me, however. I fell into a deep slumber, which must have lasted for hours.

When I awoke, it was with a sudden start, as if my name had been called; and, strange to say, I thought it was the voice of Frank that called me. I half rose in bed. But in a moment I had collected my faculties, and could laugh at my temporary delusion. The rain seemed to be over, but the wind and waves were more violent than ever. Every surge that broke on the rocks below, shook the house to its foundations. The spray was often flung as high as my window. I rose, and looked from the casement. The sky was clearing, and the moon, now nearly at the full, waded through drifting clouds. The ocean, far and near, was one wild, tumultuous chaos. Great, mountainous waves came racing on, white with foam, and hurled themselves on the rocks, at the foot of the castle. Suddenly, out of the black bank of clouds, far westward, shot a dark, shadowy mass. It drove on so rapidly, that I soon made it out to be a large ocean steamer, apparently disabled. My conjecture proved rightt, for as it neared the rugged coast, rocket after rocket went flashing up from its deck. Then came the awful boom of a signal gun.

The whole house was now awake. I dressed rapidly, and hurried into the corridor, which was already crowded.

"God help them," was the first word I heard; and it was Sir John that spoke. "They are driving straight on to the reef. The gale is blowing fiercer, too, as it clears off. Not a soul will be saved."

The reef lay about half a mile in the offing. From the windows, we could see the great Atlantic rollers breaking high over it, and then receding in a whirlpool of foam. As if by one

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common impulse, we all rushed from the house, and stood, watching, from a safe spot, on the top of the cliff. The suspense was not long. On came the doomed ship, on, on! Our hearts were in our throats. Of a sudden, there was a check to the wild career, as for one moment, she disappeared in a cloud of spray. We fancied we heard the crash, and the wild shrieks that went up from her. Then the great wave fell back; the hull of the steamer parted in two. She was an iron ship, and had gone to pieces at once. When the next gigantic billow had rushed in, had broken in a mountain of water over the reef, and had receded, there was not a vestige of the wreck to be seen, except bits of her woodwork floating here and there, or a few human figures struggling in the awful vortex.

"To the little bay, to the little bay," shouted Sir John. "If any can be saved, it will be there."

The place he spoke of was a cove, not far from the house, where the fishing boats landed. Ropes were procured, and we all hurried there. But alas! no living thing was visible. At last, Sir John cried, "there, there, I see something." We looked, and far out, a form was seen, battling with the waves. To launch a boat was impossible in the face of the tremendous sea. But the men ran down into the water, and formed a line, ready to seize the exhausted swimmer, if he should be swept in. Meantime, with loud hurrahs, they cheered him. Once or twice, he answered.

I clasped my hands in an agony of suspense, for the swimmer had, at last, made good his entrance to the cove. But at this instant, he threw up his arms, as a sign he could do no more, and disappeared. An enormous surge followed; fortunately it caught him, and swept him on; in another instant, it broke in front of us. Before, however, it could suck him back into the seething abyss, the tallest and strongest of the men had darted forward, caught him by the hair, and retreated to the safe protection of the line of fishermen. In another moment, the half drowned victim, now totally unconscious, was safe on the sandy beach.

"Bear him to the castle, at once," cried Sir John. "Saddle a horse, and go for the doctor. Make way there, and don't crowd about him; his life depends on our haste."

A strange presentiment had seized me, and I, with others, had pressed close. I could not turn away, without a look, in spite of Sir John's words. Great heavens! my presentiment was not at fault. It was the face of Frank Estabrook that I saw.

A sort of frenzy took possession of me. I did not say a word, but I followed the bearers. At the door of the room, to which he was carried, I did not pause; but walked firmly in, and stood by the prostrate figure, with its closed eyes.

Papa would have coaxed me away, but I said, "no;" and I placed myself near, that the first conscious glance, if such came, should rest on me, and waited. The bare apartment oppressed and wearied my over-excited brain, and the hours dragged themselves painfully by. The doctor arrived, at last; but shook his head, when he saw his patient. Suddenly, the long wished for look heightened the pale, cold face, and I could not mistake the glad surprise in it, at seeing me.

"Am I to die?" he said, as he, in turn, beheld the physician.

Life and health, the doctor said, were only to be won back by long and careful nursing, for in the terrible effort made in swimming, a blood-vessel had been ruptured.

I knew now that it was Providence who had sent me to this lonely castle, in order that I might care for him; and through the long vigils that followed, mine, alone, was the hand to help, and the heart to hope.

Papa came and begged that I would spare my strength, as did Sir John; but what was health and life to me, without my hero?

At last we could venture to go slowly up and down the terrace, behind the castle; finally to take longer walks, beside the invigorating sea; and one day, so cool, so calm, so bright, we found ourselves in the forest that lies back of the grim old castle.

Frank was almost like that strong man I had first seen in Florida, and still no explanation had been offered.

I talked of the scenery, the clan legends, everything that our surroundings so naturally suggested, while the refrain from an old song came by odd bits to confuse my thoughts. "He promised to buy me a bunch of blue ribbons to tie up my bonnie brown hair."

But ballad and all were routed, by Frank's arm quietly creeping round my waist, while he held up a faded, worn bit of ribbon, before my astonished eyes.

"Oh, Frank, what does it all mean," I cried, "and where did you get my one, poor, longed-for, little souvenir?"

"Do you really care to hear?" he said, banteringly, and with such a tantalizing smile; and then more seriously, "my own darling, I have misjudged you, and nearly lost you through sheer stupidity. I will confess all. I thought you off there, in Florida—oh! it seems ages ago—an accomplished coquette, and tried, with

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all my strength, to resist the interest in you, that I felt to be hourly increasing. I gave you the shabby love-token, that has caused all my troubles, and while you wore it, felt that you were almost mine. The morning we started for Ocala—how I always shall despise that forlorn town!—no ribbon adorned your veil, and I said in my wrath, 'she is flirting with me, and I will not add another to the list of victims, that I daresay is long enough.' So 'I loved, and rode away.' And to prove to myself that I was not completely conquered, I went back on the very boat that had been glorified by your presence, so short a time before. I was sitting just where I had fastened your veil for you, and living over every bit of that delicious time, when, right before me, on a swaying, drooping branch, I saw, hanging, that fateful ribbon. To spring for it, and seize it, was to convince the captain and his meagre crew, that they had a madman on board. However, with a laugh, I narrowly escaped the fate of Absalom, or a slimy grave among the turtles and fish of the stream.

"You can understand that, after this, I was in a frenzy of impatience to find you. But I could only pace the little deck, and curse my suspicious brain, for doubting the sweetest girl I had ever seen.

"At Pilatka, while I was preparing to retrace my steps, as fast as that horrid little tub of a boat would take me, I found a telegraph from home, that had been following me from point to point. My mother was ill, thought to be dying, and wanted me. I could not hesitate. I went North at once. Alas, I arrived only in time to close her eyes. Since then, I have looked for you everywhere; at least in America. At last, I heard you had come abroad. I sailed in the Allan steamer. You know the rest. Since I nearly lost my life in the search, surely now, I am to be forgiven, and rewarded, am I not?"

I need not tell my answer.

The curious spectators, in the little church at McIvan, for we were married at my cousin's, whispered among themselves, and wondered at the faded knot of ribbon, that peeped from among the orange blossoms at my breast, on my wedding day.

I am not superstitious, but sometimes I wonder if it was Frank's voice that I heard, on that terrible night, and that woke me. "All I know, dearest," he has often said, "is, that I thought of you, when I saw we were doomed, and your name was certainly on my lips, when we were driving towards the fatal shore. There are some mysteries no one can unravel."

UNDER THE TREE.

BY G. NESBIT.

Afar, the town's faint-echoing clamor stirs,
And through the silence of the nearer light
The incense of the ev'ning mist floats up,
The day's last ling'ring love-word to the night.

A sudden shiver of regretful change
Sighs through the leafless boughs, that, overhead,
Sway in the wind's breath; down the red sun dips,
And in the twilight's arms the day lies dead.

Then rain, and after, moonshine, cold and fair,
And scent of earth, sweet with the ev'ning rain,
And slow, soft speech beneath the moon-washed trees,
Ah! that such things can never come again.

Oh! list'ning trees, where are the words we spoke?
Where are our sighs, wind whom those sighs caressed?
Oh! what a fate is ours! too swift, too sad,
If such an hour goes by with all the rest.

FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

If Hope's bright star I fail to see,
How desolate my course must be.

If Faith desert me, soon my barque
Would dash to pieces in the dark!

If Love, to quiet my alarms,
Denies its fond, protecting arms,

Then, though with living ones I tread,
My heart would dwell among the dead!

For e'en through darkness one might grope,
Without the aid of Faith or Hope,

Who ne'er could rise his cares above,
Without the services of Love!

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"LITTLE DORA."

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Mr. Clinton plunged his pen deep into his inkstand, prepared to write. His correspondence was in arrears, and he had been too lazy before to-day, to attempt answering letters. A lawyer in large practice, he was now taking his annual vacation. He had already been away from town a month. It was now the first week in September, and he had been spending August at Balmore, one of the loveliest seaside places in America. The morning was glorious. The table was drawn close to the window. The sunlight played across the balcony, and cast golden gleams into the chamber. The breeze drifted in, redolent with delicious sea-smells. The voices of the children, playing on the sands, made pleasant melody. Each time he raised his eyes, he could look out over the limitless sweep of ocean, so lazy and calm, that it seemed quite incapable of any exertion, beyond that of indolently washing up the beach, with soft, slow murmurs, that sounded as if it were trying to imitate the laughter of the children.

Mr. Clinton did not find it so easy to write. The poetry of the scene insensibly carried him back to his youth, as such mornings, themselves full of earth's ever-renewing youthfulness, always do. His fancies went back to a time when a heavenly illusion cast its glamor over all things; when he sat, dazed and dizzy, at Eda Carleton's feet, looking through a haze of sweet visions up into her angel face; and when he believed that such pastime was to be the occupation of his life.

Eda Carleton! How long ago was it? He began, half unconsciously, to count up the years. Thirteen! They might have been twice thirteen to his thinking, just now, so far off they looked. Thirteen years! He had been three and twenty, and Eda eighteen, when the glory of youth's morning was swept into chaos, by the sudden tempest which had left him standing desolate on the bleak, cold rocks of reality—paradise lost, dreams lost—ay, God help him, faith itself lost!

Thirty-six! Yes, he was thirty-six. But in spite of his wrecked hopes, he had done something with his life. He had won name and fortune; more than that, he had kept his soul above the vile slough, in which ordinary humanity likes to wallow, a slough all the same, though wealth may hide the filth under rose leaves. His life, of course, was dull, and bare, and monotonous; but long before thirty-six, one learns that life must be so. Friends? Oh, yes, in profusion—now that he was in a position to grant favors! Relations? A whole clan, and they adored him, and would not have believed that the time had been, when he might have starved, like a homeless dog, for any help they would have granted.

You see that he was slightly cynical, this Harley Clinton. We must excuse him, we fortunate creatures, who have unlimited confidence in all about us, who love our neighbors, and trust our kindred. Somehow, to a man who has endured moral shipwreck, who has suffered every ill which this pleasant world can contrive, from a hope-blighted youth to the coarsest, sternest needs, there will, now and then, come a brief season, when it is difficult for him metaphorically to take human nature to his bosom, and believe "that whatever is, is right."

He woke from his revery, with a start, and pushed his table impatiently back from the window. The very day had altered. The sun had gone under a cloud; the wind had turned chill; the children's voices no longer sounded on the beach; and the ocean had changed its lazy laugh into a sullen growl, and had begun to lash the sands with great, leaden-colored waves.

Suddenly, from the apartment overhead, there came a tremendous noise; bang—bang, till the very walls shook. Clinton rose, in some irritation, and rang the bell for his landlady.

"I wanted to ask, Mrs. McAdams, if the house is falling down," he said, when she appeared. "I never heard such a noise in my life! If the roof is tumbling in, it would be only kind on your part to tell me, so that I can escape."

"Lord bless you! oh, no. There isn't securer walls in all Balmore; as anybody could certify, who has seen them built, which I did, seven years ago, last Michaelmas," cried Mrs. McAdam, breathlessly.

"Then *will* you tell me what that horrible racket means—there, again—on the stairs, this time! No, don't go, if you please," (for Mrs. McAdam made a movement, as if about to escape, under pretence of inquiring into the matter.) "*What* is it?"

"Well, sir, I warned him over and over—but them men are so heedless! And I give you my word, sir, that when he let the box go with such

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a bang, my heart was in my mouth for thinking of you, sir; and I screamed that loud that I frightened the little girl, I did indeed, sir."

"I should think thirty-four boxes had been let drop," returned Clinton. "Whose boxes? Little girl—what little girl?"

"It's the new lodger, sir—the lady just come—and her child—such a pretty little dear," responded Mrs. McAdam, rapidly, curtesying and flinging her hands about.

"And you told me, expressly, that you never received children—I asked particularly!"

"Yes, sir, and that's my rule. But it seemed so hard to refuse; and I was meaning to mention it to you, before the lady arrived; but she came quite unexpected; and, oh dear sir, I am sure, mice couldn't be quieter, once them plaguey boxes—"

"Have all been dropped!"

"And Mr. Clinton, sir, you're a gentleman with a heart; and I said to myself, I knew you would remember that the season is almost over, and lodgers soon as scarce as humming-birds in January, and wouldn't blame a poor widdy woman, doomed to live in foreign parts, for doing the best for herself, especially as the lady said no doubt it would be for the winter through—"

"Mrs. McAdam," said Mr. Clinton, losing all patience, "I think I will go out for a walk; perhaps, by the time I come back—"

"Sure and certain, that a church wouldn't be stiller," broke in Mrs. McAdam, interrupting in her turn. "And many thanks for understanding the widow and orphan, though more than one gentleman would not, and the raging ocean betwixt me and England—"

But by this time, Clinton, having siezed his hat and stick, fled past her, and was out of the street door in a twinkling, while Mrs. McAdam, delighted to have escaped so easily, remained, dropping profound courtesies, and waving her hands as if she had been a wooden image, wound up by machinery, and bound to gyrate until her weights ran down.

Consulting his watch, Mr. Clinton discovered that it was only a little more than ten o'clock, so he set out for a stroll. After that, he went to the reading-room, to look at the newspapers; then he met an acquaintance, with whom he lunched comfortably; and altogether several hours had slid by, before he returned to his lodgings. He came back in that mollified, softened state, which is the natural result of a good meal; for the lobster and mayonnaise had been perfect, and the grass plover done to a turn. He let himself in with his latch-key, and then stopped, as if petrified.

At the further end of the room, stood a cottage piano, which Mrs. McAdam, when he took the apartments, had expatiated on, as one of its greatest recommendations. He remembered, distinctly, leaving the instrument closed. Now, however, it was open, and a piece of music arranged to play from, while, on the stool, sat a little girl of five years, perhaps, her cheeks flushed with pleasure, and her sunny curls falling like a mantle down to her shoulders. She was looking so eagerly at the sheet, and so eagerly pretending to play, that, at first, she did not hear Clinton enter.

She made a picture so pretty, so "cunning," a woman would have said, that he almost fancied he must be looking at an elf or a cherub.

After a few seconds, he moved along, on tiptoe; but before he reached the piano, the child turned, and gazed at him, gravely, with a pair of great, blue eyes.

"Is this your room?" she asked, in broken English.

"Yes, it is mine," said Clinton.

"Well," said the fairy, "I am glad of that, for I think I shall like you. You're rather handsome."

It was said so *naively* that he laughed.

"Do you think so?" he said.

"Sure of it," replied she, nodding her head. "But I don't know what your name is."

"My name is Clinton. What may yours be?"

"Dora—but that isn't mamma's! Do you know, I ran away here, and hid? Mamma was lying down, with a headache, and Juanita was so stupid. Your door shut, and I couldn't open it, so I saw this piano, and thought I'd play a little, like mamma."

"A very sensible thing to do, I am sure," said Clinton.

"You see, I am mamma's wise, little woman," she replied, complacently. "And I hope Juanita will have a good fright, when she doesn't find me. She thinks I am with mamma. But I'm not. I am visiting you. Are you fond of company?"

"Yes, I fancy so."

"Then I shall come often. Your room is prettier than ours. Can you play the piano?"

"A little."

"Then do it," ordered the elf, sliding off the stool, and pulling eagerly at his coat. "Please—please! And I will dance for you."

So he sat down, and began the measure of a slow, Spanish waltz, turning his head to watch the child, who, circling about, her arms raised, her golden hair floating out, looked more lovely and unearthly than ever. Then he changed the measure, and she obeyed the movement as

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unerringly, as if she had been born of the music itself. Swift and slow, according as he played, her mobile face reflecting the spirit of the melodies; now lighting up with glee, as the instrument rang merrily out, in some fantastic strain; anon as it sighed softly in a minor key, growing so weird and sad, that her expression gave Clinton fairly a thrill of pain. So he hastened to find some joyous utterance, in order to hear her silvery laugh echo, and see her features kindle in unison therewith.

"Is it pretty—are you content with me?" she asked, in her quaint English, when, at last, he stopped, afraid that the excitement and fatigue might do her harm.

"Very pretty," he answered, drawing her toward him, and looking down into her eyes, with an odd sensation of tenderness. Children had never come much in his way, and he had always regarded them as a species of small animal, rather troublesome than otherwise, so this dainty little creature was a new revelation to him. "I really think you must be a fairy," he added, with a laugh, which was in mockery of himself, for being so weak and sentimental, this morning.

"Oh, no," she said, quite gravely. "I am not a fairy myself; but I know all about them. Tell me a story—I'm sure you can—a beautiful story, with a princess in it, and an elf, and—and a giant—a big, big giant! I think he had better be good, very good; then we can have a dragon, because you know there must be somebody bad in it."

"Oh, yes," he replied, speaking to himself, not her. "There never was a story without somebody bad in it, of course."

I suppose he was thinking of us real men and women, and our pitiful, incomplete stories—of his own especial one, no doubt—and the weary, cynical expression, which so often marred his handsome countenance, passed, like a shadow, across it now.

There was a brief silence. He had almost forgotten the child, in those morbid reflections, and she stood, still looking wistfully at him, with her head on one side, like a wise, little robin.

"Don't!" she said, presently, nudging his elbow. "That is the way mamma looks, when she cries—don't!"

"So mamma cries, sometimes," he said, not with any intention of questioning his guest, only to get away from himself, and his own absurdities.

"Yes; but she doesn't think I know, so you mustn't tell her. It is a secret. Can you keep a secret!'

"Well, I think so."

"Then mind you do," retorted she, sharply, growing so comically austere in a second, both in voice and mein, that this time he laughed in good earnest.

"That is better," she observed, approvingly. "Now I like you. Come, tell me the story."

It was impossible to resist the creature. So Clinton allowed himself to be whisked off to a great chair, where the child perched herself comfortably on one of the arms, with her head against his shoulder, and prepared to listen to his story.

"Now we are in the enchanted palace—begin!" she cried. "We might as well have a dwarf, too; he can bring the news to the princess."

"What news!"

"No matter. Something must happen in the story. Please, don't be stupid," she retorted, with great dignity. "Now then—the princess comes in—oh, no, she is sitting in the garden—come, begin!"

And he did. Half holding the child on his knee, he sat there, with the sunlight streaming in at the window; the sea and the scented breeze calling from without; and wove her a dream-legend, which was prettier than I could set down; himself growing so interested in the myth, that he forgot to recollect his owu absurdity.

But this is a world of interruptions, and they always arrive at the most tantalizing moment, The dwarf had just brought the prince through untold perils, and into the presence of the princess; the giant was fighting the dragon; and no doubt, in a few moments more, all would have ended well; when, lo! from the passage, came the sound of hurrying feet, and feminine voices raised in shrill ejaculations.

"I hear Juanita," whispered the elf, with a chuckle, "and a nice way *she* is in, to be sure."

"And I hear Mrs. McAdam," said Clinton.

"Just so. But she has no call to be frightened—I don't belong to her," quoth the small despot, evidently considering any anxiety, upon her account, a liberty on the part of Mrs. McAdam.

"Hark! they are calling you," said Clinton.

"Of course they are," she chuckled. "Serves Juanita right. Why did she let me get lost!"

Clinton felt, that, at this juncture, any person, with a really well regulated mind, would have delivered the child a lecture upon the duty of obedience; but as this appeared to be meant for an exceptional day in his life, and he had behaved like a goose ever since it began, it was useless to try for wisdom now. Besides, it was apparent that the elf had made up her mind what she intended to do, and he had a suspicion

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that no argument, however solidly based, would move her an inch; and then she did look so delightfully wicked and mutinous, that he decided to hold his peace, and see what would happen.

"What a noise they do make!" cried Miss Naughtiness. "Juanita is in a rage—hear her call me names! What a silly she is! Of course, I shall not go, to be scolded—let her coax, if she wants me—one cannot catch flies with vinegar!"

The wise, old Spanish proverb, wherewith she ended her sentence, was delivered in its native tongue, and she puckered her face into numberless wrinkles, so full of witch-like intelligence, that Clinton laughed outright, and was half inclined to believe his guest some sort of changling, or brownie, with the faculty of being young, or old, at pleasure.

"They will never look for me, here! I'm in the misletoe chest!" cried she, delightedly. "If only they don't wake mamma—oh—oh—"

"What is it?" Clinton asked.

"Mamma—mamma is calling!"

And now indeed he could hear another voice, crying:

"Dora! Dora!"

The child was out of the chair, in a flash, and tearing across the room, shouting:

"Open the door—quick!"

He obeyed, and she dashed into the passage, exclaiming:

"Mamma, here I am. Mamma!"

Through the half open door, Clinton saw Mrs. McAdam disappearing down a back staircase, and Juanita, a withered, old South American woman, with earrings so enormous that they resembled circus hoops, running aimlessly and blindly round and round, with her white apron lifted, as if the child had been an escaped bird, which she hoped to imprison in its folds.

Then he saw—the whole scene, of course, barely occupying the space of a second—a lady descending the stairs to meet the child; a lady, evidently just roused from sleep by the tumult, for she wore a dainty, muslin dressing-gown, and a great cloud of sunny brown hair swept in shining ripples to her very knees.

"Dora, Dora! How you frightened me!" she exclaimed. By this time she was in the lower hall, with the child clinging to her, who talked so fast in Spanish, that it required all Clinton's proficiency in the language to follow the creature's nimble tongue.

"And I made him a visit," the child was saying; "such a beautiful man—and he told me a story—and oh, mamma, come and thank him, and say we will go to see him often, and—oh! there he is, in the door—come out, come out, Mr. Gentleman!"

Convicted in the act of spying, Clinton could do no less than appear upon the threshold. At the same instant the lady turned toward him. As he stood, his face was hidden in the shadow, but the light fell full upon hers, and as he saw it, Clinton uttered a sound, that was something between a groan and a sob, and remained motionless.

There was a momentary trace of confusion, on the lady's part, and then she mechanically put up one hand, as if with some vain thought of quickly re-arranging her hair; but the child was pulling at her dress and crying:

"Come, come! There he is, mamma, there he is!"

The lady laid her hand lightly over the eager little mouth, to enjoin silence; then, drawing the mite along beside her, she approached a few steps, her momentary confusion gone, and said:

"I owe you a thousand apologies, sir! I supposed that my little girl was with her nurse. I am very sorry she has been troubling you."

She was quite near him now. She glanced toward him, with evident surprise at his silence. Their eyes met. She paused as suddenly as he had done. A look of doubt and incredulity swept over her countenance—gave place to one of recognition—and growing white to her very lips, she faltered:

"Harley—Mr. Clinton!"

"Mrs. Caruthers," he answered, not changing his attitude, and speaking with an emphasis so stern, that her name sounded more like a reproof than a salutation.

By this time, the fairy had broken loose from her mother, and had rushed away, enticed by the appearance of a white kitten, with a black tip to its tail—a kitten as full of fun and frolic as the child, for it enjoyed, immensely, the chase, and waved its caudal appendage just beyond Madamoiselle's reach, in a terribly aggravating fashion. So, to all intents and purposes, Harley Clinton and his old love stood there, quite alone.

Mrs. Caruthers looked pleadingly up into the cold face that confronted her. For an instant, it seemed as if she had an impulse to flee, frightened by the disdain which hardened those features. Then she paused, took a sudden resolution, and holding out her hand, said, in a voice that trembled piteously, through all her strong determination to appear calm:

"Won't you speak to me? Won't you shake hands?"

Thirteen years since, they had parted. Thirteen years since her falsehood had destroyed his faith in humanity, ay, almost in God. Yet now, as he stood there, and gazed into her face—that face which care, and trouble, and misery had so

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changed—as he heard that voice, with a sweetness in its under-tone caught from suffering, that was sweeter in its pathos than the glad ring of girlhood had been, he almost, in spite of a thousand resolutions, yielded to the spell of her presence, as of old. But he hardened himself—there is nothing so pitiless as a man, who thinks himself wronged—and said, with an icy smile, elaborate as politeness could make it, yet, because of that, sharper than the edge of a dagger:

"I am delighted to meet Mrs. Caruthers! She is so unchanged that the time seems too short for surprise; and I trust that Mrs. Caruthers is quite well."

She let her hand fall to her side. A faint dew gathered over her eyes, those beautiful eyes, which had gazed so long on misery that tears did not come easily as they do to happier women, and said:

"Quite well. I have heard of you occasionally. As for what concerns me, I suppose you know—"

A sudden wave of passion burned his soul like lava, scorched out the hardness brought by the years, and made the pain as horrible as if he were living again through the first hour of her falsehood.

"Was I likely to know anything?" he cried, and his very voice took its boyish ring of impatient wrath. "Was I likely to ask?"

"No," she answered, drooping her head, though her eyes still timidly sought his; "not likely! oh!" she stopped, and struggled with herself, but in vain. The words would pass her lips, in spite of her will, and heaven knows life had not left her a weak woman!

"Harley, Harley," she sobbed, "haven't you forgiven me, yet?"

"No," he exclaimed. "I swore that I never would, in this world or the next; and I mean to keep my oath!"

She smiled, full in his eyes now, with her beautiful orbs fuller of pity than before; but this time the pity was for him, not herself.

"I am sorry," she answered. "Not for my own sake, because your forgiveness could not blot out the past; but sorry for you, because you would be a happier man, if you could forgive."

"Ask happy people to do that," returned he. "I have been thirteen years in torment. How should I learn forgiveness?" savagely.

"Don't!" she shivered. "Please, don't!"

"I beg your pardon," he said, recovering his cold demeanor, his icy voice. "I quite forgot we are only acquaintances—I was thirteen years back."

"If you were," she cried, eagerly, "I could speak—I could tell you—"

"Nothing," he broke in. "We are two ghosts. The time for explanation is passed, passed as completely as the time for expiation."

A wave beating against a rock, that was the only similitude for her pleading. She recognized the fact. She was used to suffering in silence. She turned to go.

But before either knew it, the child had danced in between them, snatched a hand of each, joined them, and cried:

"Shake hands—shake hands—how do you do? "Then danced off, like a gleam of sunlight, and renewed her pursuit of the kitten.

There they stood, holding one another's hands. They, between whom, for thirteen years, the tides and the billows had swept. Neither could stir; the woman grew faint and sick, with the rush of memories; and the man's soul girded and rebelled against the supremacy of the past, as madly as ever. She spoke first.

"Two ghosts," she half whispered, "you said we were. Since we are beyond either expiation or forgiveness, let us not be harsh with one another. And we may never meet again."

"We never shall," he answered. "Be certain of that."

Grow paler, she could not. But her face took an ashen tint. Then the lips ceased to tremble; a sort of smile made a new agony along their curve; and a stern, strong determination mastered the last traces of weakness.

"Then I need feel no shame," she said, and her tones were as passionless, as calm, as if a dead woman had been speaking, were that possible. "I never thought to meet you again; but three years since, I told myself, that, if I ever did, I would tell you the truth."

He laughed. Or the fiend which had possession of his soul, laughed aloud, as he said:

"Eighteen centuries ago, a man asked, 'What is truth?' Am I to be the one to learn, and from a woman's lips?"

She bowed her head. "Yes! And of all women, from my lips," she answered.

This was his response. The best man, when he thinks himself wronged by a woman, will, sometimes, be brutal. He took out his watch.

"It is half-past two," he said. "I leave here at three. Will you allow me to wish you good day?"

She struggled hard with herself. She longed to let him go; but she could not! The power, which controlled her, would not permit her to be other than truthful, though to be so now lacerated the womanly pride, which had loved through all these years of misery.

"In ten minutes, you shall do so," she replied. "But those I want—those I must have."

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He bowed, and withdrew into his room.

"Will you come in?" he asked.

Without a word, she followed him, into the salon. Before another syllable could pass between them, the little, golden-haired vision danced forward, crying:

"Good, good! Mamma will tell you a beautiful story—better even than yours. I am hunting Puss in Boots. I'll come back—I'll come back!"

Then she was gone, and they were alone again.

"May I offer you a chair?" Clinton asked.

"You may listen to me," she said. "It is all you can do."

He bowed, with mocking courtesy.

"Ghosts don't lie," she went on, hurriedly. "Men and women do, because they have something to gain—we have nothing."

"Nothing," he echoed, with an odd questioning in his mind, if it were not indeed possible that he had died suddenly, and passed into the world of shadows, and was now to see earthly records by the awful light of eternal truth.

"I had promised to marry you," she said, in a chill, emotionless voice. "We were to wait—years maybe—for you were poor. Three months after we parted, you learned that I had married Marcus Caruthers—"

"He was rich, and I a beggar," Clinton broke in, furious with himself at the control she had regained upon him. "It was natural," he added, with a sneer.

"Perfectly natural," she replied, and if it were possible, her voice was even colder, and more passionless still than before. "He came and proved to me that my brother, Robert, had forged his name. There was one way of saving the boy from years of prison—to marry Marcus Caruthers. I did it!"

So he *was* dead, and down in torment, and now the furthest extreme of agony had come—to know, that, during all these years, he had burthened and stained his soul, with hatred for a woman who deserved, not censure, but pity, only. That was his thought.

His knees sank under him. He was falling at her feet, with some wild petition for pardon, when, suddenly, the touch of her hand steadied his brain.

"I understand," she said, with a smile so holy, that it brought youth and girlhood back to her face. "You believe me—it is enough!"

He must fly—he must get away from her presence—put the circuit of the world between her and him—that was the only distinct thought amid the confusion of his senses!

For the old love had never died. It had been crushed down, under a weight of bitterness and hate; but now that he knew her innocent, it sprang into fresh life. And it was so potent, that he could not trust himself to remain a moment longer, face to face, with her—with Marcus Caruthers' wife!

"Go away!" he moaned. "For God's sake, go away!"

"In a moment. One word more—"

"Not a word—not a second! Go—go! Haven't I wronged you enough? Am I not low and base enough in my own sight? I can't keep the words back. There is worse than the sweep of eternity between us. There is that man—your husband."

"Marcus died, three years ago, in Brazil," she began, but as she pronounced the words, the consciousness of their full meaning struck her mind, and she, confusedly, turned to flee. But he caught her hands, he was kneeling at her feet, he was pressing mad kisses on her fingers and her robe, crying:

"I love you!" he cried. "Forgive me, Eda, Eda!"

Suddenly, from under the envious veil of clouds, burst the afternoon sun, and illuminated the chamber with its glory, while from the open doorway, sounded the child's rippling laughter, as it caught its fleet playmate, at last.

The long parted lovers stood in silence together, and recognized and grasped, at last, the one immutable verity, in this discipline of earthly life—that God never forgets—be the anguish for thirteen years, or thirteen times thirteen—God never forgets!

SUNSHINE.

BY MRS. D. PIDSLEY.

Kissing the waves as they ebb and flow,
Driving the mist from the valleys low,
Quaffing the dew from the lily's bell,
Lighting the gloom of the hermit's cell.

Glancing aslant through the open door,
Sparkling awhile on the sanded floor,
Smiling through drops of an April shower;
I come, I come with the bird and flower.

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IT NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH.

BY MRS. JANE G. AUSTIN.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47.

CHAPTER V.

THE CATACOMBS OF FORT CHARLOTTE.

"Hi! Mas' 'Cottick. Want speak to you, mas'r!"

Mark Trecothick, lounging discontentedly, with a cigar in his mouth, upon the balcony of the Royal Victoria Hotel, and meditating upon the humiliating close of his interview with Dolóres, looked over the rail, and was aware, through the darkness of the just fallen night, of a still darker moving object, emphasized by certain white and flashing points, possibly the eyes and teeth of a very black human face. On this theory the young man spoke.

"Want to see me, John?"

"Yessir. Name ain't John, but got a lilly letter for you."

"A letter, eh? Well, why don't you come up, and bring it?"

"'Taint posserble, mas'r. Lady in de case, sir. 'Xpect you'll have to be so kind as come down here. An', mas'r, please don't say nuffin to nobody. 'Taint safe, nohow."

A wild throb of the young man's heart, suggested that the "lady in the case," might possibly be Dolóres. Without farther parley, Trecothick hastened to the end of the gallery, and running down the outer stairs, found his sable friend waiting in a discreet shadow, which almost entirely screened him from view.

"Here's de letter, Mas'r 'Cottick. You can see wid de light ob dat smokin'-room winder."

Accepting the suggestion, Trecothick moved a little farther down the drive, and pausing in the stream of light, that poured from the smoking pavilion, he unfolded the scrap of paper, and read the hastily penciled lines, written in a cramped Spanish hand, which was quite unfamiliar to him.

The note was as follows:

"Yes, I do need help, kind friend. My tyrant and his slave discovered your visit to-day, and I shall be carried away, where you will never find me. If I do not escape to-night, I never shall; but there is no means of leaving the island. All that I can do, is to hide in the dungeons below the ruined fort, until they have left the island. Will you help me? Will you meet me there, to-night, and tell me what can be done? The man who gives you this is faithful, and will help us. He will show you where I shall be at twelve o'clock, to-night. His name is Brom, and if you send a message by him that you will come, I will risk all, and make my escape. I dare not start until I know that you will meet me, for I cannot go back, when once I have started. Oh! I am wild with doubt and dread. Help me, help me, if you are a man.

DOLÓRES."

Hardly waiting to finish the incoherent, and almost illegible lines, Trecothick turned to the negro, who had closely followed him.

"Brom," he said.

"Yessir."

"Your mistress says you are to be trusted; that you are faithful and secret; and willing to help her in what she is thinking of undertaking." The negro nodded. "Now, go straight back to her, and tell her I will be at the place she mentions, long before twelve, and will arrange everything exactly as she wishes. You will help her in reaching the fort, of course."

"Surely, mas'r. But 'pears to me, its de bes' way for you to go long wid me now; and I'll show you jes' de place I'll fotch her to. You would nebber find it, and it would be a mighty poor plan to be hangin' 'roun' dere, waiting for us, and mebbe miss us in de dark. You might take a boat, you see, and your cigars, and I've got a dark lantern in my pocket; and I'll leave you in de room, ober dere, and go fotch missy right away."

"Yes, that would be better, as I should have to take some one to show me the way, anyhow," replied Mark, musingly. "Well, come on. But stop, I must go back to the house a minute."

"Mis 'Lory tole me to ask you pertikler not to take Mas'r Vi'let when your goin', 'cause he knows ole mas'r, an' ole mas'r will go, an' ask him first ting if he knows 'bout it."

"Mas'r Vi'let?" asked Trecothick, wonderingly.

"Yessir, Mas'r Pampalony; my ole mas'r always call him Vi'let, 'cause dat he modder's name, an' she de sweetheart ob my ole mas'r."

"Oho!" And Trecothick paused, half in-

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clined to question the slave as to his master's real name, and especially his relations to Dolóres. But a sense of honor, possibly overstrained and excessive, closed his lips, and simply nodding his head, he hastened back into the house, changed his dress a little, placed a loaded revolver and stout knife in his waistband, saw that his purse was well filled, thrust a book into one pocket, and some more cigars into another, and was leaving the room, when a neck-tie of Pampalona's, thrown across the handle of the door, attracted his attention, and a spirit of fun suddenly coming uppermost in his excited feelings, he took a card from his pocket, and scribbled upon it,

"Good bye; I am just sailing for the moon."

Then he laid it upon the pillow of his companion's bed, smiling as he thought of the other's astonishment, if that were the only news he received of him that night.

Rejoining Brom, the two left the grounds of the hotel, unobserved by any one.

"You kin walk a couple o' mile, mas'r?" asked the negro, cautiously.

"A couple of dozen, if needed," replied the stout young fellow, gaily.

Keeping down Parliament into Bay street, the strangely assorted companions soon passed through the silent town, and emerged upon the lonely coast road, leading far out into the tropical wilderness of the almost unexplored island, whose human life centres all but exclusively in the city of Nassau. The night was dark and damp, one of those heavy, odorous nights, frequent in that latitude, and occasional in our own, when the very spirit of sadness, of reverie, of love and longing seems abroad; when the thick, sweet air seems to kiss the cheek it presses against, and the heart aches with a vague and restless longing, that seems just on the point of declaring itself, and receiving satisfaction. Somewhat of all this stirred in Mark Trecothick's soul, as he strode along, between the hedges of cactus, wild orange, hemp and maguey shrubs, bordering the road, while, close at his right hand, thundered the surf, its spray often moistening his brow.

A couple of miles were rapidly passed, and then, at the left hand, arose the crumbling walls and ruined barracks of old Fort Charlotte, a stronghold built by the Earl of Dunmore, a century ago, and carefully provided with the avenues of escape, so necessary in those troublous times. The hill, whereon the old fort stands is steep, and the path rough; but Mark breasted it gallantly, and the heavier negro toiled doggedly up behind him, until both stood at the doorway, leading through a paved passage, into the interior of the works.

In this passage, Brom pulled out his dark lantern, and lighting it, enquired:

"Been here afore, mas'r?"

"No; but I have heard a good deal about the place," replied Trecothick, peering curiously about him. "Lots of queer corners, and underground passages, and secret cells, and hidden entrances, aren't there?"

"Yes, mas'r, and I'm de boy dat knows all 'bout ebery one on 'em. Used to be signal-man here, two or three years ago, and sort o' studied it all up, jes for fun; wot I doesn' know 'bout ole Fort Charlie ain't wuf knowin', nohow."

"And I dare say it was you that put the idea of hiding here into—your mistress' mind," suggested Mark, awkwardly halting over the name of his almost unknown inamorata.

Brom grinned in the darkness, but answered, soberly enough:

"Yessir. Miss 'Lory sort o' 'pends on me a good deal. Yessir, I'se b'longed to mas'r—"

"Señor Valdez?"

"Yessir; b'longed to him all my life, and I'se a good deal older dan missy, and so—but lors! ef I stan' chatterin' here, dere won't be time to get her over safe, 'fore mas'r's up an' 'bout."

"Come on, then. What are we waiting for?" And Trecothick, whose interest in Dolóres' history was weaker than his proud reserve with an inferior, led the way, until the two stood, once more, in the open air, inside the walls of the fort.

"Now, mas'r, don't be skeered; foller right down," muttered Brom, removing the covering from the top of what appeared to be a well, hewn out of the living rock; but as the negro held his lantern within the mouth, Mark could perceive the upper steps of a narrow staircase, hewn, like the walls, from the solid stone, and winding dizzily down, around a central shaft, left uncut in the midst. The steps were dark, and slippery with the noisome damps of the place, and the air, sullenly rising, like an imprisoned Afrit, about to take shape in the freer space, and work some ill to the rash mortals who had liberated it, was chill and deadly to the lungs.

"We're not going down into that hole, are we?" asked Trecothick, peering in, and then tossing up his head with the impatient gesture of a fiery horse full of courage, and yet disliking to approach some object.

"Here's where Miss 'Lory's comin' fer ter meet yer, Mas'r 'Cottick. *She* won't be feard o' nottin', bless her lubly face," said Brom, quietly.

Without reply, Trecothick placed his foot upon the first stair, and followed the feeble light, which, striking upon the rough hewn sides of the

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tunnel, showed the glistening track of snails, and lizards, and numberless creeping vermin who infest such places. A sudden gloom closed down upon the young man's spirit, as the heavy air shot down upon his lungs, and with an uneasy effort to throw it off, he exclaimed, with a laugh:

"Look here, Brom, how many bogies, ghosts of pirates, and smugglers, and such like gentry, is one liable to meet here? Did you ever see them?"

"Hush, mas'r; hush, for God sake," muttered the negro, turning round, and showing a muddy, yellow face, and rolling, white eyeballs, in place of his usual assured aspect. "It is'nt good to talk ob dem t'ings here. Ef any ob dem ole mas'rs walk, dey isn't goin' fer to hurt us. Dey wouldn't lower deirselves so far, as to go troublin' a poor nigger like me."

The wheedling, deprecatory tone of the last words, evidently addressed to some unseen, but present power, was irresitible to Mark's sense of humor, and he burst into a sonorous laugh, whose cadences went rolling up and down the narrow, rock-hewn passage, until they were reverberated back in hollow mimicry, as if the goblins of whom he had spoken were taunting him with their presence and their power.

"Laugh away, you fool," muttered Brom, in his native African. "You won't laugh long. And serve you right, too, for bringing the devils that live here round our heads. But it ain't me that they'll harm."

"What are you growling over now, Brom?" demanded Trecothick. "And where are we going to bring up?"

"Right long dis way, mas'r. Min' de step, down heah." And Brom, turning abruptly into a side passage, leading off from that conducting to the "Governor's Chamber," hastened along so rapidly, that Trecothick could hardly keep up with him.

A short distance brought them to a great mass of limestone, so huge and shapeless that in passing around it, he lost all idea of the original direction. After turning into one of the two or three galleries beyond, and from that into another and another, all running in different directions, Trecothick perceived with dismay, that he was completely at a loss to know whence he had come, and still more so to determine whither he was going. He realized, too, that, if his guide should desert him, his chance of escape would be small indeed. As this idea crossed his mind, Brom suddenly halted, and holding up the lantern, showed a square opening before them, with a yet blacker darkness beyond.

"Dere, mas'r," said he, triumphantly. "Dat's de place I's done got fixed fer Miss Lory to hide in. Ain't it fus'rate?"

"It may be safe enough, but I can't say much for the cheerfulness of it," replied Mark, dubiously. "Open your lantern, and let's have a good look."

"Here, mas'r, you take dis yer piece of candle; and I'll hold de lantern, and we'll have a lumernation," proposed the negro, cheerfully; and taking a small end of candle from his pocket, he lighted it at the lantern, and gave it to Trecothick, who, holding it above his head, advanced cautiously into the cell, leaving Brom adjusting the lantern.

"Why, I don't see anything ready here!" exclaimed Mark, indignantly, as he reached the limit of the small, and utterly bare stone cell.

The slam of a door behind him was the only response, and turning suddenly, he perceived, as he had not done before, that the doorway of the dungeon was fitted with a stout plank door, and that this door, swinging on newly-oiled hinges, had been softly closed behind him, and was now securely locked.

"Perdition!" exclaimed the young man. "It is a trap! I am a prisoner!"

It was quite true. He was a prisoner in the catacombs, beneath Fort Charlotte.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SECRET ARCHIVES.

While Trecothick, under charge of Brom, was thus exploring the mysteries of Fort Charlotte, his friend, or companion, Pampalona, was basking in the light of Hilda Waterston's lovely eyes, as she wandered with him through the dim and odorous alleys of the great garden attached to Government House.

Mrs. Murray played propriety; that is, she sat upon the steps, leading from the verandah down into the garden, and as the young people, in their promenade, came, every now and then, within speaking distance, she exchanged a few words with them. Her husband lay upon a bamboo settee, smoking, and spoiling his eyes in the attempt to read, by the flickering light of a candle behind a glass shade. Tom Burleigh, who had, all day and all the evening, assumed an apparitional character—appearing suddenly from no one knew whence, and disappearing, presently, no one could say whither—now suddenly emerged from the house, looking both worn and excited, stood, for a moment, gazing grimly down into the garden, where Hilda's white dress gleamed in and out among the dark foliage, and her clear, bird-like voice made music sweeter to the poor boy's

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ear than all the melody of sea or shore, as gathered up in the marvel of a tropic night.

"Pampalona again!" muttered Tom. "I'll spoil his fun."

"Tom!" exclaimed his sister, whose quickness of ear was a great convenience to herself, and an equal inconvenience to her family. "What *do* you mean? And where are you going? Don't interrupt them, for pity's sake. That poor fellow has been aching, for the last two days, to get a moment alone with Hilda; and she has kept him off, until, just now, I took compassion on him, and asked her to go and show him the night-blooming Cereus. Do give him a chance."

"Well, I shan't, then," replied Tom, with the decisiveness of his age. "He isn't going to have Hilda, anyway; and she don't want to be bored with his offer. She'd give a deal more for what I could tell her."

"You conceited imp!" began his sister; but Tom was already down the steps, and making quietly toward a side alley, by which he proposed to come round and confront the promenaders, as they slowly paced down the principal one.

It was an interesting moment, for Pampalona, stung by the gay indifference of Hilda's manner, and the coolness with which she parried one after another of his attempts to lead the conversation to a personal issue, had suddenly turned savage, and although too well-bred to allow his manner or tone to change from their usual polished deference, the Latin blood was seething darkly in his veins, and the Latin jealousy and unscrupulous desire for revenge was rising paramount to all sense of honor or friendship. Almost before he knew, he spoko out:

"By the way, Miss Hilda, I have an amusing secret to confide to you, about our friend, Trecothick?"

"Is there anything amusing connected with Mr. Trecothick?" enquired Hilda, with unconscious bitterness, for she could no longer be blind to the indifference and pre-occupation of the man, for whom she secretly cared more than she confessed, even to herself.

"Decidedly, yes. Figure to yourself a man passionately in love, ready to sacrifice his plans, his future, his friends, his life, perhaps, for a phantom; for a woman whose name he does not know, whose face he has seen but twice—yes, the wife of another man. Do not you find that amusing?"

"Amusing? I find it disgusting—maniacal? But what do you mean? What is this story?"

Pampalona, in answer, gave the history of Mark's pursuit of his shadowy love, coloring the story, more or less, by his own jealous fancies, and bestowing Dolóres upon old Valdez as a wife, with absolute certainty.

Hilda listened, in utter silence. The darkness hid her face—mercifully hid it—for never, perhaps, in all her life, had those delicate and high-bred features expressed such dark passions, such bitter woe.

"And he was secretly pursuing this disgraceful passion, even while I was all but showing him that I cared for him, more than ever I cared for man before," she muttered, behind her clenched teeth.

The Cuban could not hear the words, but he caught the intonation, and it chimed too well with his own bitter mood to be misinterpreted. He knew that he had roused that jealousy, which in some natures is stronger than all the sweetness of love, and he knew that many a heart is caught in the rebound, that never otherwise had been caught at all.

He seized the moment, and taking her hand, exclaimed, passionately:

"Why do you spend time and thought upon this man's folly? What are his loves to us? What to you, who sit enthroned above the mad passion you inspire? What to me, who am so consumed by love myself, that I have no thought for any but the object of my love. Hilda, beautiful, peerless Hilda, you know—"

"Oh, here you are!" exclaimed Tom, blithely, at this instant, as he stepped out from the shade of the great clump of banana trees, behind which he had listened to the closing sentences of this conversation. "I have been looking everywhere for you, Hilda."

"For me?" asked Hilda, mechanically. She passed her hand across her forehead, and moistened her frozen lips; for her brain seemed on fire, while her blood was turned to ice.

"Yes. Bertha has sent you this wrap. Don't you know it is dangerous to be out in the evening air, in this climate, without some covering for the head?"

And Master Tom gravely presented a light shawl, which he had snatched off the back of his sister's chair, as he passed her.

Hilda allowed him to place it upon her shoulders, and to draw her hand within his arm; indeed the support was timely, for she could not have walked without it. Pampalona looked on sullenly, and said nothing, too much enraged at Tom Burleigh, to feel ready to address him, except in insult and defiance.

So Tom, quite competent for the occasion, took the whole conversation upon himself; asked and answered his own questions; made and laughed at his own jokes; and finally, declaring

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for Hilda that she was quite tired out, and needed rest, led her to the house, and seated her upon the steps, within earshot of his sister, lazily stretching himself at her feet.

Pampalona watched this arrangement in half concealed anger, and after a few moments of sullen silence, took his leave, murmuring in Hilda's ear:

"I shall finish the sentence, so rudely broken, to-morrow, if you permit me. It is life and death to me."

Hilda replied not a word, but she did not withdraw her hand from his lingering pressure; nay! a faint emotion of pleasure stirred her proud heart, as she felt that this man valued, as his very life, the love so bitterly slighted by the other.

The concession was slight, but it soothed, somewhat, Pampalona's angry disappointment.

Hilda rose at his departure, and saying that she must look after mamma, and might remain with her, bade Mrs. Murray good-night, and was going through the little reception-room, opening upon the verandah, on her way to the stairs, when Tom followed her, calling out:

"Oh, but Hilda, are we going riding in the morning, and do you want your side-saddle altered? I must tell David about it, to-night."

"I don't mind, Tom. Yes, I suppose we will ride," replied Hilda.

"All right, then. But see here," in a whisper, "I've a secret for you."

"A secret? What is it?"

"Come into the study, and I'll tell you," replied Tom. His manner was so earnest, that Hilda followed.

Opening the door of the large and handsome room, devoted to Governor Burleigh's private use, and therefore called his study, Tom lighted the candles upon the table, and then closed the door, quietly slipping the noiseless bolt upon the inside.

Hilda stood, looking curiously at him.

For now he applied his shoulder to the end of a great bookcase, apparently as solid as the wall itself. The book case slid forward a little, leaving room for a person to pass behind it.

"Look in, Hilda. What do you see?" whispered Tom, pointing toward the cavity thus exposed.

"A door. Where does it lead? How did you find it?" asked Hilda, her curiosity more excited than ever.

"The subterranean passage to Fort Charlotte. Isn't it a rummy start to have found it all myself? I don't believe another soul knows of it, unless it's the governor; for I've a notion its like the secret of the Iron Mask, and the Governors of the Bahamas receive it along with the seal of office, and don't part with it except to their successors."

"But how did you find it out, Tom?"

"Why, you know, they're always laughing at me for mousing round. Bertha calls it curiosity; but it's really a laudable thirst for information; and, to-day, I was turning over some papers in a box, that I found one of my keys fitted—"

"Why, Tom! was it your father's box?"

"Well, yes, it's his just now; but I may be Governor of the Bahamas some day; and then it'll be mine. It's locked up in that secretary, and I saw the governor open it once. It is labelled, outside, 'Private Archives.' I always wanted to know what the Secret Archives were about; and so, to-day, I got into the secretary, and then into the tin box, and read everything in it. And among the papers, I came to this." And from an inner pocket, the boy carefully drew and unfolded a very antique looking document, nearly broken apart in the folds, and docketed:

"The Subterraneans of Fort Charlotte."

CHAPTER VII.

THE GHOST OF A GREY NUN.

"'Subterraneans of Fort Charlotte,'" repeated Hilda, looking, with a half frightened curiosity, at the old document. "Well, what does it say, Tom?"

"You can read it, if you like."

"No, indeed. I don't believe in opening other people's boxes, and reading their private documents."

"Pshaw! It's nothing private for papa; it's only private for the English government. Come, don't be cross," pleaded the boy, holding the skirt of his cousin's dress, as she turned away. "Never mind the paper; it only tells how the governor of that day was scared, lest the Spaniards were quietly preparing the minds of the slaves for an insurrection, and would at the same time descend upon the island themselves. So he constructed, secretly, a passage from this room to Fort Charlotte, and from Fort Charlotte down to the edge of the water; and always kept a fast sailing little schooner at anchor, with a few trusty men on board. The old fellow finally died, quietly, in his bed; but before that happy event occurred, he wrote down this description of his work, and told just how to open the passage, as you see me do. Look, here's the place, behind this row of Colonial Reports, (clever old fellow to select his own official reports as the books least likely to be disturbed in the whole library), and putting your finger in that hole,

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and pulling toward you, and at the same time pushing the bookcase, you move the whole thing on its secret rollers, and open the passage. It goes very easily; just try it yourself."

As he spoke, Tom replaced the bookcase in its original position, and made Hilda perceive how immovable and solid it appeared, and really was, except when the pressure upon the spring allowed the rollers to act; then he showed her the precise mode of working the spring, and smote his leg in boyish triumph, as the bookcase rolled noiselessly out, obedient to the girl's well-directed movements.

"There now, Hilda," exclaimed he. "Knowledge is power, they say; and you've got that much knowledge through me, haven't you? Aren't you much obliged?"

"Of course I am, Tom. Come, let's go into the passage."

"Will you? That's jolly. I'll take one of these candles."

"But no, it isn't safe now, for Bertha will be sure to go into mamma's room, on her way to bed, and—"

"Tom! Tom! Where are you, Tom?" called a shrill voice, from the upper landing. Tom made a face of comical dismay, exclaiming:

"Bertha herself! It's lucky we hadn't started. You push the bookcase back, while I run and see."

"Yes, run!" said Hilda, hurriedly; and Tom presently appeared in the lower hall, calling up to his sister:

"What is it, Bertha? I'm here, in the study, showing Hilda some old books and papers."

"Oh! I thought you were up here," replied Bertha, slowly descending, as she spoke. "They've sent up from Col. Eastman's, to know if you can watch with poor Harry again. He is worse, and has asked for you, particularly."

"Poor old chap!" exclaimed Tom, heartily. "Yes, indeed, I'll go directly. Poor Harry! And a week ago, we were over on Hog Island, shooting."

"These fevers are so sudden. Hilda, child, I wouldn't sit up, too late, reading; we think plenty of sleep one of the best preventions of disease, here."

"Yes, I am just going up. Good-night again, Bertha;" and Hilda granted her peachy cheek to the other's kind, if somewhat woodeny kiss, and the three separated, Tom finding a moment to whisper hastily in Hilda's ear:

"To-morrow, sometime, we'll get a chance."

Hilda nodded, said good-night, and went at once to her mother's room, where she remained, until Mrs. Waterston sank into a quiet sleep, likely to last through the night. The girl crept away to her own bedroom, found that it was about midnight, and began to prepare for rest. But now, when all duties were over, when no eye was upon her, all the suppressed pride, and shame, and anger seething in her heart for hours, rose to the surface, and throwing open the jalousies of the window, she leaned her folded arms upon the sill, bowed her head upon them, and gave herself up to a flood of bitter thought, memory, and self-contempt.

Suddenly she raised her head, dashed the burning tears from her eyes, and springing to her feet, exclaimed, aloud:

"Hilda Waterston, is this you? Shame, shame! Well, it is the last, the very last time, you will disgrace yourself in this way, I hope. Yes, the very last."

She stood gazing from the window, and abstractedly murmuring, "yes, the last time," over and over, while the pungent sea-breeze, stirring, as the night turned toward morning, drifted in at the open window, and cooled the fever of her lips and brow. Perhaps it was some latent association, perhaps the whim of a restless mind; but as she smelt the sea, a sudden recollection of the subterranean passage, from Fort Charlotte to the shore, and a desire to explore it, came into the girl's fancy. Glancing at her watch, she murmured:

"Two o'clock. The deadest time of night, and the safest. I cannot sleep; I am afraid of nothing so much as of myself; I would like bodily fatigue, and a new sensation; why shouldn't I? I will."

And twisting up her long, brown hair, already loosened for the night, Miss Waterston hastily exchanged her dress for a gray wrapper, her dainty slippers for thick shoes, and wrapped her head in a dark, tissue veil.

"I look like the ghost of a nun—and not a bad looking one, either," she said to herself, giving the inevitable look into the mirror, by which a pretty woman tests every novel costume.

Taking the unlighted candle in her hand, and putting some matches in the pocket of her wrapper, she softly opened her door, peeped out, listened, and finally stole quietly into the corridor and down the stairs. All was silent. Letting herself, noiselessly, into the study, she bolted the door within, and approached the bookcase, which gave way readily, as before, to her touch. Without a pause for reflection, with the lighted candle in her hand, she passed through. She now found herself at the head of a steep flight of stone steps, so narrow, that, as she descended, her garments brushed the dark and slimy walls at either side.

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Down, down, and down she went, till the steps ended in a narrow passage, cased at the sides and overhead with stone; for it was hewn out of the solid rock. Here abode strange and gloomy echoes, that were stirred even by the girl's light feet. More than once she paused, and raising the candle above her head, looked curiously back, thinking she was pursued. But as she paused, the echoes held their breath, and hid behind the dense veil of darkness, that shut in the solitary figure with its feeble little taper.

She was not afraid, in the sense that cowards know fear; for she came of a brave and high-hearted race; and had she been a man, she would have led a forlorn hope to the battery's mouth, as blithely as her ancestors had done. But the position was unusual and startling, and in these frequent pauses she could hear the dull thumping of her own heart, and caught her breath in rapid and eager draughts.

"I'm glad I came. It's better than lying there, and making a fool of myself," whispered she once; and a faint little echo whispered back, "'elf," as if warning her of the neighborhood of elfin powers and dangers.

The distance seemed interminable. But Hilda was resolved to see the end of the passage, before she turned back. So she kept steadily on, stopping now and again beneath one of the spiracles, or air-holes, contrived at short intervals in the rocky roof, to inhale a long breath of the cool, salt night-breeze, or to consult her watch, and judge of the distance.

Suddenly, after she had gone, as she supposed, nearly two miles, the passage ended in a blank wall, whose rough stones and careless masonry, as Hilda examined them, by the faint light of her candle, suggested that it was of later and more careless construction than the passage it closed.

"Mrs. Murray said it was stopped up," said Hilda to herself "Well, Tom can knock down the wall. I'll tell him in the morning. Won't he be astonished—"

"Is that you, you villain?" exclaimed a voice, close at her ear, in strange, sepulchral accents, which yet seemed to be familiar.

Hilda, really startled, sprang suddenly backward, and dropped her candle, which was extinguished in the fall.

"Brom, I say! Is that you?" repeated the voice, angrily. "You needn't pretend you're not there, for I saw the light. Answer me, you dog, or I'll shoot you like one, the minute I get out! What did you lock me in for?"

"It's Mark Trecothick's voice," gasped Hilda, in a whisper to herself, almost doubting if she were awake and sane. Then she raised her voice, saying:

"It is not Brom."

"What! A woman's voice—Dolóres! Have you come at last, dear? Oh, where are you? I cannot see anything in this dungeon—I cannot find the way out—I thought it was a trap. Speak again, Dolóres; speak, for heaven's sake! I am so worn and wrought up with rage, and wonder, and useless efforts to escape, and this darkness and loneliness is so horrible, that I am all but mad, and if you had not come—speak—"

And the poor fellow, on whose sanguine and impatient temperament half a dozen hours of solitary confinement, in utter darkness and stillness, had wrought even more ruthlessly than that fearful punishment does upon ordinary criminals, stood pale, haggard, dripping with the cold sweat of agony, upon one side of the wall, dividing his cell from the passage; while the woman, whose love his neglect had turned to hate, stood upon the other, her great eyes staring into the palpable darkness, whence that voice had issued, her icy hands clasped together, her dry lips quivering, as they tried to form an audible sound.

"Dolóres! Speak to me, my darling! You will not leave me here, surely."

"How came you here?" gasped Hilda, in whose heart a whole world of demons seemed holding carnival.

"Don't you know!" demanded Mark, in astonishment; and he poured out a brief and incoherent account of the transaction.

"And you, Dolóres?" he said, at the end. "How came you here, alone? Can you open this door? Speak to me, at least, my darling."

"You love—Dolóres, very much, then?" murmured a voice, so broken and hoarse, that no ear could have recognized it as Hilda's.

"Love you, dearest! Wait until I can grasp your hand, and look in your eyes, and you shall see if I love you"

Jealousy, pride, rage, all evil passions mastered the girl, at this avowal.

"Aye, wait until you grasp Dolóres' hand, and look in Dolóres' eyes! Wait, Judas, wait!" she cried.

With the words, she turned, and fled down the dark and echoing passage.

CHAPTER VIII.

A FENCING MATCH.

"Well, Brom, is it done?"

"Yes, master."

"He's safely locked up, in the hidden dungeon?"

"Yes, master."

"And you piled the rubbish in the passage again, to look as if it were caved in and impassable?"

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"Yes, master."

"Where's the key?"

"Here, master."

"And you're sure you made the door strong, and saw that the lock was not rusted away?"

"Put on new lock, master, and pounded lots more nails into the door. Safe's Morro Castle."

"All right. You're a useful dog, Brom, and you shall be rewarded. You're sure that this brother of yours is to be trusted?"

"Trust him quicker'n I would myself, master."

"He's been very useful, getting this house ready, and all; though as it has turned out, I had better have pushed on to Havana. Confound this fellow—did you have any trouble in getting him into the trap?"

"Not a bit. I just told him the señorita was waiting for him, and he went fast enough."

Señor Valdez laughed, grimly. "He'll have time to cool his ardor, before she comes, I fancy. Now mind, Brom, I don't want any injury done to this young man Of course you, or your brother, or somebody, will see that he is properly fed."

The slave looked steadily into his master's face, and the master looked steadily back; and one might well fancy that the air grew thick with the breath of hell, and that exultant demons waved their bat-wings approvingly, as that unspoken decree of murder, by starvation, was given and received.

"I suppose there's something to eat there, master," said the slave, at last, in a hoarse whisper.

"Of course, of course, and you must take care not to forget to give the key to your brother, before we leave, and tell him to go, and let the man out. Two or three days' imprisonment, with plenty to eat, won't hurt him."

"No, master, and I hope I shan't forget to leave the key with Nesmus, I hope I shan't."

"Well, I hope you won't, though I dare say, I never shall remember to ask whether you did or not. Now we have to see about getting on board the schooner, that is to take us off."

"I told Hagar to tell missy—"

"Señor!" exclaimed another voice, and pushing open the door of the room. Dolóres glided swiftly in. She came close to the old man, laid her hand upon his arm, and fixing her great, dark eyes upon his face, asked, imperiously:

"What has happened? Why are we to leave this place, like thieves in the night? Have you killed a man, or has this hound of yours pulled him down for you?"

She turned a glance of loathing horror, as she spoke, upon Brom, who restlessly changed his leg, and licked his lips, very much like the hound she compared him to.

"Oh, you're anxious about your cabellero," sneered Valdez. "He's safe enough, I can assure you. Brom was just telling me of meeting him, walking on the beach, with the girl he was making love to on board the steamer—"

"Send that slave out of the room. I have something to say to you, in private."

"Do you hear, Brom? Your mistress wishes to be alone with me, and I with her. Go."

The slave looked at his master, with a grin of diabolical intelligence, and left the room. Hardly had he closed the door, when Dolóres, throwing back the veil, in which she had partly hidden her face, swept close to Valdez, and demanded:

"What are you plotting? What are you doing? What fiend's work has that slave been accomplishing. I saw it in both your faces; I heard it in your voices. I know you, Henrico de—"

"Hush, girl! My name is Valdez, only Valdez, remember that. And what does this insane jealousy and suspicion mean? What do you suspect? What have you heard, or seen?"

"I listened, for a moment, at the door, to discover if you were alone, and—"

"Well!"

As he uttered the ejaculation, the old man fixed his fiery eyes upon the girl's face, with an expression that might have struck terror to the stoutest heart. Dolóres never blanched however. With undisguised scorn, she replied:

"Oh, yes, you can bully, you can threaten; and I know very well that you can strike; but it is in the dark, and in secret, and generally through another hand. Who has that jackal of yours been murdering now?"

"Be careful, Dolóres, be careful!"

"Oh, I am not afraid. You won't kill me, for you want my money, and if I die before I am of age, you won't, as you well know, get it."

"It is not your money, you heartless girl, it is you that I want; you, you, and you know it well. Oh, Dolóres, say that you will marry me; vow it upon the crucifix, at your neck; and I will, in one moment, change from the cruel tyrant you force me to appear, change to your humble and willing slave."

"Will you spare the Americano's life?"

"Yes—"

"Aha! I have trapped you, monster! He is in danger then, and yet not dead, or you could not change his doom for any bribe. Where is he? What has been done? What is threatened?"

"Nothing, you foolish girl. I only meant that if he crossed my path again, I would not chastise, as I had intended, his impertinent intrusion into my affairs, his making love to you, his presumption in supposing—I was only promising to re-

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frain from vengeance not yet offered to me. But, Dolóres, if you will but listen favorably, I can do much for him with the woman whom he loves. I know, through Violéto de Pampalona, that he wishes a certain position, in order that he may have means to marry. I have some influence, that would gain it for him, or, Dolóres—vengeance is sweet, especially to your sex—this man has pretended to admire, perhaps to love you, for I will not affect to know more of his acquaintance with you than I really do, but at any rate, he has pursued you with words and looks of love, while all the while he was betrothed to another, and anxiously seeking the means of marrying her. Dolóres, give me your promise, and I will in return, swear to you that Mark Trecothick shall never marry Hildegarde Waterston, or any other woman. I will make his life, or I will destroy it, as you choose; for it is in my power; but I must have my reward."

"Where is he now?" asked Dolóres, averting her eyes, lest Valdez should see the desperate terror suddenly overflowing them.

He shrugged his shoulders, and threw out his palm contemptuously.

"Child! Do you think me such a tyro, as to show you my cards, and then invite you to play with me? Give me your promise, and I will give you an oath in exchange."

"And your oath would be less than the idlest breath of wind, that rustles those palm trees. Nor is this man's life or death so much to me, that it should weigh in the decision of a question, involving my whole life.' As for marrying you—"

"Well, are you disposed to think more indulgently of the plan? It was your father's dearest wish."

"So you say. He never told me so."

"He was dead, before you could be fetched from your convent. He left his commands with me for you."

"Yes, yes, I have heard it all so often. Well, it might, after all, be less intolerable than this perpetual imprisonment. I will think of it." Let me alone, and perhaps it will grow into a resolution. But, meantime, be careful that nothing happens to this Americano, for I may yet fancy seeing his life made, or marred, as you say you have the means of doing, If you lose your hold of him by death, or in any other way, our bargain may yet fall through."

She left the room, with a coquettish gesture of farewell, closing the door behind her. Valdez, looking after her, nodded his head two or three times, and said:

"Yes, my beauty, I understand all that; you are afraid of harm to your handsome young gallant, and you will temporize a little, until you can assure yourself of his safety. You are very clever, my little darling; but you have to do with a man considerably cleverer than yourself."

An hour later, Hagar, the maid of Dolóres, softly opened the door of the bed-chamber, and found Brom crouching upon the floor outside.

"Tell master she's in bed, and sound asleep," whispered she.

The other nodded, and crept away on his errand, while the girl, locking the door, and putting the key in her bosom, took a long draught of lemonade, from the pitcher beside her mistress' bed, lay down upon the floor, close across the doorway, and was soon sound asleep.

Half an hour or so passed without change or sound, except the heavy breathing of the servant, the distant roar of the surf upon the shore, and the murmur of the wind outside.

Then, Dolóres, quietly opening her sleepless eyes, lay for some moments, looking about her; then stealthily rose, dressed herself, looked with a smile at the sleeping maid, and from her to the pitcher of lemonade; and finally, taking a knotted cord, evidently made of torn strips of linen, from under her mattress, she tied it firmly to the window-sill, seized it with both hands, and, light and agile as a young leopardess, disappeared through the open casement.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOR MUSIC.

BY M. B. EDWARDS

Oh! would that love could die,
And memories cease to be!
That a foolish kiss and a sigh
Were nothing more to me!

Oh! would that a summer day,
A stroll mid the rustling corn,
Could pass from my heart away,
Like the little clouds at morn!

Ah, me! for the starry night,
The glow-worm under the rose,
The talk in the fading light,
Which only one sad heart knows.

Ah, me! for the day's surprise,
The love in a parting look,
The watching of wistful eyes
For the morrow that never broke.

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WHAT CAME OF BORROWIN' JOSIAH.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

I wus tellin' you how the Bamberses borrowed Josiah But I seen him comin' across the house lot, and had to stop to get him his supper, and "lay down my pen," as the Complete Letter Writer says. He has gone to bed, dear man, and is snorin' loud, so I resume. I always write better, I think, when he is snorin'; the music of it sort of stimmilates my intellex.

Josiah came home, after the Bamberses had borrowed him, perfectly tuckered out. Wasn't good for nuthin' hardly for several days. He got strained, somehow, a-pullin' on that carpet. Yet after that, they would send for him real often, to help do some job. They took as much agin liberty with Josiah as they did with me; they worked him down almost to skin and bones.

And it wasn't that he suffered, we all suffered. Why his cow—sufferin' alone, wus perfectly awful. They had a cow, a high-headed creeter, as naughty a-actin' cow as I ever see in my life. She would hold her head right up, and walk over our fence, and trample through the garden. I didn't know how Josiah felt about it, but I used to think myself, that I could have stood it as well agin, if it hadn't been so high-headed. It would look so sort o' independent and overbearin' at me, when it wus a-walkin' through the fence, and tramplin' through the garden. They tied her up, at nights, but she would get loose, and start right for our premises; seemed to take right to us, jest as the rest of 'em did. But I held firm, fer I see that, gettin' up night after night, and goin' out in the night air, chasin' after that cow, wus coolin' off my companion's affection for the Bamberses.

And then they kept the awfulest sight of hens. I know Josiah was dretful tickled with the idee, at first. Said, "mebby we could swap with 'em —get into their herd of hens." And I told him, in a cautious way, "that I shouldn't wonder a mite if we did."

Wall, them hens seemed to feel jest as the rest of the family did, didn't seem to want to stay to home a minute, but flocked right over onto us; stayed right by us day and night; would hang round the doors and doorsteps, and come into the house every chance they could get, day times; and nights, would roost right along on the door yard fence, and the front porch, and the lilock bushes, and the pump. Why, the story got out that we wus keepin' a hen dairy, and strangers who thought of goin' into the business would stop, and holler to Josiah, and ask him, if he found it profitable to keep so many hens. And I'd see that man shakin' his fist at 'em, after they would go on, he would be that mad at 'em. Somehow, the idee of keepin' a hen dairy wus always dretful obnoxious to Josiah, though it is perfectly honorable, as far as I can see.

Finally, he had made so much of 'em, the two boys got to thinkin' so much of Josiah, that they wanted to sleep with him, and he, thinkin' it wouldn't be neighborly to refuse, let 'em come every little while, and they kicked awfully. They kicked Josiah Allen till he was black and blue. It came tough on Josiah, but I held firm, and didn't say a word, only I merely told him, "that, of course, he couldn't expect me to sleep with the hull neighborhood," so I went off, and slept in the settin'-room bedroom. It made me a sight of work, but I held firm.

Finally, Bamber and his wife, and wive's sister, got into the habit of goin' off nights to parties, and leavin' the twin with Josiah. And though it almost broke my heart to see his sufferin's, still, held up by principle, and the aim I had in view, I would go off, and sleep in the settin'-room bedroom, and let Josiah tussle with it. Sometimes it would have the colic most all night, and the infantum, and the snuffles. But though I could have wept, when I heerd my pardner a-groanin', and a-singin' in the dead of night, and a-callin' on heaven to witness that no other man ever had the sufferin's he wus a-sufferin', still, held up by my aim, I would lay still, and let it go on.

It wore on Josiah Allen. His health seemed to be a-runnin' down; his morals seemed to be loose and totterin'; he would snap me up every little while, as if he would take my head off; and, unbeknown to him, I would hear him a-jawin' to himself, and a-shakin' his fist at nothin' when he wus alone, and actin'. But I kep cool; for though he didn't come out, and say a word to me about the Bamberses, still I felt a feelin' that there would be a change. But I little thought the change was so near.

One mornin', to the breakfast table, as I handed Josiah his fourth cup of coffee, he says to me, says he, "Samantha, s'posen' we go to

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Brother Minkley'ses, to-day, and spend the day. I feel," says he, with a deep sithe, "I feel as if I needed a change."

Says I, looking pityingly on his pale and haggard face, "You do, Josiah," And says I, "if I wus in your place, I would speak to Brother Minkley about the state of your morals." Says I, in a tender, yet firm tone, "I don't want to scare you, Josiah, nor twit you, but your morals seem to be a-totterin'; I am afraid you are a-backslidin', Josiah Allen."

He jumped right up out of his chair, and shook his fist over towards Bamber'ses house, and hollered out, in a loud, awful tone:

"My morals would be all right, if it wuzn't for them Bamberses, hang 'em!"

You could have knocked me down with a pinfeather (as it were), I wus that shocked and agitated, it had all come onto me so sudden, and his tone wus so loud and skareful. But before I could say a word he went on, a-shakin' his fist, vehementer, and wilder than I ever see a fist shook.

"I guess you be neighbered with as I have been, and slept with by two wild cats, and be kicked till you are black and blue, and mebby you'd backslide!"

Says I, "Josiah Allen, if you don't go to see Brother Minkley, to-day, Brother Minkley shall come and see you. Did I ever expect to live," says I, with a gloomy face, "to see my pardner rampagin' 'round worse than any pirate that ever swum the seas, and shakin' his fist, and actin'. I told you, on the first on't, Josiah Allen, to begin as you could hold out."

"What if you did?" he yelled out. "Who thought we'd be borrowed out of house and home, and visated to death, and trampled over by cows, and roosted on; who s'posed they'd run me over with twin, and work me down to skin and bone, and foller me 'round tight to my heels all day, and sleep with me nights, and make dumb lunaticks of themselves. Hang 'em, I say."

Says I, in firm axents, "Josiah Allen, if you swear another swear to-day, I'll part with you before 'Squire Baker." Says I, "it betters it, don't it, for you to start up and go to swearin'."

Before Josiah could answer me a word, the door opened, and in come Mrs. Bamber'ses sister. They never none of 'em knocked, but dropped right down on us unexpected, like sunstrokes.

Says she, with a sort of haughty, independent meen onto her (some like their cow's meen), and directin' her conversation to Josiah:

"Mr. Bamber is goin' to have his likeness took, to-day, and he would be glad to borrow the loan of your pantaloons. And he said if you didn't want your pantaloons to go without your boots went with 'em, he guessed he'd wear your boots, as his had been heel-tapped and might show. And the boys bein' so took up with you, Mr. Allen, their Ma thought she'd let 'em come over here and sleep with you, while they wus gone; they didn't know but they might stay several days to her folks'es, as they had heard of a number of parties that wus goin' to be held in that neighborhood. And knowin' you hadn't no little children of your own, she thought it might be agreeable to you to keep the twin, while they wus gone—and—"

She hadn't got through with her speech, and I don't know what she would have tackled us for next. But the door opened without no warnin', and in come Mrs. Bamber herself; and she said that Bamber had been urgin' her to be took, too, and they kinder wanted to be took holt of hands, and they thought if Josiah and me had some kid gloves by, as they would try to borrow the loan of 'em; they thought it would give 'em a more genteel, aristocratic look. "And as for the children," says she, "we shall go off feelin' jist as safe and happy about 'em as if they wus with us, they love dear Mr. Allen so." And says she, with a sweet smile, "I have lived on more places than I can think on hardly—we never have lived but a little while in a place, somehow the climates didn't agree with us long at a time. But never, in all the places we have lived in, have we ever had such neighbors, never, never, did we take such solid comfort a-neighborin' as we do here!"

Josiah jumped right up on his feet, and shook his fist at her, and says he, in a more skareful tone than he had used as yet:

"You have got to stop it. If you don't stop neighberin' with me, I'll know the reason why!"

Mrs. Bamber looked skairt and agitated, awful, but I laid hands on him, and says I, "Be calm, Josiah Allen, and compose yourself down."

"I won't be calm!" says he. "I won't be composed down."

Says I, firmly, still a-keepin' between him and her, and still a-layin' holt of him. "You must, Josiah!"

"I tell you I *won't*, Samantha! I'll let you know," says he, a-shakin' his fist at her awful, "I'll let you know that you have run me over with twin for the last time; I'll let you know that I have been trampled over, and eat up by cows, and roosted on, and slept with for the last time," says he, shakin' both fists at her. "You have neighbered your last neighber with me, and I'll let you know you have."

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Says I, "Josiah Allen, I tell you to compose yourself down."

"And I tell you agin, Samantha, that I *won't!*" says he.

But I could see that his voice wus a sort of lowerin' down gradual, and I knew the worst wus over. I spoke sort o' soothin'ly to him, and told him, in tender axents, that he shouldn't be neighbered with another mite; and finally I got him quieted down. But he looked bad in the face, and his sithes wus fearful.

My feelin's for that man give me strength to give Mrs. Bamber a piece of my mind. My talk wus calm, but to the purpose, and very smart. It wus a very little on the allegory way.

I told her jest how I felt about mejum courses; how sweet and happyfyin' it wus to pursue 'em. Says I, "fire is first-rate, dretful comfortin' for warmin' and cookin' purposes; too much fire is bad, and leads to conflagrations, martyrs, and etcetery. Water is good; too much leads to drowndin', dropsy, and so forth. Neighberin' is good, first-rate, if follered mejumly. Too much neighberin' leads to weariness, anarky, kicks, black and blue pardners, and almost delerious Josiahs."

As quick as I mentioned the word kick, I see a change in Josiah's face; he begun to shake his fist, and act; I see he wus growin' wild agin; Miss Bamber see it, too, and she and her sister fled.

That very afternoon, Josiah went to Janesville, and served some papers onto 'em. They hadn't made no bargain for any certain time, so by loosin' all his rent, he got rid of 'em, before the next afternoon. And says he to me, that night, as he sot by the fire, rubbin' some linement onto his legs, where he had been kicked, says he to me:

"Samantha, if any human bein' ever comes to rent that house of me, I'll shoot 'em down, jest as I would a mushrat."

I knew he had lost over two hundred dollars by 'em, and been worked down thin as a rat, and been kicked so lame that he couldn't stand on his feet hardly. I knew that man had been neighbered almost onto his grave, but I couldn't set by calmly and heer him talk no such wickedness, and so says I:

"Josiah Allen, can't you ever learn to take a mejum course?" Says I, "you needn't go round, huntin' up renters, or murder one, if they come nigh you." Says I, "you must learn to be more moderate and mejum."

But he kep right on, a-pourin' out the linement in his hand, and rubbin' it into his legs, and stuck to it to the last.

Says he:

"I'd shoot 'em down, jest as I would a mushrat; and there hain't a law in the land but what would bear me out in it."

A SUNSET MEMORY.

BY FAITH LINCOLN.

It seems not more than one short day,
Since slow along this shady way,
  We two walked side by side.
The leaves were whispering overhead,
The long grass rustled 'neath our tread,
The sun's last rays flushed rosy red,
  Then paled away and died.

Your words were few; but in your face,
I read what made that pleasant place
  Seem holy ground to me.
I knew, dear heart, you loved me well,
Though from your lips no whisper fell.
And I? I had no need to tell
  What you could plainly see.

But well I knew that happy day,
Has floated many miles away,
  Adown life's rapid stream
And many summer suns have set,
But, darling, I cannot forget,
That sunset memory lingers yet,
  Like some remembered dream.

And when, to-night, I walked, once more,
The self-same path we wandered o'er,
  In that fair long ago.
Upon my ear there seemed to fall,
Your well-known voice in tender call;
And when I reached the old stone wall,
  I answered soft and low.

And then I stopped and listened, dear,
Your presence seemed so strangely near,
  I thought you must have heard.
But while among the leafless trees,
An unseen hand, on unseen keys,
Played softly, dirge-like symphonies,
  You answered not a word.

But all my heart was hushed to rest,
While, as the sun died in the west,
  I wandered slowly on.
I know—oh! knowledge, wondrous sweet,
Some day my slowly loitering feet
Shall find a path, when we shall meet,
  On God's eternal dawn.

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BLUE AND GOLD.

BY AGNES JAMES.

Mrs. Elliot was very late coming into church that Sunday morning—that eventful Sunday morning, when Miss Leslie first appeared in Pembroke.

Very stately and slow, in her ample widow's robes, Mrs. Elliot trailed into church, as they were singing the last hymn, and Adelaide Leslie floated after her, looking like some creature of the air, robed in blue sky and golden sunshine. She was "Fair, fair, with golden hair;" azure eyes large, limpid and innocent; with a sweet, serious face; and a slender, willowy figure. Her dress was some marvellously lovely fabric, thin, lustrous, and of the palest shade of "bird's-egg blue." The bonnet, resting on her golden hair, was of the same exquisite shade, with a foam of white lace upon it, and clusters of forget-me-nots under the brim. Gleams of gold shone out from the thick cable-chain round her neck, from the ear-rings and brooch of Etruscan gold and pearls, from the bracelets round her little wrists. Even her prayer-book was bound in pale blue velvet, with rich clasps and ornaments of gold.

Nothing so lovely had ever been seen in Pembroke. No wonder that people, who had turned their heads at the sound of the late opening door, remained in that position, staring, with wide-open eyes, at this vision of beauty. Slowly she floated up the aisle, subsided into a seat beside Mrs. Elliot, and bent forward, decorously, resting her brow upon her little gloved hand, for ten seconds. Then she raised her head, glanced round her for a moment, with those sweet, melting eyes, and then, dropping her lids, sat meekly listening to the good pastor's sermon. Listening? Oh, of course she was! Could a creature so lovely fail to be angelically good? Could any but devout thoughts dwell in the pure shrine of the heart that beat under that robe of "himmelblau?"

"That's Mrs. Elliot's niece, Miss Adelaide Leslie," people whispered to each other, as they came out of church. "Did you ever see anything half as lovely?"

Some favored few, whose pews were close to Mrs. Elliot's, were introduced to her in the vestibule, or as they stood on the steps in the summer sunlight, and were fascinated by the graceful bend of her head, the smile that stole round her lips, and the soft murmur of her voice.

At the gate, Mrs. Elliot paused to speak to a young man, who was hastily entering, with his eyes fixed on the crowd pouring out of the church door.

"Ah, Mr. Holmes, I have a scolding for you," she said, playfully. "Why were you not in the choir, to-day? I missed your tenor!"

The young man smiled, bowed, glanced past her at the beautiful young face, that appeared behind Mrs. Elliot, even while he was speaking to that lady.

"I was too late for church, Mrs. Elliot," he said. "I rode in from my mother's, this morning."

"I was greatly disappointed," continued the lady. "I had been telling my niece about our fine choir, and especially about your tenor—Mr. Holmes, let me introduce you to my niece, Miss Leslie—and I was so sorry she did not hear you!"

And Miss Leslie's sweet, smiling lips softly repeated, "so sorry!" while her blue eyes sank timidly under the gaze of Cyril Holmes' bright dark ones.

In two minutes more, the ladies were gliding serenely along the pavement, with Mr. Holmes beside them, the elderly lady talking with great animation, the younger one smiling bewitchingly now and then, and murmuring a few words in so soft a tone that Cyril was forced to bend his lofty head to hear her.

And all this in full view of pretty Emily Ward, who stood on the church steps, and followed them for a few moments, with her clear, dark gray eyes, and then turned away to answer, with a smile, a gentleman who spoke to her. It was Sam Lindsay, asking if he might walk home with her. Emily nodded a gracious assent, and Sam thought he had never known her so charming, or seen her *piquante* little face so bright, so dimpled, and so rich in color and change, as during that walk.

He never guessed at the dull aching that filled Emily's heart, or how near the hot tears were to the eyes, that seemed to him so clear and joyous, or how often a laugh covered up the sound of a sigh.

For Cyril had been three days out of town, and now he had not spoken a word to her, but had cooly walked off with this beautiful, hateful

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stranger! And she had believed that Cyril loved her. His eyes had told her so a thousand times, though his lips never had spoken the magic words.

Meantime, Mrs. Elliot's house was reached, and Cyril lingered with the ladies, in the porch, and watched the people passing by.

"There is such a pretty girl coming. Who is it?" asked Miss Leslie's soft voice, as Emily and her escort drew near.

"That is Emily Ward, dear," replied Mrs. Elliot.

Emily's eyes were raised smilingly to Sam's face. Apparently, she did not see the group on the porch, until Sam raised his hat and bowed. Then she turned her head, bowed slightly, and instantly looked away again.

"Oh, how pretty!" breathed Miss Leslie. "And they were so absorbed in each other they scarcely saw us. Auntie says I am very silly, but do you know I am always weaving romances about people, and I can always tell, at a glance, when people are in love with each other. It must be instinct, I suppose, for you know I am not clever enough to find it out any other way."

Such a sweet little ripple of laughter ran through the last words! Cyril could not help smiling, and gallantly declaring that he "did not know any such thing," even while he was wondering, wrathfully, in his heart, if Emily could possibly prefer Sam Lindsay to himself.

"I don't think your instinct has led you far astray this time, love," said Mrs. Elliot, smiling mischievously.

Cyril stood, watching Emily and Sam as they crossed the street, entered Mr. Ward's yard, and sauntered slowly up to the porch, where they stood, chatting gaily. Emily's laugh came across the street, now and then, distinctly.

"Do come in, Mr. Holmes. It is so warm, out here," said Mrs. Elliot, in her pleasant, cordial voice.

Cyril hesitated. Perhaps he might have declined, but at that instant, Emily went into the house, and Sam followed her.

"There'll be no use going there, now that Sam has taken possession of her," he thought, moodily; and so he accepted the invitation, and sat for half an hour in the cool, shaded, flower-scented, little parlor, gazing at Adelaide, as he would have done at a lovely picture. She was very vivacious, too, talking more as she became better acquainted with him; saying such pretty, artless things, and deferring so sweetly to his or her aunt's opinions. He found himself comparing her to all the pretty, innocent, pure things in the world. She was, most of all, like a lily, sweet and spotless, swayed by every passing breeze. Certainly, she was very different from Emily, that "rosebud set with little wilful thorns." He missed the piquancy of that young woman's conversation; the flashes of spirit; the gay defiance; the frank dissent from his opinions; the fearless utterance of her own slightly lawless sentiments. But it was very flattering to be so deferred to, so stood in awe of!

It was a pleasant half hour, and when Cyril rose to go, he was pleased that Mrs. Elliot cordially asked him to "come again."

"Now, Mr. Holmes, you are one of my *real friends*, I am sure," (it did not occur to Cyril, just then, that he had always a little disliked Mrs. Elliot, and utterly distrusted her,) "and I shall depend upon you to help me entertain this poor, dear child, a little, and keep her from perishing with dulness."

Cyril heartily promised to do all in his power, for the young lady's entertainment. Before he actually departed, he had made an engagement to drive with her, the next evening, and had promised to bring her a new novel!

Then he went out into the sunshine again.

"Well, Addie," said Mrs. Elliot, eagerly turning to her niece, "how do you think he will do?"

That young lady's face wore a thoughtful expression. She shrugged her shoulders carelessly, and replied, rather slowly, "pretty well. You are sure he is rich?"

"Oh, quite rich; and his mother has a handsome fortune, which will be his."

"But that girl—Emily Ward? You are certain he is not engaged to her?"

"Very sure! Mrs. Ward couldn't help telling it, if he was. But if he *had* been, you could still—"

Mrs. Elliot paused, expressively, and Miss Leslie answered, with another shrug of her shoulders:

"Oh, I could make the man fall in love with me, of course. But he looks to me, like one of those men who are perfect fools about what they call 'honor;' and he'd break his head, or his neck, before he'd break a promise." With which remark, the young lady floated to the window, and peeped through the closed blinds.

"Why! He has gone straight over to Mr. Ward's," said Mrs. Elliot, seeing Cyril in the opposite porch.

"Oh, of course," said Addie, with a cool, little laugh, "but the other one is still there."

"How do you know?" asked Mrs. Elliot,

"I've been listening for the gate. It shuts with a bang, you know."

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"The other one" *was* still there, as Cyril entered the parlor. Yes, there, and sitting on the same sofa with Emily, and not at all inclined to hurry away. Emily rose, nodded a rather cool "good morning" to Cyril, though her color *did* deepen a little.

If Cyril could only have guessed how her heart was beating, and how hard it was to keep her voice steady, and her eyes quietly upraised.

And poor Sam would have been dismayed, if he had know how heartily these two good friends of his were wishing him at the bottom of the Red Sea. But he sat contentedly on that sofa, and asked questions, in his good-natured way, about "the widow's pretty niece," and manifested not the slightest signs of going; so that Cyril, at last, started up, out of all patience, and to Sam's easy "what's your hurry?" replied, hastily, "I don't want to bore Miss Emily any longer." Then, with a little hesitation, he turned to Emily, and asked formally, if he "might have the pleasure of going to church with her, that night?"

Ah! how hard a fate it was, that compelled Emily to answer, calmly, "thank you, but I have an engagement with Mr. Lindsay."

If Mr. Ward's house had been the Palace of Truth, Cyril would have heard the "I'm *so* sorry! If you had only come five minutes sooner; it would make me perfectly happy to go with you," that Emily was saying in her heart. If, if, if. Ah, dear me, how many woeful "if's" there are in the world.

But, after that, there was nothing for Cyril to do, but to retire, civilly, chafing under Sam's laugh, and his joking "got ahead of you this time, old fellow."

And when it was almost time for evening service, it occurred to Cyril that he'd as well stroll round to Mrs. Elliot's, and take "that little girl" to church. Which he proceeded to do, and was rewarded by a look of gratitude in those sweet, blue eyes, and a murmur of, "It was very kind to think of me: I did *so* want to go to church; and we are two lone women here, you know."

Cyril sat in Mrs. Elliot's pew, of course, and the choir again missed his fine tenor. He regretted the move a little, when he heard Emily Ward's soft, full alto, and remembered how delightful it used to be to sing the duett with her, in "*Deus Misereatur*," which was quite spoiled now by Mr. Harper's husky tones.

But after church, at Mrs. Elliot's, they had some sacred music; "the widow" singing a tolerable alto, and Miss Leslie taking the soprano, with a voice naturally weak and thin, but cultivated to a high degree, and managed most artistically.

Miss Leslie seemed to think very little of her own abilities.

"Oh, *I* can't sing," she said, smilingly. "I am only trying to accompany you, that I may hear your voice. How I do love a rich, full tenor, like yours." Then she blushed charmingly, and faltered, and declared she "didn't mean to be a flatterer, but she *had* such a silly way of saying whatever she thought."

Across the street, Emily and Sam sat in the moonlight, and heard every note of the music, and even the murmur of voices, between the anthems and hymns. It distracted Emily's attention a little, and made her give very random answers, sometimes, to Sam's remarks; but then she would beg his pardon, with a laugh, and good-natured Sam never took offence.

When Sam went away, the music had not ceased and Emily went up to her own room, and sat by the window, and listened to it.

Do you remember how Mrs. Browning's Bianca listened to the nightingales, when Giulid had forsaken her, and declares: "they sing for spite, they sing for hate, they sing for doom?" Just so sounded those voices, floating through the warm, moonlit, summer night, to Emily, sitting there, in the darkness, with hot tears stealing down her cheeks, and falling on her tightly clasped hands. How different everything was now, from what it had been this morning, when she had gone to church so happily, her heart fluttering every now and then, with the thought that Cyril would be there. When she missed him from the choir, she still was not troubled; for she thought he would certainly be waiting for her, at the door. He had said, when they parted last, "I will see you on Sunday," and she *knew* he would be there. How had it all happened? She was bewildered, by the suddenness with which her happiness had vanished, and dismayed to find how utterly she had given her heart to one, who could desert her so easily, for this fair, strange face. For he had deserted her, she felt in her heart. He was gone, never to return!

You see, Emily was young, and had never been unhappy before, and so she did not see how she could ever be happy again.

If, when Emily sobbed herself to sleep, that night, she had any lingering hope, that "fate," not Cyril, had been to blame for the cloud that divided them, it was doomed to speedy extinction. Cyril did not come near her, (she could not know that he really wanted to come, but was prevented by business,) and in the afternoon, she saw him go for a drive with Miss Leslie.

"The little rift, within the lute," was slowly

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widening. Then, on Tuesday evening, Cyril did come. But, alas! Sam was there before him. Emily was *distrait*, and almost cool; Cyril provoked, and out of humor.

His visit was a short one, and he went away, thinking that Miss Leslie had not been so far from the mark, when she had raised those confiding blue eyes to his, during their drive, and declared that Miss Ward was the prettiest, *prettiest* girl she ever saw, but "isn't she just ever so little of a flirt?"

Then, seeing a singular expression upon Cyril's face, she had hastily exclaimed, "Oh, I'm so sorry I said that, because it sounds ill-natured; and then I see she is a friend of yours. Indeed, I do think her *very* sweet. She called to see me, this morning, and she was *so* kind. I *wish* I didn't say things without thinking."

Yes, Emily had called to see Miss Leslie. Everybody in Pembroke was calling to see her, and the whole town went wild about her. Mrs. Taylor gave a little party, on Wednesday night, to which Cyril escorted Mrs. Elliot and Miss Leslie; and never was a triumph more complete than Addie's, that night. She was fairly installed as a belle, and yet bore her honors so meekly and sweetly, that the very girls, whose admirers she was carrying off, were obliged to own that she was "perfectly lovely."

Thursday evening, the same thing was repeated at Mrs. Wright's, though Cyril was not her escort. Neither was he Emily's; for Sam Lindsay had extorted a promise from her, on Sunday, to go with him. Sam was not the only one of Emily's admirers, who remained faithful to her; but he certainly seemed more deeply in earnest than the others; and, by some strange fatality, was always in Cyril's way, when the latter attempted to see Emily, or to make any engagement with her.

Was it "fate," or was it Emily's pride, which made her avoid the very person she was breaking her heart for, and unconsciously encourage one she did not in the least care about?

Friday came at last. That was "choir-meeting" night, and for months, Cyril had had a "standing engagement," to go with Emily to the church.

Cyril had really looked forward, with eagerness, to this evening, as a time that would certainly clear up the strange misunderstanding between Emily and himself. It was with some little vexation then, that he heard the sound of several voices, as he entered Mrs. Ward's parlor, at least an hour before the time for the meeting.

Mrs. Elliot's lively voice was the first to greet him. "Oh, Mr. Holmes," she cried, "I have been asking a favor of Emily. I know *you* will grant it. I want you to smuggle Addie and myself in, to hear the choir practice, this evening? We will slip into the church, in the dark, and quietly enjoy the music. Do say we may go. We know you practice all sorts of lovely things there, that we never hear in church."

And Miss Leslie's melting eyes entreated, as plainly as her soft voice, "do let us go!"

As it was quite common, for persons to drop into the church, to hear the choir practice, though it suited Mrs. Elliot to seem ignorant of this, a refusal was impossible. The merest civility demanded that Cyril and Emily should consent. The two ladies went into raptures of delight and gratitude, which Emily received very quietly, Cyril with polite composure and inward vexation. Then Mrs. Elliot was determined to hear "dear Emily" sing, and sat in a trance of delight, by the piano, calling for song after song, while Addie and Cyril were quite at the other end of the long parlor, looking at photographs.

When it was time to go to the church—somehow—no one quite knew how—Emily found herself walking with Mrs. Elliot, while Miss Leslie hung on Cyril's arm, and talked to him in her cooing voice. It was the same thing coming back. Miss Leslie was in gentle ecstasies about the music, especially about a duett between Mr. Holmes and Miss Ward, which she said was "divine."

Now, in that very duett, Emily had suddenly paused, and said, very decidedly, "Mr. Holmes, your time is all wrong there," and Miss Leslie sweetly "wondered how anyone could find fault with such singing."

Of course, all this would have seemed rank flattery, from lips less lovely than Addie's; but what she said always seemed the artless utterance of an innocent, confiding child. The aunt might be manœuvring and deceitful, but surely the niece was pure as she was beautiful! That was what Cyril thought.

Emily, not so easily blinded by a sister's loveliness, saw herself the victim of a couple of skilful manœuvrers, and pride forbade her to raise a finger in her own defense.

"No, if Cyril could be enticed from her, by arts like these, she would not try, by word or look, to detain him." So Emily was cool and constrained, and would not see one or two efforts, which Cyril made, in the next few days, to arrive at an understanding with her.

Poor child! She was so afraid of displaying any eagerness to win him back, that she went to the opposite extreme, and was almost rude in

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her manner to him. Besides, she did not believe he wanted to explain his conduct, for was not Addie Leslie always running over to ask her advice about the "propriety" of going here, there and everywhere, with Mr. Holmes? Was she not always repeating, as artlessly as a child would have done, a thousand pretty speeches of Mr. Holmes; and asking Emily, with great, earnest eyes, to "tell her really if Mr. Holmes was a man a girl might *trust?*"

Addie had become, she said, "*so* fond" of Emily. Morn, noon, and night, she would come glancing in at Mrs. Ward's, charming everybody but Emily, by her sweetness and beauty, and making herself "at home" in the prettiest way, and somehow meeting Cyril there several times. And she seemed totally blind to the fact that Emily had never liked her, and was beginning to loathe the very sight of the "blue and gold" beauty. That was the name she went by now, and young men might be seen wearing her colors—blue and yellow flowers in their button-holes, or else a tiny bell in gold and blue enamel, suspended from the watch chain.

Cyril Holmes had, once or twice, been seen, after a walk to "Carter's woods," with Miss Leslie, with a little knot of wild "forget-me-nots," and a golden buttercup, pinned on his coat. Emily Ward and Sam Lindsay had met them, face to face, once, when Cyril wore "Miss Leslie's colors" so, and Emily's quick eyes glanced at the little, innocent flowers, and then flashed one look full into Cyril's—a look that spoke volumes of haughty disdain.

When they had passed by, Cyril turned his head, and looked after them, attracted by the sound of Emily's peculiarly sweet, ringing laugh.

Emily's cold and haughty look had stung him to the soul. What evil influence had changed her liking for him, which he had once dared to hope might ripen into love, to the aversion she had so plainly showed of late? Then Emily's laugh had brought back, so plainly, "those joyous days," when they were good friends, and he thought they would be something more. Could he let this hope fade from him entirely? Was there no way to regain his place in her esteem? Was stupid Sam Lindsay going to win the heart that he had hoped to possess?

Miss Leslie's soft voice recalled him from his reverie.

"I suppose that is really an engagement," she said.

"What makes you think so?" asked Cyril, hastily.

"Oh, everybody says so!" she answered, laughing. "And, indeed, dear Emily confessed it to me. Oh, there! I didn't mean to tell. But I am so silly about telling *you* things! Well, you must keep it a profound secret. Remember. I told you, once, I feared Emily was a flirt. I thought, perhaps, she was—not—not as true and sincere as a girl ought to be, with such an honest, good fellow as Mr. Lindsay. But I did her great injustice. One day, just to try her, I began to laugh about him, a little—about his not being clever, you know—not as clever as—as you—well, I *did* say just that—and she flushed up, and said, 'He was not stupid, at all, and he was pure gold; that sincerity was better than cleverness, and that any woman might be proud of his love.'"

Miss Leslie was a good mimic. She gave the very intonations of Emily's clear voice, the little, proud toss of her head.

Cyril *knew* she had said all this.

"And then," continued Miss Leslie, "I said, 'Oh, my dearest, if I had known you were engaged to him, I wouldn't have said a word!' And *she* said, 'Of course, I am engaged to him. He suits me perfectly. A very clever husband would be a great inconvenience. I would rather have one that could be blinded and led a little.'"

That rang false, but Cyril was too much overwhelmed with the sudden conviction that Emily was lost to him, to notice the jar. It only gave him a clue to Emily's reason for preferring Sam Lindsay to himself. Emily loved her own way. So did he—and Sam loved to be ruled by the pretty tyrant he worshipped. Well, certainly Miss Ward should not have the satisfaction of seeing that he was a sufferer by her inconstancy.

It was easy enough to console himself for her scorn. Addie Leslie's blue eyes were tenderer far, than ever Emily's sparkling, dark gray orbs had been. And Addie was an artless child, who would look up to him, be guided by him, and love him with all her innocent, trusting heart. For the young lady had contrived to make him believe all this, and to persuade him that her heart was half-won already.

"Everybody" did say that Emily Ward and Sam Lindsay were engaged. Half-a-dozen people told Cyril of it the next day. And in a few more days another rumor was afloat on the summer air. It was that Miss Leslie and Mr. Holmes were likewise engaged. "Engaged in six weeks from their first meeting," thought Emily, with a sort of stunned bewilderment. "I didn't think anyone could love and unlove, and love again, so quickly."

Then she smiled a little, faint, sad smile, as there came into her heart a verse, she had once heard Cyril quote:

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"Tell me how love cometh.
It comes unsought, unsent.
And tell me how love goeth.
That *was not love* that went."

Life was a bitter, and a weary thing to Emily, just now. It did not seem to matter much what she did. It would be just as well to marry Sam Lindsay, and try to be a good wife to him, *while she lived*, as to do anything else. Perhaps, if she married Sam, he would take her away, and let her die somewhere else, where she would not be driven mad, by the sight of Cyril's face, and the flash of the Blue and Gold beauty's fatal loveliness. Grief *is* selfish, and the poor child did not, just at first, see how cruelly unjust this would be to honest, true-hearted Sam.

But—the world goes on, though hearts break. Emily, who spent her nights in bitter tears and broken, restless slumbers, could yet dress herself in her pretty summer muslins, and go to church and lectures, shopping and visiting; to concerts and parties; could smile, and talk, and look pretty, and hide her grief from every one, even from her watchful, tender mother.

To most people, she seemed in better spirits than usual. And certainly she had never looked prettier than she did one night, a week after she first heard of Cyril's engagement, when Mrs. Middleton gave the grandest party of the whole round of entertainments, that had been given in Miss Leslie's honor.

Emily was dressed in airy, snowy tarltan, with scarlet geranium blooms on her breast, and in her waving, dark hair. Even Addie Leslie, in her pale blue silk and tulle, with its loopings of gold cord, was scarcely prettier that Emily, that night.

Cyril had not even seen Emily, for a week, and the sight of her brilliant face thrilled him, as it used to do, in the "old times." He felt that he *must* speak to her. Watching for an opportunity, he found it, when her partner in a dance had left her, for a moment, to find her fan. Under the clash of the music, and the "confusion of tongues," she suddenly heard Cyril's voice, close to her.

"Miss Ward," he said, eagerly and abruptly. "Tell me, please, what *have* I done, to offend you?"

Emily turned, and looked at him, quietly and coldly.

"I have not complained of you, have I, Mr. Holmes?" she said, with a careless little smile.

"No—but—your manner is so different. Will you let me come, and see you, and explain—"

"Explain what?" she said, with an air of quiet surprise.

Cyril bit his lip, and his face flushed.

"What a fool I am," he thought, "to let her see how much I care." Then, in as cold a tone as her own, he said, "I beg your pardon. I had imagined we might still be friends, in spite of—this—this engagement."

"Oh, certainly, Mr. Holmes. I shall always be your friend," she said, with gentle, cold politeness.

Then she welcomed her partner, who came up, with a bright smile, and Cyril moved off, discomforted, muttering to himself, "well, at least, she has the grace not to deny her engagement." And Emily keenly realised, that until *now*, until she had heard Cyril himself, allude to his engagement, she had not believed it *could* be a fact.

Never had Adelaide Leslie been more fascinating, than she was that night; and Cyril tried hard to believe that he was really "in love" with her.

As he lingered in Mrs. Elliot's parlor, saying "good-night" to the fair blonde, he had quite made up his mind that he did love her.

She did look, at that moment, lovely as an angel. Her hair was loosened a little, and pushed carelessly back from her face; her cheeks were softly flushed; her blue eyes raised innocently to his.

He held her hand—longer than was necessary to say good-by—and she did not withdraw it. He even fancied the slender little fingers returned his soft pressure. He saw the sweet eyes fall, and the graceful head droop a little. It was all so pretty! I don't mean to excuse Cyril for what he did. I only want to ask how many men, just in his circumstances, would have refrained from stooping to kiss those lovely lips?

In five minutes more, Cyril was walking home, in the gray dawn, thinking to himself: "Well, it isn't so bad. She is a dear little thing. I suppose I must go there as early as I can, to-morrow; I mean to-day. She *does* love me; and I can't be such a scamp, as to back out, now."

So, you see, if no good angel interposes to prevent, here are our hero and heroine going to make themselves miserable for life, by marrying the wrong people.

Something did interpose. Whether it was a good angel, or not, who shall say? This happened. Mrs. Elliot and her lovely niece had a quarrel. The battle was fought in the dining-room, next to the parlor. How it begun, in what trifle of millinery, or in what great question of morals, it had its rise, no one knows. But it raged fiercely for an hour, and terminated in hysteric sobs, and vows of eternal hatred.

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When Cyril came to the door, the servant, who answered his knock, was grinning with delight, and the sound of high voices filled the air. Cyril heard sobs and shrieks, and thought some terrible calamity had befallen the house.

"What's the matter?" he asked, in consternation.

Bob pushed open the parlor door, and explained, with a grin:

"Dey's only quar'lin', sah. Dey quar'ls a heap."

Cyril stood confounded, with not even presence of mind enough to retreat. Then came a high, angry voice.

"If ever I have a house, madam," it said, "*you* shall never set foot in it!" And instantly, one, a shade higher and angrier, retorted: "you shan't have a house, if *I* can help it!"

Then the door, between the two rooms, burst open, and Mrs. Elliot stood in the entrance. Her niece, in startling dishabille of old wrapper and crimping pins, vanished, with a shriek, out of a back door. But Mrs. Elliot bounced into the room.

"I'm glad you *did* hear!" she cried. "I *want* to expose her disgraceful arts. You think her so sweet and innocent. I tell you she's as artful as—as Judas! She planned it all, before she came here. She meant to marry you from the first. She wants your money. Don't you believe its anything else. Love you! She hasn't one grain of love for anything but herself, in her whole composition. She let you kiss her, last night, did she? Oh! you see I know all about it. Well, you needn't think you are the only one, that has kissed her. Ask George Middleton about that. Yes, that great, stupid George Middleton. He has more money than you have; but she knew *you* were ambitious; and she wanted somebody, who would make a great name in the world—for her. She has played her cards well, I tell you. She knew if *you* failed to be caught by her arts, she could get Middleton, easy enough. She has been telling you lies! lies! lies! from the very first. She told you that Emily Ward was engaged to Sam Lindsay, and she is *not*!"

That roused Cyril from the state of stupified silence, in which he had listened to this astounding tirade.

"Emily Ward is *not* engaged?" he exclaimed, hurriedly.

"No, she is not. You may go and ask her. I see you, Miss!" shrieked the widow, with a sudden access of fury, shaking her fist in the direction of the door. "You can't fool him, now. I have spoilt your pretty plans!"

Cyril turned. Adelaide stood there, draped in a pale, blue, morning-dress; her fair hair loosely knotted, her face pale, but exquisitely lovely.

Cyril spoke up, quickly and sternly.

"Why did you tell me that Emily Ward was engaged to Mr. Lindsay?" he asked, with his eyes blazing, and fixed on her face.

She raised her white hands, and stretched them, entreatingly, towards him. Her beautiful eyes were full of tears.

"Oh, Cyril, forgive me!" she exclaimed, in a voice of passionate entreaty. "I told you so because—because I loved you."

Ristori herself might have been proud of that graceful pose, of those thrilling tones, of that expression of despair, contrition and devotion. It would have "brought down the house," in any theatre.

But Mrs. Elliot burst into a mocking, incredulous laugh. Cyril said, coolly, "Excuse me, Miss Leslie, but I can scarcely believe that." Then, with a slight bow, he stepped past the young lady, strode out of the front door, down the steps, and went straight across the street.

For a minute, aunt and niece stood, glaring at each other in silence. Mrs. Ward's gate closed with a "bang," and at the sound, Adelaide turned, ran up stairs, and locked herself into her own room, while Mrs. Elliot sank on the sofa, in wild hysterics.

Emily's little brother met Cyril at the door, and ushering him into the parlor, called, with infantile coolness, up the stairs, "Sister Emme, somebody wants you, down here!"

Emme thought it must be Sam Lindsay, and came down slowly, trembling a little, and very pale. She had made up her mind now to that fatal "yes."

But she stopped abruptly, when she saw Cyril, and the color surged up into her cheeks.

Before she could speak, he sprang to her, and seized her hand.

"Mr. Holmes!" she exclaimed, indignantly, trying to disengage her hand.

"You *must* listen to me, Emily," he said, impetuously. "I know, now, you are not engaged to Sam Lindsay."

"No, certainly not," said Emily, faintly. "But—but you are engaged to Miss Leslie."

"No, I am not. Thank heaven, I am not!" said Cyril, with great energy. "I never loved her. I never loved any one but you. I love you now, and I shall love you as long as I live!"

This was plain enough, surely, yet Emily could not quite comprehend it.

She put her hand before her eyes, and took it away again, with a bewildered gesture.

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"What does it all mean?" she asked, tremblingly. "Why did you stay away so from me? I thought you had forgotten me."

She looked at him, with her eyes full of tears. Honest tears, in true, faithful eyes.

"I stayed away, because I was a fool! Because I let two clever, unscrupulous women blind me, and believed their lies!" cried Cyril, with a stamp of rage. "They made me think you had promised to marry Sam Lindsay."

"Well, I was going to do it," half sobbed Emily, too true to tell less than the whole truth, "but it was just because I was so miserable."

"My little darling," said Cyril, coming back from his excited tramp across the room, and sitting down by the girl. "You haven't been a bit more miserable than I have. I have certainly been the most surprising idiot."

"Don't call yourself any more names," said Emily, looking up, and laughing through her tears. "But first tell me, from the beginning, all about it. That first Sunday—when you walked off with Miss Leslie, from the church—why did you do that?"

Cyril ground his teeth, as he answered, "She kept me talking—that odious widow—with her hand on my arm, till I saw Sam Lindsay making his way to you, and knew I was too late."

Emily opened her eyes in astonishment, and then they filled with tears again.

"Forgive me," she said, softly. "I thought you did it willingly—that you did not care to see me."

Cyril took the frank, little hand, that was held out to him. But I know that he did not kiss those truthful, scarlet lips, until he had confessed, and received absolution, for the single kiss he had given the false, flattering ones of the "Blue and Gold" beauty.

And Sam Lindsay. This state of things was hard on poor Sam. But let us hope he will not break his kindly, honest heart about it.

Sam's face was certainly very woe-begone, for a few days, after this termination to the affair. But no one noticed it particularly, for people were too busy talking about that most exciting event, the elopement of Miss Adelaide Leslie with Mr. George Middleton!

Very sadly Addie's adorers took off their "Blue and Gold" badges, and as the Middletons preferred to reside in a distant city, Pembroke was never again irradiated by the presence of the "Blue and Gold" beauty.

PARTED.

BY CARRIE F. L. WHEELER.

We walked upon the silver beach,
That last, last night. A purple bloom
Of light was on the solemn sea,
That reached into the rosy gloom
Of sunset hills. One great, white star,
One mournful star began to shine,
From violet heights of twilight air;
Ah, me! whene'er I shut my eyes,
I see that tranquil scene arise,
I feel your strong hand close on mine,
And thrill, once more, with Love's despair.

It was the *last*. We walk no more,
Beside the pass'nate, 'plaining sea;
But shall we not together walk,
Through all a bright Eternity?
I watch the long years come and go,
My day is growing dark and late;
But sometimes, when the sun is gone,
And the old sorrow wakes and cries,
I look through tears at starry skies,
And, wondering at our bitter Fate,
I walk beside the sea till dawn.

FEBRUARY.

BY W. E. PABOR.

The earth, in winter's wierd embrace,
Lies girdled with an icy band;
The sun shines coldly on the land,
The Frost King's track we hourly trace.

And, with the winter of the world,
We match the winter of the heart;
Cold falls the bolt, whose sudden dart,
Against all human lives is hurled.

And as we look across the plain,
We think of summers gone before,
Whose shadows lie on memory's shore,
Where sunshine cannot fall again.

Our hopes perennial bloom, and then
The ashes of the roses fall
In recollection's urn, and all
Is gone. We go the way of men,

And other winters come and go,
And others find on earth a place,
And other lips speak words of grace,
While we lie cold beneath the snow.

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MASTER OR MAN?

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

SYBIL LEITH stopped on the old bridge, and leaned over the low railing, seemingly to watch the ripple of the waters, but with a look in her eyes which told you she saw far different things than the shimmering play of light and shade upon the surface of the stream, whose busy hands, a little farther down, kept the factory wheels turning as steadily and relentlessly as the wheels of fate. She saw, as one sees things in a dream, the minnows darting about in that restless fashion of theirs, and they made her think of the shuttles, flying through and through the work in the weaving-rooms at the factory, whose jar and rumble came like a discord to her, even now. She wondered, in a listless fashion, if any one could shut out those sounds, after having worked among them. She believed not. They became part of their lives, henceforth. How she wished she could forget the factory, and everything connected with it, for awhile. She could rest then, perhaps. But she had watched the shuttles moving to and fro so long that they kept flying through the air before her, when she shut her eyes at night; and she had listened so long to the crash and thunder of the restless wheels, that she heard them everywhere. The sound of them was caught fast in her ears, and would stay there forever.

As she stood there, thinking, in a spiritless kind of way, of what a pleasant thing life must be where there is no such monotony of drudging in it, as had wrapped hers in from childhood, like a wall she could not pass, and over which no pleasant thing from the outside world could ever come to her, a step upon the creaking planks aroused her.

She turned slowly, as a person twice her age might have done, with a little color flickering on her sallow cheek, a little light making her discouraged eyes brighten for a moment.

"Good-morning, Dick," she said, putting out her hand.

Dick's face was aglow at sight of her. To him she was the one woman in the world.

"Good-morning, Sybil," he said, cheerily. "You're taking a breath of fresh air, are you? Wouldn't it be glorious to live out of doors all the time, these scorching days? It'll be like a furnace, in the factory to-day, I'm thinking."

"I wonder if a person never gets out, who once gets into the mills?" she asked. "I think not. It's for life or death, I don't know which. I wouldn't care much, if it wasn't for Lois."

"I don't like to hear you talk in that way," Dick said, in his grave, slow way. "There's no need of your killing yourself at the loom as you're doing. It's only for you to say yes, Sybil, and you're done with it, forever. You know there's nothing I'd be gladder to hear."

She turned away from him almost angrily. The thought of what *might* be, but which she made herself believe ought *not* to be, stung her sharply, and found expression in her face and words.

"Don't!" she said, with a little gesture of impatience. "What's the use of bringing that all up again?"

"But if you only knew how I'd set my heart on it, Sybil," Dick said, gravely. "If you only knew how I'd hoped and planned—"

"I do know," she said, a little more tenderly, but with much bitterness in her voice yet. "I understand it all, Dick, but—there's Lois. It wouldn't be right for me to marry you, and put such a burden on you as that. You'd find your hands full with me, like enough—and then to think of her—helpless as a baby. That's too much. It wouldn't be right for me to say yes, Dick, taking everything into consideration. I've thought it all over a hundred times, since—since you told me, and I always make up my mind to that."

"Didn't I know all about Lois when I asked you to marry me?" asked Dick. "If I hadn't been willing to work for both of you, d'ye s'pose I'd have asked you any such question? You know better, Sybil. I understand the case completely, and I ain't afraid to run the risk. My shoulders are broad enough to bear half-a-dozen such loads as you and Lois would be. Lois wouldn't be much more to take care of than that sparrow, there, when you came to think it over, to a man like me, with two stout hands. And I'd work a great deal harder, and do it easier, if I thought I'd some one to work for that loved me, and a home of my own. A home, Sybil, think of that! Don't you know how that would put energy into me? If I knew that you were waiting for me, after day's work was done, why, the hardest job would seem like play, I do believe.

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The thought of the kiss you'd give me, when I got home, would help me more than the promise of a better place or extra wages."

Clang! Clang! Clang!

The sound of the factory bell seemed to be always tangled in her life. It was always breaking in upon her dreaming, rousing her to the reality of what was before her.

"There's the bell, Dick," she said, with a long sigh, turning her face factory-ward. "No, Dick, I don't think I'd better say yes. It wouldn't be right."

"I don't want you to decide without taking plenty of time to think it all over," Dick said, with a sound of disappointment in his voice, as he walked by her side, through the straggling street leading toward the factory. "You haven't any right to let the thought of Lois keep you from saying yes, if you love me, Sybil. That's what you ought to think of, in making up your mind—that and nothing else. If you love me—and I believe you do, Sybil—I've seen it in your eyes more than once—you haven't any right to say no. Anyway, it looks that way to me."

Clang! clang! went the bell again, sending its brazen thunder across the sky, which seemed to shut down so low about the factory as to give Sybil a sense of suffocation.

"I don't believe I love anybody," she cried, almost fiercely. "If it wasn't for Lois, I'd like to be dead, I think."

Dick looked at her with a kind of dull wonder in his eyes.

"Poor girl," he said, presently. "I think I understand, Sybil, if you don't. This life is wearing you out. It's killing you, and there's no reason why it should. All you have to do to get rid of it, forever, is to say the word, Sybil."

"Yes, I know," she said, wearily. "But—I don't think I shall ever say it, Dick. I'm not going to have you, or anyone else, think that I married you for the sake of getting rid of the factory."

They were at the factory door now, and went in together. The wheels were turning round and round in their tireless way. The warp was waiting for her, at her loom. It made her think of a spider's web. Somehow, her life had got caught in it, and she could not break its meshes. The grim, old factory looked more like a great spider than ever before.

She hung up her hat, and turned to her loom. She took up her shuttles mechanically, and set them in their grooves, and started the machinery. Clack! clack! clack! Every sound pierced her throbbing brain, like a knife. She was faint already. The great room was like a furnace, reeking with steam. It was such a long, long time till night. And the summer had only just begun. It was such a long, long time to the end of it!

But she could not stop to think. She was nothing but a factory "hand"—a part of the machinery of the place—and she had no right to think. It was her business to work. She thought of Lois—poor, crippled, patient Lois—and the new dress she had planned to buy her, and fought back the faintness, which crept over her now and then. She mustn't allow herself to get sick. Being only a factory hand, with bread to earn for two, she couldn't afford the luxury of sickness.

By and by, the bell rang out for noon. She took her slice of dry bread and bit of meat from her pocket, and sat down by the window, where she could look at the water, to eat her apology for a dinner.

"It's good enough," she thought, bitterly, as she munched the dry crust. "I s'pose I ought to be thankful for it. It's a good thing that there isn't any butter on it. If there was, I should be dissatisfied with other things in life, as dry as this bread is, and want to spread them over with something, to make them more palatable."

She laughed a little, low, hard laugh, at her dreary moralizing. A step at her side caused her to look up. She saw Mr. Leverson standing there, regarding her intently. He was her employer. The great factory, and the men and women in it, were his.

"You look tired out," he said, in his low, even voice. "You ought to rest."

"What is that?" Sybil asked the question, almost sharply.

"Pardon me," he said, understanding her. "I presume what I said sounded like an impertinence to you. Will you stop at my house, on your way home, to-night? I have something to say to you, that cannot be said here."

"Yes, I'll stop," Sybil said. He had some instructions to give her, probably. She didn't see why he couldn't give them to her in the office, as well. But she would stop, of course. He was her employer, and it was her business to do as he said.

He came and stood by her loom, that afternoon, and watched her deft, well-trained fingers at work among the threads. Sybil wondered if he didn't consider her a part of the iron-brained machine, which seemed to keep up a steady thinking of one thing, from one day's end to another?. Once or twice, when she looked up, she caught him watching her in such a strangely earnest way, that her face flushed a little, with

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something more than the heat of the room. Several times, of late, he had come, to stand by her loom, and watch her at work. She wondered why. It bothered her to have his eyes upon her, and she gave a little twitch of impatience to the threads she was trying to untangle, and they broke into fragments in her hands. Then he went away, and she breathed freer.

How cool and pleasant the path was, from the street to the house, that night, when she stopped for her employer's "instructions." The early roses were brimming over with sweetness. The grass was like velvet. A little fountain in the yard played softly, and there was a sound of rest and dreams in the plash of its waters. The trees reached out their great arms to her, as if inviting her to hide away among them, and forget. She thought of Lois, waiting at home alone; and, with an involuntary sigh, she turned from the contemplation of the things about her, and went up the steps of Mr. Leverson's stately home.

"He isn't in, just now," the servant said. "But he told me to tell you to wait, till he came. He'll be back soon."

Sybil went into the parlor, and sat down. The easy chair drew her into its embrace, like a friend who takes you in his arms, to rest you, and comfort you. She looked about her. The floor was covered with a carpet that was like a bit of the mossy woods. The walls were hung with pictures that were like windows, through which she looked, and saw the world she had dreamed of, in a beauty tenfold greater than it had ever borne in her dreams. Vines clambered over the windows, and about the white statues in the nooks and corners. Books were all about her. A piano stood open at one end of the room. She went up to it, and touched a key. A low, sweet syllable of music trembled through the apartment. It was so sweet, that it drowned the crash and roar of the tireless wheels for one moment. But only for one.

Oh, to live in this way! To have nothing to do but rest—and *live!* She felt, in a vague way, how dwarfed her poor, mean way of living was. It seemed like sarcasm to call it living. It was existence, merely, nothing more.

"I wish this were all mine—mine and Lois'," she said, under her breath. Then she thought of Dick.

She heard a step on the threshold. She looked up, and saw Mr. Leverson standing there, watching her. She grew strangely uncomfortable under his earnest eyes.

"I have something to say to you," he said, coming nearer. "I suppose you will be surprised at it. It will be unexpected. You must not consider it as being said, on the impulse of the moment, however. I am not the kind of man to do things in that way. I have pondered the matter well, and what I shall say to you, is the result of deliberate thought. I suppose you have never thought of my caring for you, but I do. I have watched your face for a long time, and I have grown fond of it. Will you be my wife?"

Mr. Leverson was a gentleman, and she knew he meant what he said. It came to her in a swift flash, and she felt the truth in a dazed and muddled way. She looked about her, and saw the beautiful things which would be her's if she accepted Mr. Leverson's proposal. She felt as if she stood at the gate of Paradise, and some one asked her to come in. She had wished this beauty could be hers. It was to be had for the taking. A word, and the hateful factory-life was ended forever. She could rest, rest! And Lois! The poor, crippled limbs might even be made straight. Who knew? Then she thought of Dick, and her heart gave a little thrill, that was like a reaching out of hands to him. And yet he was so poor—so miserably poor! He had only his hands, she thought, swiftly. Then something seemed to cry out to her, reproachfully, that he had more—infinitely more, than she could make herself believe this man had—a great, honest heart, brimful of love for her.

A confused vision of pictures and flowers, of rich dresses and flashing jewels, and the sound of music went surging through and through her brain, to the accompaniment of the grinding, pitiless wheels.

"I can't think, now!" she cried, putting her hands to her throbbing temples. "Let me go—some other time, maybe—" and then she actually laughed. But she did not know what she was doing. She was only conscious of a great longing to get away from the man who had offered her his hand. She began to feel afraid of him.

"You are killing yourself in the factory," he said, tenderly. "The work is too hard. Let me take you away from it. I do not ask you to decide now. Take your own time for that. But I hope it will be favorably."

Presently, she found herself in the street, alone. Was she dreaming? Had Ralph Leverson really asked her to be his wife, or had the fever smitten her with its mighty, merciless hand, and was this the delirium it generally brought?

She got home, to Lois, at last. She went about the little, mean room, getting their frugal supper in a silent, mechanical way, with such a tense, strained look in her face, that Lois was afraid

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of her. When the table was cleared away, she sat down by the window, and made Lois sit down at her feet, with her head in her lap.

"Don't talk to me," she said. "I've got to think." And there she sat, thinking, thinking, thinking, till late into the night. Her thoughts were tireless as the wheels. She was powerless to stop them. They went on with no volition of hers.

She went back to her loom, next day, with the wheels of thought still turning. Should she choose this one, or that one? On the one hand, rest, and all the beautiful things wealth could buy. On the other, a humble home, and the wealth of a loving heart. Dear, patient, willing Dick! How mean and selfish she seemed to herself, for hesitating in making her decision, between the man she loved, and who loved her, and the man who loved her, but whom she did not love. For she knew she did not, and never could, love Leverson. But—always coming round in the same circle, to this one thought—his wealth—and wealth could buy so much! But could it buy enough to offset love? She wished she knew that. What a hard, hard problem she was trying to solve.

How the machinery crashed its iron jaws! She fancied it was a great animal, snarling at her, and trying to get hold of her; and the fancy was so real, that once or twice she put out her hands, as though to beat it back, and cried out sharply, in her fright.

"I'm going home," she said, at last, sick, dizzy, faint. "I shall go crazy, if I stay here. I'm not sure but I shall, anyway."

She put on her bonnet, and went out into the warm June day. She saw the hills beyond the town, far off, and wrapped about with their own peace. She wished she were one of them. Then nothing would ever move her. The world, and the ways of men, would be nothing to her. The wheels might go on and on forever, but she would not mind them.

But which to choose? Which to choose? The words made themselves into a little verse, and set themselves to the monotonous hum of turning spindles, and the click-clack of shuttles. Whenever she shut her eyes, she saw a great room, full of beautiful and costly things, with Lois, well and strong; and then she wavered, and the temptation, to prove unfaithful to her heart, was almost stronger than she could resist.

Suddenly, the clangor of the factory bell smote on her ears. She turned, and looked down the road, wondering, vaguely, what the matter could be.

A wild, shrill cry of fire came to her, on the wind, and at that instant, a great, black cloud of smoke broke from the upper windows of the factory. It was strange, but the first thought that came to Sybil, was one of exultation. If the factory burned down, she need never go back to her hateful work again. She would be free.

Then she turned suddenly, and ran back to the burning building. Perhaps there was something her tired hands could do.

She knew, before she reached it, that it could not be saved. The windows were loop-holes of fire. The eaves were wreathed with a fantastic cornice of writhing flame.

Suddenly, a great cry rang out from the terror-stricken crowd. At the window of his private office, up stairs, she saw Leverson's frightened face. He must have been asleep, and had probably just awakened to the reality of his awful danger. She thought it was death. She could see no way of escape for him.

"I'll try to save him," some one said. It was Dick. There was something grand in the sound of his voice, it seemed to her. Then she saw him fighting his way through the flames, and the last glimpse of his face showed her how brave and determined it was, in the wild tempest of fire.

She dropped on her knees, and hid her face in her hands, saying, over and over again, in a prayerful way, "Dear Dick! oh, God save him!" She knew, then, that the lover who was risking his life for another, was more to her, than the lover he was risking it for could ever be. She had made her choice.

Another cry, like a gasp, from the crowd. She looked up, and saw Dick at the window of Leverson's room. He had Leverson in his arms, and the man seemed to have fainted.

"Throw up a rope!" cried Dick, hoarsely. Some strong hand flung one to him. He fastened it about the unconscious man, and lowered him to the ground, just as the flames burst out of the windows below him, wrapping the whole factory in one seething mass of fire.

A groan ran through the crowd. There was no hope for Dick. He had saved a life, but lost his own.

"Dick, oh, Dick!" Sybil's voice rang out, sharp and shrill, and those who heard it, never forgot the keen, awful pain it it. "Try to save yourself—*for my sake!*"

Why she said that she never knew. But they were magical words. He heard, and leaned far out of the window, in a wild desire to save his life for the sake of the woman who loved him. He saw the wire of one of the lightning-rods, not a foot away from the window. Maybe it would be strong enough, to let him down through the roaring hell of fire. He would try. As well die in that way, as any other, if it must be death.

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He grasped the rod, and dropped down, down into the lurid abyss. The rod blistered his hands, but he clung to it. The flames billowed about him, and broke over him, but he held his breath, and slipped down, down, down. A thought came to him, that he was going down forever, and then—a blank.

The first thing he remembered, after that, was a woman's face bending over him, and a woman's tears dropping on *his* face, and a woman's kiss was on his scorched lips, and Sybil's voice was saying, in a broken way, "Oh, poor, dear, brave Dick!" and then he thought he must have died, and this was heaven.

They told him, afterwards, that he was a hero. Leverson came, and took his burned and bleeding hands in his, and said to him, that he had saved his life, and that he would prove his gratitude in a more substantial way than spoken thanks. And he did. But Dick only thought of one thing. Sybil had chosen—and the woman he had loved, and hoped to win—was won!

LOST AT SEA.

BY MRS. LUCY M. BLINN.

Oh, beautiful sea! whispering sea!
Rolling thy white waves along the shore,
Tossing rich gifts from thy limitless store;
Sea-weed fine, from the mermaid's cell,
Coral, and pearl, and moaning shell.
To our reaching hands can ye give again,
The treasure we crave with a longing pain,
That the floating sea-nymphs lured to thee,
Oh, beautiful, restless, rolling sea!
As they sang their sweet refrain?

Oh, beautiful sea! sparkling sea!
Have ye made him a bed in your shifting sands,
And placed in his nerveless, floating hands,
Coral, and pearl, and sea-weed rare,
With a pillow of shells for his shiny hair?
Have the ocean-sprites, with loving sighs,
Kissed out the light from his smiling eyes,
And lulled him to sleep with their minstrelsy,
Oh, restless, rolling, whispering sea!
As they hid their coveted prize?

Oh, whispering sea! murmuring sea!
With thy many voices there comes no sound,
To tell that the prize we lost, is found!
With thy myriad gems of countless cost,
Is never a trace of our treasure lost;
The stately ships, o'er thy tossing foam,
Bring other wanderers safely home;
Other feet bound o'er thy white sands free;
Oh, restless, rolling, murmuring sea!
Will *our* darling never come?

Oh, treacherous sea! greedy sea!
Keep thine own treasures of pearl and shell,
And sea-weed rare from the mermaid's cell—
We count them not; they bring no trace
Of him who went down in thy chill embrace;
Each sparkling wave, with it's foaming crest,
Tells of pallid lips and a pulseless breast:
And the cry of our hungry hearts to thee,
Their pitiful, wailing cry, oh, sea,
Rises ever, and will not rest!

"MY BOY THAT'S AWAY."

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

Did you say there was news of my boy, to-day?
Ah, me, I am weak and old!
It is many a year since he went away,
But warm hearts never grow cold;
And he knew he was ever his mother's pet,
In sickness, sorrow, or joy;
The lasses are married, and they may forget.
I know I can trust my boy.

My girls, they would loiter and sit on the stile,
Or stroll in the shady lane;
But my lad would come home for his mother's smile,
When the day began to wane;
As the turtle flies back to its cosy nest,
When the sun is sinking low,
He would turn to his mother for love and rest,
In the old times long ago.

And I know that his heart is unchanged to me,
Through years that have passed away,
And his thoughts travel swiftly o'er land and sea,
To the cottage, old and gray;
He can hear the lisp of the sycamore leaves,
The sigh of the summer wind,
And the twitter of swallows beneath the eaves
Of the home he left behind.

And I think that he fancies his mother's face
Is just as it used to be,
When she sat in her old familiar place,
And he knelt beside her knee;
O, Father, who watchest us all from above,
With Thy tender care divine,
While he cherishes fondly the mother-love,
Let him feel all love is Thine!

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THE TRAGEDY OF TREVYLAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER IV.

THEY stood together, face to face, flushed with wrath, panting like wild animals after a fight. Both were young, strong, and in the vigor of dawning manhood. In size, in complexion, and fiery spirit, they might have been brothers; yet one was the son of an earl; the other claimed no higher descent than old Winters, the fisherman. Yet of these two young men, you would hardly have selected the nobleman, as superior to his antagonist, in bearing or personal beauty. True, the hand he clenched with such passionate fury, was white and small, compared with the compact fist that had knocked him down once, and was ready to meet his threatened assault a second time; but in one frank, open countenance, there was the chivalric fire of wrath, easily appeased, and generous even in its fury; while the other was white and bitter, with concentrated malice. Quivering all over with a deadly thirst for revenge, he had grasped a stone, while lying prostrate on the sand, and was about to dash it in the face of his antagonist, when his arm was seized, and Huldah Winters wrenched the stone from his hold, and tossed it into the bay, with a look of scorn in her great, black eyes, that brought a tinge of shame into the white wrath of his face.

"What is this?" said the woman, turning upon her son, with a calmness that contrasted with his passion, as south winds take the place of an eastern storm. "Is it for you, Keath, to lift your hand against a Stamford."

Before the young man could answer, a pair of little, brown hands laid hold of the woman's arm, and a pale, frightened face was lifted to hers, beseeching, wildly:

"Oh, Huldah—Huldah, do not blame him. It was all my fault. Lord Belus frightened me, and I cried out, and—and it was all my fault; indeed, indeed it was."

Huldah took the trembling hand from her own, and held it close in her own firm grasp. Then she turned on the young lord, and addressed him:

"Lord Belus, I saw the insult you offered this girl, and cannot find it in my heart, to blame my son that he resented it. Still, this is an unseemly example, to set before the young men of the village."

The young lord heard the words, with smouldering fire in his eyes, and flecks of foam on his lips, which worked into a sneer, as he answered her:

"For his blow, and your insolent interference, I will have you both punished. As for the girl, she is only ready to cry out against a little freedom, when some churl of a lover is at hand with his fists—and his vile tongue. There have been times when she would—"

"Would what?" demanded Keath, advancing so close upon his antagonist, that his hot breath swept the craven face. "Dare to complete the lie, and nothing on earth shall save you from the punishment it deserves."

"No—no. Do not mind what he says—you will not believe it—no one here will believe it," cried Delia, trembling with alarm. "See, see, our people are gathering to the beach. They must not know about it."

"Not know about it—not know that the heir of Trevylan has received a blow from one of his own hinds? I say, you fellows, this way. Some of you bring up ropes from yonder skiff, and bind this catiff hand and foot—cast him into the bottom of a cart, and take him to the castle. At last, he has placed himself in the hands of the law. We shall see if the new earl will dare to release him."

A group of young fishermen, who had gathered on the beach, a little way off, came forward now, and stood gazing on the scene in great bewilderment.

"Seize him, I say," cried Lord Belus, breaking into fresh fury. "What are you waiting for?"

Huldah Winters stepped between the young man and her people.

"They are waiting for proper authority," she said, waving the fishermen back. "If my son has broken the laws, he is ready to answer for it. There is no need of force."

The word of Huldah Winters was more powerful than the wrath of Lord Belus, among those rude fishermen, and there was not one of

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them, who could have been persuaded to lay a hand on Keath Winters, under any less authority than the earl himself; so, when the old grandfather came down, from his house on the high terrace, and laid his hand on the young man's shoulder, with more of a caress than seizure, a murmur of approval ran through the little crowd.

"Yes, yes. Let Winters take the thing in hand. We want no constables and law people, to have justice done at Trevylan. Who dares to say, that Keath will not, of his own accord, go before the new earl, and clear himself, or take his sentence, as a man should," they said. "There is law enough for us poor folks always at the castle; though it is over daring, when a blow has been given the young heir."

All this time, Keath Winters had been standing on the beach, with the wind lifting the damp curls from his forehead, and the sea spray dropping from his garments The fire of his passion had died out under his mother's gentle rebuke, though he had smiled, in scornful derision, when his opponent suggested the brutal fashion in which he was to be conveyed before Lord Colgate.

"Yes, grandfather, it is but right, that I should answer for what I have done; and that at once. There was a time, I fancy, when a Stamford of Trevylan, would have found a more prompt method of resenting a blow, than this appeal to a magistrate; but my Lord, here, has a right to choose."

Lord Belus, still pale, and with that sombre gloom, deep look in his eyes, heard this with a faint sneer.

"The Stamfords of Trevylan only exchange blows with their equals. For such as you, we have prison bars and shackles," he said, taking up his hat from the beach, where it had fallen. "Winters, I hold you responsible for this young ruffian's appearance at the castle, within an hour. Any delay after that, will place him in safer hands."

The young man turned, as he said this, and was walking from the beach, when he saw Delia Fitch standing back from the crowd, with both hands to her face, sobbing piteously over the evil she had wrought. At this sight, an evil look came into his eyes, a faint laugh broke from his lips, and swinging round from his path, he threw one arm around her waist, tore the trembling hands from her face, and kissed her rudely on the lips. Keath Winters dashed forward, and would have hurled him to the earth again; but the poor girl, frightened and trembling; threw herself in his way, with wild imploring, and he could not break from her, without absolute cruelty. So the high-born ruffian left the sand, with a wicked smile in his eyes.

Then the young fishermen, who had witnessed the scene, drew around old Winters and his daughter, so amazed by the violent scene they had beheld, that a sense of absolute terror possessed them.

A blow, struck by one of their number, at the young master, was, to them, an enormity that seemed scarcely less than murder. What had Lord Belus done, that this sudden storm should break out between him and Keath, who was the only one among them with whom the heir had ever deigned to cultivate any degree of intimacy? Only a few hours before, these two had gone out in Winters' fishing smack, as they had done a hundred times before, pursuing their sport with all the vim and pleasure of vigorous youth. Their laughter had sounded cheerily on the air as they leaped ashore, and no one wondered at the seemingly equal companionship that existed between them, for young Winters had been educated far above his class, and except now and then, the young lord had seemed best pleased, when he could fling off the tramels of rank and be, in seeming, a fisherman like the rest.

How had all this changed in a single hour? So changed that Lord Belus had left the cove in bitter wrath, and Keath was standing among them a culprit, summoned to appear before a magistrate, and answer for the blow he had given.

The offence seemed terrible to these primitive people, who had been taught, from generation to generation, for many a hundred years, to look upon the Lords of Trevylan as superior beings, so hedged in by their own greatness that to approach them was an honor, such as kings alone could award to their dependents.

When these people saw Delia Fitch, standing there in her misery, and knew that a scream from her, because of some pleasantry the young lord had honored her with, was the cause of all this commotion, they became very critical judges of the case. The women who had joined the crowd grew noisy in their discussion of the subject, and denounced the poor girl for the lofty airs she was putting on, while the young men muttered low among themselves, and were doubtful if Keath had not done well in giving the young heir a lesson. More than one of them was in love with the pretty Delia, and felt that the rights of their class had been invaded. Keath Winters stood in the midst of his people, without caring much about their opinion. His excitement had been too intense for sudden abatement, and, though the sight of Delia's distress softened it into some degree of tenderness, his whole frame was still

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burning with resentment. Leading the girl up to his mother, he said, hurriedly, and in a low voice:

"Take her home, mother. Do not let the women torment her. They cannot understand."

Huldah reached forth her arm, and drew the girl to her side, stooping to hush her sobs with a kiss before she answered:

"It is only the first excitement. They are kind at heart. Do not trouble yourself about her, my son."

A glow of grateful acknowledgement broke over the young man's face.

"Come, grandfather," he said, shaking the sand from his dress, and lifting his soft hat from the ground. This he threw lightly over the damp, brown hair that the wind was crisping into curl. "Come, or we shall find the hour, that Lord Bolus has given us, used up, before we reach the castle."

Then turning to the group of fisher people, he said:

"If any of you saw what passed, come with us."

No one came forward. The whole affair had passed so swiftly that no one, then on the beach, had seen its beginning, or, in fact, really comprehended it.

"Let me go," whispered Delia, clinging to Huldah. "It was my fault; I shall not be afraid to say so before his lordship, the earl."

Huldah smiled, and drew the trembling young creature closer to her. "Go on," she said to Keath. "We will meet you at the castle."

CHAPTER V.

Perhaps no more touching proof of Lord Colgate's isolation could have been found, than the apartments he had occupied for years, in that portion of Trevylan which had given that grand pile of buildings the right to be called a castle. For, though its principal point of view was modernized, and luxurious with all the improvements in art or architecture, which have kept rapid pace with the progress of civilization, that portion of the building which most forcibly bespoke the grandeur of the family, was an old feudal castle, that had been the stronghold of some king-making baron, when the turbulent noblemen of England openly gave laws to their sovereign—a castle that, by some strange chance, had escaped the ruin that fell on so many such buildings during the Wars of the Roses, and, later on, had escaped the battering rams of Cromwell and his Ironsides.

Formerly, the stream on which Lady Colgate had built her rustic summer house, had swept around the castle, filling its deep moats with water, and rendering approach impossible, save by the draw-bridge which led to the keep. But long ago, the waters of this moat had been diverted back to the stream, and now flowed peacefully across what had been the main entrance, almost washing the broken steps, choked up with brambles, and a rich growth of moss and flowers, even to the threshold of the Gothic entrance door.

Old, almost as the hill they stood upon, the keep, the battlemented towers, and those pointed turrets stood in grim defiance, as they had done centuries before; having yielded only to the slow decay of time, which is sure to cover the ruin it brings with beauty of its own. Thus, out of each crevice left by a loosened stone, some ivy shoot had sprung to life, coiled its tendrils upwards, and woven its greenness among the masses that filled up many a space in the broken battlements. Half the loop-hole windows were completely covered by this profuse drapery of leaves; and, to an artist, this portion of Trevylan, almost abandoned, and given up to nature, as it was, represented the great wealth and antiquity of the larger, and more sumptuous building, in which Lady Colgate had held her court so many years.

In a round tower and lofty apartment of the old keep, Lord Colgate still held himself aloof from the family, as he had done since the day when, flushed with health and youth, he had gone out from the more imposing entrance on the modern side, on a highly mettled hunter, the grandest figure among all the red-coated crowd that composed the county hunt—went forth in full health, to be brought back crushed, breathless, and so near death, that it seemed a miracle, when the principles of life were kept aflame, while his body took the crippled form it must ever after hold.

But for this, it may be, that the old earl would never have married again; for he had been a devoted husband to the sweetest and best lady, that had ever done the honors of Trevylan, and gloried in the son, who promised in all respects to sustain the dignity of his house. But with such men, family traditions are most powerful, and those that give honor to the perfections of physical strength form a part of the Englishman's nature. It was not that the old nobleman loved his son less, because of his misfortunes; but commiseration and tenderness had taken the place of pride, in his heart. No one could be more indulgent or loving, than he became; but spite of himself, he remembered always that the Stamfords of Trevylan, had ever been among the handsomest and most stately men of the three kingdoms.

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More than this, for many a month, and even year, it was held in doubt, if the young man could ever get back his powers of life; and during this period the father made a second marriage, and the lady, who was now his widow, came to Trevylan, in all the splendor of her new rank, and remarkable beauty. That year, a great joy, and a bitter disappointment, fell upon her. A son was born, whom she proudly hoped would be the heir; but Lord Thomas was still alive, and the physicians began to think it possible that he might live to inherit.

It was at this time, that the present earl had taken possession of the round tower, and one floor of the keep, in the old building. Trevylan at once became the centre of convivial hospitality in the county, and its new mistress reigned there, with all the pomp and splendor of an absolute queen. Haughty, beautiful, burning with ambition, with but one cause of discontent in the world, she took her place with an ostentation, that no high-born lady of the past had ever assumed, and thus completely separated the young heir from what had been a happy home, in his own mother's time.

Both from respect to his mother's memory, and from that innate shrinking, with which refinement recoils from assumption, added to a sensitive consciousness of the great change in himself, the young sufferer was grateful for the utter oblivion to which the lady had assigned him, with many precious things that had been the glory of his home; for with the audacity of a nature incapable of appreciating that which association and progress makes beautiful in art, Lady Colgate had at once resolved on transfiguring that noble, old mansion, so far as possible, into a fashionable Belgravian residence. Her first act was to divest the apartments, held sacred to the ladies of Stamford, of the rare, old furniture, pictures, and other objects of art, that the taste of many generations had given to their adornment. For the principal apartment had been the bower room of many a high-born beauty, long since dead, but whose blue blood still ran in the veins of the Stamfords, of whom it had been a boast, that all the men were brave, and the women beautiful.

Still, in a certain haughty and dashing way, few ladies had brought more of personal attractions to brighten her position, than the Dowager now lamenting her lost state, in the mansion she had unconsciously decorated while adorning. To her the sacred relics and heir-looms of an old family were things to talk about, when proofs of its antiquity were required; but in themselves, objects that could but mar the sumptuous upholstery, Eastern curiosities, and flimsy inventions of modern fashions.

This trait in the woman's character, alone, was enough to betray the position from which the old earl had lifted her; for she came to him with no claim to rank proportioned with his own, and devoid of all those subtle refinements that the culture of one generation transmits to another.

Elated by her success, ambitious beyond all things, in her grasping nature thirsting for the splendor to which she had been unused, this woman threw the characteristics of her own mind into the changes she was eager to make in this grand, old place, that, with what was almost a miracle of good fortune, had come to be her home.

To her the ladies' rooms at Trevylan were old-fashioned, and lacking in theatrical coloring. Utterly incapable of appreciating the traditional value, which made each object of art a treasure, she imperiously ordered furniture and ornaments at once to the lumber-room, without one delicate thought of their worth to others.

But this desecration was not permitted to be permanent. While French artists, and London upholsters were busy transforming the whole suite of apartments into a series of modern bedrooms and boudoirs, the articles thus disdainfully rejected, were quietly removed to the old castle, and became the treasures of the unfortunate young man, who had chosen this portion of Trevylan for his home. To him each object was endeared by association with the mother he had loved beyond anything on earth, and his great pleasure, at the time, was in arranging them in harmony with the carved mantel-pieces, panneled walls, and elaborate cornices, which had, from time to time, blended artistic beauty with the rude and ponderous strength of the old stronghold.

After he became Earl of Colgate, this man, who had chosen for himself a life of studious seclusion, still remained in these unique apartments. Their isolation pleased him. The thorough independence of access and egress, secured to him through what had been the grand entrance, when visitors announced themselves by a blast of trumpets, gave him free control of his own actions. Into the round tower he transferred all the precious relics that had been dear to his mother, and these had so consecrated the old castle as his home, that even now, he was reluctant to leave it, for the grander building that his step-mother, Lady Colgate, had modernized into something distasteful to his finer nature.

This continued seclusion had emboldened the widow to hope that she would still preside at Trevylan, and with her son, wield the powers

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which had been hers so long, that it was like death to lay them down.

The grand, old books, missals, and manuscripts, which had accumulated into a vast library, still occupied the keep of the old castle; for these were things the lady did not care to harmonize with her modern furniture, and the old earl had gladly given them up to his son, to whom they became the great solace of his broken life.

In this antique room, within the light of a broad, deep window, that overlooked a secluded view of the park, Lord Colgate was sitting, on the day that young Winters had dared to obey the impulses of his manhood, and level Belus to the earth with a blow; and here, almost for the first time in her life, Lady Colgate found him, examining a heap of papers that needed his attention.

The lady came unannounced, and in a state of excitement strangely at variance with her sable garments, and the subdued grief they should have bespoken. She stood, for a moment, looking around the room, as if its grand proportions, and perfect arrangement had struck her for the first time—not really thinking of them, but breathless with passion, and mute from intensity of rage. Lord Colgate lifted his head, and seeing her standing there, with her mourning garments sweeping the floor, and her flushed face turned upon him, looked the surprise he felt.

"Madam. My Lady—" he said, arising from his seat, "There must be something serious that brings me this honor."

"Both serious and most disgraceful," the lady answered, moving forward, and resting her hand upon the table. "Lord Colgate, that young man, Huldah Winters' son, has struck down my Belus—your brother—with a blow."

Colgate's face grew troubled, almost as the angry countenance that confronted him.

"A blow! Keath has done that? Surely there must be some mistake! The lad has never been quarrelsome."

"A blow, Lord Colgate—given in the presence of half the fishermen of the cove, while that woman, his mother, stood by and cheered him on."

The pallor of sudden surprise left Colgate's face, and a look of infinite relief succeeded it.

"That is impossible," he said. "Huldah Winters never yet encouraged her son in anything wrong. There must be some mistake!"

"Mistake! It is one that shall fling the young ruffian into prison; and if there is power in the law, the mother with him. She has disgraced the estate long enough; at last her conduct has put it beyond even your power to protect her."

A faint smile came to Lord Colgate's lips, and this brought fresh fire into the lady's eyes.

"It was something of this kind that I expected when I spoke to you about these people. Your patronage has turned their heads, my lord; worse than that—it has filled the country with unseemly scandal, which will only be increased if you dare to protect them now. But that is impossible; Belus is your brother—a Stamford of Trevylan."

"May I ask," rejoined the earl, very seriously, "how the news of this affair reached the castle?"

"Belus brought it himself. The marks of the young ruffian's fist is on his forehead."

"There must be something of which you are not informed yet. Perhaps my brother can explain."

As he spoke, Lord Colgate glanced through the window, and saw old Winters, the fisherman, and Keath coming across the stone arch which formed a bridge across the stream.

"Ah, yonder comes Keath and his grandfather. Have no fear, my lady. We shall soon come at the truth."

Before the lady could answer, the old fisherman and his grandson had been admitted into the entrance-hall, and stood there, waiting, while a servant announced them.

At the sound of their names, Lady Colgate gathered up her dress with a disdainful sweep of the hand, as if preparing to avoid a presence odious to her; but Lord Colgate drew a chair toward her, with a gentle intimation that she should occupy it; then turned to meet his visitors gravely, but without apparent disturbance.

"I have brought the lad, as ordered by his young lordship," said the old fisherman, doffing his cap, and bending his gray head to the lady. "If Lord Belus is ready to make complaint, this one will answer for what he has done, though it do seem strange to stand before our own lord as a criminal afore the assizes."

"Wait a little, I will send for Belus; up to this, I have only heard a hurried account from my lady, here," said Colgate, resolutely turning his eyes from the frank, handsome face of the young man.

Directly, Lord Belus came in, still wrathful, and with the red marks of a blow burning on his otherwise pale forehead.

"Tell me," said the earl, recognizing his curt salutation with a gentle bend of the head. "Tell me, as your brother and friend—for in this case, it is not seemly that I should be in haste to act as a magistrate—tell me, Belus, how this unfortunate quarrel began and ended."

"Quarrel," broke in Lady Colgate, half rising in her indignation. "You forget, Thomas, that

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the assailant of my son is among the lowest of our tenants. To quarrel, there must be something like equality."

Lord Colgate answered this outburst with a scarcely perceptible inclination of the head, and addressed Lord Belus again.

"Pray, tell me how this scandalous scene, in the presence of so many people, to whom the example is dangerous, chanced."

"I suppose it is enough of explanation, when I am ready to swear, that this insolent churl, without provocation, and from his own brutal instincts, dealt me a blow, that for a moment stunned me."

The young man spoke sullenly, and with evident reservation.

"No," answered the earl, still gentle in his calm self-restraint. "That is not enough. There must have been some cause for an assault, or fancied cause, at least. Pray, explain a little more closely."

A look of blended confusion and rage came into the young man's face, and the red spot on his forehead glowed out like flame. "There was no cause. I was not even speaking with him. The blow sprang out of his own brutal nature."

"My lord, it is only fair play, that you let my grandson, here, speak for himself. I saw the blow struck, and the young lord fall; but was too far off to judge of the reason for it. Keath can tell you that, for himself. If not," continued the old man, "there is one coming, who knows all about it. I see her crossing the bridge yonder."

Lady Colgate leaned restlessly forward, and looking through the window, saw Huldah Winters and Delia Fitch coming slowly across the stone bridge. But the girl seemed suddenly to have been seized with a panic; for she had turned, and was ready to retreat, now that the castle was in full view. But Huldah held her firmly by the hand, and seemed to expostulate kindly with her.

Even Lady Colgate, who, at least, had a fine eye for color, was struck by the picture these two females made, standing there, with the tent-like branches of a great cedar of Lebanon bending over them, which sent its leafy shadows far over the bridge and the stream it spanned. The plaided shawl, that Huldah had folded round her, as the ancient Roman women carried their draperies, the crimson silk scarf knotted in the abundance of her black hair, though simple enough in themselves, gave a grace that was almost regal to the woman; while the girl, in her dress of blue flannel, daintily embroidered about the sleeves and waist by her own fingers, was beauty itself: a ringlet or two of soft, golden hair, that had escaped from the kerchief fastened under her chin, adding to this loneliness.

A finer contrast than these two friends made, standing there on the old bridge, could not well be imagined. As Lord Colgate gazed upon them, a faint smile came into his eyes, and he seated himself more composedly, waiting their approach.

"What have these persons to do with the matter?" questioned the lady, flushed with renewed resentment. "And how have they learned this easy way to the castle?"

Lord Colgate turned, as if to answer her, but that moment, Huldah Winters and her pretty companion were heard in the outer hall, waiting to be announced. The earl did not stay to give orders, but moved to the door, and bade them "come in," with a show of courtesy, that cut through Lady Colgate's pride like an insult; for in all the insolence of her state and prosperity, she had never been able to win such evident respect from her husband's son.

Huldah, still holding her protegée by the hand, came into the room quietly, but with an air of native grandeur about her, that seemed to harmonize with and brighten the antique room. She looked serious—nay, somewhat anxious, and her large eyes were turned upon the earl, with an expression of mild appeal, that moved him far more deeply than Lady Colgate's haughty rage had done.

Refusing the chair placed for her, Huldah drew close to her father, who remained standing.

"As you refuse to give further information," said Lord Colgate, addressing his brother, "I must hear what the young man and his friends have to say—not as a magistrate—if it comes to that, some other and less interested person must adjudge the case; but as one who holds the well-being of his people, and the honor of his house close at heart. Keath Winters, you have not spoken yet. Tell me, is there any excuse for the indignity you have offered to my brother?"

"Only this, my lord, only this. His lordship offered a grave insult to this young girl, an orphan, that misfortune has placed under the protection of my mother. I saw it, and, forgetting that he was other than a man, responsible for a cowardly act, dealt with him as if he had been a fisherman of the cove. In that I forgot that he was the young master—forgot all the gratitude due from me and mine to your lordship and the earl who is dead—forgot everything except that an insult had been given to an innocent and defenceless girl, and that the insulter stood before me. If I was wrong, let me have due punishment. I am ready to submit, but cannot yet confess the sorrow I perhaps ought to feel."

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The young man spoke hurriedly, earnestly—his fine eyes were bright with eager fire; his countenance glowed with generous emotion, he looked around at Lord Belus, and his sensitive lips began to quiver.

"I know it was wrong to forget my position; but may there be no excuse for me, when Lord Belus forgot his own, so far as to offer insult to a helpless orphan girl? Had I done the same thing by some lady guest at the castle, would his resentment have contented itself with so little?"

A low, scornful laugh broke from Lady Colgate, who had been watching the earl's face with keen scrutiny, and saw that even this heresy against his class, had given him no shock. On the contrary, his fine countenance lighted with something like approbation. He heard the laugh, and instantly his face changed. All the woman's interests lay in her power of conciliating this man; but years of imperious sway had unfitted her for efforts at self-control, and she arose haughtily.

"Is my son on trial, that his brother should listen to these scandal-mongers, these—"

She broke off abruptly, for Lord Belus, as if touched by the defence of his late antagonist, came forward, that moment, and offered his hand to Keath.

"Right or not, it shall not be said that pride of rank is enough to keep a Stamford from acknowledging himself in the wrong. If pretty Delia, here, can be made to understand that the kiss I offered was half in playfulness, and in no sense intended as an affront, I will forgive the attack that followed it, and forget everything but the jolly sails that Keath and I have had in the 'White Witch.'"

Keath Winters, utterly astonished by this sudden change of affairs, took the hand so cordially offered, and clasped it firmly, while his fine eyes grew misty with tears he was proudly fighting back. Lady Colgate had paused in her sweeping walk from the room, absolutely struck dumb by this reconciliation. The earl rose to his feet, and reached out his hand to his brother. Delia sobbed aloud; but upon the faces of Huldah Winters and her father a strange, perplexing cloud rested.

"Have I done well in this? Will it be thought that I should have pursued this poor family to grief, that our pride should be avenged?" said Belus to his brother, who wrung his hand as if some great favor had been done himself.

"In all your life, dear boy, you have never done a wiser or more manly act," was the earnest reply.

"But here is my lady, who will not easily forgive it," said the young man, approaching his mother.

"No," answered the lady, and tears of vexation absolutely flashed into her eyes. "No, I never can forgive the degradation you have brought upon us."

Gathering up her skirts, as if contagion lingered in every corner of the vast room, she turned upon Lord Colgate, and addressed him in a voice that had become suddenly low and hoarse.

"My lord, you have, at last, succeeded in dragging the little pride left to us in the dust; for this is your work."

Before Colgate could answer, she had left the keep, and, after a moment's delay, Lord Belus followed her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DUST TO DUST, ASHES TO ASHES.

BY JENNIE JOY.

Yes, all is over, now; the false dream broken,
Which made my life a mocking lie to be.
To dust and ashes I commit each token
Of Love's sweet whisperings 'twixt you and me.

From my veiled eyes the scales have fallen slowly;
And thus I now discern thee as thou art;
Unworthy the high place, within the holy,
Unseen Shechinah of a woman's heart.

For I have weighed thee, trifler—weighed each message—
Each fond, impassioned utterance, held so dear;
Weighed thy soul's outcry; crst to me a presage
That even while absent, thou wert with me here.

And weighing these, I marvel at the sorrow
My heart hath borne, for love so light as thine;
We cry, at night, for sunbeams of the morrow,
For the false *Ignis Fatuus* ne'er repine.

I marvel at the anguish and the aching,
And wonder how my woman's heart could cling,
Till every tender chord was torn or breaking,
To such a weak, ignoble, worthless thing.

Now all is ended. Go thy way in gladness,
Such gladness as the child feels in his play.
Tread down the blossoms, with no thought of sadness;
The earth hath many more as fair as they.

Were thy soul greater and thy heart-beats stronger,
Then had I given this parting hour a tear;
Then had I clasped my dead a little longer,
'Ere placing it upon its early bier.

Then had I veiled, with misty breath of sighing,
The first dull, sickening tokens of decay
Marring its paleness. Stark, it now is lying,
Unworthy all. Love's base-born, soulless clay.

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"DRY HUSKS TO EAT."

BY HELEN J. MACKINTOSH.

JOHN POMPET sat smoking, in his slippers, and reading the newspaper, while his aunt Mary placidly knitted, on the other side of the lamp.

"Why do you give Ellen only dry husks to eat?" said aunt Mary, suddenly, looking across at him.

"Only dry husks? What do you mean?"

"Well, why didn't you go out with her, to-night? I think she was hurt."

"I hate parties," was the response; "tea-parties, especially. A good cigar is worth all the tea and cakes in the world."

"But what is to become of people, who don't like cigars, and who do like tea-parties? That is the case with your wife. Nor does she like to go to parties, alone. Other wives have their husbands with them; and to say the least, it looks odd; in fact, may make people think you don't live happily together."

Aunt Mary had acted as a mother to her nephew, ever since his parents had died; which was when he was quite an infant. She had educated him at her own expense, and maintained him at the bar until he had won his way to a lucrative practice; and it was understood that he was to inherit her little fortune, after her decease. All this gave her a sort of right to expostulate with him, when she thought he was wrong.

"But I see enough of people, in the day-time."

"Your being tired, would be something of an excuse, if you had urged that in extenuation of your refusal. But do you think Ellen, when she's tired, requires that as an excuse, for not seeing you are to have a good dinner? No, John, its pure selfishness on your part, nothing else. You admit it, in fact, when you say that you see enough of people, in the day-time. You take all the cream of life, and give her only dry husks to eat."

"Come, come, aunt, isn't that too severe? If Ellen loves me, as I'm sure she does, she'd rather have me stay at home, and enjoy my cigar, than go out, to a party, where I should be sure to be bored."

"By the same kind of reasoning, John, you ought to go with her, if you loved her; because, you know, she'd enjoy herself most at the party."

This shot went home. John had not a word in reply, but puffed vigorously at his cigar. His aunt went on:

"The truth is, nephew—for I don't wish to be too hard on you—you men forget, that, while you have plenty of excitement, during the day, seeing strangers constantly, women have to stay at home, and spend the hours in one unvarying, dull routine of housework. No wonder they get fagged out. No wonder an invitation to a little party is such a relief to them. But husbands forget all this. And when the wife wishes to have a few people to tea, they say, 'what a bore to me, and how absurd in you.' Now, to be frank with you, this is just the way you treat Ellen."

"You surely are mistaken. Ellen, at least, never complains."

"No, she is too proud. But the tears came into her eyes, to-night, when you refused to go with her. You'd have seen them, if you hadn't been too intent on your newspaper. Come, John, be just. It is your own comfort you think of, and not her pleasure; and that, not to mince words, is, I repeat it, pure selfishness."

John threw his cigar impatiently down, got up, and walked to and fro in the room.

"Another thing. Not only in refusing to share her amusements with her, but in other things, you are giving Ellen 'dry husks to eat.' You take three or four political papers. But she don't care for political papers; and when, the other day, she asked you to buy her a new book she fancied, you told her you couldn't afford it. Some husbands, I am told, leave their wives to eat cold mutton at home, while they dine sumptuously at a club. You don't do that, John; but you do what is almost as bad. Ellen likes flowers. Before you were married, you often sent her flowers. A few flowers don't cost much; but you tell her, now, you can't afford them. No books, no magazines, no flowers, no tea-parties, no little, lover-like attentions? Nothing but minding the children all day, and overseeing cooking your dinner. Why, John, just think of it."

"Say no more, say no more," cried her nephew, stopping, and seizing her hand. "I never before realized what a selfih fellow I have been. But I promise you, I'll mend, from to-night."

He did mend. In all the land there is not, now, a happier woman than his wife.

"It's because," says aunt Mary, "John gives her, no longer, DRY HUSKS TO EAT."

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give first, this month, a walking costume. It consists of a long paletot, in gray camel's hair cloth, which is worn over any short walking-suit. This paletot is cut in a long close-fitting

sacque, fastened down the front with cords and large passmenterie buttons. These buttons and cords are the chief ornament to the garments, and to those of our readers who are not in a place where such ornaments can be procured, a little care with the following direction, will make a very good imitation: take a piece of letter paper two thicknesses, cut size of a twenty-five cent piece; lay over it a piece of black silk, large enough to meet in the centre, or under the under side after the button is completed. Take some narrow, worsted embroidery braid; punch a hole in the centre of foundation, and bring the braid through; then begin, and sew the braid down flat, passing the silk over the braid, at equal distances; continue this, round and round, until you have the size of the paper covered. Have ready a piece of cardboard, same size; place this under, and then cover with the edge of the black silk, drawing it up to the centre, just as you would cover a mould button. If desired, these can be ornamented with jet beads, sewed on. Knot the cords in the centre, and sew the double on the left side; covering it with the button; leaving the loop to fasten over on the opposite button. It is advisable to have the first five buttons and cords sewed on to the paletot on both sides, leaving only enough open to make it comfortable to get into. The buttons slightly graduate, as they approach the waist. The same trims the flaps at the sides, and in the middle of the back; also the cuffs. Two collars, bound with braid, same as the edge of the paletot, finishes the garment at the throat. A waist-band made of the same material, and bound on both sides with same braid, fastens with a jet buckle in front. This is optional. Three yards of double-width goods will be required, six pieces of narrow braid, and twelve yards of cord.

On the next page is a costume of gray cashmere, and blue and green tartan plaid. Skirt is bordered with a plaiting of the plaid. Bodice and tunic of cashmere. The edge of the tunic has a band of the plaid, four inches deep, cut straight, for the border, and the tunic is draped at the back, under a bow of the cashmere, lined with plaid. The bodice has the sleeves of plaid, and a plaid centre to the back. The buttons are embroidered in blue and green, to match the trimming; but simple moulds, covered with the plaid, trim equally well, if not better. Six yards of plaid, single width, six to eight of cashmere will be required.

Next, is home or visiting-dress, for a young lady. It is of light blue cashmere, trimmed with a nar-

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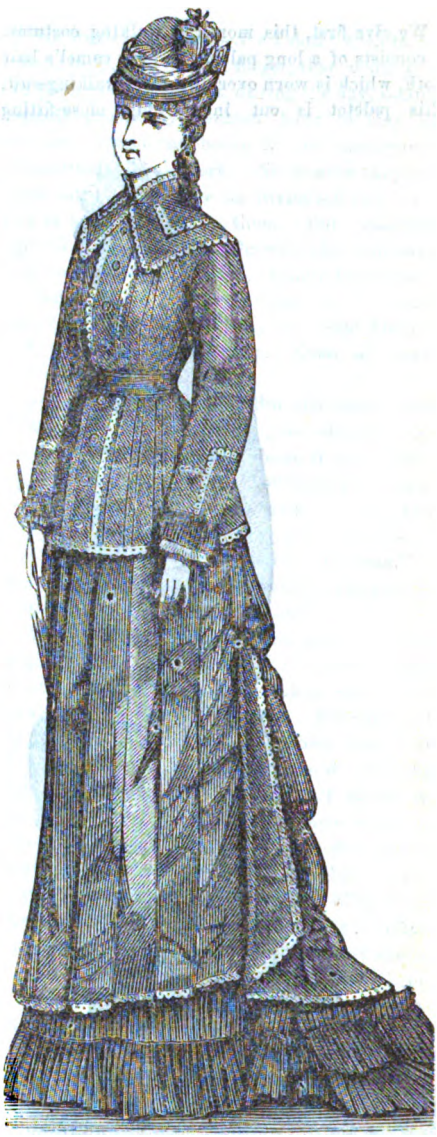
row torchon edging. Jacket bodice, with a double Charles II. collar, and fastened with mottled bone buttons. The fulness is set into perpendicular box plaits. Square cuffs, terminating in a plaited ruffle. Waist belt of olive green,

gros grain ribbon. The tunic is box plaited in front, to correspond with the jacket, turns back as revers at the sides, and has a slightly draped back. This is all edged with the torchon lace. The skirt, which is of olive green silk, is bordered by a flute-plaited ruffle, nine inches deep, put on with a heading, one and a-quarter inches deep, stretched down by machine; another row of stitching holds it in place, three inches below. This costume may be all of cashmere, if preferred, and all of blue, as the taste may suggest. The combination of dark, olive green with pale blue, though, is lively, if the shades are selected with care and taste. Six yards of cashmere for the tunic and bodice. Twelve yards of silk for the skirt, or half the quantity of cashmere.



Next, we have a dress, with a blouse waist, for a little girl of six years. It is made of a pretty shade of blue flannel, trimmed with narrow, white worsted braid. The skirt is bordered with a knife-plaiting of the flannel, with three rows of braid in three groups, at equal distances, for the trimming. The waist has the fulness

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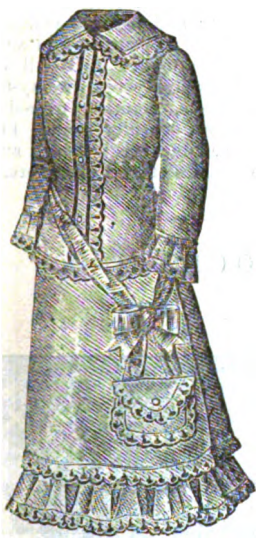
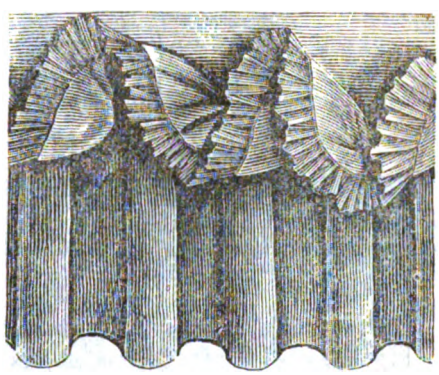
gathered to a yoke, trimmed with two rows of the braid. The collar, to match. The edge of the blouse, and the waistband, and cuffs are all bordered with the two rows of braid, to match.

Six yards of flannel. Two twelve-yard pieces of braid; the narrow Hercules braid is the most desirable. If not procurable, plain, white alapaca braid makes a very pretty trimming.



Next, is another dress for a little girl of six to eight years. It is of merino, and the flounce-edge of basque, collar, cuffs, pocket, etc. are all done in buttonhole scallop, with embroidery silk, to match, or in a contrasting color. The pocket is held in place by a band of gros grain ribbon, passing around the waist, terminating in a flat bow and ends. The pocket is sewn on to the dress. Brown, dark blue, or bottle green for a serviceable costume; ligh blue, drab, or gray for more dressy occasions. Four to five yards of merino.

We also give a design for making a flannel skirt for winter. It is of scarlet flannel, braided with black worsted braid; first, a little pattern above the hem; next, four rows plain; then three rows of another simple design; four plain rows, again; above which, the first pattern is repeated. Bind the edge of the skirt with skirt braid.



Next, is a design for trimming for bottom of dress skirt. It is combination of cashmere and silk. The box-plaiting is seven inches deep, and is of cashmere; above that is a bias ruffle of

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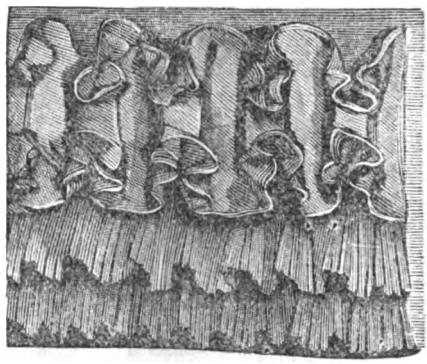
cashmere, edged with a narrow knife-plaiting of silk. This is put on full enough to allow it to be tacked in the form shown in the engraving. Two and a-half inch ruffle, with two inch knife-plaiting, will be in good proportion.

Next, we give a paletot, suitable for either boy or girl of eight to twelve years. It is made of shaggy, gray cloth, and trimmed with either dark brown or black velvet. The bands forming the trimming down the front. The turn down collar, cuffs, and trimming for the pockets are all of velvet, bound with braid, and ornamented with buttons. Bone buttons are universally used on all out-door wraps.

Another design for trimming for bottom of dress skirt, has two knife plaiting of silk, each four inches deep, above which is a double box-plaiting of cashmere, bound with silk. This

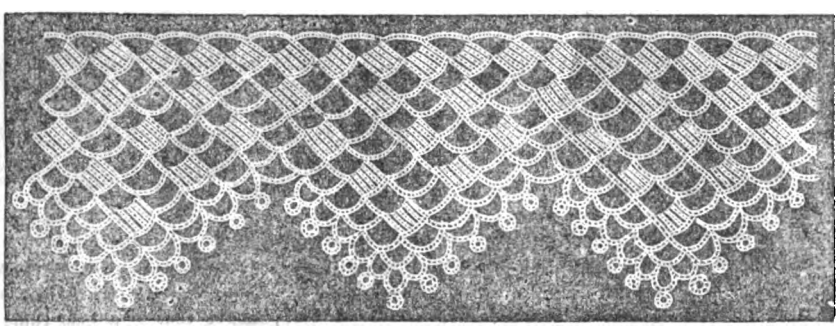


box-plaiting is cut on the bias, and is five inches deep, when finished. Allow three times fulness for both knife-plaiting and double box-plaiting.

PATTERNS of these "Every-Day" dresses, or for the costumes in our colored fashion-plate, or for our children's dresses, paletots, etc., may be had on application, by letter, to Miss M. A. Gordon, dress and cloak maker, 1113 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, who will cut them out after our patterns. We have made this arrangement in answer to numerous solicitations. In sending for the patterns, always send the number of inches around the bust, length of sleeve, and around the waist; and if for a child, name the age. Enclose price of pattern and stamp. All orders promptly attended to. All children's patterns, under twelve years, twenty-five cents. Polonaises, paletots, mantles, over-skirts, and basques for ladies, are fifty cents. Remember, that all these are late Paris patterns, and not the second-rate costumes offered elsewhere.

LACE EDGE, IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



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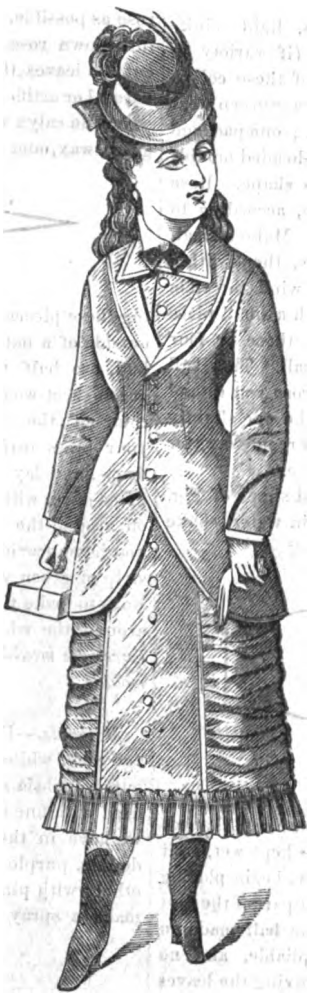
"THE OLGA" PALETOT: (WITH SUPPLEMENT.)

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, here, an engraving of one of the newest and prettiest paletots for a young girl, that has come out, this season. Folded in this number, is a SUPPLEMENT sheet, containing a pattern, full size, for cutting out this charming wrap.

The paletot is called "The Olga," and is, strictly speaking, for a girl of eight to ten years old. It is made as the dress. The pattern in the SUPPLEMENT is lettered and notched, so there can be no mistake in putting it together.

The edge of the paletot is simply bound with a narrow worsted or silk braid, above which is a narrow one, sewed down flat. Trim with bone buttons, to match. Many of the dresses and paletots are finished simply with several rows of machine stitching, on the edge. This style is quite popular for woolen material.

Camel's hair suiting, cloth, or merino are most stylish and suitable for this costume.

The paletot, as will be seen on the SUPPLEMENT, consists of six pieces.

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WAX FLOWERS. No. 2.

BY MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON.

THE ROSE AND BUD.

Materials.—One package white, light pink, deep crimson, or pale buff wax (if variety is desired, a rose and bud of each of these colors may be used in bouquet); one package green stem wire; one package dark green wax; one package light green wax. Use large, glass-headed moulding pin for moulding leaves into shape. Rose leaf mould, large or medium size, according to the color of rose you are making. Make a small hook at the end of one stem wire; then, with a narrow strip of green sheet-wax, wind the stem very neatly. Cover the hook with a small piece of wax, which has been doubled three or four times, so as to form a small ball. This ball should be the same color as the rose you intend making. Below the first ball, make one slightly smaller, which is covered with green wax, for the calyx, after the rose is complete.

Now cut ten leaves, the size and shape of Fig. 1. Dip the head of the glass pin in water, shake

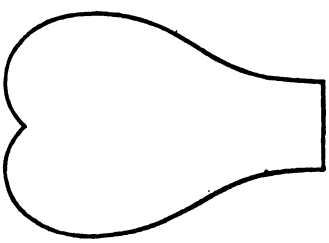

Fig. 1.

off the drops, and roll these pieces cup shaped. In rolling, the glass head must be kept wet, so it will not adhere to the wax. Now, begin placing them on the stem; roll the straight part of the first leaf round the bottom part of the ball made on the hook. The wax is very pliable, and no difficulty will be experienced in giving the leaves the natural shape and position of the rose leaf. Continue, until you have placed five on the stem, letting the sides of each leaf lap, the one over the other; this gives the rose a rich, double appearance. The five remaining leaves may now be placed on the stem; the curved or scalloped part of each leaf a very little below the first row of leaves. Now cut ten leaves, a size larger than Fig. 1; roll them in the same manner as the first ten, and place five of them on the stem, a little below the last leaves moulded on, giving them a curve here and there, as near like the natural rose as possible. Thirty leaves will make a large, full blown rose. If a small tea rose is desired, cut the leaves the same shape, but smaller. A natural or artificial rose is good for a model. Now cover the calyx with a narrow, double strip of the green wax, and cut four pieces like Fig. 2, roll-

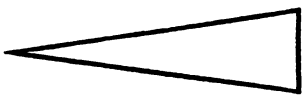

Fig. 2.

ing these pieces a little, and arranging as on the outside of a natural rose. To make a half-blown bud, use half the number of leaves. Use the green sheet-wax, light or dark, according to the color of the rose, for the stem leaves. Dip your brass leaf-mould in water, shake off the drops, and lay on it a sheet of wax, lengthwise; press down with the warmth of the hand, cutting off around the edges; then lay in a stem, which you have previously wound neatly with a narrow strip of green wax, and fold over your sheet of wax, to make the back of the leaf, pressing down around the edges, and cutting off neatly. *All leaves are moulded in this way, using different leaf-moulds.*

THE FUCHSIA.

Materials.—Fuchsia leaf-mould; one half package each, white, pink, and light green wax; one bunch fuchsia stamens. Pure white fuchsias are used with fine effect on white wax crosses. Then we have in the natural flower, those with very double, purple centres, and deep crimson petals; others with pink centres, and white petals. To make a spray of those with pink centres, cut

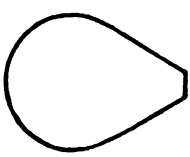

Fig. 3.

eight pieces from the pink wax, the size and shape of Fig. 3. Roll them cup shape, exactly as you did for the rose. Make a hook at the end of the stem, the same as for the rose; then take a piece of wax, not quite one inch long, and less than half an inch wide, and roll round the

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hooked part of the stem. Before making the hook on stem, wind it neatly with a narrow strip of green wax. Place five stamens, one in the centre, projecting somewhat longer than the two on each side, immediately in the centre of the strip of wax, before rolling it around. This will be readily understood by looking at the natural fuchsia.

Now place the cup-shaped pieces on the stem. For a double fuchsia, use eight pieces; for a single one, only four. First, put on one, and then another, immediately opposite, until you have the required number. Now cut from the white wax four pieces, like Fig. 4. Roll so that the pointed part will bend slightly backwards. Place on the stem, with the straight of Fig. 4, rest-

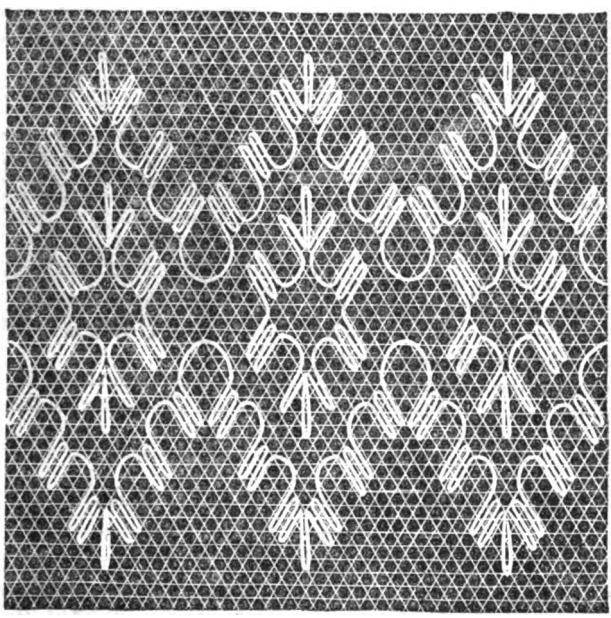
Fig. 4.

ing immediately where you placed the pointed part of Fig. 3. Finish your fuchsia with a small strip of green wax for the calyx.

Mould your leaves on the fuchsia leaf-mould, as described for the rose.

BRETON LACE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



An excellent imitation of this new and fashionable Breton lace can be made by using bobinet footing—the widest that can be procured—and on it darn the pattern given with fine linen floss. Baste the footing upon a dark blue paper, or anything dark and glazed, so that the needle may not catch. These laces have no points on the edge; they are all straight-edged, and will be used in trimming, fichus, summer and evening-dresses. They are plaited in fine knife-plaitings and are very becoming for the neck and sleeves of dresses. It will be used also in this way as trimming for skirts of dresses, tunics, etc., and is always lady-like.

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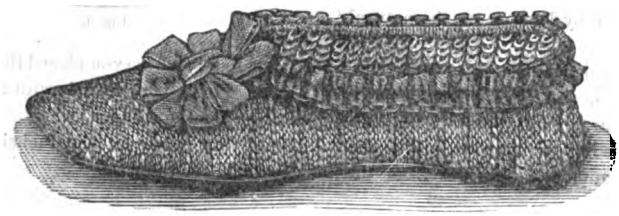
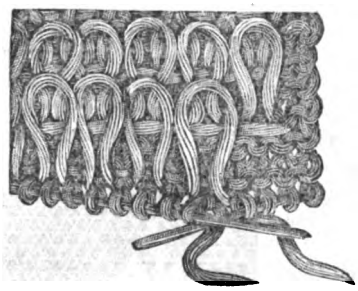
DRESSING-SLIPPER.

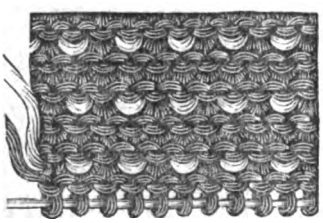
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, a pretty design for a dressing-slipper, with details of the stitches. The materials are, four ounces of blue double Berlin wool, and four ounces of white; three bone knitting pins, and a pair of cork soles.

Commence the slipper at the toe with blue wool, cast on ten stitches, and increase one by pulling the wool forward, after the first stitch and before the last stitch of each alternate row. No. 1 shows the outside of the work, and No. 2 the inside; the loops of wool are made as follows: When knitting each alternate row, pass the white wool between every stitch, leaving a loop of about an inch on one side, and drawing it tight on the other side; in knitting the intervening rows, the white wool is not used, but is drawn straight across the work when required to commence the next row. Continue to knit backwards and forwards until the slipper is wide enough across the instep; then divide the stitches, cast off ten stitches in the centre, and with a third pin continue to work as before on one-half without increase, until you have made the length from the instep to the back of the heel; cast off, and work the other side in the same way; join up the back of the heel with a needle and wool; sew the top of the slipper neatly to a warm cork sole, lined with flannel; a





ruching of blue satin ribbon is placed round the slipper, and a rosette in the front.

OUR COLORED PATTERN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give, printed in colors, three designs, in what is called *Elysée Embroidery*, for Borders for Curtains, Table-Cloths, etc., etc. These costly embellishments, as expensive as a chromo, but more useful, are a specialty with "Peterson," no other magazine being able to stand the expense.

The materials required for these Borders are inexpensive: the foundation is satin cloth of the fashionable olive or Holbein green shade; and the design is an appliqué of straw-colored percaline, worked with ruby filoselle. The design is traced on the percaline, which is appliqué on to the satin cloth; and the veinings of the leaves, etc., are embroidered with ruby or blue filoselle in satin stitch; the tendrils are worked in chain-stitch, and the ornamental border is dotted with French knots, likewise in filoselle.

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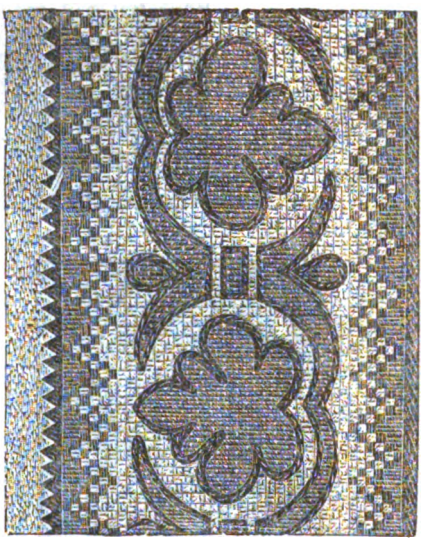
WASTE PAPER BASKET, WITH DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERING ON JAVA CANVAS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, engravings of a Waste-Paper Basket, with a design for the embroidery on Java canvas.

Any wicker basket, of the form illustrated, can be ornamented in this way. The band is of Java canvas and the design is worked in blue, crimson and black silks, or crewels. At each edge of the band, there is a narrow border of crimson cloth, vandyked at the edge. A row of fringe encircles the basket, below the band, and bows of ribbon to match are added. Nothing of the kind can be prettier than such a basket.

NEW STYLE OF HAIR-DRESSING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give four engravings, (all on the same page,) illustrating a new and pretty style of dressing the hair, especially for young ladies. Begin by combing the hair *à la Chinoise*, and tie at the top of the head, leaving a parting at each side. See No. 1, representing the locks A, B. Divide the lock A into two parts, and tie these locks, 1 and 2, with the lock which is below the ear. Twist lock 1 into half an 8 at the side of the head, above the lock B. With lock A form a catogan, and place a small pouf on the forehead (see No. 2). With lock 2 make a loop on the neck, and place some curls (C) at the top of the head (see No. 3). Lastly, form the curls into loops, as seen in No. 4. By following these instructions, and with the aid of the cuts, any young lady can dress her hair, or that of a friend, as well as if a professional hair dresser had been called in; and professional hair dressers are not always to be had, even when ladies can afford to pay for them, or prefer their services.

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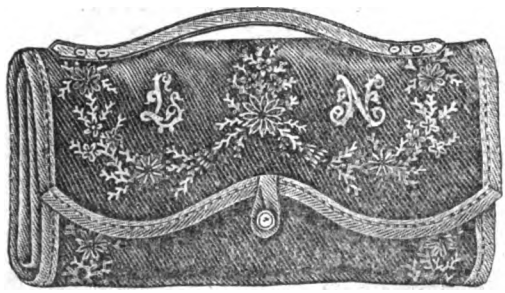
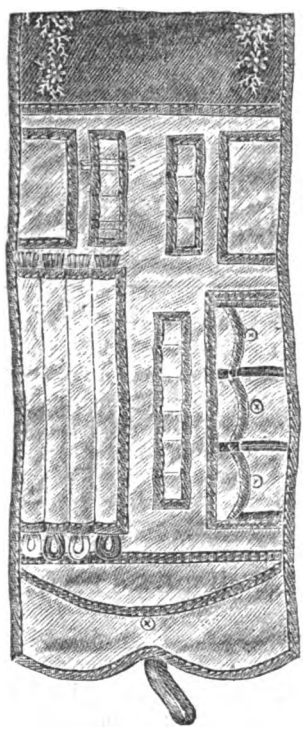
CASE FOR EMBROIDERY SILKS, CREWELS, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





We give, here, engravings of a case for embroidery, silks, crewels, needles, etc., etc., with details of the embroidery for the case.

Make the outside of the case of velvet or silk—maroon or black—and do the embroidery in various colored silks, for which we give the design full size, and it shows the manner of working. Line the inside with fine linen crash, binding all the pockets and divisions with ribbon, in a pretty contrasting color. Follow the engraving for the arrangement of the same. The case should be 10 inches wide by 25 long.

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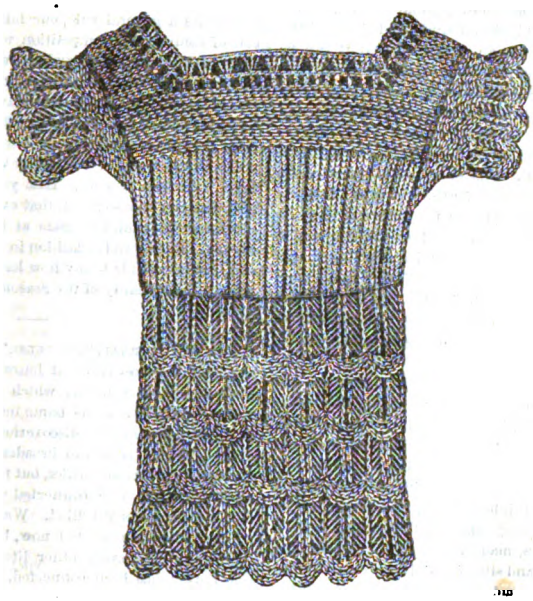
CHILD'S KNITTED SHIRT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, an engraving of a knitted shirt, for a child, three or four years of age. The materials are four needles, No. 11, and one ounce Shetland wool.

Cast on three needles, eleven stitches for each scallop, sixteen scallops, or one hundred and seventy-six stitches. Cast one hundred and twenty-eight on one needle, sixty-four on each of the two other needles, knit four rounds in purl knitting.—5th round. Knit one, * over, knit 3, knit 2 together twice, knit 3, over, knit 1; repeat from *. For the sixth and eight following rounds repeat the fifth round, then purl 3 rounds; repeat from the fifth round twice more; then repeat the fifth round eight times. Knit two plain rounds. After that knit forty rounds of four plain stitches, two purl stitches. In the forty-first round of ribbing you divide for the two fronts. Knit on the needle with one hundred and twenty-eight stitches fifteen more rows of ribbing, then sixteen rows plain. On the first fourteen stitches knit twenty rows plain, cast off. Then cast off the middle stitches; leave fourteen at the end, and knit twenty rows plain on them; then leave them. On the other half the stitches knit fifteen more rows of ribbing, then sixteen rows plain; cast off and on the first and last fourteen stitches as you do so, knit in the last of the little rows with them. For the sleeve cast on sixty-six stitches; repeat the first fourteen rows of the pattern. Then knit and purl alternate rows for sixteen rows; cast off, set the sleeve into the armhole. Round the neck crochet the same two rounds given for the small vest.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

SALABLE ARTICLES FOR "FAIRS."—Many of our fair subscribers, interested in charity fairs, have asked us what articles sell best on such occasions. A lady, long experienced in such matters, tells us that aprons of all kinds are very popular. They may be made of muslin, silk, alpaca, or satin, and are simply mounted in plaits at one side, and a band added. Pockets can be affixed, if desired. Cases, made of brown holland, bound with red or blue braid, and filled with blotting paper, are very useful presents for boys at school, or children, and are most popular at fairs. They should be made to the usual blotter shape and size, and the blotting paper passed through an elastic, so that it can be removed at will. A band of elastic on each side could hold paper and envelopes. It is best to make the holland cover double, with card-board between, sewing over the edges, and then binding them with braid, as it lasts much longer. These cases are also very useful in soft leather, or in crash, with a design worked on in silks or crewels. Small cases for holding photographs or letters, for the pocket, can be made in much the same way. Receptacles for spills can be made also in this way, cutting the material to the shape of a slipper, and then adding card-board and a silk lining, and sewing it to a sole prepared and covered in the same way. A loop should be added at the top of the sole, or the heel rather, wherewith to hang it on the wall. These are best made in velvet or satin, and ornamented with gold or beads. A bunch of hearts, made in velvet, silk, or satin, as pin-cushions, and attached to a string are very pretty, and old ladies are particularly fond of them for keeping in a work-basket or box. They should be all of different colors, double, with card-board between the two sides, and the pins should be put in all round. The hearts should be as small as possible, to allow of the pins being put in, and the ribbon holding them should be bright colored, and tied in a bow. Each heart has a little string attached to it, which is sewn to the ribbon. Pen-wipers, made in the form of butterflies, with bright-colored cloth and silk, worked with colored silks, are attractive; also those made like small oyster shells, the shape of the shell being cut out in card-board, covered with silk, and the upper shell, having narrow gold braid sewn on, round and round, till it is quite covered. Inside, there should be two or three pieces of cloth, cut to the same shape. Pin-cushions and needle-cases can be made in this way, the pins being put in all round the edge, and the needles being put into pieces of fine flannel or merino, between the two sides, instead of cloth. At a large fancy fair, lately, a small stall contained nothing but pin-cushions of every description—from the ordinary glazed calico and muslin box covered ones, to fancy ones of all descriptions. Small emery cushions can be made and gummed firmly into empty, dry beechnut cups, which are very neat, and are most quickly made. Tastes vary so much, that almost any article, if pretty, will sell, especially if the amateur saleswoman is pretty herself. Hardly anything, that has appeared in our work-table, for last year, or this, but would be suitable for a fancy fair.

"FOR THE CENTRE-TABLE."—The Keyport (N. J.) Weekly says: "The centre-table of the family is not complete without Peterson's Magazine. The ladies can do without many other things, but 'Peterson' is the *multum in parvo*, supplying all the needs in a small compass: they must have it."

"THE BEAUTY OF THE SEASON."—What do our fair subscribers think of her? For our principal embellishment, this month, is not a fancy picture, but a real portrait—the portrait of the famous English beauty, Mrs. Langtry, said to be the handsomest woman at the Queen's court. We violate no privacy in giving this portrait, for Mrs. Langtry's photograph has been, with her own consent, on sale for more than a year, at all the art-shops in London. Give the portrait blue eyes, and chestnut-colored hair, and you have the lady before you. Now, compare her with the women that are considered beautiful in the United States. How *does* she compare? As a general rule, our fair countrywomen have no fear of coming into competition with foreign beauties, even those of England. Everywhere, abroad, American girls are celebrated for their loveliness; for, while it is true that each nation has a slightly different standard of beauty, all admit that our women look specially refined and high-bred. You hear persons, constantly, in London, when they wish to praise the Princess of Wales, say that she looks like a handsome American woman. Last year the enthusiasm to see Mrs. Langtry was so great, that even at private balls, people got up on the chairs to gaze at her over the intervening crowds. But there is a fashion in these things, as in all else, and it is impossible to say how long even Mrs. Langtry will remain the "Beauty of the Season."

THE NEW JOURNAL, "PROGRESS."—Col. Forney, well known as one of the most eminent journalists of the day, has just started a weekly paper, which he calls "Progress," and which is intended, as its name implies, to be the champion of all new movements, discoveries, inventions, etc., etc. Its design, indeed, is of the broadest, for it does not confine itself to literature or politics, but takes in, also, social science, and everything else connected with progress. It fills, in fact, a place never yet filled. We only wonder, not that such a journal has been started now, but that it was not started long ago. Like every other literary venture, with which Col. Forney has been connected, it is edited with eminent ability and tact, and sustained by a large corps of the very best writers. The subscription price is $5.00 a year.

CHIMNEY-PIECE BORDER.—We saw, recently, a very handsome border for a chimney-piece, which had been worked on a rough knotted-looking cream-colored linen cloth, in a pretty flowing pattern—the cross-stitch work—pale blue, pale pink, and conventional green being the colors used, and the canvas threads drawn out when the pattern was worked; the border was finished off with a knotted gray linen fringe, sewn on. We have also seen a five o'clock tea-table border of rich black satin, with a kind of mulberry leaf and fruit pattern, worked in chain-stitch in pale neutral shades of fine Berlin wool.

"FOR THIRTY YEARS."—A lady writes from California: "Your magazine is a great blessing to us, in this new country. It grows better and more attractive each year. Having taken it for thirty years, I cannot do without it."

NEVER CONTRADICT ANYBODY, in general society. Rarely do it even at home. Nobody likes to be contradicted, even when contradiction is deserved.

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THEIR OWN DRESS-MAKERS.—It is becoming the fashion in England, even in families of wealth, for the daughters to do their own dress-making. It is found that, in this way, ladies are really better dressed, as a rule, than if they had their dresses made by a professional work-woman. The latter are generally so busy that they have not time to give that due consideration to the complexion, style, etc., which is so necessary, if the prevailing fashion is to be adopted, properly, to the lady desiring a dress. Everything, in such establishments, is mechanical: all ladies are fitted out alike; if blue is the popular color, everyone is dressed in blue; if puffy dresses are in vogue, the plumpest are puffed as well as the lean, till they look like puffer-pigeons. Now, this is bad taste. Every woman, who really knows how to dress, modifies the prevailing style to suit her own person; or rather selects suitable costumes from the many that come out. By doing their own dress-making, or at least the *thinking* part of it, ladies will always dress better than by going to a professional, unless it is a Worth or a Pingat. Such a magazine as this, therefore, is invaluable. Here ladies have not the second-rate patterns offered elsewhere, but selections from designs by Worth, Pingat, etc., with instructions how to make them up, and a full-size pattern sheet every month, for some one costume. Even when ladies go to dress-makers, they will do better, as a rule, if they have our patterns copied, than if they trust to others.

THE FASHIONABLE COLORS—As the winter advances, grenat or claret has become more and more the favorite—it is rich, gay, and generally becoming. For dinner, concert, etc., a claret ribbed velvet casquin, with an embroidered satin waistcoat, looks well with a black velvet or faille skirt, or with a light-colored Indian cashmere skirt, much draped. Many bège, or fawn vicuna-cashmere dresses, are trimmed with tartan plaid satin bands, and are made with long satin waistcoats, to match. Other toilettes are trimmed with bands of feather fur, or thick down, which is dyed to match any color. The long, universally worn waistcoats are made in several different ways. A pretty waistcoat, to be worn with almost any dress, can be made of brocade, with a light ground, such as chamois, pale green, etc., covered with flowers of a darker shade. Ribbed velvet and satin embroidered waistcoats are also charming.

SUBSCRIBERS SHOULD REMIT to us directly, or buy their magazines of some well-known news agent, or join a club, the getter up of which they know to be responsible. *Never give your money to a stranger.* In some parts of the country, swindlers have been going about, representing themselves as traveling agents for "Peterson," and cheating their victims. *We have no agents for whom we are responsible.* This statement we have been making for years, and over and over again, every year. We warn the public against these sharpers.

OUR JANUARY NUMBER is conceded, universally, to be without a rival. Says the Lebanon (Pa.) Times: "Either of the two steel engravings, 'The Playmates,' or 'The Letter at the Gate,' is worth the price of the number. As for the mammoth colored fashion-plate, it is simply unrivalled; and besides this, there are some thirty other fashion illustrations. To praise the stories in 'Peterson' is unnecessary; they are always original, and always the best. 'Peterson' is unquestionably the cheapest and best of the ladies' books."

NEW HINTS FOR TIDIES.—Colored twill, or serge, with brown holland stars cut out, and appliqué with flax thread, makes a nice tidy, and is very easy; twenty-eight inches long, and eighteen broad is a good size. A fringe of the thread at each end is an improvement. The edges should be turned over, and herring-boned. The fringe is made by taking a thread of about thirty inches, doubling it in four, and inserting it into the herring-bone stitch with a crochet hook.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Art-Needlework for Decorative Embroidery. Reprinted, with Adaptations from the English. Edited by Lucretia P. Hale. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: J. W. Tilton & Co.*—The increased attention paid to artistic embroidery has called forth this valuable little volume. Certainly nothing can be more lady-like as an employment for leisure hours, than what is called fancy-work; and of all descriptions of fancy-work, now in fashion, embroidery in needle-work is among the most sensible. But if you embroider in this way, why not do it artistically? It takes no more time to execute a piece of work that will be a "joy forever," because it will, in all generations, appeal to the sense of art, than it does to make something which, as soon as the fashion changes, will be pronounced hideous by all persons of taste. The book before us is, therefore, of the greatest value. It is a perfect guide to embroidery in crewels, silks, appliqué, etc., with full instructions as to stitches, accompanied by explanatory diagrams. In Berlin work, you have only to copy, stitch by stitch, and color by color, the pattern before you. In Art-Needlework, however, only the outlines are given. They are to be filled in, and colored afterward, not only by the worker's fingers, but by her mind. Hence, Art-Needlework calls into play a higher order of faculties, and is, therefore, a more ambitious occupation than ordinary embroidery. Visitors to the "Centennial," in 1876, will recall some beautiful specimens of art-needlework.

Paul Faber, Surgeon. By George MacDonald, LL. D. 1 *vol.*, 8*vo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.* Whatever Mr. MacDonald writes, is usually not only well written of its kind, but has a high moral purpose, which commends it to all true hearts. We do not think this, his latest novel, will rank, artistically, with "Alec Forbes;" but it is very far superior to most recent fictions; and it is much better than some of its predecessors from Mr. MacDonald's own pen.

The Blessed Life. Favorite Hymns, Selected by the Editor of "Quiet Homes," etc., etc. 1 *vol.*, 24*mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.* This is a very excellent selection of hymns, most of them old favorites, such as our grandmothers loved, from the pens of Wesley, Doddridge, Watts, Cowper, Newton, Montgomery, and Kenn; while others are by Keble, Newman, and more modern writers. We can candidly commend the book, as a help to devotion, a solace in sorrow, and an incentive to high and noble living.

Carmen. Translated from the French of Prosper Meirmee. By Miss Helen Stanley. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is the story on which the new opera of the same name has been founded. It is a romance of gypsy life in Spain, and is told with singular grace and art. The delicacy of touch, for which Prosper Meirmee was famous, comes out in every line. The volume is very neatly printed.

It Is The Fashion. From the German of Adelheid Von Auer. By the Translator of "The Old Countess," etc., etc. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This is a story of German life: of what, in England, would be called the upper middle class. It is of interest, not only as a tale, but as a picture of manners. The typography of the volume is exceptionably good.

Castle Blair. A Story of Youthful Days. By Flora S. Shaw. 1 *vol.*, 16*mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.* It is sufficient praise of this little story, to say that it is endorsed by John Ruskin. "It is," he says, "good, and lovely, and true, having the best description of a noble child in it, (Minnie,) that I ever read." The volume is well printed.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

OUR GREAT SUCCESS.—The great success of "Peterson," for 1879, is one of the facts of the times. Our January number was pronounced, everywhere, the best we had ever issued. The Fulton (Mo.) Independent said that it would be "a difficult task to add anything to the already honored name of 'Peterson's Magazine;' that it is one of the very best periodicals ever offered to the lovers of tales and novelets; that it ought to be in every family, if only for its literary excellence." The newspapers, universally, echo this opinion. The public, too, entertains it, if we may judge from the enormous accessions of new subscribers we are receiving, daily. No magazine, in fact, rivals "Peterson" in this respect. To quote, and slightly alter, the words of the poet, other magazines "come and go, but 'Peterson's' holds on forever." This is not so strange, after all, however; because it is the cheapest and best.

AS AN ADVERTISING MEDIUM.—The value of "Peterson's Magazine," as an advertising medium, is testified to, universally, by all who have tried it. Mr. Daniel F. Beatty, the Piano manufacturer, writes to us: "I take pleasure in bearing testimony to the high character of your magazine, and regard it as being one of the best advertising mediums which I have." Another advertiser writes, that, from a single advertisement in "Peterson," he received twelve hundred remittances.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson" has had, for twenty years, an average circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia.

"AT THE FRONT."—The Cerro Gordo (Iowa) Republican says, in noticing January number, "As a fashion journal, 'Peterson' takes high rank, while, as a literary publication, it is always at the front."

YOUTH AND BEAUTY.—After using Laird's "Bloom of Youth" you will look ten years younger. It imparts beauty and freshness to the complexion. Sold by druggists everywhere.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. II.—GARDEN PLANTS, CONTINUED.

XVII.—*Momordica Balsamina*, a hard, botanical name for the *Balsam Apple*, a well-known, annual climbing plant, a native of the East Indies; cultivated largely by mothers throughout the country in gardens, for sake of its large, reddish-yellow, angular, warty fruit, tapering towards each end, resembling in size, and somewhat in appearance, the common cucumber. When fully ripe, it falls from the vine by the slightest handling, and spontaneously bursts or separates into several parts or divisions. This is a striking peculiarity of the apple. It is much esteemed in domestic practice, and the provident mother, in the country, is careful to have in her cupboard a goodly supply of this (to her,) infallible specific, for the many little injuries and accidents incident to childhood. Like the Calendula or Marigold, spoken of in the last number, it is an excellent vulnerary, or wound-healing agent, but much more esteemed, because so much better known to families, for domestic purposes, who have transmitted its healing virtues from generation to generation, for centuries.

PREPARATION AND USES.—Mothers generally have a wide-mouthed bottle, which they keep from year to year, and loosely fill annually with broken pieces of the apple, and then fill it up with apple or rye whiskey, according to their preferences, or prejudices. A *whiskey* tincture is, however, not applicable for all purposes; and, therefore, mothers should have a second bottle, in which the balsam apple is kept steeping in olive oil, or better still, in the oil of sweet almonds.

A cut, bruised, or mashed finger, foot or hand, is simply wrapped up with lint or fine linen, well wet, and kept moistened with the whiskey tincture; or a portion of the apple is taken from the bottle, mashed, and applied as a poultice to the injured part, and kept moistened by some of the liquor; and soon the red, inflamed, swollen parts become reduced in size, whitish in appearance, and the healing process ensues as a general result. If the person injured is of a full or gross habit, the wound will do better, if he takes a full dose of Rochelle salt, and lives sparingly for a time.

The *oily* preparation is much better, and a more suitable application to chapped hands, burns, old sores, irritable pile tumors, inflamed prolapse of the bowels, etc., etc. An excellent ointment can also be made very readily from the balsam apple, by mashing it, and simmering it in fresh, unsalted butter, or leaf-lard, till perfectly digested, then strain. For summer use—to harden somewhat—a little white wax should be added. This salve will be found to be very useful in old sores, ulcers, and inflamed burns which are slow to heal. Still, a large experience with the balsam apple and the marigold, proves the latter a superior application for all similar purposes.

In treating of the marigold in the January number, we should have mentioned that when we have found glycerine actually to disagree with a person's skin, we have added a large teaspoonful of this tincture (the marigold) to four or six of pure glycerine, with the best possible results—curing chapped hands, lips, face; chafes between folds of skin, sunburn, etc., most promptly.

The balsam apple has been proved by a Frenchman to be poisonous when taken internally in some quantity, as he killed a dog, (size not stated,) by administering two or three drachms. The French are great experimenters with dogs, and have killed their thousands.

MANAGEMENT OF INFANTS.

DRESSING BABIES.—Babies are little things, but it is not a little thing to know how to dress and undress them properly. It looks so easy to do, as the mother sees the monthly nurse turn him about, and pats him, and then lays him comfortably by your side; but it is in reality hard for the young mother herself, and on it so much of the comfort and good behavior of the baby depends during the day.

In the first place, the mother should see that everything that she will need during the dressing process is just at hand; she should never have to rise from her seat, from the time she takes the infant in her arms, to wash him, till his toilet is quite completed.

With a very young child, the most important thing to see to is the baby's navel. With many infants, this is a long while in healing, and if neglected for a single day, the worst results may ensue. It may become inflamed from the mere friction of the clothing being too loose upon it, or from leaving off the band too soon; this should be kept on long after the part *looks* well; it will often burst into bleeding, after a violent fit of crying, and from whatever cause it does so, it should be attended to, at once, for a rupture is often a life-long misfortune.

A piece of scorched linen rag, or a cut open raisin are two of the simplest domestic remedies; but the rupture will often "start" or protrude, with no apparent cause. In such a case get some tea-lead, such as can be procured from the

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tea chest of any grocer; press it smoothly out, and fold four thicknesses of it an inch and a-half square, cover it with a piece of soft linen, and then bind it firmly, but not too tightly, over the navel. Look at it occasionally, to see that it has not altered its position. Tea-lead is good for a compress, because it is firm, and yielding, at the same time: but if that is not procurable, four or five thicknesses of soft linen rag, placed beneath a piece of card-board, about the size of a quarter of a dollar, will answer the purpose very well. Many persons use a band of new flannel, instead of a linen band, around the body, thinking it healthier, but the flannel will sometimes irritate the tender flesh, and linen seems cleanlier.

In washing baby, it is well to accustom him to be put into a tiny bath, almost from his birth; the mother should hold him firmly, but gently, with her left hand, and use the right one to cleanse the "creases," and wash him with. This is better even than a soft sponge, or "wash-rag."

Baby does not need much soap; once in two days is enough for his head; less frequently for his face. But the lower part of the body requires it once a day; the very best white curd or Castile soap should be used; any strong or fancy soap is injurious to the skin.

All good mothers or nurses have a large, flannel apron, or small blanket, the size of a crib blanket, which is kept expressly to wash baby in, so as soon as he has been properly bathed, (which should be gently, but rather quickly, done in water with the chill taken off,) he should be lifted into the flannel apron, and covered up in it as quickly as possible, whilst his face is wiped, and his head rubbed dry, with a soft, old linen towel; most children like this part of the dressing process. Be sure to keep him covered as much as possible, to prevent him from getting chilled.

It is a good plan to talk to him incessantly; to laugh and coo to him, to divert his attention from any little proceeding he does not quite approve of. Do not let him cry; he most probably will not do so if the mother does not dawdle, and he is talked to; this simple means will often keep a poor, young mother from crying as well as the baby; the attention of both is diverted.

Wipe the body with a clean, soft towel, leaving not a wrinkle untouched; slip something dry under him, and cover him up again until *quite* ready to put his clothes on him. All this seems needlessly explanatory, but it is whilst being dressed that the baby so often takes violent colds, and the careless or dawdling mother wonders how he got it. If the poor little creature is left wet and shivering whilst a cold towel is hunted for, which ought to have been warming by the fire, it cannot but help being the victim of catarrhs, earaches and inflamed eyes. After being well washed and *well dried*, baby should be well powdered, not only here and there, but *well*, in all the creases, and as it is so difficult now to obtain good baby powder, very finely pulverized starch, dusted through a piece of book-muslin, is an excellent substitute.

Baby's clothes should always be slightly warmed, or "aired," before putting them on him. Some people, with a desire to make their babies "hardy," put on the clothes that have of course been thoroughly *dried* when coming from the wash, but which, from lying in the drawer, have become chilled, and so strike cold to the delicate flesh.

In clothing a baby, remember that there are three parts of his body that *must* be kept warm—his chest, bowels and feet; keep the head as cool as possible.

Use as few pins as possible, in dressing the baby. "Safety" pins are the only safe ones; for some pins must be used, as strings or buttons will not always answer. Some mothers sew the clothes on young infants.

In case of hard crying spells after dressing, it is always wise to investigate the cause. The clothes may be too tight, a pin may stick, or some rough edge may torture the poor, little one.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

MEATS AND POULTRY.

To Bake a Ham.—Unless when too salt, from not being sufficiently soaked, a ham (particularly a young and fresh one) eats much better baked than boiled, and remains longer good. The safer plan is to lay it into plenty of cold water over night. The following day soak it for an hour or more in warm water, wash it delicately clean, trim smoothly off all rusty parts, and lay it with the rind downwards into a coarse paste, rolled to about an inch thick; moisten the edges, draw, pinch them together, and fold them over on the upper side of the ham, taking care to close them so that no gravy can escape. Send it to a well-heated, but not a fierce oven. A very small ham will require three hours baking, and a large one five. The crust and the skin must be removed while it is hot. When only part of a ham is dressed, this mode is better far than boiling it.

Veal Cakes.—This is a very pretty, tasty dish for supper or breakfast, and uses up any cold veal you do not care to mince. Take away the brown outside of cold roast veal, and cut the white meat into thin slices. Have also a few thin slices of cold ham, and two hard-boiled eggs, which also slice, and two desert-spoonfuls of finely-chopped parsley. Take an earthenware mould, and lay veal, ham, eggs and parsley in alternate layers, with a little pepper between each, and a sprinkling of lemon on the veal. When the mould seems full, fill it up with a strong stock, and bake for half an hour. Turn out when cold. If a proper shape be not at hand, use a pie-dish. When turned out, garnish with a few sprigs of fresh parsley.

Beefsteak à la Mode.—Cut the steaks in strips; put them in layers, in a dish; between each layer put bread crumbs, butter, pepper and salt. Bake for one-half hour, and when ready to serve, pour over them a rich gravy made of one pint of beef gravy, thickened with one tablespoon of butter, rolled in one tablespoon of browned flour, and serve. Spices can be added if agreeable to taste.

DESSERTS.

Apple Fritters.—Beat up the yolks of two eggs with a little warm milk; add one-half pound flour, one-half ounce dissolved butter, a pinch of salt, and sufficient warm milk to make the batter of such consistency that it will drop from the spoon; stir it well, make it quite smooth, and, lastly, beat into the mixture the whites of two eggs, previously well whisked. Peel some apples, cut them into thick slices, stamping out the core from the middle of each slice; dip them in the batter, covering them well over, and fry on both sides in boiling lard or clarified dripping; lay the fritters on sheets of blotting paper, before the fire; serve very hot, with pounded sugar strewed over.

Veal Suet Pudding (Baked or Boiled).—Chop one-half pound of veal suet, put it into a quart of rich milk, set it upon the fire, and when pretty hot, pour it upon eight ounces of bread crumbs, and sugar to your taste; add one-half pound of currants washed and dried, and three well-beaten eggs; put it into a floured cloth or buttered dish, and either boil or bake it an hour.

Rice Pudding with Fruit.—Swell the rice with a very little milk, over the fire; then mix fruit of any kind with it, currants, gooseberries scalded, pared and quartered apples, raisins, or black currants, and, still better, red-currant jelly, with one egg to bind the rice; boil it well, and serve with powdered cinnamon and sugar.

CAKES.

Buckwheat Cakes.—One quart of buckwheat meal, one teaspoonful of salt, and a handful of Indian meal; mix the meals and salt· add sufficient lukewarm water to make a

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moderate batter; then stir in two large tablespoonsful of brewers, or four of home-made yeast; cover, and set to rise in a moderately warm place. If made overnight, it is well to add, in the morning, one teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda, mixed in a little water; this will correct any acidity, and render the cakes more tender. Bake on a hot griddle.

Iced Cake.—Mix thoroughly one-half pound flour, one-half pound ground rice, one-half pound currants, one-quarter pound sugar, one-quarter ounce mace and cloves, some mixed peel, a few bitter almonds pounded, some sweet almonds split, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, melt one-half pound fresh butter in pint of warm milk; add the yolks and whites of four eggs beaten separately; put this, by degrees, on the dry ingredients; beat well; put into a buttered-mould, and bake.

Indian Meal Flappers.—One quart of sifted meal, a handful of wheaten flour, one quart of milk, four eggs, one heaped-up saltspoonful of salt; mix the meal, flour and salt. Beat the eggs well, and add them to the milk, alternately with the meal, a handful at a time. Stir very hard, and bake on a hot griddle.

To Ice.—Beat up one-half pound icing sugar with the whites of two eggs till stiff and smooth; add a little orange-flower water, while the cake is still warm; pour the icing over it evenly; ornament with fruit, and bake in a moderate oven to harden, but not to color.

Waffles.—To one quart of milk add six beaten eggs, one-quarter pound melted butter, one large gill of yeast, a little salt, and flour to make them thick as griddle cakes. Set them to rise, and bake in waffle irons.

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE RECIPES.

Fish Croquettes.—The remains of any cold fish. Remove all skin and bones most carefully, then mash the fish free from all lumps in a "pounder;" add a piece of butter, pepper, salt, and mace (and if you have any cold crab, or lobster sauce so much the better). Form the fish into portions the size and shape of an egg; if too soft, a few bread crumbs may be added. Dip each portion into an egg well beaten up, and then into fine bread crumbs. Fry a golden brown in boiling lard, drain, and serve on a napkin garnished with fried parsley, or on a dish with Tartare sauce.

Toffee.—Put one quarter pound of butter into a preserving pan; when melted, add one pound of brown sugar, stir gently over the fire for about fifteen minutes, add a small teaspoonful of ground ginger, or a little finely grated lemon peel; boil and stir again, until the mixture when dropped into cold water becomes crisp. When done sufficiently pour it on to buttered plates, or on to a marble slab.

Bread Sauce.—Pour half a pint of boiling milk on a teacupful of fine bread crumbs, add a small onion stuck with three or four cloves, a small blade of mace, a few peppercorns, and salt to taste. Let the sauce simmer for five minutes, add a small pat of fresh butter, and at the time of serving remove the onion and mace.

Ham Toast.—Mince lean ham very fine. To a half pint, add the yolks of two eggs, and cream or soup enough to soften it; put it on the fire, and cook for ten minutes, stirring all the time. Serve on toasted bread, and serve it hot.

SANITARY AND TOILETTE.

To Clean Hair Brushes.—As hot water and soap very soon softens the hairs, and rubbing completes their destruction, use soda dissolved in cold water instead. Soda having an affinity for grease, it cleans the brush with little friction. Do not set them near the fire, nor in the sun, to dry, but after shaking them well, set them on the point of the handle in a shady place.

Warts.—A much safer remedy for warts than nitrate of silver is sal ammoniac. Get a piece about the size of a walnut; moisten the warts, and rub the sal ammoniac well on them every night and morning, and in about a fortnight they will probably disappear. If not, do not despair, but continue the process till they are gone.

"*Nervine.*"—The worst toothache, or neuralgia coming from the teeth, may be speedily ended by the application of a small bit of clean cotton saturated in a strong solution of ammonia to the defective tooth. Sometimes the sufferer is prompted to momentary, nervous laughter by the application; but the pain has disappeared.

Treatment of Soft Corns.—A small piece of sal ammoniac dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of spirits of wine, and the same quantity of water. Saturate a small piece of sponge or linen rag, and place it between the toes, changing it twice a day. This will cause the skin to harden, and the corn may be easily extracted.

Mustard Plasters.—By using syrup or molasses for mustard plasters, they will keep soft and flexible, and not dry up, and become hard, as when mixed with water. A thin paper or fine cloth should come between the plaster and the skin. The strength of the plaster may be varied by the addition of more or less flour.

Flaxseed Tea.—Take three tablespoonfuls of linseed, about one pint of water, and boil for ten minutes. Strain off the water, put in a jug with two lemons, cut in thin slices; put also some brown sugar. A wineglassful of wine is an improvement. This has been found most nourishing for invalids.

Cold Cream.—One half ounce of white wax; one half ounce of spermaceti; three ounces oil of almonds; one ounce of glycerine; two ounces of rose water. Melt the four first ingredients gently together, and when nearly cold, stir in the rose water and a few drops of otto of roses.

Baked Milk.—Put half a gallon of milk into a jar, and tie it down with writing-paper. Let it stand in a moderately warm oven about eight or ten hours. It will then be of the consistence of cream. It is used by persons who are weak and consumptive.

HOLIDAY GAMES.

ELEMENTS.—A most laughable and aggravating game, especially if it be struck up unexpectedly. One of the party throws a ball (it is hoped that it will be a soft one) at another, and cries, at the same time, one of the "elements," viz: "earth," "air," "fire," or "water." The thrower then counts ten aloud, and before he has got to the end, the person at whom the ball has been thrown must name some animal inhabiting the element in question. The fun of the game consists in the almost inevitable tendency to name an animal belonging to one of the other elements—a tendency which is much increased by the flurry into which the player generally gets as the number ten is approached. No animal must be named a second time.

CORBILLON.—A French game, which can only be played in that language. It is inserted here because it is very popular in French châteaux, and may serve to amuse in some American houses, besides improving the French of the young people. One of the players says, "Je te donne mon corbillon—qu-y met-t-on?" And the person to whom the offer is addressed is bound to answer with some word ending equally in "on," of which there are many hundreds in the language such as "un cornichon," "du jambon," "un feuilleton," "un carton," "du cresson," etc. Those who fail to supply a word before ten can be counted, or repeat one that has already been given, must pay forfeit. This game was already old in the time of Molière, who makes one of his characters answer the question with, "Tarte à la crême." It becomes somewhat monotonous after a short time, but is useful in the manner above indicated, and as an exercise of ingenuity.

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FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FIG. I.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF MOSS-GREEN INDIAN CASHMERE, trimmed with silk and fringe of the same color. The large cloak has wide, square sleeves, and is trimmed with a broad band of fur, and is fastened with large gimp trimmings. The hat is of moss-green velvet, with a green feather and a roll soft green stripe *sultane* around the crown.

FIG. II.—HOUSE-DRESS OF DELICATE FAWN-COLORED DELAINE, made with a long polonaise, over a silk skirt of the same color; it is trimmed down the front with bands of brown velvet, which are ornamented with butterfly bows, and with large brown velvet buttons; sleeves to the elbow; large, lace collar.

FIG. III.—RECEPTION-DRESS OF BLACK BROCADED SILK, AND PLAIN, BLACK SILK; the very stylish coat-basque, and the upper part of the skirt, are of the brocaded silk; and the knife-plaited ruffles, with the lower fold of silk, are of the plain, black silk; the rest is of crimson and gold-colored satin; and the same material ornaments the sleeves.

FIG. IV.—DEMI-TOILETTE OF CAMEL'S HAIR PLAID IN SHADES OF GREEN AND RED; the skirt is composed of three deep rows of kilt-plaitings; the waist is also plaited into a yoke, is cut to fit in at the waist, and is worn with a red belt; the three quarter long sleeves are also plaited from the shoulder, and are finished with a deep ruffle; the dress is trimmed with *flats* of ribbon, to correspond with the dress in color. The hat is composed entirely of broad, heavy ribbon in the form of Alsatian bows, with a feather curling over the top. A dress made in this way, should only be worn by a tall, slender person.

FIG. V.—VISITING-DRESS OF RICH, CLARET-COLORED SILK; the front is barred across with bands of satin of the same color, and has a deep plaited flounce at the bottom; where the sides of the dress join the front is a row of large buttons; the back of the dress is laid in long plaits, and is untrimmed. Black velvet coat cut square in the neck in front, and trimmed with lace and gold-colored satin cordings. Claret-colored velvet bonnet.

FIG. VI.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF BLACK VELVET; at the bottom the trimming is of a band of velvet, in which plain spaces alternate with five or six knife-plaitings; above this is a broad band of grebe; the jacket has a vest, is trimmed with gimp "frogs" and lambs, and a band of grebe around the bottom, the sleeves and throat. Tartan hat of black velvet, with a grebe band around it.

FIG. VII.—PALETOT OF BROWN CLOTH, trimmed with heavy chenille fringe, brown velvet bands, edged on either side by watered ribbons and large wooden buttons; square collar of dark brown velvet, edged with fringe

FIG. VIII.—DOLMAN OF GRAY CLOTH; the sleeves are cut with the back of the dolman, and in front are turned back with brown velvet, and trimmed with large, brown horn buttons; the dolman is double-breasted; the large collar is of brown velvet, edged with gray and brown chenille fringe.

FIG. IX.—EVENING-DRESS OF SILK, of the greenish-white tint called crystal; the front is covered with alternate bands of dragon-green velvet and silk embroidered galloon, ornamented on either side by scalloped embroidery. The back falls in easy folds, and has narrow box-plaiting, surmounted by the galloon. Embroidered flounces and triple folds of velvet trim the Marquise sleeves. A lace ruching edges the square opening, and composes the necklet.

FIG. X.—EVENING AND RECEPTION-DRESS OF DARK BLUE VELVET; long skirt, bordered with a blue satin plaiting. Narrow tablier of pale blue satin, laid in a triple plait. The sides are full, and terminate with a blue sash at the back. Bodice with short basque, double collar at the back; light blue satin laid in folds on the waist; large blue bow of the satin, with a bunch of red roses above it; illusion in the neck.

FIG. XI.—WALKING-DRESS OF DARK BLUE AND GREEN WOOLEN PLAID; the deep flounce is kilt-plaited and bias; the over-skirt is also bias, and opens low down, over the kilt flounce; it is caught up slightly in the back; the deep Louis XV. coat-basque is double-breasted, has a large, rolling collar, and opens over a cream-colored cashmere vest. Green felt hat, trimmed with a blue wing and blue velvet.

FIG. XII.—YOUNG GIRL'S WALKING-DRESS OF GRAY WOOLEN BARRED WITH BROWN; there is a narrow bias ruffle around the bottom, under the plain upper part, which is laid in a fold below the knee, and is trimmed with a bias binding, and then large, wooden buttons; the back is simply gathered as suits the fancy of the wearer, but there should be but little looping in a thick material. The deep coat is plain, cut a little away at the bottom in front; there is a large, deep cape, and large collar; belt around the waist. Gray felt hat, with brown velvet trimming.

FIG. XIII.—WINTER CLOAK OF BLACK VELVET, trimmed with a wide band of sable fur, and a deep fur collar, cuffs, and small muff. Black velvet bonnet.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The white beaver hat is for a young lady; it is trimmed with white terry velvet, and has a long, white plume. The round hat is of the shape called English; is of gray felt, and is trimmed with a band of gray velvet and a gray wing.

The first black bonnet is of felt; the trimming consists of an Algerian ribbon, striped with red, blue, and black, and which is formed into a large bow in front; strings of the same ribbon passed over the crown. The other bonnet is of black velvet, of a Marie Stuart shape, and is trimmed with a roll of black velvet and old, gold-colored satin ribbon, and two old, gold-colored plumes.

There is nothing especially new to chronicle at this season of the year. All sensible people wear skirts that just escape the ground, though many will persistently cling to the half-train. Some of even the handsomest walking-dresses are made of coarse looking, woolen material; but it is exceedingly soft and warm, and is often made very costly by additions of silk, satin, or velvet, as trimmings. Silk walking-dresses are kept exclusively for visiting-dresses, though the woolen ones are used largely for that purpose.

Paniers are, as yet, seldom seen, though some of the imported dresses are strewn with them; but they will certainly be *the* fashion, before long, as crinoline, or *tournures*, or "bustles," (the thing is known by all three names,) are already appearing, though very modest in size, at first.

Claret or dark red is the favorite color for out-of-door wear, this winter, and is used in silk, satin, and velvet for home wear. There are two shades of blue which are also popular for home wear—peacock blue, and *gendarme* blue. Large wraps, such as that in the first figure of our fashion plate, are the most fashionable, and *all* wraps are large.

The bonnet that is the most worn, is the small, round bonnet of the "baby," and "cottage" shape; but the newest bonnets are all large, and not always as becoming as the smaller ones.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF DARK, CLARET CASHMERE; the sash is of claret-colored silk; the dress is of Princess shape; it fastens at the back and terminates with a frill, headed with rows of fancy galloon.

FIG. II.—LITTLE GIRL'S COAT OF DARK BLUE VELVET, trimmed with chinchilla fur; the cap and muff are also of velvet and are trimmed with chinchilla.

FIG. III.—BOY'S SUIT OF BROWN TWEED, with corduroy waistcoat and collar. The jacket and cuffs are bound with corduroy, cut on the bias.

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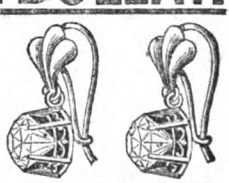

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MY EVENING STAR [*See the Story, "A Girl's Triumph."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MARCH. INITIALS.

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HOUSE DRESS. CARRIAGE DRESS.

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RECEPTION DRESS. WALKING DRESS.

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YOUNG LADY'S OUT-DOOR COSTUME: FRONT AND BACK.

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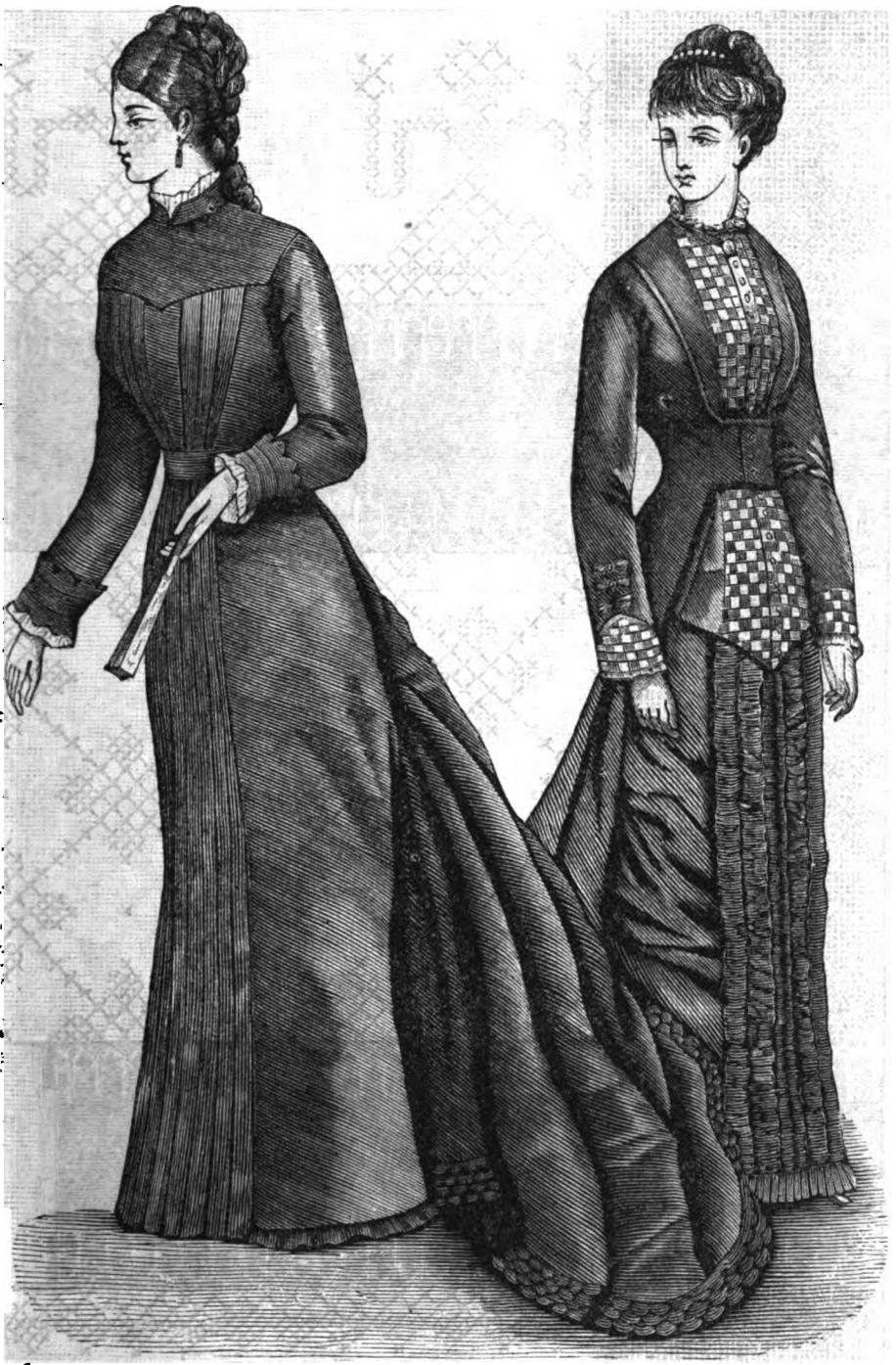

HOUSE DRESS. RECEPTION DRESS.

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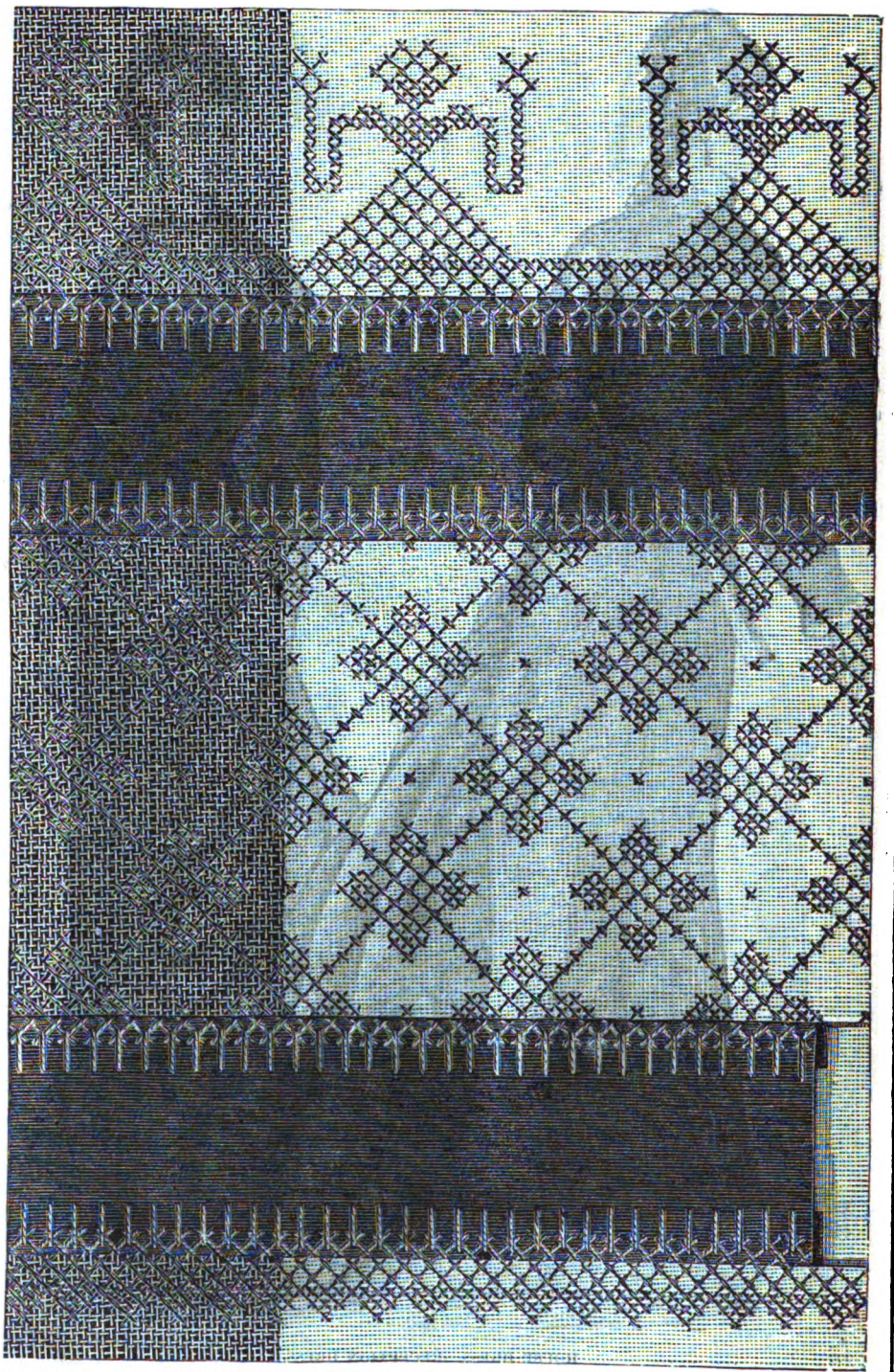

DESIGN FOR CROSS-STITCHING ON LINEN, SATIN, OR SILK.

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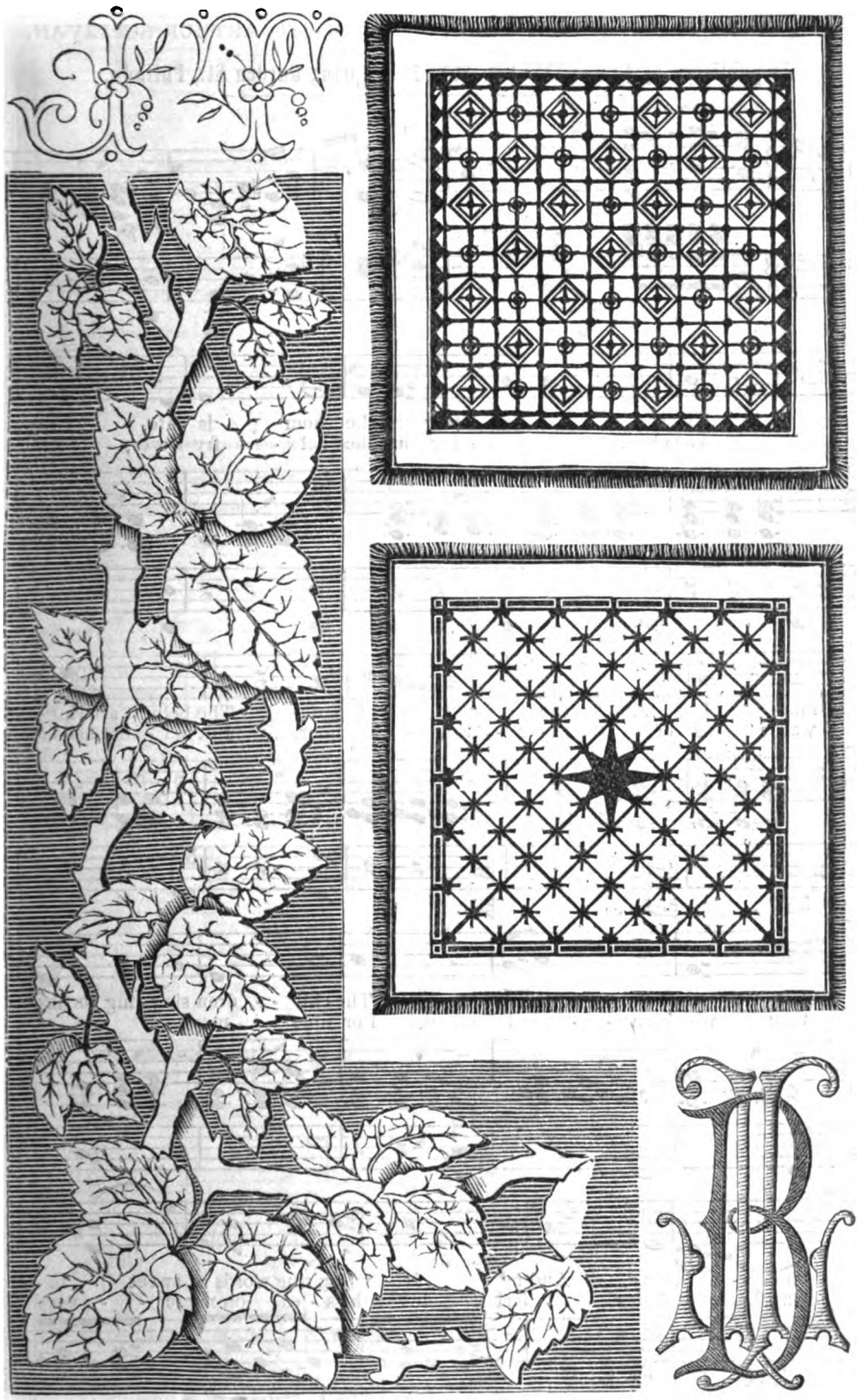

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LET ME DREAM AGAIN.

Words by B. C. STEPHENSON. Music by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1008 Spring Garden St., Philada.

Andante espressivo.

dim. *p*

The sun is set - - ting and the hour is late, Once
The clock is strik - ing in the bel - - fry tower, And

more I stand be-side the wick - et gate, The bells are ring-ing
warns us of the ev - er - fleet - ing hour, But nei - ther heeds the

out the dy - - ing day, The chil - - dren sing - ing on their
time which on - - ward glides, For time may pass a - -

cres.

home - ward way, And he is whisp'ring words of sweet in - -
way, but love a-bides I feel his kiss - es on my fe - - ver'd

cres.

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dim. *p* *rall.*

tent, While I, half doubting, whis - per a con - sent.
brow, If we must part, ah! why should it be now?

dim. *p*

un poco piu lento. *pp*

Is this a dream? then wak - ing would be pain;

p

Oh! do not wake me, let me dream a - gain.

cres. *cres.*

Is this a dream? then wak - ing would be pain;

cres.

f *ff*

appassionato. ad lib. *con forza.*

Oh! do not wake me, do not wake me, let me dream a - gain.

f *f*

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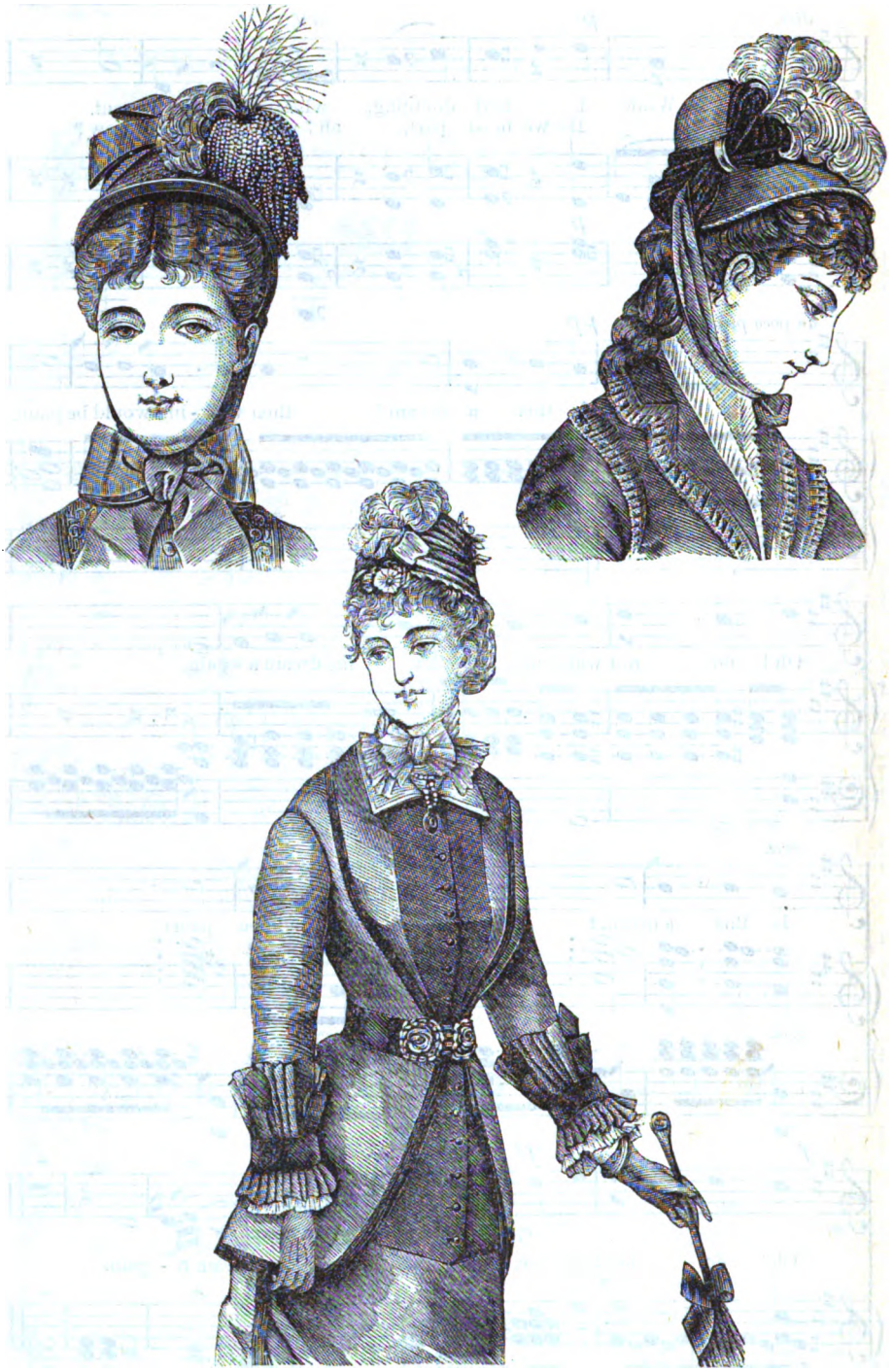

WALKING JACKET. NEW STYLE BONNETS.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXV. PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1879. No. 3.

THE NAVY-BLUE SILK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DERWENT DIAMONDS."

"I SHALL be expected to call on the bride, this morning," I said. "But, of course, I can't do so."

Charlie looked up from his morning paper, with a provokingly innocent face, as I spoke.

"Why not, my dear?" he said.

"Oh, Charlie, how can you ask? You know as well as I do, that I've nothing genteel to wear. This rusty, old alpaca is my best, and it is not fit to go to market in, even. I should think you'd feel ashamed, to see me look so shabby."

"Shabby, Jennie," said Charlie, inspecting me from head to foot. "Why, to my eye, you are the neatest, prettiest little woman the sun shines on."

The compliment pleased and flattered me; nevertheless, I was vexed.

"All that sounds very nicely, Charlie; but you know how much I need some sort of fall out-fit; at any rate, I've mentioned the fact more than once."

"So you have, Jennie; but I've been so cramped for money, with that confounded law business on my shoulders, I haven't had a dollar to spare. Never mind, there are better days ahead, I trust, little woman. We can stand the old alpaca a little longer, can't we?"

"I can stand it all winter, if you say so, Charlie."

My husband arose, and tossed aside his paper, a dancing light in his handsome eyes. I fancied he was making fun of me, and my temper blazed up. "There seems to be money enough for all other needs, except mine," I said, chokingly. "It is too bad, that I must mope in the house, for want of decent apparel."

Charlie crossed the room, and put his arm about me.

"So it is, little wife, but be patient a little longer."

"There is a point, when patience ceases to be a virtue."

Charlie laughed, as he kissed me, a merry, mischievous laugh, that increased my vexation.

"By-by, Jennie. I'll run up, and kiss baby, and be off. Oh, get my best coat, will you, my dear? And you can mend this one up a little, while it is off duty. I expect to see some friends, to-day; and, by the way, you may put off dinner an hour later, Jennie; I don't think I shall get home at the usual time."

"Why not, Charlie?"

"Oh, well, never mind why, Jennie; it isn't polite to inquire into a fellow's private matters, you know;" and with a laughing glance, he ran up stairs.

His reply vexed me afresh, and I brought out his coat, and hung it on a chair; and then took myself off to the kitchen.

"Jennie, I'm off," he shouted, when he came down.

I did not run out, to say a last good-by, as I had done every morning since our marriage. I answered, "Very well, Charlie," and went on with my work.

The front door closed, and from the kitchen window I saw my husband hurry down the street. Then, after the fashion of my sex, I sat down, and had a good cry. I was vexed because I could not call upon the bride; vexed, that Charlie had treated my need of a new dress so carelessly; and vexed with myself, for my petulant temper.

When my unavailing cry was over, I dried my eyes, and returned to the breakfast room. On the lounge lay Charlie's old coat. I took it up, with a sharp pang at my heart. It was dreadfully worn and thread-bare. Poor Charlie! after all he had done his best. My repentant tears rushed forth afresh: nevertheless, I put my hand in Charlie's coat pocket. Does that woman live, who can resist the impulse, which prompts her to explore her husband's pockets?

Handkerchiefs by the half-dozen, a crushed cigar, and the fragment of a letter. Of course, I examined *that*.

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It was penned in feminine chirography, and ran as follows:

"Dear Charlie: The dresses are all ready, and the Navy-Blue is exquisite. I shall come on Thursday, the 10th. Be sure and meet me at the station, and for goodness sake! keep the whole thing a secret."

There the sheet was torn off. I read these lines over and over, lost in wonder. What woman had a right to address my husband as "dear Charlie?"

"I shall come on Thursday, the 10th!"

It flashed over me like lightning, that this very day was Thursday, the 10th; and, oh, good gracious! Charlie had worn his best coat, and warned me not to expect him home in time.

My heart began to thump hard and fast; my limbs trembled under me. At that minute, the bell rang. I crushed the torn letter into my pocket, and hurried to the door. Mrs. Wickcliffe had called. I ushered her into our small parlor, and struggled to compose my nerves.

"I came out early, my dear, I'm on my way to call on the bride. She leaves in the one o'clock train. Of course, you're going to call."

I stammered out some sort of lame excuse for not going.

"Not going?" cried my guest. "Dear me! and you were not at the reception. Why in the world didn't you come?"

"Well, really, to speak the truth, Mrs. Wickcliffe, I had nothing suitable to wear."

Mrs. Wickcliffe stared.

"Why, my dear, where is your navy-blue silk? You've surely had it made up?"

"I haven't any navy-blue silk, Mrs. Wickcliffe."

"Why, my dear child, where is that handsome silk I saw your husband buy?"

"You must be mistaken," I faltered.

"Oh, indeed, but there's no mistake about it, my dear. I saw him pay for it, and have it cut off; it was at Drayton's, some three weeks ago; the handsomest navy-blue, three dollars a yard."

The words of the torn letter flashed across my bewildered mind: "The dresses are all ready, and the navy-blue is exquisite."

A sudden suspicion, a suspicion sharp as death itself, possessed my soul; a suspicion that some other woman had come between me and my husband. The room and its occupant seemed to reel before my eyes, but I controlled myself with a desperate effort.

"My husband must have bought the articles for another party," I said. "Ah, there is baby's voice. Pray excuse me for one moment, Mrs. Wickcliffe."

"Never mind, my dear, since you won't call on the bride, I'll go. Good morning; do come in, soon."

She went, a smiling pity in her eyes, that drove me frantic. I rushed up stairs, and caught my baby to my breast, my baby with his father's own handsome eyes.

"Baby, baby, what shall I do? He is false to us both, and my heart is broken."

A day begun badly, rarely ever ends well. All sorts of worries beset me, that day: baby was cross; the butcher's bill came, and there was no money to pay; and I burned my bread and tarts black.

The afternoon came, at last, lowering and stormy, and I had made up my mind. I would see the end of the mystery.

About half-past three, I gave baby a sound dose of soothing syrup, and tucked him away in his crib; then I locked up the house, and arrayed in my rusty alpaca, I sallied forth. I must know the truth.

I went to my husband's office first. He had just left. With the terrible suspicion in my soul, growing into a torturing certainty, I bent my steps, through wind and rain, towards the railway station. There was but one in our little, country town, and the afternoon train was due at four.

I trudged on, and reached the depot, just as the train came steaming in. The very first man I saw, was Charlie, his hat pushed back, his handsome face in a glow of eager expectation.

What I felt at that moment, no words can describe; only a woman's foolish, fond, jealous heart may know. I shrunk out of sight, and concealed myself behind some bales of cotton.

In came the train, and in two minutes, a little lady, all befrilled, and closely veiled, appeared on the platform.

"Oh, Charlie!"

"Ah, my dear, here you are!"

And he took her in his arms, and kissed her, and carried her off to a waiting carriage. A porter followed with her trunk, and then they whirled away together.

Standing there, like a guilty creature, in the wind and rain, with my woman's pride, and my woman's love both outraged and insulted, I looked down towards the sullen waters of the river, below the town. There was a cure for all my pain. But I remembered baby. Ah! how the tender, little hands hold a mother's heart. A woman my be brought to relinquish all she holds dear, even life itself, but never her child.

I must live and endure for baby's sake. I turned my back upon the sullen water, and my face homeward; and groped on through the mud and rain, blind and almost unconscious in my misery.

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The cottage was all alight, when I came in sight of it, every window in a blaze. What if it had taken fire! The thought winged my weary feet; I rushed on breathlessly.

Charlie confronted me, as I burst open the kitchen door, with baby in his arms.

"Well, bless my soul! Jennie, where under the sun have you been. I found the house all locked up, and the poor child screaming itself to death; and I had to break open the window to get in. What's happened, Jennie! Good heavens! your are ill."

I caught a glimpse of a face beyond him, a woman's sweet face, and as I recognized her, my over-strung nerves gave way.

Charlie caught me as I fell, and when I awoke to life again, his arms still held me, his dear, faithful arms.

Kitty—my sister Kitty—who had been off in Europe for years, stood near by, with baby in her arms.

With my head on Charlie's shoulder, in pain and humiliation, I made my confession. His handsome eyes looked at me, full of grave tenderness, when he understood all.

"How you have suffered," he said. "And I tremble to think how it might have ended. We are both to blame, Kitty; it won't do for married folks to have secrets, you see."

"Jennie's a little goose," said Kitty, as she kissed me, and cried over me, and then I heard the explanation of the mystery.

Kitty was coming home, but she wanted to keep her coming a secret, in order to give me a great and glad surprise. She was obliged to remain for some weeks in the city, with the family for whom she had been governess for a number of years. Knowing this, and wishing to make my surprise doubly pleasant, Charlie purchased material for a couple of handsome dresses, and expressed it to Kitty, that she might have them stylishly made up.

"You had been such a patient, self-denying little wife," he said, looking down at me with his laughing eyes; "and I had set my heart on that lovely navy-blue, so I bought it, and sent it on to Kitty. Only see how stylishly she has had it made!"

"And this is real lace at the throat, and in the cuffs, Jennie," chimed in Kitty.

"And you need never wear that shabby alpaca again, my love," echoed Charlie. "From henceforth you shall have all you desire, for my lawsuit is ended, and I've won the day."

"Charlie," I sobbed, my arms about his neck. "Charlie, I don't deserve this. Can you ever forgive me?"

"I'll see about it, Jennie. But you must promise never to doubt me again, and I'll never have another secret from you, my dear. But the idea of your taking up such a notion! and not to recognize your own sister, too."

"Charlie, I was blind and frantic with pain. Oh, dear, I am so glad it was all a horrible mistake!"

"Glad I can't care for any living woman but yourself; is that it? You silly little thing, come here, and look at yourself in the glass, and tell me if it is a wonder. Is there another face in the round world, as sweet and winning as my dear, little wife's?"

I hid my blushing face in his bosom.

"Charlie, you are so good to me, I am not deserving of your love; but I'll try to be better—"

"Hush, you are precisely what I want you to be, the sole desire of my heart. Never doubt me again, little woman; I am worthy of your trust."

"Come down to supper," called Kitty, from below. "Come at once, for I'm famished."

We left the lovely dresses spread out on the bed, and went down arm in arm. Kitty was making tea, with baby on her bosom.

I said that a day badly begun rarely ends well; but I must take it back. No day that ever dawned ever ended more joyously than that.

And for us all, the blindest, the weakest, the most prone to err, through the Great Father's tender mercy, no matter how dark and stormy the morning hours of life may be, there is always the promise and possibility of a serene and cloudless evening.

CONCEIT.

BY ABBY M. BOND.

A DANDELION came up in the spring,
A dandelion yellow and bright.
He said to himself, in his silly pride,
I think I shall shame the stars to-night.

I'm sure I am yellower far than they;
'Tis plain to be seen I'm larger, too.
I really pity them, poor wee things,
They are but specks in the far-off blue.

The stars kept on in their steady course,
Never minding a word he said.
All of them still are shining bright,
But poor little dandelion is dead.

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A GIRL'S TRIUMPH.

BY JEAN SCOFIELD.

THE morning sun had been for some time peeping into the neat, little cottage chamber, where Francis Trevenor lay, before he was conscious of its regards; though it brought with it the scent of fresh roses and the sound of rustling leaves, and pleasant suggestions of fair, June weather. By little and little, he was penetrated with a sense of the morning, and, at last, tried dreamily to turn on his pillow, and get a fuller glimpse of its glory. A sharp twinge of pain was the result of the effort. Then Mr. Trevenor became aware that he was in a strange place, and in a state of much physical discomfort.

What did it mean? He tried to unravel the mystery. Where had he been last night, or last week, or at whatever period his former existence had paused? The leafy stir at the window helped him; he turned his eyes languidly thither, and slowly recalled a vision of great, tree-clad hills, cleaving the deep sky gloriously; of a solitary road, winding among them; and so came to the particular of a wild, picturesque glen, and the thunder and foam of waters in its depths; of a tuft of white wood violets, clinging to the side of a steep descent; of himself, leaning out to grasp it, and steadying his footing by the help of a slender sapling, growing on the rock's edge; of a shock—a crash—sudden darkness—

"You've waked up, mister, hev you? How d'ye feel?"

A motherly old woman stood at his bedside, and looked at him with interest, from the shade of a remarkable cap.

"I don't know. What am I doing here, pray?"

"Hain't you found out yet that you've an arm broke, and an ankle sprained?" said the old woman, cheerfully, as if he were to be congratulated on such a surprisingly clever feat. "My old man toted you up from the glen, down yonder, yes'day arternoon; and we thought you was done for, sure enough; but Miss Vance sot your arm, and you'll come 'round nicely."

"A broken arm and a sprained ankle! And I was to have been in New York before the end of the week!" exclaimed Trevenor, starting up impetuously, and falling back with a groan and a sick sensation of faintness.

"Now you jest quit that, mister," said the old woman, warmly. "There ain't no New York for you, for weeks to come, to say nuthin' of this week. You'd better lie quiet, and keep your mind easy."

Quiet, and keep his mind easy! This to a man whose whole future depended on what those next few weeks might bring forth! Must he lie there, quiet, in that little, mountain cottage, in the hands of an uninteresting old woman, while destiny played at foot-ball with his fortunes, and laughed in her sleeve, because he had no share in the game? He could not, at present, gainsay it. But to keep an easy mind, under such a combination of circumstances, was a stretch of philosophy beyond Trevenor's, or, indeed, most men's, attainments.

"You needn't be 'fraid you won't be well took care on," continued the old woman, consolingly. "To say nuthin' of me and the old man, there's Miss Vance—she's ekle to any doctor. Did I tell you she sot your arm, last night?"

"Did she, indeed?" muttered Trevenor. It was pleasantly possible that he might have to pass his future life, a maimed monument of ignorant, female presumption. The old woman seemed to detect the disparaging thought, and resent it.

"Well, and why shouldn't she? None of the doctors hereabouts could hold a candle to old Dr. Vance, and he learned her. Mebby she didn't save my old man's life, a year ago, when he was a-bleedin' to death, up there in the quarry, and ev'ry other help ten miles off. Never you fret. Didn't I tell you she's gone to Middlefr'd now, to bring Dr. Macy?—jest as a sort of satisfaction to *your* mind, I guess; for *she* knows what she's about, and where you'd a-been now, if we'd a-waited for *him* to set you to rights, the land knows."

"That is showing great kindness to a stranger," said Trevenor, languidly wondering that he did not feel more grateful. But the haze of recent insensibility and incipient fever obscured all his faculties and feelings. He shut his eyes, and the voice of the old woman sounded like a voice in a dream.

"We haven't no partic'ler intention to be kind," it said. "It's just our way and Miss Vance's to sort of try to do our duty by folks. Everybody has their own ways, mister, don't ye know they hev? The only diff'rence is, some on 'em has extraordinary ways, and some hain't."

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Whether this was, or was not, the text the old woman took for a long monologue, Trevenor could not afterwards recollect; her words slipped past him like the lapsing of waves, with no intelligible meaning to his ear. And with an ever-present sense in his mind of his causes for anxiety and disquiet, he was yet unable to think about them, but wandered away in mazes of the most trifling observation and speculation. For instance, the pattern of his nurse's cap. Could such a wilderness of bows and corrugated border have been designed outside of a nightmare? Were there others like it in existence? And if so, who had the hardihood to appear in the first and original member of the series? That portrait on the wall opposite—the representation of a melancholy lady, with dreary eyes and a bony neck—was it, or was it not, intended for "Miss Vance?" Probably it was. Why should a bony-necked woman sit for her portrait in an angular linen collar, that heightened her special ugliness? Queen Elizabeth, who must have been bony-necked, had the good taste to encircle her throat with high ruffs, and hide it. Was that illustrious dame a credit to her sex, or not? Decidedly not; and why, oh, why, were people who did extraordinarily clever things in general, so uncomfortable to look at, or live with? On the face of it, that must be Miss Vance's portrait.

All the while conscious of the absurdity and futility of these thoughts, but unable to control them, Trevenor lay there, he had no idea how long, before the sound of an arrival disturbed the still house; and immediately after, there came bustling into his chamber a big, burly-faced, country doctor.

This potentate perhaps shared Trevenor's doubts of the value of woman's skill. With many a sharp interrogation and critical frown, he proceeded to put the patient to the torture of an investigation, not so much, apparently, of his injuries, as of the manner in which those injuries had been dealt with. He desisted in the end, with almost the air of a disappointed man.

"I hope all is right, doctor," said a sweet, clear voice beside Trevenor's pillow. He could not see the speaker, but the voice instantly associated itself with the remembered perfume of that tuft of violets, which had cost him so dear.

"Not so bad, on the whole, as I expected," said the doctor, in the tone of one who reserves much. "To have escaped doing some fatal piece of mischief is something, Miss Vance."

"Of course, I cannot claim to possess more than a slight knack at surgery, compared with professional skill like yours," Miss Vance meekly replied; was there a touch of sarcasm in her voice? "But a little knowledge, applied at the moment when it is needed, is equal to a great deal, ten miles away, doctor. And I was anxious to have your approval of my work, as soon as I could get it; or if that should be out of the question, to have you correct my blunders."

"Very prudent," said the propitiated doctor. "There is nothing particular to correct. I will give you a few hints, that may be of service to you. You have fallen into good hands, young gentleman."

"I am quite sure of it," said Trevenor, sincerely; for Miss Vance had just stepped forward into his range of vision. That portrait on the walls hers, indeed! She was a graceful young woman, in deep mourning; slender and almost girlish looking, but with a fair, frank face, above which, rose a low, broad brow, that might have been that of Portia; and the face was framed in loose curls of chestnut hair, parted on the middle of the forehead, and rippling away to either side. Her eyes were large, singularly expressive, and of a lovely brown color; and they gleamed, just now, with a spark of amusement; for she knew exactly how delighted the doctor would have been, could he but have put his finger upon any flaw in the operation performed by his old rival's daughter, "a chit of a girl, who had no business to meddle with matters outside of her natural department," as he would have liked to have told her.

"Mrs. Parke says you are from New York," went on the doctor, moved by natural New England curiosity to learn all he could of the stranger.

"Yes," responded Trevenor, briefly; and then feeling that he owed it to these good Samaritans to be more explicit, he roused himself to explain: "I am on my way home from the north, and was tempted by the beauty of your scenery to walk a few miles across the country. I had better have kept to the stage-coach. I ought to be at home in a few days, to attend to certain pressing business matters."

"Ah!" said the doctor, drily. "Your business must wait for you, Mr.—"

"Trevenor. My name is Francis Trevenor."

"*Trevenor!*"

Some one certainly uttered the word, in a sharp, startled whisper, drawing a quick breath, like a sob.

"Who spoke?" exclaimed Trevenor, involuntarily.

"I heard no one," answered the doctor, with some slight expression of surprise. No, it had not been the doctor, sitting smoothing his red

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moustache, and looking at the sick man. It had not been Mrs. Parke, quiet in the tremendous shadow of her cap. And what interest for Daisy Vance could the name of a total stranger possess? Yet Trevenor could not believe that that whisper had its origin only in his bewildered imagination.

It recurred to his mind, with an odd persistence, during the fevered days and nights that followed. Once, as he afterwards recalled, he started out of a restless sleep, fancying he heard it again, close to his ear. It was deep night; only a dim lamp burned in the chamber, and that was in a corner and shaded; but the curtain was drawn back, from the window opposite his bed, and he could see the evening star, large and lustrous, shining from the blue depths beyond. As he looked, the star seemed to grow larger and brighter, and actually to stand out from the sky. It came nearer and nearer; it grew more luminous still; and lo! now it was no longer a star, but the face of Daisy Vance. The face of Daisy Vance, more serious than ever, sweet and yet sad; full of all divine impulses of womanhood, regarding him earnestly, with great, soul-lit eyes, that seemed to look deep down into his own soul.

Was he dreaming? Had the fever returned upon him? He put his hand before his eyes to brush the illusion away, but when he removed it, the face was still there. And now there was a stern, questioning intensity, it seemed to him, in it. He reached forth his hand to touch it, exclaiming:

"Are you my fate? And for evil or for good, which?"

"Hush, hush! you are dreaming," it answered, in Daisy Vance's own voice; and the illusion was gone. It was only the kindest of nurses who stood there, having simply entered for a last look at her patient before retiring herself.

"Ah!" he murmured to himself, "it was the evening star, after all: my evening star!" And his nurse, half catching his words, said, "It is the star that worries you; I will draw the curtain, and then, perhaps, you can sleep." And she drew it, and went out.

Trevenor lay ill for many days; then the waning fever left him pitifully weak. He could neither do nor suggest anything in reply to the urgent communications, which, after much circumlocution, finally reached him from his lawyers. An old claim of heirship upon his fortune, which he had been brought up to regard as the most audacious of intended frauds, had been lately revived, and was being pressed vigorously —it might be, in the end, successfully. But Trevenor could do nothing but wait, and abide the result. Meanwhile, every detail of the cottage chamber grew as familiar to him as if he had occupied it for years. Mrs. Parke's caps ceased to impress him; her ancient spouse, to remind him of Ichabod Crane. He seemed to have known Miss Vance for years, and called her Daisy in his heart, long before he ventured to take the pretty name upon his lips.

Daisy! The name suited her exactly, he thought; but, in truth, she was one of those happy people who impart to everything connected with them a peculiar sense of fitness. Trevenor, who had been shocked at the outset, by finding himself the subject of feminine surgery, lost all disposition to be critical, under Daisy's care. It seemed the most natural thing in the world that such exceptional skill should belong to those dainty, girlish hands. They had parted with none of their womanly attributes thereby; for they soon wove as cunning a spell about their captive as they could have done, had they remained innocent forever of the touch of anything but embroidery and piano keys. Not designedly; for if there were something of the witch about her, as Trevenor still occasionally fancied, it was only in respect of that natural magic, which has no necessary connection with broomstick excursions at black midnight.

He soon discovered that she was not a permanent inmate of the mountain cottage. Dr. Vance, who had been the chief physician in the nearest large town, had once owned it, and had left it, with all his other worldly goods, to Daisy, at his death. The sum total of the bequest had not been apparently great. The material of Daisy's simple mourning was always cheap, and generally put together by her own hands; and she made no secret of the fact that she was staying on in that out-of-the-way place as a necessary economy. She sometimes looked anxious and worried, and Trevenor, who had such good cause to be anxious and worried himself, saw, once or twice, traces of recent tears in Daisy's dark eyes. Strange that that bright, young creature should receive no better treatment from fate than if she had been old and world-worn!

Trevenor would have liked some sympathetic share in Daisy's perplexities, doubtless, also, some friendly interest on her part in his own; but frank and delightful a companion as she could be, she glided away from any approach to special confidences as inexorably as intangibly. There was a wonderful power of quiet resolution about Daisy.

She went away for a few days on "business," just as Trevenor's convalescence became decidedly marked; just when he grudgingly thought he could least afford to do without her. He ven-

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tured to hint something of the kind, and Daisy answered, with a strange little smile:

"I shall be absent only a week. I am going down to the great deep, to see whether my ship comes in. It ought to make a safe landing, for it carries my heart."

"Such a precious freight ought to have in itself the power to compel good fortune," said Trevenor, not well knowing in what sense to interpret her metaphor.

"I am almost sure it will," answered Daisy, not smiling now, but very grave. Her face was still thoughtful as she gave Trevenor her hand at parting, and with her "*au revoir*" a glance that revived his fever fancies—seriously observant, deeply questioning: almost, it seemed, as if she had some mysterious reason to pity him, or some doubt of him that made her fearful.

The days dragged in Daisy's absence. Trevenor had expected to miss her, but not with such absolute loneliness and yearning of heart. He lingered over the memory of his past illness, and found it pleasant; it was so closely associated with the sound of her sweet voice, the soothing touch of her hand, the compassionate light of her brown eyes. But it was all over. And the legion of tormenting cares that her presence had seemed to retain in subjection, came trooping out of their lairs. His future turned upon him a most uncertain, if not threatening, aspect. Anxiety and enforced inaction are bad companions, and Trevenor could not drive them away.

The day before Daisy's return, came a letter from his lawyer, justifying his worst presentiment. If the news it contained were true, he would shortly have to begin the world again as a comparatively poor man. It was a hard blow; but, after the first shock, Trevenor felt rather relieved to be sure of the worst. He had, indeed, no friendly welcome for Poverty, now that she had come to him as a guest; but neither was he afraid of her. Other and better men had had to bear with her, and had done it gallantly, and so, he felt, could he.

And yet—this little mountain-flower, Daisy; was there to be no room in his straitened life to plant and cherish such a blossom? Did he dare to hope for it?

She was back, as she had promised, at the week's end. Trevenor did not know of her return, until he saw her standing, with the last of the day's sunshine about her, in the doorway of the little parlor, where he now spent most of his time. He had never seen her look fairer. Some half-subdued emotion tinged her cheek with an unusual glow, deepened her eyes with an unusual brightness. As she gave him her hand, it even trembled; as she answered his greeting, her voice even shook. This in Daisy, always so self-possessed. What did it mean?

"I hope your journey has been successful, Miss Daisy," Trevenor said, wondering if her troubles had culminated as gloomily as his own. But she answered, briefly, "Perfectly, thank you;" and the two sat down near each other, and tried to talk of indifferent things. But there were deeper matters in the heart of each; and this slight surface-conversation soon threatened to die out in silence. Trevenor thrust it impatiently aside. He wanted, at least, a word of sympathy.

"I have not been so fortunate as you have, Miss Daisy. I have had bad news since you left."

"Bad news!" echoed Daisy.

"I have lost all that I had—or shall lose it very soon."

"All!" echoed Daisy, in a startled way.

"Well, probably," answered Trevenor. "I do not yet know exactly how I stand; but I have no doubt I shall be poor enough. Do you care to hear about it?"

"Yes, certainly, Mr. Trevenor," was all Daisy said, and that with an air of restraint, and shrinking back into the shadow—away from him, poor Trevenor thought, with a sense of chill. But he went on steadily enough to tell his story.

"It may even be called a little romantic. You must know that I have always supposed myself to be a rich man. My father left me a large fortune, which had come to him in great part at the death of his only brother. This brother, my uncle, of course, died suddenly, some twenty years ago, unmarried, as everybody believed. But afterwards, a woman appeared, claiming to be his widow, and the mother of his child. For want of satisfactory proof, she failed to make good her story. She is now dead. But very lately her daughter has brought suit to recover her father's estate, and is likely to be successful. My lawyer writes, that a witness to the alleged marriage has been actually produced—some old family servant, supposed to have been dead for years. That gives the case a new aspect."

"But this witness; may he not be an impostor?" exclaimed Daisy, abruptly.

"It is possible. My lawyer advises me to bring a charge of conspiracy against Margaret Trevenor."

"And shall you?"

Trevenor started. The words were uttered in the same thrilling whisper that had haunted his ear since that first meeting with Daisy. And looking at her more intently, he saw that her small hands were clasped together tightly; through

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the twilight, he felt her great, brown eyes fixed upon his face, in a scrutiny painfully intense. Some strong emotion was agitating Daisy almost beyond her powers of self-control. Her excitement communicated itself to Trevenor. There was a moment of breathless suspense before he uttered his next words.

"I shall not," he answered, with an inexplicable nervous thrill upon him, and an effort to shake it away. "Margaret Trevenor is certainly my uncle's daughter. I believe that her mother was his lawful wife. I will not move a finger to keep her out of the inheritance which is justly hers."

Had Daisy no word of sympathy or encouragement for him? Trevenor silently upbraided her in his heart for her unforeseen hardness; but quickly repented; her hands went up suddenly to her face, and he heard a sob.

"Oh, Daisy!" cried Trevenor; and all at once found himself telling her, in the most impassioned way, how dear she had grown to him; how the hardest thing to bear, in this reverse of fortune, was the knowledge that he had no longer anything to offer her but his heart and an empty hand.

"As if I cared for the hateful inheritance!" burst out Daisy; and snatching away the hand Trevenor tried to take in his, she stood upright before him.

"There is another side to your story," she exclaimed, vehemently. "Suppose Margaret Trevenor had never cared or thought about her father's fortune, except as it was wrongfully withheld from her? Suppose, instead, she had dreamed all her life of clearing her mother's name in the eyes of the world, and in the eyes of those who had first dared to treat it lightly—her father's proud and unjust relatives? Suppose one of them by chance came in her way, just as it was actually possible for her to attempt that vindication? Suppose circumstances had enabled her to keep the secret of her identity, and that she took advantage of it to test his sense of justice, and to ascertain whether he was like what she had been taught to consider the type of a Trevenor, or whether there was genuine manhood in him, as there seemed to be? Suppose—"

But Daisy's torrent of words suddenly ended in tears.

"Forgive me, Trevenor," she sobbed, and Trevenor, upon whom a bewildering light had been breaking, clasped the hands outstretched to him beseechingly.

"But how came you to be called Daisy Vance?" he said.

"I have always been known by my stepfather's name," Daisy explained. "He married my mother when I was a little child, knowing all her history, and believing in her, in spite of everything. I have used the little fortune he left me to clear her name—truly, I cared for nothing further. As for Daisy, that was the pet name they gave me, when I was a baby, and it has always clung to me. I am Margaret Trevenor." And Margaret Trevenor she will remain to the end of her days, for so Trevenor and she have agreed.

It was but the other day, that, talking of his accident, Trevenor told Daisy of the night, when, in his half-fevered state, the evening star seemed to grow more luminous, to come close to him, to change into her dear face.

"I remember it," said Daisy. "I glided in, and stood between you and the window, accidentally; and when I heard you mutter something about the star, I thought it annoyed you, and so drew the curtain."

"But it was the star, after all," cried Trevenor, drawing her to him. "You and it are one; you are, and will be, forevermore, dearest, my EVENING STAR."

HAUNTED.

BY C. E. FALCONER.

THE rain falls slowly, steadily,
Out in the cold and dreariness.
My heart—alas! so readily,
Cries out in pain, in weariness.

I sit at my window gazing
On the passers-by in the street,
I stare at the firelight blazing
In the grate, low down at my feet;

Or I close my eyes in loneliness,
In a vain, wild hope not to see
A vision of vanished sweetness,
That ever comes unto me.

All in vain do I seek to banish
The thought of that haunting face;
There is nothing will cause it to vanish,
There is nothing will come in its place!

Ah, well! though the past has been bitter,
The future is still the unknown;
And it may bring some passage far sweeter,
For the sorrowful past to atone.

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AT WEST LAWN.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

I was at work in the orchard, just back of the hot-house, when my young master came suddenly upon me, with a thunder-cloud in his face.

"John," he cried, "go up to the house, and pack up my valise. Abner is off on a holiday, and I cannot await his return."

Abner was the young master's valet, and general attendant.

I dropped my pruning knife, and turned toward the house, without a word. Though I was curious enough to know what this sudden journey meant, I knew my master's temper too well to risk my head by a question.

Yet I might be pardoned for so doing, when you remember that I was the oldest servant at the house—the trusted attendant of the old master, and that I, it was, who taught the young master to take his first tottering steps. But he was a high-headed young tyrant; and when he was in his mood, as he evidently was that May morning, I would no more trifle with him, than I would tease a young lion. He never had been taught to control his temper, and as a consequence, his temper controlled him, and all those about him.

I dropped my pruning knife, as I said, and then hurried toward the house. There I made my way directly to the young master's room, and began to pack his valise. I had not been at work two minutes, when I heard a knock on the door, and my mistress entered. She had been weeping, and the tears were still in her gentle, sad eyes.

"Oh! John," she said. "Do you know that Cecil is going away? Going across the ocean, perhaps? Cannot something be done to prevent it?" And she fell to sobbing, anew.

"I am sure I do not know, my lady," I answered, pitying her from the bottom of my heart; for I well knew how she loved this strong-willed, ill-tempered son of hers. "He came and bade me pack his valise, and I fancied something had gone wrong with him."

"Oh, it is all about Miss Gresham," said my mistress, proceeding to explain matters to me, as I supposed she would, remembering her good husband's confidence in me. "You know, John, what the wish of my heart has always been; what the wish of my dear husband's heart was: it was, to see a union between Cecil and the orphaned daughter of our old friend, Colonel Gresham. It was the talk and expectation through their childhood; but they have not seen each other in ten years. Cecil is now twenty-two, and Goldie must be nineteen. She finished school last year. The clause of my husband's will, relating to them, states, that if Cecil refuses the hand of Miss Gresham, she is to come into possession of our southern estate, upon her twentieth birthday. If she refuses, she of course loses all.

"I have been urging Cecil to make the young lady's acquaintance. He ought, at least, to do as much as that. But he obstinately refuses to take one step in the matter. To-day I informed him, that I had invited her to West Lawn, for the summer; that she was coming, and might arrive indeed this very day. What did he do, John, but fly into a passion, and declare he would have no wife forced upon him, in that way, and that he was going abroad, to remain an indefinite time. If it were not too late, I would telegraph Miss Gresham not to come—I would, indeed."

Here my poor mistress' tears flowed anew. And I do believe she would have so forgotten her dignity, and compromised her good-breeding, had she known that Miss Gresham had not already started upon her journey.

While she stood there weeping, and while I was completing the packing, there was a sound of wheels on the drive below, and the housekeeper bustled in to say a young lady had arrived, with trunks and bandboxes. My mistress was just turning toward the door, when the young master rushed in, the thunder-cloud still upon his brow, and an angry flush upon his cheek.

"Your guest has arrived, I think, mother," he said, haughtily. "You must make my excuses as best you can. Good-by." And he stooped and kissed her lightly, and was gone, signing to me to follow with the valise. I could do nothing but obey; and without the heart to look at my poor mistress, I followed him down to the door. It was there, right in the full blaze of the morning sunlight, in the open door, that we met the young lady. She was robed from head to foot in some dark blue traveling dress, that set off her fine shape and clear complexion beau-

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tifully. A dark blue plume drooped half way to her shoulder, from her pretty hat; and the eyes that looked out, half shyly, half sadly, first upon my young master, then upon me, and then upon the traveling valise, I thought then, and think now, were the sweetest eyes I ever saw; and I am an old man, and have seen many bright eyes in my day.

My young master gave her a cold, steady, polite glance, bent his head respectfully, as he passed her, and walked rapidly toward the station. As for me, I followed, thinking what a blind fool the young man was, to run away, after having had even one glimpse of that lovely face.

But off he went, upon the very train that brought the young lady, and I walked slowly back to West Lawn, wondering how my poor mistress would explain matters to her guest.

I did not catch a glimpse of the young lady, for two whole days. Then, as I was at work in the orchard again, where Mr. Cecil had first found me, she came walking slowly by, one sunny afternoon. I could not refrain from giving her a look, as I saw her approaching, for I had been wondering how the pretty face would appear, after a few days' rest, if it was so ravishingly fair despite the dust and weariness of travel. So, as she approached, I glanced at her, from beneath my broad-brimmed hat, only to see the sweetest smile that ever man beheld.

"You are John, the gardener, I know," she said, in a voice as sweet as her smile. "Dear Lady Irving told me to come out, and ask you to show me about the grounds. She is quite ill, and feared I might become so, unless I took the air."

Willing enough I was, to leave all work behind, and conduct the pretty young lady about the grounds; through the hot-houses, lawns, orchards and walks; and a more appreciative person I never saw. The people at West Lawn felt a pride in knowing their grounds were well kept; but I was often annoyed at their lack of appreciation of the beautiful ferns and flowers; and now came my young lady, with a heart and face full of what I had so craved. A more delightful hour I never spent! and when it was ended, she turned to me, with her smile, that seemed to wake the fires of youth in my old heart, and said:

"Now, John, I thank you *very much* for your kindness, this afternoon. I am sure we will be friends; and I shall come often to see your beautiful grounds. Do you know I liked your looks that first day, when I saw you in the door-way? You looked so kindly at me, while the gentleman with you—it was Mr. Cecil, was it not?—wore such a forbidding expression, I hardly dared pass by him. Do you remember, John?"

I remembered the look only too well; and feeling myself called upon to say *something*, I made answer:

"Oh, well, my young master was in very great haste, that day, and feared he might not reach the train in time; and some matters at home had gone illy with him, so you must excuse his troubled looks, miss."

The dear young lady smiled, very sweetly, as she played with the flowers in the bouquet, which I had gathered for her. "Oh, certainly," she said, "I excuse him. But was it not very strange that he should never give me one word of greeting—I, his old playmate? His dear mother tells me he was suddenly called away on important business; but is it like him, John, to be so rude to ladies, always?"

I hastened to assure the young lady that my master was the most courteous and polite of men, when he chose to be—and then realized that I had made a great blunder; for now she would, very naturally, infer that he had some ill feeling toward her; and she would not be long in solving the mystery—in arriving at the truth of the matter—a humiliation my good mistress would desire to save her from, I knew.

But before I had time to mend matters any, my young lady smiled very brightly, and said, "Oh, well, John, it is all right, I am sure. We must not mind such little matters, must we? Now I must go, for I think Lady Irving will be needing me."

She gave me another smile, and turned away. I watched her out of sight, thinking what a strange young fool my young master was, to run away from such a creature. For, with her dead-gold hair, her golden-tinted complexion, and the golden light of her sweet eyes, "Goldie" Gresham, as she was rightly named, was the fairest woman I had ever seen.

My poor mistress was very ill from the first. But after the receipt of a letter from young master Cecil, a week after his departure, she grew so much worse that we were all alarmed, and, at the bidding of the family physician, I sent a telegram to Cecil. He came at once, as soon as steam would bring him; and at the end of a week, Lady Irving was pronounced out of danger. Then I fancied the young master would be off again, but strangely enough he showed no inclination to leave us, and I could find no fault, myself, with his conduct toward Miss Goldie.

If ever there was a case of mad infatuation, it was his. During the first week of his return, he had been thrown, of necessity, much with the young lady, by the bedside of his mother. And in that week, she had woven such a net about

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him, that he was bound, body and soul. Just as he had been desirous of running away from her, he was now anxious to be near her; and there was scarcely an hour that did not find them together—riding, driving, walking, or reading books out under the great elms.

Yet my dear young lady found time to give me and the flowers a few moments, nearly every day; and many were the pleasant chats we had together, over the rose bushes and pansy beds; and many a wise hint did she give me, out of her wonderful store of knowledge, for she was a born botanist, and knew much that was new to me, a life-long gardener though I was.

Bless her heart, for a bright sunbeam! say I still, though I am never allowed to speak her name at West Lawn.

I saw how things were going, those first weeks, and between my pleasure at the thought of having this dear young lady always at West Lawn, and my dread of having her life darkened by the tempers and moods of the selfish young master, I hardly knew what I desired in the matter.

One day, she and Mr. Cecil were walking in the garden, quite near me; and what with the fire and admiration in his blue eyes, and the blushes and sweet looks she gave him, I made up my mind the matter was well nigh settled. Bless me! how little I knew of women, at that time, old as I was.

It was the very next day, that I was at work, in one of the green-houses; and being very busily engaged, I did not hear steps approaching, until a shadow fell across the opening. Looking up, I saw a tall, young man, with broad shoulders, and a dark, handsome face, standing before me, hat in hand.

"I beg your pardon," he said, as politely as if he were addressing the king himself. "I fear I am disturbing you; but I am in search of work, and was sent to you by one of the servants. I am told you might give me employment, as I thoroughly understand botany and gardening."

I was so taken aback, at the fine appearance and fine manners of this young man, that I fairly felt abashed. He was quietly dressed in a plain round-about suit, with a broad hat, and high boots. Yet he did not seem to me like a common laborer. I had not made him any answer, when a ripple of song sounded near, and from the opposite end of the green room, came Miss Goldie. Her garden hat was upon her head, and her hands were full of freshly cut flowers.

"John," she said, "those tube-roses, in the south greenery, are not doing well; and something is the matter with the ferns—they are all dying—and—" Here she stopped, with a sudden exclamation of surprise, on beholding the stranger. I took it upon myself to explain matters.

"Very well, Miss Goldie," I said. "I will try and find time to look after them. This young man, Miss, has come to apply for a situation, as assistant gardener. Will you be so kind as to tell me where I may find Mr. Cecil? I never employ any assistants, without his advice and consent; though I do confess we need many an odd job done now, that I find no time for."

Miss Goldie had dropped all her flowers, in her confusion, at seeing the stranger, and she answered me as she was stooping down, to pick them up.

"Mr. Irving is going into town on some business errand, I believe," she said. "If you make haste, you may see him, before he goes, at the large gate."

It did not strike me until afterward, that it was not like my young lady, to be left alone with a stranger. I hastened away, only to see Mr. Cecil riding down the road, beyond call. When I returned to the greenery, I heard Miss Goldie's voice saying, in very emphatic tones: "You have done very wrong." "Dear me," thought I, "what has this young fellow been doing, already, to merit the displeasure of my kind young lady? I will send him away, at once, if that is the sort of person he is."

But when I joined them, I saw no displeasure in Miss Goldie's fair face. On the contrary, she said:

"Well, John, I have questioned this young man, and find he knows a good deal about flowers; now, if you need help, I will answer for Mr. Cecil's satisfaction, if you give him a place. He seems to be in need of employment, and it may keep him from some mischief, if you give him work to do. But be sure, John, that you keep him busy!"

I thought this was very plain talk, true as it was; but on glancing at my young lady, I saw she had turned her face away from the stranger, to conceal the laughter in her eyes. She was, no doubt, in her heart, doubting his capabilities, I thought, and was determined to expose his pretensions to ridicule. But it all resulted in my engaging the young man, who gave his name as Rex Sherad, on trial for one month, and longer, if satisfied with his work.

Before one week of the time had slipped away, I knew he would give entire satisfaction, for whatever I bade him do, was done neatly, and quickly, and cheerfully, beside which he made the hours most merry with his fine bits of song, and

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his cheery laugh, and pleasant way. But during that whole week, I had never one word with Miss Goldie. She never came near the garden once, though she several times passed hard by, with Mr. Cecil, who grew more devoted each day.

One day, the last of the first week of Rex Sherad, we were busily at work, training some vines over a summer-house just erected, when Miss Goldie and the young master rode gaily by, and the sound of their blithe voices floated to us, as they passed.

I had just asked young Sherad a question about the work of the previous day, and looking up to see why he did not answer, I was astonished at the expression of his face. His dark eyes were fairly flaming, and his cheek white as marble; and between his set teeth, I heard plainly a muttered curse. And he was gloomy and silent all the rest of the day.

That night, there was a glorious moon. I sat in the lodge door, smoking a quiet pipe, as is my habit, after the work of the day is over, and enjoying the beautiful June night, when I saw two figures slowly sauntering down the gravel walks, in the shadow of the green-houses. I could see that one was a woman, by the gleam of her white dress. "Mr. Cecil and Miss Goldie," I said, mentally, and then I fell to thinking of what the future would hold for my young lady, after she became the wife of Mr. Cecil.

"To be sure," I said, "he is not the same man he was before she came. He is kind, and patient, and gentle to us all. But when he is once the husband of Miss Goldie, he will go back to the old moods and tempers, and make her young heart ache with his tyranny. If he does not, then I shall indeed believe in the absolute change of the human heart and disposition, after maturity, which I don't believe in, now."

The next day, my young assistant, Sherad, was himself again; making the hours merry with laugh and song; and during the following week, I saw a good deal of Miss Goldie. She was overseeing and planning the laying out of some of the grounds, changing the walks, and altering the general arrangement. She had suggested a change, and the young master had, at once, ordered us to work under her supervision.

I think those days were among the very happiest I ever remember. There was Miss Goldie, with her big sun hat and garden gloves, walking about, giving us advice and orders, in her sweet, kind way, and going into ecstacies of delight at the results. And there was Rex Sherad, tall and handsome, and brown, whistling and singing at his work, as was his wont, saying bright, sparkling things, that would bring a bubble of laughter to Miss Goldie's lips, every now and then. Oh, they were gay times, and I felt as if I were quite a boy again, as I worked and listened. Sometimes, Mr. Cecil would come down, and take a peep at things, and a long look at Miss Goldie; and sometimes, Lady Irving would sit an hour, in the sunny arbor, and watch our work.

A happier lady I never saw than she; everything was turning out as she had hoped, and the desire of her heart was to be fulfiled.

We were full three weeks completing the work. When it was done, and the grounds all in perfect order, the young master and Miss Goldie came down together, arm in arm, to look at it.

I saw, by the expression of Mr. Cecil's face, that he was not in a pleasant mood. Rex Sherad was just behind the young couple, bracing up a young tree, that we had recently set out, and which the wind had caused to lean slightly. He was humming a snatch of song, in his clear, tenor voice, when Mr. Cecil turned upon him, fiercely, and cried out:

"Stop that infernal noise there, or leave the grounds."

I saw Rex look up, with a flash in his dark eyes. He took a step forward, and stood facing the young master, for a moment, in silence, his hand clenched at his side. A finer picture I never saw; the young master, with his slight, elegant figure, his pale, haughty blonde face, looking frowingly, but I must confess, a trifle wonderingly, upon the splendid, lithe form of the young gardener, whose dark face was never half so handsome as at this moment. Just a second's time they stood thus, then Rex spoke, in the proudest, coldest tone I ever heard from a man's lips.

"Did you speak to me, sir?"

"Yes, to you," answered the young master, shortly, but less gruffly than before. "My head aches, and I do not like any unnecessary noise. You can go back to your work. But let's have no more of your singing."

"This is God's free air," answered Rex, proudly, "and I was not singing loud enough to disturb any one. Not as loud as your voice was in speaking, just now."

The young master turned upon him, angrily, all his fierce temper flaming out in his face.

"Do you dare to parley words with *me?*" he cried. "You are forgetting your place, and may take your month's wages, and go. Don't let me see you on the premises, after to-day."

He was turning away, when Rex stepped before him.

"Am I to take all that belongs to me, when I go?" he asked.

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Mr. Cecil gave him a scornful glance. "Yes—leave, bag and baggage, and never return," he said; "and the sooner the better."

No sooner had the words escaped his lips, than Rex strode to the side of Miss Goldie, who had listened in silence, with paling cheeks, to this scene.

"Miss Gresham—Goldie—" he said, in a clear, ringing voice, "are you ready to go with me."

"Quite ready," she said, placing her hand upon his arm, and smiling up in his face, with those soft eyes of hers.

"Then come," he said, and was leading her from the grounds, when the tall form of Mr. Cecil interposed.

"In the name of heaven," he cried, hoarse with passion and rage, "what does this mean!"

Then the two turned, and faced him, and my dear young lady spoke. Never had I seen her look so grand and lovely, as she did at that moment.

"It means just this," she said, quietly: "I am the promised wife of this man—Reginald Sherad, attorney-at-law, and master of Grey Lodge, near my home. I came here, prepared to tell you this; to be honest, and relieve you from the conditions of the will, which I presumed were as distasteful to you as to me. But I met with an insult upon your threshold. I found you fleeing from my presence, as if I were come to entrap you; you had not the grace even to be courteous to me, in your own home. I come of a race who never forget an insult. Fortune cast you in my way, and I made myself agreeable to you. My lover," and here she glanced proudly up at the man at her side, "grew impatient to see me, and wrote me that he was coming to West Lawn. I forbade it; yet he came—as you see. Came in the capacity of a servant, that he might not make talk for the gossips, and yet be able, sometimes, to see me. I scolded him for his audacity, but I have forgiven him," and here she smiled again, "and we are to be married in September. I had not thought to tell you, so soon, of my plans; but as you bid Mr. Sherad take with him all his possessions, I am forced into an untimely explanation and departure. If you will allow me to pass, Mr. Irving, I will attend to my packing."

But my young master, whose face had been growing blacker and blacker with passion, while Miss Goldie spoke, turned suddenly, with a tiger-like bound, and caught young Sherad by the throat.

"You thief! you poacher! you traitor!" he cried, "how dare you steal into a man's own household to insult him? I will teach you—"

But here his words closed; for young Sherad gripped him suddenly, and with one skilful movement, threw him flat upon the earth, where he lay stunned and helpless.

I sprang to my young master's assistance. But he only thanked me with a curse, as he rose sullenly to his feet, telling me to let him alone.

And without once looking back, young Sherad and Miss Goldie passed from the grounds, and half an hour later, had left West Lawn forever.

The young master went back, silently, to the house, and it was not until several days afterward, that he made his appearance again. Meantime, we had been told by Lady Irving, never to mention the name of Miss Goldie, so long as we should remain at West Lawn.

Shortly afterward, my mistress and the young master went abroad, and they are still absent. But I have heard the young master is to return soon, and bring a bride with him. I do pity the new mistress of West Lawn, whoever she may be. For what with the young master's temper, and the certainty he does not love her, hearing of this old trouble, as she surely will, she will not be a happy bride; of that you may be sure.

Miss Goldie sent me cake and cards, when she and Mr. Sherad were married, and to this day, I bless her sweet face; and as I sit in the lodge door, smoking my pipe of evenings, I live over the bright hours gone by, when she walked among my beautiful flowers, herself the fairest of them all.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

Sweeter than the mountain breeze,
Or the salt breath of the sea,
Blowing over reedy leas,
Were the words that came to me.

I was weary of the storm;
Sickened by the hope deferred;
Longing for the sunlight warm,
For a sweet, inspiring word.

Dreams, with shining, golden wings,
Hover o'er my bed so white;
All the air with music rings,
Surely, earth is heaven to-night!

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IT NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH.

BY MRS. JANE G. AUSTIN.

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CHAPTER IX.

DOLÓRES MAKES HER ESCAPE.

Returning from his vigil, beside the couch of his sick friend, in the first gray of early dawn, Tom Burleigh was a good deal startled, on reaching the gates of Government House grounds, at seeing a slender, black-robed figure start from her seat upon a rock beside the road, and come swiftly toward him, her pallid face, and great, dark eyes gleaming, spirit-like, from the lace veil, draped with careless grace about her head. Pausing, half-scared, half-enchanted, and pulling off his hat, Tom waited until the apparition spoke, which, unlike most apparitions, it did without waiting for an adjuration. At first, it addressed him in Spanish, and when he shook his head, it spoke in English, an English that was charming in its purity, but that had the slow utterance and strong accent of one who had learned the language grammatically, but had never spoken it much.

"You are Señor de Pampalona, sir?"

"Oh, no, madam. My name is Burleigh, and I am son of the governor, who lives in this house."

"Yes. Some one told me it was the governor's house, but the gate was locked, and I waited. Does Pampalona live there, also?"

"No, indeed. He lives at the hotel, just down here. The Royal Victoria, you know."

"I wish very much to see him, sir."

"Yes? Well, I don't suppose he is about yet. It is only three o'clock, or so, you know."

"He could be waked, perhaps." And Dolóres, for it was she, fixed her great, eloquent eyes upon the boy's face, giving his young blood a sudden thrill of chivalrous admiration, such as it had never known before.

He drew a step nearer, and smiled.

"Yes, of course he could be waked; and I will go and see about it, if you like."

"Muchos gratias! You are so good. We will go immediately."

"But perhaps it would be better for me to go alone," suggested Tom, slightly embarrassed at the idea of presenting himself in the vestibule of the Royal Vic, at that time of the morning, escorting so charming and so unusual-looking a companion.

Dolóres' quick ear and quicker instinct caught the tone, and comprehended it.

"I will come as far as the gate, or where I will not be seen from the house," said she, quietly; and Tom at once led the way, not through Government Grounds, however, as would have been shortest, but along the hill-road below. The fact was, that Tom would have been sorry to exhibit his companion, at least to one pair of eyes, already, perhaps, waking in his paternal mansion; and he was a good deal startled to hear his thought echoed, as it were, from Dolóres' unconscious lips.

"Does Miss Hildegarde live, then, with you?"

"Miss Hildegarde Waterston? Oh—do you know her?" asked he, more abruptly than courteously.

"No. But I know of her—well, it is of her affairs that I wish to see Violéto de Pampalona."

"Well, but you know—I beg your pardon, but the young lady is my cousin, and Mr. Pampalona is only an acquaintance; and if you have anything to say about her, wouldn't it be better to say it to me, you know?"

And Tom stopped short, and in the gray light took another, and yet more anxious survey of this strange, lovely, unworldly creature, who had dropped, as it were, from the clouds, to meddle and make between Hilda and Pampalona, the very man toward whom his own heart was filled with pettish jealousy and dislike. He was annoyed and alarmed: and again Dolóres read his feelings, but this time gave them a wrong motive. This cousin of the Americano's, so she decided, was also a lover, consequently a rival of Trecothick's, consequently likely to do him injury, rather than save him from it: consequently, not to be trusted in any degree; while Pampalona, Mark's friend, and nobody's lover, that she had ever heard, a Cuban gentleman, too, and therefore honorable and gallant—yes, he was the man to help her, and she was very glad she had betrayed nothing to this boy, who dared to look at her with such suspicious eyes.

"This is the gate of the hotel grounds, madam," announced Tom, rather coldly, at this point of her meditation. "And I will, if you like, go and rouse Pampalona; but once more let me suggest,

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that, in any matter connected with Miss Waterston, her own relatives seem more proper confidants than a stranger, and—"

"But remember, dear sir," suggested Dolóres, sweetly, for she feared to lose this new ally before she he had served her purpose. "Remember that Señor Violéto, although a stranger to you, is different to me. He is my compatriot, my cousin, in a fashion, and—"

"Yes, but he has nothing to do with *my* cousin, that's the point," interposed Tom, already almost convinced by the logic of those wonderful eyes and voice, and the light touch of that slender hand upon his arm.

"Certainly he has not," exclaimed Dolóres, mournfully. "Señor Violéto is not your cousin's lover, I know, very well."

Tom looked at her, and a new and brilliant theory took shape in his fertile brain. This lovely incognita was, no doubt, the betrothed, perhaps the wife, of Pampalona, and was looking him up, in consequence of some rumor that he was attentive to another lady. She knew, as she just had said, that he could not be the lover of another than herself, and yet she wished to remind him of his obligations to herself. Yes, it was, on the whole, a good thing, to further this interview, which he had hitherto discouraged; for it might prove the means of ending the Cuban's attentions to Miss Waterston, and so removing an annoyance from Master Tom's own path; that young gentleman unconsciously assuming the *rôle* of the dog in the manger, who could not eat the oxen's provender, and yet would not allow them to come to it.

So it was quite cheerily that he exclaimed:

"There, you just sit down on this rock, at the angle of the wall, and I'll bring Violéto, as you call him, in the twinkling of an eye. A little patience, and all will go well."

"Muchos gratias, señor," murmured Dolóres, meekly seating herself as directed, and drawing her veil about her face, until she looked more like the watcher upon the threshold, of whom Bulwer tells, than like a real woman.

Fifteen minutes, or so, passed, and then the quick, light tread of high-arched feet, so different from the ponderous tramp of the Anglo-Saxon, announced the approach of the Cuban, who presently paused before the veiled figure, asking, in Spanish, and with courteous curiosity:

"Is it you, who wish to speak with Violéto Pampalona, señora?"

"It is I—Dolóres—señor," replied the girl, rising, and throwing back her veil. "And my errand may be a very foolish one; but tell me, is your friend safe and well?"

"My friend? What friend, señora?"

"Mark—I cannot say the rest of his name."

"Trecothick? It is hard for Spanish tongues, is it not? But—safe and well? Why should he not be?"

"But is he? Do you know? Is he there, in that house?"

"No. He has gone to the moon."

"Señor! Is it courteous to mock one, who comes to you in all sincerity and confidence?"

"Ah, pardon! Not for worlds, would I do wrong to your noble frankness, señora; but I repeated, jestingly, the jest, which is the only clue my friend left to his destination, when he went from the hotel, last night. I spent the evening at Government House, and when I returned, I found a slip of paper upon my pillow, with the one line: '*I have gone to the moon.*' And this is absolutely all I know of Trecothick's whereabouts."

"Señor, he is dead, or in danger of death."

"You horrify me, señora! What do you mean?"

"You were at Government House, and he was not there?"

"No, he was not there."

"And was the young lady there, the señorita Hilda?"

"Yes, all the evening."

"I heard that he walked with her, upon the sea-shore, and that they were betrothed lovers. Is it so?"

"That they are betrothed?" And Pampalona's face darkened in jealous rage, as this new phantom started up before his mental visison, in possible explanation of Hilda's coldness to himself.

"But they are not?" demanded Dolóres, in a tone of sharp dismay, that told her secret to the quick ear, and quicker instinct, of the Cuban. He looked steadily at her, and she at him.

"Señora Dolóres, you give me fresh courage," said Violéto, at last, and with a graceful gesture, he took her hand, and lightly touched it with his lips. Then he added,

"If this American knows you, and you have designed to let him understand your interest in him, he can no longer be my rival; for it is I who love the Señorita Hilda, and am seeking to win her as my wife."

"Then we are allies; for I should be very happy to know that she loved you, and no one else," said Dolóres, innocently betraying both her love and her jealousy.

"Yes. And both in gratitude for the pleasure you have given me, and in willing service to so charming a campatriote, to say nothing of my

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friendship for Trecothick, I will do my very best to look him up, if he does not appear, this morning; but I think he will."

For Pampalona, judging Mark, perhaps, by himself, at any rate, by the rule of young men in general, was not much alarmed at a night's mysterious absence, especially as Dolóres gave no definite reason for her own disquietude. But the innocent mind of the young girl contained no such comfortable theories, and she exclaimed, eagerly:

"Ah, do not wait, do not trust to chance, do not keep on thinking he will come, until it is too late! I have reason—I know of those who will harm him—who have already, perhaps. Listen! I must not tell how I know, but there was something about a door and a lock; he is a prisoner somewhere—I have proof of it."

"Indeed! You startle me. What is the proof? Where did you hear these words?"

But before Dolóres could reply, the quick cry of a hound was heard, and the great creature, carefully muzzled, but with bloodshot and eager eyes, rushed round the corner of the high wall, beneath which this interview had been held, and springing upon Dolóres, in a half-fawning, and yet half-savage fashion, would have knocked her down, had not Pampalona supported her, at the same time bestowing a hearty kick upon the hound, who growled savagely, but was prevented by his muzzle from resenting the insult, as he could have wished. The sound of horse's feet followed closely, and before either could speak, Señor Valdez, with Brom running beside his horse, appeared upon the scene, and dismounting, courteously removed his hat, saying:

"Why, child! I was very anxious for your safety! Why did you steal away in that fashion? Good-morning, Señor Violéto. You are here by accident, I presume, since you cannot be acquainted with my ward."

"Your ward, señor?" echoed Pampalona, his quick eyes travelling from the impassive, yellow face of the guardian, to the frightened eyes, and pallid, quivering mouth of the girl, over whom he thus claimed authority.

"Certainly, my ward—quite legally and formally so, and she will not deny it herself—that is, if she is herself; but since you have seen her, señor, I think it necessary to confess that the poor child is not always perfectly responsible for what she says and does. It is necessary to keep her very secluded and quiet, and like other dementos, she is always trying to escape from those who only restrain her in the kindest and wisest manner."

The last words were spoken aside, but Dolóres caught at their meaning, if not their sound, and vehemently interposed.

"Is he saying that I am mad? He always does, when people are interested, and would defend me. Do not believe him, señor! He is a bad man, a tyrant—"

But fatigue, anger, terror, all wrought against the calmness, with which she would fain have spoken, and her accusation was choked in a burst of hysterical tears.

Señor Valdez glanced significantly at Pampalona, who nodded in reply, and raising his hat, said, gently:

"Señora, I bid you good-morning, wishing you every felicity. Good-morning, Señor—Valdez."

"And now, my dear ward," said the guardian, as the Cuban walked quickly away, "we will return to the house, and I think I can promise that you will not have another opportunity of escape, until we are safe upon my plantation in Cuba. Foolish child, to match your puny strength against that of your master! You are sure to be beaten.'

Dolóres made no reply. In Pampalona's departure, she saw her own defeat, and was too proud to struggle vainly, or to waste words in controversy. At least, she had warned Mark's friend of his possible danger, and if he were a true man, and loyal comrade, he would not rest until he had assured himself of his safety. So, in utter silence, she allowed herself to be mounted upon the horse, which Brom led by the bridle, while Valdez walked beside, and Toro, the hound, followed close behind. Thus escorted, she returned to her prison, and on that evening's tide, Valdez and his entire household sailed for Cuba.

CHAPTER X.

THE LAST THING IN DAMONS.

As the light sound of Hilda's flying footsteps died upon the air, Trecothick, who had never doubted, until that moment, that this was Dolóres, come to liberate and join him, felt a sudden doubt and terror seize his mind, for little as he knew or had seen of her, the instinct of love assured him that she never, under any circumstances, would thus have deserted him, or failed to reply, in some words of consolation, to the earnest appeals he had made to her pity. But if not Dolóres, who then? What other woman knew of his presence in this strange place, or his name, or his love for herself? Was it a woman, at all? A thrill of unaccustomed terror shivered through the young man's nerves. He was no coward; but darkness, solitude, fasting and suspense are powerful agents in taming the boldest spirit, and the daring, sanguine temperament, most fearless in face of an open and familiar danger, is most easily cowed by what is mysteri-

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ous and intangible. But presently came the revulsion, and a wild thirst for action and for vengeance seized the mind of the prisoner. Springing to his feet, for he had been crouching upon the floor, just where he had sunk in the first moments of Hilda's desertion, he began to beat madly upon the wall with his fists, uttering imprecations and threats of vengeance against Brom, his master, and the world in general, unless he should be immediately released. Cramping his fingers upon the wall, and digging his nails into the soft limestone, he tore and scratched at it, as one sometimes sees a caged lion, in whom the desert fury has, for the moment, overcome the stupefaction of captivity, and who rends the very iron of his bars asunder, until the keeper comes with red-hot steel to torture him again into submission.

But in this apparently useless demonstration, Trecothick suddenly came upon a discovery so momentous, that it had the effect of calming his fury, and restoring method to his madness. The largest finger of his right hand caught in a cavity, whose edge gave way beneath the pressure, so that a large morsel of stone was loosened, and fell trinkling to the earth. Hastily groping with his finger, Mark soon ascertained that the cavity was a deep one, and apparently had been made designedly. Even so vague a hope of escape as this, was enough to inspire new life into the courageous spirit of the prisoner; and hastily unclasping the pocket-knife, fortunately in his possession, began to work the cavity larger and larger, finding the soft limestone, and poorly-made cement, more friable than he could have imagined. One blade of the knife snapped; he took the other; that snapped, also: he used first one stump, and then the other, and when both failed, he employed fingers, and pieces of the stone itself; until, finally, to his infinite joy, he perceived that a great stone was so loosened, that a vigorous shove of the shoulder dislodged and sent it crashing to the ground.

Exploring the opening, thus made, Trecothick found it large enough to admit a man's body; and without much caring whither it led, he passed through, and found himself standing precisely where, some hours earlier, Hildegarde Waterston had stood, and whence she had fled in her jealous fury, leaving him, as she supposed, to starve. It may have been done before, who knows? For this little aperture, upon which Trecothick had so marvellously fallen, was, in very truth, one arranged for the purpose of espial upon the prisoners of the cell; and who can tell what tragedies may have been enacted here? Who can tell what jealous and angry heart has brought forth murder; what love has turned to hate, what or how many, men have learned, once again, in this gloomy cell, that, verily, "hell holds no fury like a woman scorned!"

But Mark Trecothick, bewildered and in darkness, could know nothing of his situation, beyond what the senses, unaided by the eyes, could teach. Cautiously straightening his tall figure, he found that he could stand upright; then that the ground beneath his feet was firm and smooth; then that within reach of both extended hands rose a smooth, stone wall. All this pointed to a gallery; the idea of a gallery suggested a passage to the outer air, to freedom; and yet, might it not be a more short path to some horrible pit, a place of unknown and helpless death, an oubliette, in short? He stood quite still, and listened so intently, that the pulsing of his own heart throbbed upon his ear, like the beat of a distant drum. With this mingled another sound; the monotonous march of the surf upon a sea-beach: and as Trecothick recognized this, his courage leaped up and shook itself awake; for here was a sound of the healthy, vigorous, outer world; here was the voice of the freest, grandest thing in nature, the voice of the unconquered ocean, which no man has ever imprisoned or subjugated. If he could reach those trampling, battling waves, Trecothick felt that he, too, should be free—should throw off, as it were, the cobwebs and intangible fetters that seemed bound and meshed all around him, in those last hours; he should be a man again, and no longer a captive.

Hastily feeling in all his pockets, he satisfied himself, once more, that he had not a single loose match about him; his well-stocked smoking-case had fallen from his pocket, in the course of his first frantic efforts to batter down the door of his cell, and he had not perceived the loss until too late to recover the treasure. Trusting, perforce, to the sense of feeling, keeping one hand upon each wall, and trying every step before he ventured to place his foot firmly down, he began slowly to advance, pausing, as he reached the first air-hole, to breathe in the fresh, morning breeze, and then to grope persistently around, in every direction, to find the door or opening, which he knew this current of air must indicate.

Leaving him thus employed, we must go back to Pampalona, whom we left returning toward his hotel, sorely perplexed, and somewhat annoyed, by his interview with Dolóres, and by the summary close put to it by Valdez. That she had spoken truth, he was convinced, or, at least, what she believed to be truth; but she might well be mistaken; and, at any rate, it is

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not pleasant, especially for a man of Latin blood, to interfere in another man's household affairs, at least openly, and Pampalona was conservative to the back-bone. Nor was it to be expected of his blood, if indeed of any man of any race, that he should overthrow mountains, or, which is harder, overthrow and turn his back upon his own nature, to discover the whereabout of a rival, whom he shrewdly suspected to be the barrier to his own success with the lady of his love. And yet—Mark Trecothick would have perilled life and limb, had his comrade, if not his friend, been in danger. Of this Violéto Pampalona felt surer than of himself. Pacing moodily up and down the verandah, outside his bedroom window, the young man revolved and weighed, set aside, and resumed all these, and many more, phases of this argument, until his whole soul was sick of the matter, and had Nassau been under the dominion of the steam-king, he would have jumped upon an express train, and fled away whither, he knew or cared not. But unless he accepted the chance of a leaky sail boat, bound for the out-islands, no chance of escape offered itself; and, forced to remain and face the dilemma, Pampalona hit upon a compromise. He would see Hilda Waterston, directly, and neither circumstance nor person should prevent his obtaining a private interview, and finishing the appeal begun on the previous evening.

If successful—and he must, he would be successful—he would take no denial; he would over-ride and set aside all coyness, all objections; he would crush and subdue all opposition by the sheer force of his passion; she must, she should consent; and then, all danger of rivalry over, he would be magnanimous, and if Trecothick had not appeared by the time of his return from his wooing, he would raise the alarm, and spare no pains to find him. Well, probably it was not just what Mark would have done, in the same place; but then, poor Pampalona was only an average man, and we are all of us supernaturally good—in our own conceit.

It was still necessary to wait several hours, before the usages of the world would permit him to call at Government House; and those hours were the very longest, you may be sure, of Violéto de Pampalona's whole life. Ah, those hours of waiting, waiting for the moment that is to influence all one's existence, waiting for the human breath, which is to us, just then, as the voice of God proclaiming salvation or loss. Have you ever spent such hours? No! Then you have not yet known what life means, in one of its most cruel aspects.

So Pampalona waited, and wondered that his hair had not turned white, as, while the clock struck two, he seized his hat, cast one anxious look in the glass, to see if those waiting hours had told disastrously upon his appearance, and turned yet paler than before, as his eye fell upon the pencilled card, which the chambermaid had stuck in the corner of the glass: "*Gone to the moon.*"

"And if he has, or worse, could *I* help it? Is it my fault?" muttered the Cuban, savagely, as he left the room, and strode out of the house, and up the hill, and along the breezy hill-path leading to Government House.

Yes, Miss Waterston was at home, the servant said, and "would Mr. Pampalona step into the parlor?" But at this juncture, a half-sovereign was slid gently into Mungo's yellow palm, and the visitor whispered:

"You needn't mind disturbing the family, Mungo. If you find Miss Waterston alone, you can take me to her, instead of calling her. Is she in the garden?"

"No, sar," replied Mungo, intelligently. "Miss Waters'n is in de guv'nor's study. I see her going in there, 'bout half an hour ago; and I been right here all de time, and dat young lady not come out. Dat's de door, Mas'r Pampalona."

"All right, my friend. I shan't mention how I found her; and you had better step out of the way, and not see me going in. I believe, Mr. Tom left some books for me in there, didn't he, though?"

"I'm puffickly sure he did, mas'r. Perhaps he's in there hisself, if you want to see him, Mas'r Pampalona."

"I do, very much—but not just now," replied Pampalona, with a very nervous smile; and Mungo disappeared in the direction of the garden, saying, aloud:

"I'll go look for de ladies, sar."

CHAPTER XI.

A RAT BEHIND THE ARRAS.

"Come in!" said Hilda's high-bred voice, as a discreet tap, combined with the turning of the handle, suggested the approach of a servant, or one of the household, but certainly not of a visitor; and as Pampalona appeared, quietly closing the door behind him, the young lady rose to her feet, with an unmistakable expression of annoyed surprise.

"Mr. Pampalona!" exclaimed she. But before she could say more, the Cuban gracefully interposed.

"What! you here, among these ponderous volumes of musty parchments, my dear Miss

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Waterston? I was expecting only to find your cousin, Señor Tomaso, who was to lend me some book upon the history of this lovely island; and here I come upon the loveliest thing the island ever contained, and no need of books to tell me how to value it."

"You are complimentary, as usual, Mr. Pampalona," replied Hilda, wearily. "But I think we can find a pleasanter spot in which to discuss the beauties of Nassau; will you come into the garden?"

"Ah, my dear Miss Hilda, for once be indulgent, and allow me to remain with you, in this quiet room, long enough to finish saying what I began to say last night. Do not stir, I beseech you! You look so charmingly in your white dress, buried in that great, green chair. Sit down, once more, I implore you, and listen!

Hilda hesitated a moment, glanced rapidly at a great, old-fashioned bookcase, close beside her, and then sank listlessly back in the deep reading-chair, in whose setting, she looked like a lily, still enclosed in its calyx-leaves. Pampalona gazed at her with curiosity, as he murmured thanks, to which she did not attend. What had happened, in the last twelve hours, to change her thus? She had not slept; that was evidenced by the pallid cheeks, the light tinge of red upon the eyelids, and the purple shadows beneath; she had wept—the heavy eyes themselves told that; she had undergone some strong emotion, and was suffering from the reaction; her apathy and patience under his approaches showed that. Probably his hints of the previous night, regarding Trecothick's scorn of her unbidden love, had sunk very deeply, had struck home to the very centre of her woman's heart, and had roused a storm of jealous rage, which had banished rest and peace, and only worn itself out by wearing out the body, too frail for such a fiery spirit. Surely, in this mood, his own devoted and unstinted love must come as a soothing balm to that proud, wounded heart; if she did not, and could not love him, at least she would be glad to prove to herself and the world, that her love was worth the seeking, by as good a man as he who had not cared to accept it, when it lay at his feet. That "Many a heart is caught in the rebound," is a Spanish, as well as an English proverb, and Pampalona felt that here was his opportunity; and so reckless and selfish was his passion, that he rejoiced in the affliction of the woman he professed to love better than himself, if through it he might obtain possession of her, if not of her heart.

Hilda, too absorbed in the tempest of love, jealousy and remorse, raging below the calm apathy of her manner, to much care what anyone about her said or did, sank listlessly back in the green chair, and, never removing her eyes from that grim old bookcase, in which she seemed to take so strange an interest, silently listened; while the Cuban, standing before her, gave loose to the torrent of passion so long suppressed. Suddenly, Hilda held up her hand for silence, and with the eyes still fixed upon the bookcase, shot a swift glance of terror—more than terror—horror.

"What is it, señorita?" demanded Pampalona, shocked at the change in her face.

"Do the dead come again?" murmured the girl, never hearing what he said.

"The dead! What—who is dead? Do you see anything? What is it, my beloved?"

And the Cuban clasped both her hands in his, drawing her toward him.

"Did you hear nothing—a footstep—a hand brushing along—but—excuse me, my friend, it is all my fancy; I am very nervous, this morning. I did not rest well. Let us get into the open air." And Hilda would have led the way to the door.

But the Cuban detained her.

"No, no! do not go, without replying to the declaration I have made. It is so long that I have waited, and you never would listen; and now—you say you have rested ill, and you look worn and weary now. Do I not know—oh! does not my jealous heart tell me, but too plainly, the cause? You are thinking of that ingrate, of that blind idiot, upon whom you deigned to smile, and who loves another—".

"Dolóres," murmured Hilda, unconsciously, as her thoughts went back to the moment when Trecothick so passionately invoked her by that name, and she, stung to desperation, had turned and fled.

"Yes, Dolóres," replied Pampalona. "The wife or mistress of another man, a woman of infamous life, without beauty, or principle, or education—a mere light o' love—"

But at this point, the Cuban's voice was drowned in such a tumult of sounds, that one might have believed it to have evoked the very spirits of evil, who had come to claim their own. Behind the bookcase, close to which Hilda sat, was heard the muffled and resounding tones of a deep and angry voice, whose articulations were lost in the reverberations of the blows and kicks, which a powerful fist and foot were dealing upon the woodwork, so jarring the books upon the shelves, that several fell rattling to the ground, one striking Hilda upon the head, who started to her feet, shrieking violently, while, at the same instant, the door of the apartment was thrown

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open, and Tom Burleigh, looking pale and angry, entered hastily, and closing and bolting the door, sprung toward Pampalona, exclaiming:

"What is this? What are you doing here? Hilda, why did you scream? What, in heaven's name—"

For in the midst of his angry ejaculations, the blows and curses behind the bookcase redoubled in vehemence, and demanded his attention, hitherto jealously concentrated upon his cousin and her lover.

"Oh, Tom, come away! Don't meddle, don't go near it! Go away, and take him—leave me! I deserve it—I am not afraid! Leave me to face it alone!"

Gasping these broken phrases, Hilda clung close about her cousin's neck, holding down his arms, and hampering his movements; but he, staring down at her in the greatest astonishment, freed himself with unconscious force, exclaiming:

"Why, Hilda, what has come to you? You're crazy, I believe! Let go, dear—you must, indeed! Hilda! There, now, sit there—I must, I will—!"

And tearing himself from the fingers, still grappling, tendril-like, with his clothes, he pushed his cousin back into the deep chair, and turning to the bookcase, grasped the end, and pressed upon the secret spring with all his might; but whether previous violence had injured it, or whether the lad had forgotten the trick, it refused to work, while the noise and agitation from behind increased with every moment, until suddenly the whole gave way with a crash, and amid splintered wood and falling books, and the reiving and rending of all its fastenings, the great bookcase fell forward into the room, leaving exposed the narrow doorway behind, and framed within its black and fragmentary setting, the white, haggard face and disordered figure of Mark Trecothick, who stood, for a moment, glaring about him, while Hilda, with a moan of excessive terror, sank upon her knees, covering her face with her hands. Tom stood, open-mouthed, silenced by astonishment, and Pampalona exclaimed, in Spanish:

"She was right!"

"Who was right, you double-distilled scoundrel?" demanded Trecothick, who seemed to have only paused to accustom his eyes to the light for an instant, and now springing over the debris of the fallen bookcase, seized Pampalona by the throat, and shook him violently, shouting:

"Down on your knees, you scoundrel, I say! down on your knees, and confess that all you said to this lady, just now, with regard to the woman whom I love, was a mean, vile lie! Confess, if you know anything about her, that the Señora Dolóres is as pure and chaste as snow; is as far above your miserable slanders as the sun above the earth, is—"

"She is Valdez's mistress," gasped Pampalona, freeing himself from the other's grasp, by an agile movement, and drawing a slender stiletto from his waistband. "Touch me again, you dog of an American, and I will plant this in your heart!" he hissed.

But the words were hardly out of his mouth, before a blow of Trecothick's sledge-hammer fist beat his right arm powerless to his side, and sent the weapon spinning across the room.

Hilda sprang after it, seized it, and thrust the handle again into the Cuban's fingers, muttering, hoarsely:

"He struck you—kill him!"

But that one blow had been sufficient, for at least that day; the nerveless fingers refused to close upon the weapon, and it fell tinkling to the ground. Setting his foot upon it, Mark turned, and fixed a glance of flaming contempt upon Hilda's defiant face.

"That's twice," said he. "You've tried starving, and you've tried steel. Perhaps poison will answer; and before I sleep, to-night, I'll write to my excutors, warning them, if I die by foul means, who the jealous woman is that killed me. And before I die, I will make Dolóres my wife."

"Look here, Trecothick," interposed Tom, at last finding his tongue and a point for interference. "I dont't know what all this row's about, or how you came in there, or what Pampalona has to do with it, and you fellows can settle your quarrels in your own fashion, only not here, nor in my cousin's presence; but as for you bringing her in, and speaking in that style to, or about her, I'll be hanged if I'll have it!"

"Shut up, you young idiot," growled Trecothick, not half hearing, or attending, to him; for his eye was fixed on Pampalona, who, livid and quivering with rage, was whispering something in Hilda's ear. Again Trecothick's hand was upon him, but this time only to grasp, and powerfully press upon, his shoulder, while, in strangely calmed tones, he said:

"I meant what I said, just now. You have foully slandered a pure and innocent woman, the woman whom I love, and intend to marry. You must unsay those words, here and now."

"I will not. I believe the woman, calling herself Dolóres, to be the mistress of the man with whom she lives; and you insult this lady, by mentioning the name of such a creature in her presence."

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The two men looked at each other. The Cuban's swarthy face was livid; his dark eyes glowed like coals; his long moustache writhed like a serpent, with the working of his violet, hard lips; his lamed arm hung, powerless, at his side; and his slender figure, measured against Trecothick's, was like a reed beside an oak; but one saw, in every line of face and form, in the steady glow of the eyes, in the death-like clench of the left hand, Violéto Pampalona might have been hewn in pieces, where he stood, but that, right or wrong, he would hold his ground, nor quail before his rival, and in presence of his beloved, even should death and torture stare him in the face.

And Trecothick? Perhaps, when he comes to die, he may recall that moment; for nothing short of the agony of death will equal it. He could not strike a slender, unarmed man, already injured by his blow; he dare not raise one of those fists, clenched at his sides, until the skin seemed cracking upon the knuckles; he could not speak, for the fury possessing him choked his breath, and stifled his heart; he could not see for the dazzling, blood-red mist flowing before his eyes; he could do nothing. The agony was too much, too much; and a bitter groan burst from the strong man's lips, as clenching both his hands across his forehead, he exclaimed:

"I could kill you, you villain. Do you hear? But I cannot kill a defenceless man."

"Muchos gracias!" sneered the Spaniard, who, at this moment, was master of the situation. "But unless I am very unfortunate, it will be I who shall have the pleasure of killing you, just so soon as my arm recovers from the brutal blow of your peasant's fist. So soon as I am fit, we will fight, as gentlemen, supposing you to understand the word; and then we shall see where the killing comes in."

Trecothick made no answer, but striding to the window, stood, for a moment, staring at the ocean, which he had so longed to reach, and now could not see for that horrible mist of blood before his eyes. Tom followed him, and laid a hand upon his arm.

"You must apologize to my cousin. You have insulted her."

Trecothick laughed, scornfully, and turning on his heel, strode back again, until he stood close before Hilda. Then he looked fixedly down into the eyes which she proudly raised to meet his own.

"Miss Waterston," he said, "will you relate to your cousin certain events, at present only known to us two? Or do you wish me to do so? Or do you request my silence? Your kinsman, and your betrothed husband, have, perhaps, a right to an explanation; but you are a woman, you have honored me with regard far beyond my deserts, and I shall never, unless at your desire, reveal my cause of complaint against you to any human being. Do you request my forbearance?"

Hilda glanced from Tom Burleigh's honest, puzzled face to Pampalona's dark and agitated features, and back to the inexorable face towering above her. One man despised her, and would despise her for life; but why should two others do so, also? Twice her white lips tried to speak, and at the last, they rather shaped than uttered:

"Yes. I do request it."

"And do I owe you any apology, as your cousin suggests?"

"No."

"That is enough. Burleigh, the lady is satisfied; and you can have nothing now to say. Señor Pampalona, you will easily find me whenever you wish to see me. Miss Waterston, I apologize for any fright, or annoyance, I may have caused you, by my abrupt entrance; and I wish you all good-morning."

He opened the door, but before he could pass through it, Hilda darted before him, and fled like a bird up the stairs, to her own room. Pampalona, picking up his dagger, silently bowed farewell to Tom, and took his own way homeward, almost as suddenly.

Tom found himself alone, with the ruins of the mysterious bookcase. He looked at them, and shook his head.

"It's lucky Bertha and Jim are out, and have taken Mrs. Waterston along with them. Mungo will be the only servant, in this part of the house, at this time of day; and Mungo can be both scared and bribed. Mungo, moreover, is a bit of a carpenter, and we'll patch it up, somehow. I hope the governor never read that paper. I'll tear it up."

But no patching could return the secret spring to its proper use, and in the end, Mungo and his young master nailed the bookcase firm and fast to its place, obliterating, until some new discoverer should arise, all access from Government House to the subterraneans of Fort Charlotte.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CARNIVAL PROCESSION.

Have you seen the Carnival in Havana? If not, you have missed a study of human nature, in one of its culminations of folly and vagary, well worth a wise man's thought, and a madman's emulation.

Not so magnificent as at Rome, not so gay as at Naples, not so reckless as in Paris; but touched

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throughout with a tropical languor and *abandon*, all its own, and culminating, at night, in the danza criolla, the inimitable Spanish waltz; not the *valse* of Paris and New York, but the modulated, passionate, yet dreamy, movement, suited to the climate and the people, and containing and suggesting all the subtle sensuousness of Offenbach's music, or Swinburne's poetry. Mounted upon a spirited, little black horse, almost his first purchase in Havana, Trecothick joined the procession upon the Prado, and gazed with admiring interest upon the scores of charming women, who, many of them dressed in full ball costume, with bare, white arms and shoulders, and jewelled tresses, only half-shaded by the traditional mantilla, lay gracefully back in their open carriages, toying with their elegant fans, and using them to exchange signals and greetings with friends of either sex, whom they encountered in the glittering throng, that moved at a foot-pace, in two long lines, in opposite directions. The young man, in the course of an hour's survey, came to several positive conclusions. The first was, that the most irresistible eyes he had ever looked into, were set in Cuban faces. The next, that no custom could be more laudable, than for ladies to appear upon the Prado in ball costume, revealing those charms, which in more vigorous climes and codes of propriety, are never exposed to the outer air. Third, that lovely as some of these faces were, not one was more than a foil to the beauty of Dolóres. And fourth, where was she?

As this last sapient, but by no means new, reflection, crossed our hero's mind, he was startled by a loud cry from behind of "Guarda, señor, guarda," accompanied by the clatter of horses' feet, mingled with a variety of sounds, even more shrill and uncouth than those to which he had become somewhat accustomed during the Carnival.

Turning hastily in the saddle, Mark found that he had become involved in a sort of escort of mounted men and women, dressed in the most outrageous and fantastic of costumes, their faces either masked, or so painted and daubed as quite to disguise their identity. This cavalcade, surrounding a triumphal chariot, in which were seated four bold beauties, dressed to represent the four seasons, and as the seasons of Cuba do not include the necessity of much clothing at any period, their four types, however differing otherwise, marvellously resembled each other in the brevity and flimsiness of their draperies.

Perceiving that he and his horse were obstructing the course of this pageant, Trecothick very willingly drew aside, and sat watching its progress, with a cynical smile. Suddenly, quite across the road, and between the heads of a score of commonplace strangers, he caught a glimpse of a face—*the* face—the only face in all the world which could have sent the blood tingling and rushing through his veins, with that sharp, half-pain, half-delight, which this did.

"Dolóres!" exclaimed he, aloud, and struck his spurred heels against his horse's flanks.

The spirited creature answered the sudden sting with a bound and a curvet, disturbing his comrades on either hand, and nearly bringing his rider in contact with the wheels of the triumphal car, then just abreast of him.

"Basta, señor! You will make trouble for yourself, and all of us, if you don't quiet that horse!" growled an officer, mounted on a half-broken and most uneasy chestnut mare, close at hand.

Mark made no reply; he only looked for some avenue of escape from the throng, and passage across the wide and crowded Prado, beyond which lay that glimpse of paradise, just seen and lost, as glimpses of paradise so often are. But to cross the Prado, in the full tide of a carnival procession, is no easy matter; and when a special parade of four queens of Love and Beauty in one car is added, the difficult matter becomes an impossible matter. It was only at a point, therefore, several rods in the rear of the noisy pageant, that our hero finally succeeded in winding his way through and across the crowd of horses, equipages and pedestrians, and reaching the other shore, so to speak, of the living river. In another moment, he was opposite the point where he had started, and staring into the face of every lady within reach, in so eager and purposeful a manner as to seriously disturb the impassive, not to say stolid demeanor, affected by most of those pretty, aristocratic creatures in public. But beneath the devouring eyes of this handsome, and probably mad American, Donna Ignocia smiled, Donna Isabella blushed, Mercedes and Juanita put up their fans, and only ugly old Señora Donna Francise frowned and turned aside. But, amiable and charming though they were, not one of all these beauties was Dolóres. Nor was Dolóres to be seen in any direction; and yet Mark never could have been mistaken—oh, never! So, up and down the whole, long line of carriages, a mile this way and a mile that, the angry little black horse and his eager-eyed rider hastened, peering into every carriage, staring every lady out of countenance, drawing down maledictions and muttered curses on every side, and never giving over the search until darkness shut down upon the scene, after the drop-curtain fashion of the tropics, and all the world went home to dine,

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and to prepare for the grand ball at the Tacon theatre, which was to finish that day's festivities.

Trecothick went home, too, since nothing else remained to do, and as he entered the doors of the Telegrafo Hotel, one of the seven hundred and fifty negroes, lounging about the doors of that hostelrie, slid, serpent-like, out of the swarm, and wended his way through the still crowded streets, to the suburb of Havana called the Cerro, pausing at a small door, in a high garden wall, hospitably topped with broken glass.

Letting himself in by means of a key, our friend, Brom, rapidly crossed the garden, and entering the house by a rear entrance, made his way to the private room, where no less a person than the Señor Valdez awaited him, with the impatience of a lover.

"Telegrafo, señor," announced the negro, sententiously, so soon as he had closed the door.

"Ah! Then it was him?"

"Trecothick Americano; yes, señor."

A very Spanish, that is to say a very profuse, oath, dropped from Señor Valdez's lips, and then he asked:

"Did you go out to La Caridad, as I told you?"

"I went, yesterday, señor."

"And is the house ready to receive us?"

"It will be, in a week, señor. But the roof blew off the west end, in the last tornado; and the rain has spoiled the walls; and the rest of the house is very dirty. They did not expect any of us, and the overseer has stored boxes of sugar in the sola, to keep them dry; and the insurrectionists came, and carried off the doors for litters, to transport their wounded; and the cook is dead; and the overseer was afraid there was nobody fit to take her place; and there was no decent house-servants among the people now, and—"

"Hold your tongue, you raven," roared his master. "Is it my place to hear all these details, or is it yours to arrange them for me? Get servants, get provisions, send supplies, do all that need be done, to make the place habitable; and have a volante ready at the station, with saddle-horses, of course, on Saturday morning, next. We shall leave this by the 5.30 train, on that morning."

"It is only four days, señor."

"Well?"

"A very short time, señor."

"It will take a good deal less time to flog you to death, if I see fit to order it, after our arrival on the plantation."

Brom turned ash-color, and said nothing. Recalling a scene he had once witnessed at La Caridad, he knew that such a threat was not an idle one; and he mentally registered a vow to keep his eyes open, and in case of such a danger impending, to forestall it by a swift and sudden blow at his master's heart. An intelligent slave is generally a skilful diplomatist, and an accomplished hypocrite, and after a moment's silence, Brom smoothly replied: "Master will do as he likes with his slave, but when poor Brom dies, master will lose somebody who has lived to serve him, and work for his good."

"I shall go to the ball, to-night; and to the bull-fight, to-morrow. Get a box at both places, and see that they are the best in the house," replied the master, contemptuously ignoring the profession of faithfulness.

"Yes, master," replied Brom, submissively; and then, drawing a little nearer, timidly enquired:

"Did the señora see the American, to-day?"

"No. She was frightened with those fools, and before he got round, we were off on the southern road. She wants to go to the ball, to-night; and I was to take her; but now I will not; for he is sure to be there, and if she sees him, I can do nothing with her. She has been more amiable since we left Nassau."

"Will the señora go to the Fancion, in the Plaza de Toros, to-morrow?" asked Brom, in the same timid tone.

"Yes; she needs a little recreation, poor thing."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE.

BY FRANCIS ADAMS.

Not in the vaulted abbey, 'mid the dust
  Which England's proudest fane is proud to guard,
With lofty epitaph and sculptured bust
  Immortalizing warrior, sage, and bard,
  Not there he rests! 'Tis well;—it would have jarred
On that free spirit if above his grave
No freshening breeze might blow, no spring-flowers wave,
  But all was cold, conventional, and hard.
No, here in more congenial spot he sleeps,
  In this loved vale where sight and sound are rife
  With those sweet influences that shaped his life;
And round him rise the old familiar steeps,
  And his own Rotha murmurs all day long
  The music that so oft inspired his song.

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THEIR LATE RELATIVE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Old Mr. Mortimer had been dead nearly forty-eight hours; in less than four-and-twenty more he would be buried. His heirs had already taken possession of the dwelling. Sister Jane had appeared the earliest on the scene. She had the advantage of propinquity, her home being only some twenty miles from the country house, where John Mortimer had lived for so many years. Having thus arrived first, she was able to do the honors to the mourners, assuming certain airs of proprietorship, which caused the blood of her brothers and sisters to boil so hotly, that it speedily dried up their tears. They each, in turn, tried to set Jane aside, and undertake the duty of receiving the other arrivals; and after a slight struggle, Jane permitted this with a degree of placid forbearance, which ought to have warned anybody who knew her well, that "she was only biding her time," certain upon what rock *her* trust was founded.

As we have said, eight-and-forty hours had elapsed since the melancholy occurrence, and the whole flock of relations was gathered under the Mortimer roof. "Coming as straight and as thick as a flock of buzzards," the cook said to the butler. The butler added, solemnly, "As the eagles gathered together where the fruit is, as by their works ye shall know them." Whereat, an under housemaid, with hysterical tendencies, said "Amen," and immediately burst into tears, under a kind of delusion that the funeral service had already begun. Brothers and sisters, cousins and nieces—everybody had arrived, except Jane's son, James, who, having been in Richmond, on business for his uncle, had not yet responded to the telegrams, sent by his anxious mother.

Meantime, the relatives conversed about the awful shock—so sudden; exchanged accounts of presentiments experienced days previous; held conversations in subdued tones upon decorously dismal topics; in fact, they had been confined in close proximity until sensations of irritability waxed general, and little ebullitions of spleen broke out now and then. The ladies began to hint to one another unpleasant troubles; the men to speak sorrowfully of each other's sons. In short, to a person learned in the habits of families, it would have been apparent that the coming twelve hours were likely to be disturbed by storms.

The Mortimer tribe were very "clannish;" they talked a great deal about their mutual affection, but somehow, no two of the race could ever pass a day together without a quarrel. Old John had been aware of this, and being an impatient man, had, years before, thrown decency to the winds, and begged his relations, collectively and individually, "to go their way, and let him go his." From cousins and nieces and nephews, he had permitted occasional visits; but for a long while the dwelling had been tabooed to his nearer relatives. Brother Peter and sister Jane, were the first to receive orders to intrude no more, though, to do justice to Jane's sense of right, it must be stated that she paid quarterly visits, all the same, and usually got turned out of doors for her pains; but she did not heed this. "Duty is duty," she said; "it is not easy, perhaps—it was not meant to be. Brother John, my love is yours—you have my prayers—I shall come again." And she always did go again, and finally old John grew tired of resisting, and let her come and go in silence.

He died very suddenly. He was sixty-three, but his health was no worse, apparently, than it had been for years. On the morning of his death, he had risen at his usual hour, breakfasted heartily, walked about the grounds, scolded with his customary energy, then gone to his room, written some letters, and lain down on his bed. When Jonas, the butler, surprised at his long nap, peeped into the room, he was dead. "There he lay, sir," said Jones, sententiously, "as peaceful as a slaughtered lamb, never to have no little humors no more—which is the end of all things."

At last, as we have said, even the luxury of grief began to pall upon the family heart, and the quiet and restraint to tell unfavorably upon the family nerves. Brother Peter finally bethought him of his nephew.

"So James," he said, as they were all arranged, like sitting statues, in the library, "has not yet arrived, sister Jane."

"I expect him every moment," said Jane.

"*My* son would have travelled night and day, not to be behind hand, in showing proper respect to his poor, dear uncle," whispered sister Amelia, in an audible aside, to one of the cousins.

"If you wish to disparage me and my child, Amelia, you need not take the trouble to whisper," observed Jane. "I shall not expostulate—I

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hope I know what is fitting on a sad occasion, like this."

"I didn't say a word about your boy—you have no reason to fly out at me, Jane. But you always did try to put upon me—always!" whimpered Amelia, who was a little, withered woman, with a fountain in her head—at least, it really seemed so, such showers of tears she had continually at command.

"Sisters, sisters!" sighed Peter, reprovingly.

"Excuse me, brother Peter," Jane responded, with dignity. "I cannot suppose—I could not so far insult myself—that you intended to hint, *I* had said, or could be brought to say—no matter what provocation I might receive, no matter what contumely might be heaped on me or mine—"

("She's the longest winded old catamaran in Christendom," whispered one cousin to another.)

"Anything unfitting a moment like this. No, no; I will not do you the injustice, to believe that any person, who knows me—above all, and beyond all, a brother—could do that!"

"I accuse you of nothing, sister Jane. In an hour like this, it is fitting to leave each to listen to the voice of his conscience," returned Peter.

"Some people h—haven't got any," sobbed Amelia.

"I do not agree with our sister, in her hint, that your son, James, would willfully be absent," pursued Peter.

"Thank you, brother," said Jane; "you only do him justice."

"Oh, I have always done him justice," replied Peter. "No, no; he would be here if he could—yes, indeed. I am sure I expected him to have been the first to arrive."

Amelia ceased sobbing, in order to utter a gurgle, expressive of her appreciation of brother Peter's inuendo about James. Jane perceived that Peter had ranked himself among her foes.

She folded her shawl more closely over her bosom, leaned back in her chair, and looked calmly in Peter's face; then, after pausing long enough to concentrate the attention of the whole group upon herself, she said, slowly:

"My son James will arrive in season to carry out all and every one of his dear uncle's wishes, and they will be faithfully fulfilled; of that you may rest satisfied, brother Peter—so may you, sister Amelia."

Peter looked searchingly at the speaker, in silence; but Amelia exclaimed, rather hotly:

"I don't know what he can have to do with such matters, any more than the rest of us."

"I did not say that you did know, Amelia," Jane answered, with mingled sweetness and condescension. "You may, however, later."

The relations cast strange glances at one another, and looked back, with sudden suspicion in their eyes, at sister Jane, reclining in the arm-chair, with her black-bordered pocket handkerchief held against her lips.

"Your speech is enigmatical, sister Jane," said Peter, recovering more quickly than the rest, from the troubling nature of her hint.

"Is it?" asked Jane. "Brother Peter, time makes all things clear."

"Now, see here, Jane Winthrop," exclaimed another brother, next oldest after Peter. "I'm a practical man, and I can't stand humbug, even at a time like this. It's no use for you to try make *me* believe that you, or your son, are going to walk into possession of John's property. Everybody knows that he hated all his relations—"

"Nicholas, Nicholas!" sighed Peter.

"Fiddlesticks!" cried the banker. "There are no outsiders here—what's the good of any more humbug—we've had enough of it, during the last twelve hours. I say, he hated us all; but among the whole tribe, there was nobody he hated as he did Jane; so she needn't try any of her dodges with me, and so I tell her."

This rude breaking of the ice of decorum was a relief to every soul present—that was visible in each face. Jane gave the group time to exchange glances and words of approval of the banker's speech, then she said:

"You were always a coarse man, Nicholas, and many people say a bad one—but I do not forget that you are my brother, and that I am a Christian—I forgive you."

"You're a twaddling old turkey, Jane Winthrop!" exclaimed Nicholas.

"Yes, I forgive you," repeated Jane, serenely. "I shall not even narrate your heartless insolence to my son—I trust that no one else will—you have my sympathy. I know you, brother Nicholas—I know the grasping, grinding, groveling, griping spirit, which brings you here, to-day." The slow enjoyment with which she revelled in these alliterations was a sight to see. "But that gross, greedy, gormandizing, despotic demon of desperate diabolical desire," she changed, without a pause for breath, from g's to d's, "which is your bane here, and will be your distinction hereafter, is about to meet a terrible check—I say no more."

"Jane," said Nicholas, "I called you a turkey; I beg your pardon—"

"You have it, brother," interrupted Jane.

"You're a whole flock of parrots, that have intermarried with magpies, and I can't stand any more," continued Nicholas, and he walked straight towards the door which led into the hall.

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"And if you suppose that the rest of the family are any greater fools than Nicholas, you are mistaken, Mrs. Jane," called a cousin, from the window. "You've done patronizing enough for one session."

But Peter was shrewder than most of those present, and *he* said:

"I see you know something about poor John's will, sister Jane. Now, any information that you may have obtained *lawfully*, there can be no reason for keeping secret."

"Since you force me to speak, I will," said Jane, badly concealing her exultation. "My son, James, is the heir of my beloved brother," and she buried her face in her handkerchief.

"It's a confounded lie!" growled Nicholas, from the door.

Sister Jane looked at the speaker with a tragic air.

"I am thankful that my dear boy is not present," she said. "May he never know, that while the mortal remains of his beloved uncle still lie unburied, this frightful exhibition of human depravity has been shown, by that uncle's nearest kindred."

"I have only to say," replied Nicholas, "that if there is such a will, as Jane Winthrop impudently declares, it is either a forgery, or dictated when John was out of his senses; and I, for one, will dispute it, if it cost me every penny I have in the world."

Before Jane could answer this closing accusation, the door from the entrance-hall opened, and the doctor and lawyer appeared upon the scene. Dr. Dowsy lived in the village, near by; the lawyer had come up from town, that morning, and was stopping at his house. The pair had known all the Mortimers all their lives; and none of the Mortimers would have hesitated to speak freely before them, any more than if they had been relations.

"Come in, Dr. Dowsy—come in, Mr. Temple!" exclaimed Jane Winthrop. "I am accused of having forged a will—you can give a little information on that score! Do you hear? Accused by my affectionate relatives of having forged a will!"

"Only accused of being capable of it," amended old Nicholas. "Keep as near the truth as you know how, sister Jane. Now, Dr. Dowsy—Jack Temple—is it true, that my late brother made a will in favor of his nephew, James Winthrop?"

"Quite true," said the lawyer.

There was a dead silence. Nicholas took out a huge snuff-box, imbibed a copious pinch of the fragrant mixture it held, and then asked:

"When was the will drawn—may I inquire?"

"Some three months since," replied the lawyer.

Nicholas took another pinch of snuff.

"That's all right," said he. "John's head was completely gone, six months before that; and I can prove it."

"Easily enough," chorused the relations, Jane alone excepted. Jane had subsided into her arm-chair again, and looked as if she were posing for an allegorical picture, which should represent Justice and Resignation in one and the same shape.

The doctor and lawyer glanced at each other. There was questioning in the lawyer's eyes. The doctor nodded his head.

"The will left the bulk of the property to James," pursued the lawyer, "with suitable legacies to others. But a most singular fact has come to light. That will is no longer in existence."

"He *did* get his head back!" shouted Nicholas. "Now, Mrs. Jane, what have you to say?"

Mrs. Jane had nothing to say. She gave one gasping groan, and fainted—a *bona fide*, downright, dead faint.

"Ladies, some water," said the doctor.

"Let her alone—she can faint whenever she likes—always could—and come to when she pleases," observed Amelia. "*Do* tell us about the will, Mr. Temple."

The whole troop crowded round the lawyer—old Nicholas was closest—he pushed, and stepped on the feet of the others, till he could get the lawyer by the button-hole.

"Go on," he wheezed, "go on."

"Has anybody some smelling-salts?" called the doctor. But nobody paid any attention, so he fanned the insensible Jane with a newspaper, trying to recover her in that way.

"*Do* tell us!" cried Amelia.

"Did he destroy it?" demanded several cousins.

"He repented," ejaculated Peter. "Ah, well, it is never too late!"

Everybody had some suggestion to offer, except Nicholas—he did not speak—he shot out the forefinger of his right hand towards the lawyer, as if it had been a pistol which he meant to fire, if his curiosity was not satisfied on the instant.

"If you all talk at once, how can I explain?" groaned the lawyer.

"A pack of fools!" croaked old Nicholas, and shot out his finger at the relations, and he did it so fiercely, that Amelia, who was nervous, started back and shrieked.

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"The will," began the lawyer, and as if the word had been an electric shock, which touched some vital part, Jane popped up in her chair, like a Jack-in-a-box, and exclaimed:

"I don't believe it!"

"Doctor Dowsy, choke her—put a cushion on her head," cried Nicholas, "and sit down on it afterwards! nothing else will keep her quiet."

The doctor could not help smiling. He leaned over her, however, and whispered:

"Don't speak—listen—patience!"

Jane thought the broken sentence held a gleam of hope, and so sat silent. The doctor still kept waving the newspaper in the air, but in his desire to watch the group, he unconsciously turned his back on Mrs. Winthrop, and fanned vacancy with great energy, though he looked so profound and philosophical the while, that the proceeding became solemn and mysterious—a sort of wizard or enchanter business, with which it would not be safe for any person to interfere.

"So John came to his senses, and destroyed the will, which that designing woman and her scapegrace son had persuaded him to make, did he?" demanded old Nicholas, with a contemptuous gesture towards his sister Jane.

"Gently, gently, Nicholas!" pleaded the lawyer.

"Humbug!" retorted the other. "Do get on, Jack Temple! So there is no will, and all these cormorants come in for a share," and Nicholas included the whole troop in another gesture of scorn.

"On the contrary," said the lawyer, "I should not be surprised, if there were half-a-dozen wills in existence. John had a perfect mania for making them! I drew up several, and whenever he was angry with me, he used to go to some other lawyer to draw up a new testament."

Nicholas muttered something that sounded like "old fool;" then his quick ears caught a sound, which the others had not noticed in their absorption. It was the opening of a door.

"Who's that?" he demanded, fiercely.

"It's only me," said Jonas, the butler, appearing from the inner room.

The man was nearly as old as his late master, and had been in his service since they were boys.

"We were speaking of the will, Jonas," said Mr. Temple.

"I know it," said Jonas, with a grin, which, recollecting himself, he quickly turned into a grimace of affliction.

"Last year, you witnessed one that I drew up," pursued Mr. Temple, "dividing his property pretty equally among his relations."

Nicholas snorted. Jonas groaned. But the greater part of the relatives simultaneously uttered sounds of approval.

"Do you remember, Jonas?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, sir, I do," replied Jonas. "But three months after, he made another—I think it's in a champagne basket in the garret—and the housekeeper says there's one in the mahogany wardrobe, where the blankets is, and—"

"I only wished you to understand that your relative made so many wills, that no disposition of the fortune need surprise you," said Temple, addressing the group generally. "And having prepared you, I—"

"The last one of all," broke in Jonas, "if you'll excuse me, sir, leaves good bits of legacies to us servants—like the kind master he was—and the rest goes to charity; for he said to me, with his own lips, did master, 'Charities is always for cheating,' says he, 'but I'd ruther have my money muddled and wasted that way, than go to them sharks—'"

"No, no," murmured Peter; "Jonas, he did not call his brethren sharks! Do not slander the dead."

"Not you, sir," said Jonas.

"Ah, I knew it!" sighed Peter. "I can still believe that my dear brother repented."

"He called his nephews and nieces sharks," pursued Jonas, in a tone of straightforward simplicity. "I would ruther not mention what he called his sisters, though I can write it on a paper if you'd like to see it, sir! He said Mr. Nicholas was an old, cast-iron elephant—"

"Dear John was a little hasty, but a judge of human nature," intoned Peter; "a judge of—"

"An alligator," continued old Jonas, replying aloud to some question one of the cousins had asked in his ear. "Yes, sir, he did—and a foul-mouthed alligator, all maw from tip to tail—that was what master called Mr. Peter. And dear me, that's only a beginning of what he used to say of all on you, if you give me time to remember, so be you're interested to hear."

And Jonas glanced about, from one discomfited countenance to another, his own face wearing still that expression of honest simplicity and entire willingness to oblige the group with as many scraps of biography of his late master, as could be desired.

"That will do, Jonas," said Temple. "I only wanted the relatives to have my statement about the numerous wills corroborated, that they might feel less astonishment at the strange story—"

"Perhaps we are to hear that John Temple is the heir," broke in Amelia, viciously, for she had private griefs in connection with that obdurate-hearted gentleman.

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"If it proves so, Amelia," said Temple, "I shall do myself the honor to ask you to share the fortune with me."

"That would be only polite," cried old Nicholas, "for you asked him, after your first husband died, and again after your second, and—"

He was interrupted by a shriek, and Amelia went off into hysterics. But the relations had great presence of mind; they bundled her head in a shawl, and laid her on a sofa, so that she could moan at leisure; then they again collected about the lawyer.

"We shall never finish, at this rate," said Temple.

"Put all these infernal women out!" cried old Nicholas.

"When you find yourself master here, Mr. Nicholas, you can do it," said one of the nieces, and the others chorused, "Brute!"

Temple turned despairingly towards the physician.

"It is useless," he said. "I never saw such behavior."

The doctor, still continuing his wizard manipulation of the newspaper, said, absently:

"Call the young lady, and be done."

"Jonas," said the lawyer, "ask Miss Hope to come in."

"Good Lord!" growled Nicholas. "More women!"

"Some of you may know," pursued the lawyer, rapidly, "that, for the last six months, Miss Hope has been teaching school in the village. John liked her exceedingly. She was in the habit of often coming to the house—"

"Designing minx!" cried one of the female cousins.

"She was sitting with him, that last evening—ah, here she is! Come in, my dear, come in."

Jonas ushered into the room a pretty, exceedingly elegant girl of perhaps nineteen; she was very pale, and her beautiful, great eyes were troubled; but her face wore an expression, which told of some firm resolve, that she meant to carry out, because she deemed it right, no matter at what cost to herself.

The family glared at her, one and all, from old Nicholas down to the youngest.

"Who are you?" demanded old Nicholas, gruffly.

Doctor Dowsy stepped forward, still waving the newspaper in one hand, and laid the other on the young lady's shoulder.

"This is Mary Hope Cathcart, the daughter of your sister, Caroline, whom you cast out and disowned, twenty years ago," he said. There were two big tears in the doctor's hard eyes, for Caroline Mortimer had been the love of his youth; and though she jilted him, and ran away with a worthless young artist, he had remained faithful to the dream which had wrecked his life.

An instant's silence, then a chorus of unbelief and denial, old Nicholas shouting:

"Caroline's child died ten years ago, and anyway it was a boy!"

"The fact is as I state it," said the doctor. "I have proofs. I brought Mary here; I persuaded her to keep the secret from John; he grew to be very fond of her, and only the evening before his death he learned the truth."

From among the group, the pale, trembling girl singled out Mrs. Winthrop, and went towards her, saying:

"Won't you speak to me, aunt? My mother loved you very dearly! Oh, for her sake—"

But Mrs. Winthrop hid her face, and would not look up.

"We don't want theatricals, young woman," said Nicholas. "Have you came here to tell us, that, by hook or by crook, you've got into John Mortimer's will?"

"I came," she said, "because it was my right to be here, at this sad time—because the night before he died, my uncle acknowledged me—blessed me, and begged me, in my mother's name, to forgive him the wrong he had done her—because I had learned to love him—"

"Family affection can wait," broke in Nicholas. "What's your little game? You've got one, of course."

"Hush, Dowsy!" cried the lawyer, laying his hand on the physician's shoulder, as he saw the latter start forward. "Let *us* remember what lies in yonder room, if these people do not. Mary, tell them what happened, after your uncle discovered who you were."

"He opened a safe in his bed-room, where we were sitting, and took out a paper, and asked me to tear it up. When I had done so, he told me it was his latest will—"

"My poor James—my ruined boy!" cried Mrs. Winthrop, breaking in on the narrative. "That girl is an impostor—"

"It was not the will, which left the money to Master James, as she tore," cried Jonas. "Master put that in the kitchen fire, the morning before, with me and the cook alongside. And that night, after miss had gone home—and she *is* Miss Caroline's daughter, as was the jewel of this family; for master told me so—he wrote a paper, and me and the housekeeper witnessed his signature."

"A forgery!" cried Nicholas. "They're all in it—this girl and the servants!" The rest of

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the relations joined in the outcries, and for a few seconds the tumult was deafening.

Mary Cathcart clung, silent and trembling, to the physician's arm, while the lawyer and doctor tried vainly to make their voices heard.

Then the hall door opened, and a young man entered. He stopped a moment, on the threshold, stupefied by the scene.

Mrs Winthrop shrieked: "My boy, my boy!" she cried, and flung herself in his arms. "She has ruined you! she tore up the will—that impostor—"

"That forger!" added the others.

Jem, white as death, thrust his mother aside, rushed up to Mary, and caught her in his arms.

"This lady is my betrothed wife," he said. "Let any man, here, open his lips, if he dare! Mother, mother, what does all this mean?"

"Jem," Mary said, "I had not told you the whole truth. I am your cousin—can you forgive me?"

Jem only answered her, by a look full of tenderness.

"Mother!" he called again, and his voice was menacing.

"If she should be the heiress," the doctor whispered, in Jane Winthrop's ear.

Jane's quick wits acted at once.

"My children!" she sobbed. "My Caroline's daughter—mine now—mine!" and she flung her arms about Jem and Mary both.

"I knew from the first there had been cheating and forgery, and that Jane Winthrop was mixed up in it!" thundered old Nicholas.

"Come away, do come!" Mary said to James.

The doctor held the young man's arm. James supported Mary. The three moved towards the bed-room, accompanied by Mrs. Winthrop. The relations followed, still chorusing passionate exclamations, when suddenly, as they were all in sight of the bed, the corpse sat up, and opened his eyes.

From men and women alike there rose a shriek of terror. Most of the ladies fainted in earnest, and the men were not much better.

"He's not dead—not dead—thank God!" cried Mary.

The doctor and lawyer got their senses back first. In a few seconds they were pouring a glass of wine down the throat of the late deceased; Jonas was wrapping him in blankets; Mary and Jem were chafing his hands.

The first words old John uttered were these:

"Clear the coop! S'cat, every man and woman of you! A set of ghouls! But you'll not feast on old John, yet! Why, I'll live to bury the whole lot. Do you hear? Get out, you troop of body-snatchers!"

Half an hour afterward, old John, having eaten and drunk, was sitting in his favorite arm-chair, by a great fire, and seemed none the worse for his astounding exploit. The doctors, later, quarrelled dreadfully over the name which was to be given to the state he had been in, for two days and nights. Some of them styled it suspended animation, others catalepsy.

Presently, John desired to speak with Jem and his mother alone. Mary accordingly left the room. The others had already gone.

"Jem," he said, "I heard—you are engaged to that girl of Caroline's."

"I am," said James.

"Give her up," said the old man, "and I'll make you my heir."

"Not to be the heir of the Emperor of Russia, will I give her up," cried Jem.

"Jane, give your son a little good advice," continued the uncle. "Tell him love goes, but money stays. Better be a millionaire, with a sore heart, than a beggar, with a wife to work for."

Mrs. Winthrop, strong-minded as she was, began to weep. She had thought everything so nicely settled, and here was a worse state of affairs than before.

"But they love each other—poor Caroline's daughter," she moaned, for naturally she wanted her boy to be happy.

"Caroline's daughter may go hang, and Jane's son, too, if they won't obey me," thundered the old man. "Tell that boy to give her up—give her up!"

"Oh, James, James!" sobbed Mrs. Winthrop.

"Mother, not a word," cried the son, sternly.

"You—you ought to listen to your dear uncle," she quavered. "But, oh, John, wills are such uncertain—"

She stopped, in confusion.

"I see—might change my mind!" cried John. "You're a sensible women, Jane. Jem, I'll make a hundred thousand dollars over to you, here and now, if you will take an oath, not to marry your cousin—you to lose the money if you break your word."

"Not for a million! Sell my honor—perjure myself—and break my own heart, and hers," cried James.

"Speak for yourself," said old John. "You refuse? Once—don't be in a hurry! Two—hundred—thousand! Now then—twice—"

"Never!" shouted James.

"My boy—my boy!" moaned Mrs. Winthrop.

"Get out of the room, both of you!" howled the old man. "Out of my sight, I say!" and James led his weeping mother from the apartment.

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Old John rang the hand-bell, on the table by his side, rang it so furiously, that it made as much noise as one thrice its dimensions ought to do.

"Send my niece here," he growled, when Jonas appeared.

In another moment, the old man was alone with Mary.

"I loved your mother," said he, "though I helped the rest of the family and her husband to break her heart. I find I have been loving her all these years, that I believed myself hating her."

"Uncle—dear, good uncle!"

"I'm not—I'm possessed yet by all my devils—a new one has got hold of me. I won't have you marry Jane Winthrop's son!" retorted the old man. "Will you promise?"

"No, uncle—I cannot promise that."

"If you let him go, I'll make you a rich girl, before the sun sets. I'll—"

"Please, don't finish," Mary interrupted.

"Why not?" he snarled.

"Because it hurts me, to think you can believe me mean enough, base enough, to accept such an offer," she answered.

"If you marry him, you will both be beggars."

"I have been poor all my life; I am not afraid of poverty," she replied.

"Not a penny for either of you. Now, or never!" cried the old man. "You will ruin him—remember that."

"No, I shall not—we are young—we can wait—if he loves me—I mean." she amended, proudly, "he loves me well enough not to be afraid any more than I. Uncle, in other things, I will be obedient—"

"In this, or nothing!" he interrupted.

"Then I must go back to my old life," she said. "Uncle John, I am sorry to part so. I have learned to be fond of you, during these months. I can be fond of you still, if you will let me. But we must not talk any more about money. I never expected anything from you. James loved me as a poor school-mistress, he will love me still—"

"Suppose he was willing to give you up, and only wanting you to take the initiative, for your own credit?" questioned her tormentor.

"Unless he told me so, with his own lips, I would not believe it," she said.

"Where are you going?" snapped old John, as she moved away.

"I thought you would like me to leave you—that you were angry."

"No; if you prefer beggary to wealth, take it."

"I am not a beggar!" she cried, a hot flush spreading over her cheeks. "I have asked you for nothing, unless your love."

Old John seized the hand-bell, and rang it violently again. Jonas appeared at once.

"Tell my nephew, James, I want him—the doctor and the lawyer, too." He turned to Mary, with a ferocious scowl. "I'll end this—I'll teach you, one and all," he said.

Mary stood still. In due time, the three persons who had been so imperiously summoned, were in the room. James hurried up to Mary, and put his arm about her waist.

"Doctor—Jack Temple—do you see that boy and girl? A pair of idiots—they prefer starvation to obeying me!" cried old John.

"Better anything, than to sell our souls," said his nephew.

"And to break our hearts," added Mary.

"Hearts—gingerbread!" growled old John. "Come here, you two—come here, I say."

They went up to him. He looked in their faces, with a softer expression on his countenance, than it had worn for years.

"I do believe you are both honest!" he exclaimed. "I'll forgive your disobedience, on condition that you are married within a month, and agree to live near me."

And they did as he wished. These things happened ten years ago. Old John still lives, and seems likely to fulfil the threat which he made to his relations, that he would survive them all. Peter has already died; Nicholas has followed him. Every year lops off another ancient twig from the family tree.

But old John is as tough as ever, and says he means to live to ninety; and as he is a man of his word, we have no doubt he will do it.

WINTER GARDEN.

BY GEORGE BIRDSEY.

The earth-seen flowers of heaven ope
Their star-eyes, one by one,
And light the gardens of the sky,
More lovely than the sun.

Unlike the flowers of earth, that die
When summer days are done,
Their bloom has, from the winter frost,
A brighter radiance won.

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THE TRAGEDY OF TREVYLAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER VI.

When Lady Colgate left the ancient portion of Trevylan, and entered the more modern residence, she had in no degree recovered from the fierce indignation, which had made her departure so stormy. The unlimited indulgence of the old earl had left her utterly unfitted for the self-restraint, that her present position made so necessary. She had always looked upon the present earl as a natural enemy, who had wronged her and her son, in daring to live after the best authorities in the medical faculty had decided that protracted existence was to him impossible, and his very presence, at any time, had been enough to irritate all the evil in her nature. For him, her tongue had always a sting of sarcasm, and her eye a look of disdain. How then could she, in a few brief days, learn to hide her hate, and stoop to conciliation, though every motive of interest led to it?

The woman was capable of a bold struggle; but in this case, there was nothing to contest. She was, so far as her ambition was concerned, irrevocably in the power of the man she hated, but who was now the Lord of Trevylan.

This very helplessness drove her wild, and left her passions free to the undoing of all ambitious projects, that took form in her hours of cooler calculation.

Never, in her whole life, had she abandoned herself so completely to the wrath that burned within her. Pale as death, with eyes heavy with lurid fire, dragging up the velvet of her robe with a grip of iron, as if it were an enemy she was strangling with her fingers, she passed through the entrance that led from the old castle to the modern building.

It was like coming from a northern residence into some tropical home: the change was so great, from the solemn grandeur of the old places to the brightness and glow of coloring that pervaded the portion of the building in which she resided. While crossing a saloon, that led to her own private suite of apartments, she passed before a broad mirror, which gave back the stormy reflection of her figure, with startling reality. The woman stopped suddenly, and gazed upon herself in wonder. It seemed as if a stranger had suddenly confronted her, in menacing wrath. She dropped that fast hold on her garments, and with the disengaged hand attempted to sweep the cloud from her forehead. In the boudoir, yonder, sat a young creature, who must not see her thus, or know of the disgraceful scene that had just passed in the old keep. For the world, she would not have permitted her son's degradation to extend so far.

Up and down the saloon she passed, vainly striving to control herself; sometimes biting her lips to keep back the exclamations that came up to them; sometimes holding a hand to her side, as if agitation had become a cruel pain.

As she stood thus, young Belus came through the passage she had left, and was about to cross the saloon; but seeing her, stopped, irresolute, as if half-tempted to go back. Then the hand dropped from her side, and she turned upon him.

"Yes, I am here," she said. "No wonder you shrink away—no wonder you are coward enough for that—go, sir, go! and if you can, find some place in which to hide your shame."

The young man came close to her, with an air that would have been insolent, but for a certain evil, but half-conciliatory smile, that quivered about his mouth.

"Hold, mother, hold! Before you call me a coward, or any other of the sweet names you love to lavish on the hunchback in yonder barn, learn to judge a fellow by his motives, rather than his actions. For once, I have been wiser than my mother."

"For once, you have received a blow—you, my son!"

"Yes, I have received a blow."

The youth put up his hand, as if to sweep away the red mark from his face, and, for an instant, his eyes filled with venom.

"Which you have not tried to avenge," pursued the mother, regarding him with bitter scorn. The youth gave for reply a low, unpleasant laugh.

"My lady mother, with all your worldly knowledge, you cannot understand that vengeance is a luxury that should be eaten cold.

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When the feast is ready, I shall know how to eat it quite alone."

"You, Belus?"

The lady could say no more; for the quiet hardihood of the young man took away her breath.

"You seem surprised, as if no one could have a purpose but yourself, my lady."

"Belus, I am surprised, shocked, terrified! What will the fair girl, in yonder, think, when she hears of this?"

"Ah! my lady, I thought of that. She will not hear of it; and if she does, what then? Keath Winters and I have had a little bout, on the beach, and have shaken hands upon it. That is the worst she can hear now—but if I had insisted on carrying the thing further, there would have been some awkward things to explain, which might have startled her a bit. As it is—"

"As it is, you have accepted a gross indignity, which should have cost an equal his life," interrupted the lady, kindling into rage at the thought.

"Accepted! Wait awhile, my lady, wait awhile." The lady turned away in disgust. She was beginning to despise her own son, not that he had done wrong, but because he had seemed to break down in maintaining that wrong.

The youth looked at her keenly a moment, then drew close to her side.

"Did you not see that it was my brother who was most anxious? Is it nothing that I have placed him under obligations, that will end in again paying my debts, and giving you a long lease of Trevylan?"

Lady Colgate looked at her son in amazement. His speech betrayed to her a depth of purpose, unlike anything she had seen in him before. The youth smiled in a cool, sinister way, utterly at variance with his usual bravado, and continued in a low, courteous tone:

"Mother you are imprudent—I might almost say, mad—to brave the new earl, as you are doing. Remember, there is no one to sustain you now, and every sneer you give him, may come back on me. If what I have done will make him forget your own haughty bearing, it will be the letter for both of us."

The woman listened with more patience, than might have been expected from her former state of irritation. Belus' impressed manner, the low, steady vein in which he spoke, the strange something that gleamed in the depths of his eyes, subdued her into thoughtfulness. She looked at him doubtfully.

"What does this mean, Belus?"

"It means that it is time I should have a will of my own!"

"That you always had, even when a child in the cradle," answered the mother, and a smile stole over her haughty mouth.

"Yes, mother, in a wild, rash way, and about things of no consequence, while you regulated matters of real importance; but the time has come when I must think and act for myself. I cannot see you shipwreck all my interests in such stormy passions as you have just exhibited in yonder. I was looking in Colgate's face, and I tell you, my lady, that another scene like that would make Trevylan too hot for either of us."

There was something masterful in the youth's manner, that convinced, while it offended, the proud woman. She turned away, without answer, and walked toward a window, half-ashamed of the violence he so coolly rebuked; for if there was a being on earth who could influence her to good or evil, it was this young lad.

He followed her to the window, and looked out upon a view of the lower park—that wild portion which led to the ancient castle, along which the fairest rivulet that had once filled the moat, ran dreamily through its ferny banks. There his eyes fell on a group that, spite of its picturesqueness, had served to bring the hot fire back into his mother's eyes, for there was old Winters, his daughter, and grandson, standing on the bank, in earnest conversation, while Delia had withdrawn herself farther off, and was gazing down upon the water, from which her own pretty shadow seemed regarding her disconsolately.

The picturesque costume of the woman, and the grand, patriarchal figure of the old man made no impression upon either mother or son; but a kindred feeling possessed them both. The lady looked down, with loathing, on Huldah, who was speaking earnestly to young Keath, her stately figure held erect, and the red scarf, that bound her hair, falling in fringed ends on her left shoulder, like the Greek caps worn by the women of Athens.

There was something grand and healthy in the presence of this woman, that aroused feelings akin to envy in the heart of that pampered beauty, which added a fresh taste of gall to the bitterness of her hate; while Belus took in the whole group in one hard grasp of hate. Had they not, one and all, been the instruments of his humiliation?

As these two retreated from the window, they looked each other in the face, and smiled. No one, who had seen all those smiles expressed, would have doubted that here, at least, they were at one accord.

"Lord Belus, the earl wishes to speak with you!" said a valet, coming up, at this moment.

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Belus turned to his mother, as he received the message, and his voice faltered a little, for it was Colgate's own man who brought it and that looked ominous.

"You will go to Stella, and keep her from being annoyed by this ridiculous affair," he said, in a hurried way. "I only hope you have not angered the earl beyond all hopes of apology."

At the word apology, a scornful smile swept the woman's mouth, but she turned, without speaking the sharp words that might have followed it.

CHAPTER VII.

Lord Colgate was sitting by the library table when his younger brother returned to the keep, looking nervous and greatly disturbed by this summons, given so soon after his departure; but, as the earl lifted his head, revealing a countenance from which all traces of displeasure had departed, and reached forth his hand with a cordial smile of welcome, the young man saw that there was no cause for apprehension, and came forward with his usual seeming frankness.

"You have saved me from a most unpleasant duty," said the earl, "and my father's name from the reproach that must have clung to it, in some degree, had his youngest son persisted in dragging this unseemly quarrel before the public. You have my thanks, Belus, my warmest thanks! It was manly, thus to sacrifice the advantage you possessed over one who meant only to defend the girl he had known and liked—"

"Liked," broke in the young man, after his usual reckless fashion, for nothing could hold him in awe long. "Liking—now we young fellows might give it another name."

A rush of color came over the earl's face; then it slowly came back to the natural color, and, though his smile was a little troubled, he spoke confidently.

"At any rate, Belus, there are excellent reasons why this poor girl should be certain of all respect from you in the future. She is an orphan, and well beloved by the people of the village, most of all by the family to which this young man belongs."

"At any rate, by some portion of it," muttered the youth, under his breath, but he said, aloud:

"I promise you, brother, that she is in no danger of encountering insult or caress from me in all time to come, for one does not pursue such things at the expense of a scene, like that I figured in this morning, a second time. The game is hardly worth the candle. But I swear to you, brother, the young man would not have come off so lightly, but for your interest in him. He has always been a favorite of yours, and though his blow was red on my forehead, I could not find the heart to degrade him, more than I would harm the girl in whom you take an interest."

Lord Colgate reached forth his hand, and grasped that of the young man.

"Belus, I thank you! This is, indeed, true brotherhood. Sit down, my lad, and let me know if there is anything that I can do—anything that my father would have done—that will give you greater happiness. I have not had time to think of these matters, but from something you said to me, just as he was taken ill, I feared—I fancied that you had again fallen into monied troubles. Tell me if it is so, and never forget that I stand in the place of that dear, old father."

The blood rushed hot and red into the young man's cheek: for the moment a generous feeling of gratitude possessed him.

"Thomas—brother, whoever says that you are not a princely fellow, is no friend of mine! You are—you have been more than a father to me, for the dear, old governor was awful fond of giving lectures with his cash, but you never do that; only—only I have got in so deep this time. By Jove, dear, old boy, I never can thank you enough!"

"Tell me how much will set you free of the world, Belus, and then we will try and make your allowance so ample that there will be no temptation for new entanglements."

The young man hesitated. The color mounted slowly to his forehead, and he began to play with an antique Spanish stiletto, which was used as a paper-knife.

"It is an awful large sum, when one takes it in a lump," he said, nervously beating the stiletto against its sheath of burnished steel and gold. "But one never dared to give the whole amount to the old governor, and what was kept back ran on so. In fact, brother Thomas, I haven't quite got the courage to place the sum in words."

"Write it, then," said the earl. "I promise not to be startled, only we must arrange that these things shall not happen again."

Belus drew a scrap of paper toward him, and wrote some figures upon it, with a hand that he vainly tried to render steady. This he pushed toward the earl, and betook himself to the paper-knife again. Directly, a dark flush rose to his face; for, with a side-long glance, he saw that of his brother cloud over with troubled surprise, as if he were both astonished and wounded by the record of debts placed in his hand; but this passed away, after a little, and when the earl spoke, it was kindly, but with great seriousness.

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"Are these all?" he questioned.

"Every farthing, brother!"

"These shall be settled at once, and after that, Belus, we will come to an understanding about a regular allowance. It may not be so much as you think you have a right to expect; but you will not find me ungenerous."

"I am sure it will be more liberal than I have been in the habit of receiving, before I was the next heir. That, of course, counts for something."

Either the coarse self-interest manifest in this speech, or some other impulse made the earl lift his hand suddenly, as if to repress the implied obligation; but it dropped slowly to the table again, and gave no other sign of annoyance, though the greed of the young man was more evident in his looks than in his words. Still there was a gentle gravity in his demeanor, that always had a repressing influence on the young man, who hastily thrust the stiletto into its sheath, and prepared to go.

"Thomas," he said, "all this is astonishingly kind, and I shall never forget it! You have just set me on my feet again—taken off the curb bit that was galling me to death. In fact, I—I really am obliged beyond everything."

Colgate smiled pleasantly, as he took the hand Belus gave him, across the table, and stood up till the young man had left the room. Then he sunk to his chair again, and folding his arms on the table, fell into thought, as if something in the interview had depressed him greatly.

Meanwhile, Lord Belus, who had little relish for his mother's company, just then, went out through the old castle entrance, into the depths of the lower park, where he wandered listlessly along the margin of the upland stream, switching little winrows of destruction through the ferns and rushes, with his cane, as he passed along.

It was well, perhaps, that he did not seek Lady Colgate, just then; for that lady had a delicate part to play in her own sumptuous bower-room, and the presence of her son might have baffled her efforts to appear natural and unconcerned before the fair, young girl, who sat upon a couch near the broad window, impatiently awaiting her approach.

As she sat in the shadow of those rich, silken draperies, among the cushions that had been moved and removed in her unrest, a fairer young creature than Stella Winchester could not have been found anywhere, within the range of a hundred miles; but her's was a beauty that cannot be described, because of its exquisite capacity of change. Perfect features and rich coloring can always be described, as a few dashes of the pen or pencil can place a blooming rose before you; but what artist or author can embody the soul of the flower, the velvet softness of its leaves, the subtle perfume, which nothing more tangible than thought can ever convey, and that with vague sweetness like the perfume itself?

When Lady Colgate had left the girl, on her way to the keep, no bird, flitting from branch to branch, had ever been more cheerful or softly child-like in her gentle search for amusement. She had spent half an hour finding, caressing and tormenting a splendid macaw, just sent down from London, after a long voyage from Australia; and a season of preparation for the august society of Great Britain, during which the habits of the bush, and the profane eloquence gathered from sailors on shipboard, had been subdued into coquettish bursts of self-praise, hoarse snatches of music, and occasionally a surreptitious oath, which the wild creature would remember, and revel in, now and then, spite of his better education.

This splendid bird had broken loose from a pretty conservatory, separated from the lower room by a vast sheet of plate-glass, and had tempted the girl into a game at play, as any bright child might have done, now perching himself on a chair, close by, and working his saffron-colored crest like a fan; now hopping across the Gobelin carpet, and tearing at the clustering flowers embedded there with his bill, or trailing his yellow wings across the rich fabric, till he came opposite a mirror, reflecting in its crystal depths, another superbly-crested thing, like himself, with feathers quivering, and his head turned on one side, all in a flutter of self-admiration, in which he saw the counterpart join with great glee.

As the lady came up to capture him, the restless creature spread his wings, and flying through an open door, sped across the intervening saloons and passages, until he lodged in a narrow slit of a ruined tower of the old castle, where he sat, with his crest up and one wing spread, screaming out a rollicking burst of defiance, when the young lady came up, flushed with running, and with a charm of ringing laughter, darted upon him. Just as her hands grazed his plumage, the bird made a sudden dive into the air, soared upward, and sitting on a metope in an angle of the cornice, looked triumphantly down upon her.

But the girl did not even look up to see where the mischievous beauty had lodged himself, for something in the grounds below had completely drawn her attention from him.

Had you seen Stella Winchester's face then, what I have said of its wonderful mobility would

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have been clearly comprehended; a moment before it was rosy with exercise, and bright with joyous laughter; but a single glance down yonder had changed it; first came a flash of surprise, then serious wonder, and after that a look of anxiety that drove all the rich color from her cheek.

What did the group of persons crossing that old stone arch mean? Three men with anxious faces, moving toward the keep, conversing earnestly—one, the person she was most interested in, looking pale and agitated. An old man by his side, equally disturbed, and a man that must have been a common fisherman, walking dejectedly, somewhat apart.

As she stood, wondering at this—for very few persons ever entered Trevylan from that direction—a footstep in the passage to the right drew her attention that way, and she saw Lord Belus passing toward the keep. His footsteps sounded heavily as he walked, and a tempest of wrath lowered on his handsome face.

Directly after this, Lady Colgate swept through the passage, if possible, more intensely disturbed than her son.

Before Stella could recover from her surpise, all these persons had disappeared. She was a creature of rapid thought and quick sensibility; to such, the truth often comes without reasoning. Something was wrong between those two young men. She knew that, in an instant, and felt it with a pang of apprehension.

Without noticing the macaw, who was fluttering uneasily on his lofty perch, the girl went slowly and thoughtfully out of the ruined tower, and returned to the room she had left. There she seated herself on the couch, as Lady Colgate had found her, when she came from that brief interview with her son; and all the more unhappy because her sources of anxiety were so vague.

The macaw had followed the example of most coquettes, and coming down of his own volition, when no one cared to pursue him, sneaked back into the bower-room, and was again plucking furiously at the flowers in the carpet, eyeing the young girl askance, as if in wonder of the change that had come over her.

"My lady, what is this? Has anything happened, that you look so strangely?" questioned the girl, starting from her seat, as the countess came in.

At another time, the lady might have been able to dissemble; but the tempest, that had possessed her, still reigned too powerfully for perfect dissimulation. She turned aside with an impatient gesture.

"Do tell me what is going on! Something distressing, I am sure; or as many pale faces could not crowd together."

"Pale faces—what do you mean, Stella? Has anyone been here?" questioned the lady.

"Here?—no. But I have been in the old tower, and saw so many persons going toward the keep—all in trouble—I am sure of that. Belus and you, my lady, among the rest."

Lady Colgate had found time to collect herself. If the girl had seen so much, she would not be satisfied without some explanation.

"Yes," she said, with an air of sudden frankness, "I have been greatly annoyed. Who could help it? You will hardly believe, Stella, that Lord Belus, my son, has received a blow from—"

"A blow?"

"From the clenched fist of one of the ruffians at the cove. The love of a creature whom he had been kind to, and almost made a friend of—"

"Kind to—a—a friend—who?" asked the girl, growing pale with each broken word. "Not—not—"

"You have guessed it. Who could fail? There is not another man on the estate who would have dared so much. Yes, it is Keath Winters—Colgate's protegée."

"But the cause—oh, my lady, tell me all!"

"The cause—jealousy of a girl the young ruffian is in love with; but who is constantly putting herself in the way of my son."

"A girl who puts herself in the way of Lord Belus—and, for her, a blow has been struck? Oh, my lady, I cannot believe it! I cannot, I cannot!"

"But you may; for it is the truth. Can it be a matter of surprise, that every feeling of my heart is in revolt?"

"Oh, it is dreadful! I can understand that—but the penalty. I know that, in old times, it would have been terrible—death itself, or the loss of a limb—but now—"

"Now, you will hardly credit it, Stella, but my son has had the magnanimity to forgive—with my own eyes, I saw him shake hands with the wretch."

"The magnanimity to forgive—to forgive?"

"Can you imagine generosity like that?"

"Oh, yes, I can imagine it—I can revere it. My dear lady, you have cause for pride in a son like that."

The girl's face was all in a glow; her eyes shone as sleeping pools do when the sunlight strikes them; her lips quivered, between a rush of tears and smiles; she trembled all over.

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"Then there will be no trial, no punishment. Yes—yes, it was nobly done in Belus."

"But the young ingrate who can accept this clemency? If he were a gentleman, such graciousness would shame him worse than the most severe punishment."

"So it would," faltered the girl, losing all her bright animation, and sitting down, with both hands lying loosely in her lap, "so it would."

Lady Colgate seated herself, wearily, satisfied with the effect her representations had produced on the girl, whose emotion had gone far to convince her of an attachment between the fair creature and her son; which, next to the heirship, was the leading desire of her life.

CHAPTER VIII.

Stella arose, after awhile, and quietly left the room. She was strangely disturbed and bewildered by the thoughts that crowded upon her. Her chamber was lofty, and open to both sunshine and air, but to her it seemed stifling. The blood was hot in her temples; her eyes heavy with distress. It was impossible for her to remain there, tortured with vague uncertainty; for, as yet, she had received no clear detail of this quarrel. There might be something yet to learn.

A lace shawl lay across a chair, as she had cast it off, the evening before; she threw this over her head, relieving the gloom of her mourning a little, and went out into the grounds, inspired by the idea of meeting some one who could give intelligence on the subject lying so heavily on her heart. Avoiding the pleasure-grounds, that lay in the bright sunshine—here giving out a glow of flowers, there stretching away in slopes of velvet turf—she descended to the lower park; for the soft gloom to be found there had the charm of seclusion, and she did not care that anyone should see her from the mansion. Once at the foot of the old castle, she kept along the upland stream, which led, with many wanderings, to the sea; sometimes broken up with gleams of sunshine; sometimes creeping dreamily through the shade of oaks and tall cedars, that gave a tinge of deep brown to its waters.

The girl had no heart to turn seaward, but followed the brook toward its source in the hills, where it was sometimes lost in the shade of oaks and chestnuts; sometimes turned to rushing diamonds by bursts of sunshine. She was not weary; but longed to get away from every living thing, that she might think over all she had heard. At last the pavilion, perched upon the rocks, just below the rush and leap of waters, that came from the hills in a cataract, hove in sight, and she climbed the footpath that led to it, thankful for the solitude and shelter it offered.

She did not try the door, but went into the rustic balcony, and sat down, sheltered by the overhanging vines. How long she might have remained there, in her state of restless unhappiness, I cannot say; but as she sat, shrouded in the lace of her shawl, something moved in the shrubbery just beneath her. Impulsively she leaned forward, thinking that, perhaps, it was a deer that had wandered that way. Seeing what it was, she started back, uttering a faint cry.

Then Keath Winters, who was mounting the path, looked up, and saw her face, dark with the shuddering avoidance that instantly seized upon her. He stopped, hesitated, and came under the balcony, which was so near the ground, that he could have touched the white hand that clung to its knotted railing, if he had dared.

"Lady," he said, in a pleading voice, that made the heart stand still in her bosom as she listened. "Lady, some one has been telling you of the trouble into which I have fallen, and you are blaming me."

The girl struggled bravely to keep back tears that would have wounded her pride, before she answered him. When she did speak, it was almost calmly.

"How can it be otherwise," she said, "when you could descend to the common level of a street fight, and that with the brother of a man who has, from first to last, been more than a benefactor to you."

"My enemies have, indeed, given me something worse than a blow, when they turned your gentle heart against me, Stella!"

"Stella! You forget yourself!"

"I have done that before, when you did not frown upon me," answered the young man, with proud humility.

"But that was when you were worthy. When I thought that, in all the world, there was no one you cared to—to please."

"That time, lady, was when you read my heart for yourself, and knew that the holiest feeling in it was my—my—I mean the homage it gave you."

"And in proof of that homage, you have just come from a rude brawl on the sands, on behalf of a young person who claims you openly as a lover."

"Claims me as her lover," repeated the young man, hotly. "What evil tongue has slandered me, and insulted you, with this story?"

The girl started out of her proud attitude, and,

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leaning her arms on the railing, looked into his upturned face. In that long gaze her features changed; anger, doubt, even uncertainty, died under the honest truth in those eyes. She reached out her hands.

"I see, I see! They have wronged you—in that, the most cruel of all slanders, they have wronged you—and I, in believing them, am most to blame. Forgive me, forgive me!"

The young man looked up, and softly touched the white hand held down to him.

"I did not intend to speak of this unhappy affair to you," he said; "but since my enemies have been busy, it is better that you should hear all. May I come up to the balcony?'

The girl smiled through her glad tears.

"Yes, come up, Keath, and say that you forgive me."

In a moment, the young man was by her side, this time, holding those hands in his, and lavishing kisses upon them.

"So you were thinking only of little Delia. Poor child, her share in this unhappy business has been a cruel one. She is so timid, and so helpless."

"Did you come up here to speak of her?" answered Stella, with a shade of discontent.

"I come to say, that, in all the world, there is not a creature who could draw my thoughts from you, for a single moment. Has there ever been a time, I wonder, when I did not love you?"

"There has been many a time, when you dared not say so above your breath," answered Stella, with a secret laugh of triumph.

"But that was during the old lord's time, when a breath or a look might have closed Trevylan against me forever. But things are changed now. Our new earl judges men by what is in themselves; not from a line of dead ancestors. With him, it will be no crime, that I have dared to love his father's ward. In truth, fair lady, I rather think he suspects it already."

The girl gave a faint start.

"Indeed!"

"The truth is, Stella, Lord Colgate is an extraordinary man; the kindest, the most benevolent. With my whole heart I love him. Sometimes I feel that it would be a happiness to die for him, as I am helpless in everything else."

Stella looked up into the handsome face of her lover, flushed as it was with noble feeling, and her heart rose in sympathy.

"How could he help being good to you—where will he ever find a being more worthy?" she said, with enthusiasm. "But he does not know, he may not even guess, our secret. How could he fail to know that his step-mother has, from the first, designed another destiny for me?"

"But she has lost all power to work out that destiny now, even though Belus does partake of her wishes. By your father's will, Lord Colgate succeeds to the guardianship."

"Does he? I am glad of that."

"And my lady has lost all power to coerce or even influence you. As for Belus—"

"Do not mention him!"

"But I must. He has astonished, me to-day, by an act of real magnanimity, and it would be selfish to withhold it from your knowledge. In my hot anger I disgraced him with a blow. He had the means of revenge in his power and would not use it."

"I know this—his mother told me as much," answered the girl, thoughtfully. "What does it mean?"

"It means, Stella, that we have not done Belus justice, or given him credit for the true manliness he possesses."

Stella shook her head.

"He may even forgive us for loving each other, when the knowledge comes to him," added Keath.

Again the girl shook her head, incredulously. She knew, better than her lover, how ardent Lord Belus had been in his love-suit with her; how bitterly his rage would pursue any person, most of all, the man before her, when that suit was frustrated.

"He is not used to contradiction or disappointment," she said. "But why talk of Lord Belus? His very name is hateful to me. It drives all the joy of seeing you here from my heart. See how I shiver. It seems as if some wild animal were hidden in the thicket, and gazing at me through the leaves."

"What a strange fancy," said Keath, drawing close to her, and circling her waist with his arm. "What if a thousand wild beasts were hiding about us; am not I here to stand between you and them?"

As he spoke, the young man lifted her face from his bosom, where it had fallen naturally as a flower droops to its support, and kissed her softly on the lips, more than once; for it was not often that she could be induced to cling to him as she did then, after the tender hush of their first quarrel.

Suddenly, she started from his arms, and looked around in pale alarm.

"Surely some one is coming," she said. "I feel unsafe here—let us leave the place."

No wonder the girl felt the presence of some malign influence in that spot; for behind her, the

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pale green curtain that gleamed through a window in the pavilion, were cautiously drawn apart, and a pair of burning eyes looked out upon the lovers. As their lips met, the curtain swayed together, and Lord Belus crouched behind them, with clenched hands, locked teeth, and flecks of foam on his lips—like a wild beast in his lair.

Lower down, where a clump of willows bathed the banks of the stream with foliage, and dipped their slender branches into the water, another person had witnessed that scene on the balcony; a slender girl, with tear-stained cheeks, and eyes soft and mournful as those of a frightened hare. In humility and self-upbraiding, Delia had stolen away from the side of Huldah Winters, and wandered off, alone, into the wildest part of the park, longing to hide herself from every one in the world, after all the trouble her timid cries of distress had wrought upon her friends. Sitting there, under the shelter of the willow branches, she had seen the young lady of Trevylan pass by, on her way to the pavilion; and crouching closer, with breathless fear of being seen, she afterward heard Keath Winters going up the same path, and with beating heart changed her position, that she might catch a glance at the brave, young face that had taken a sudden flush of happiness, as he saw the lady among the vines of the balcony, and knew that she was alone.

Looking through the willow leaves, Delia watched the young man with loving shyness, till he reached the balcony, and stood awhile below it, repulsed by the lady's clouded face. She saw those two white hands drop forgivingly toward him, and the light step with which he reached her side. Some words of the conversation even reached her—loving words that went through her childish heart like arrows. Then she covered her face suddenly with both hands, for the sight was more than she could bear, and began to sob as if her poor little heart were breaking.

The girl hushed her very breath, and shrunk together like a hunted thing, as Keath and the lady went by her covert, in passing down the hill, but when they were out of hearing, loosened both arms from their clasp around her knees, and began to cry again.

Occupied entirely by her own grief, she did not see the pavilion door open, and Lord Belus come through it, much as a caged leopard might have done, but full of subdued rancor. His footsteps on the steep path first aroused her to a sense of his presence. One look at his clouded face, then she sprang up, with a sharp cry of alarm, and stood directly in front of him, as if to shield some one from his approach, white as marble, and trembling from head to foot.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CLOVER BLOSSOMS.

BY HARRIET MABEL SPALDING.

When the fields were white with clover,
On a May-day, long ago,
And the meadow covered over
With its tufts of drifted snow,
When the paths were starred with daisies,
And the vines were twining over
Mossy roadside, hill and valley,
Crowned with snowy flakes of clover.

You, sweetheart, do you remember,
In the dewy morning weather,
How we wandered thro' the forest,
Up the sunny roads together,
Till we reached the pathway, leading
To the bars we clambered over,
Where the berries red were gleaming,
In the snowy fields of clover?

Roses red, and white, and golden,
On the far-off hills were glowing,
While within the sleeping meadow,
Daisies fairer still were growing,
And I knelt, the flowers to gather,
By the grasses, covered over,
When I spied, half-hidden, resting
At our feet, a four-leaf clover.

"Wish!"—you laid your hand on mine.
Thro' my pulses swiftly stealing,
Came the thought, could I reveal
That sweet hope my soul was feeling?
But your laughing eyes and voice,
Once again repeated over:
"Wish, and may your sweetest dreams
Blossom in this field of clover!"

Then I took your hand in mine,
And so deep your cheek was flushing,
That the pink beside the hedge,
And the reddest rose seemed blushing.
What your answer was, I know,
For I heard the meadows ringing
With the blue bird's joyful song,
And the robin's raptured singing.

Years have passed, but fond and faithful,
By my side you sit to-day,
Twenty times the fields have whitened,
With the early blooms of May,
But old time can never alter
Those sweet words we whispered over,
On that May-day, long ago,
When the fields were white with clover.

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MY IDEES OF MEN FOLKS.

BY PEGGY SHORT.

WHAT do I know about men? Well, if I be an old maid, I guess I hain't been out sewing, twenty years, for nothing.

You mind Jane Doolittle, don't you? She that was Jane Barton? Well, as *men go*, Squire Doolittle is a goodish sort of one; but if she *don't* have a time with him, then my name ain't Peggy Short.

I was there, sewing, only last week. Well, just as she got right inter the middle of her Monday's cleaning, (and Jane is neat, she is, if she has got eleven children,) who should walk in, but the squire.

"What! moppin' agin?" said he, kinder stern like. "I thought I had requested you not to do it any more till Spring."

Jane sorter laughed, and said: "Why, father, how we should look, with you and the boys coming in, forty times a day, and never scraping your feet."

"Well, any how," said he, "I want you to stop, and mend my pants; I tore 'em awful bad, and I've *got* to go to caucus, this evening; if I don't, they will put some *miserable fool* into office, just as they always do, when I stay away."

"Well," said Jane, kinder sighing, "if you'll keep the baby out of mischief I'll try."

The squire played with the baby, a few minits, then he took up a paper, and went to readin'. Pretty soon, something went *carwash*, and there was the baby, plump down in the mop-pail, jest his head and feet sticking out.

In the afternoon, when Jane had got her hands all inter the dough, the squire began to get ready to go to town.

"Jane," said he, "where is my shirt and necktie?"

"In the draw, where they've been kept for the last twenty years," said she, kinder spunky like.

Pretty soon, he called out: "Jane, I've turned every *last* thing in the draw over, and I *can't find 'em*."

Well, she went, and washed her hands, and found 'em for him.

"Now for my coat and vest," said he.

"Do look on your own nails, in the closet," said she.

Pretty soon, he called from upstairs: "Jane, I've found 'em; but all your dresses tumbled down, and I had to lay 'em on the bed." Then he came down, lookin' as cool and comfortable, as if he just come out of a bandbox.

"Now, dear, I'm all ready," he said; "but my thick gloves; where are they?"

She was kneading away at her bread, so she said: "on the upper shelf, in the back closet."

Up he went again, and in a minit, we heard the horridest crash. I thought, at first, it was an earthquake.

"Jane, Jane," he called, "what is in that blue box?"

"My best bonnet," screamed she.

"Well," said he, "I've turned a jar of preserves, or pickles, or some *pesky stuff*, inter it."

The next morning, the squire got up, cross as two sticks. He told Jane he didn't see why she couldn't make such coffee as his mother used to; that the griddles were tough; and there was nothing on the table fit to eat.

Then he got up, and went to fidgeting about; said it was too dark there to see anything, and took Jane's nice, starched, muslin curtains, and touseled them all up in a heap, and threw them up over the window cornice; pulled every last thing out of the paper-holder, and threw them on the floor, before he found what he wanted to read.

Then he seated himself in the easiest rocking-chair, with his feet on Jane's sewing-chair, that she had just covered with fine, log-cabin work. The day before, she had said that she would put on a tidy, only it looked so nice and bright, she hated ter. I looked at her, to see what she would do now; but she kept right on with her work, and didn't let on she see nothing.

I most wished, for a minit, she'd die, and he would marry me, so I could box his ears for him.

Just then, Sammie came in, and said, "Father, did they put you up for any office, last night?"

"Hold your tongue," said the squire.

"Well, why didn't they?" said Sammie.

The squire jumped right up, and caught him by the arm. "Jane," said he, "I won't have any more sass from this boy of your'n;" and he took him out to the barn.

Pretty soon, Sammie came in, crying, and said, "Father whipped me, and I hain't done anything."

"Well," said Jane, "never mind, but when he comes in, tell him you are sorry."

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"Yes, marm," said Sammie, brightening up amazing, all of a sudden.

That kinder beat me, I tell you, for the boy is spunky enough; but he waited, and as soon as his father came in, he went right up to him, and said, "I'm sorry you whipped me, father."

Wa'n't Jane took a-back though?

Jane got up a splendid dinner, and after that the squire felt a little pleasanter, and condescended to enlighten us on the political questions of the day. Said he, "I don't see why on airth, our party will be such consarned fools, when there are good men, and smart ones, too, that would be glad of office; they go right on, and put them 'ar knaves and demigogs in, that will, I'm afraid, smash the country all to thunder!"

"Father, father," said Jane, "don't swear, and right afore the children, too!"

"Well," said he, "you are a good woman, mother, and I won't, any more; but it does kinder rile me up, to have things go all wrong, as they did, last night, at caucus."

But, girls, I wish you wouldn't pester me with questions, and git me a-talking. You know I never tell what goes on in families, where I sew, and I never will.

SPRING.

BY JESSIE LEE.

Oh, mother earth! thou hast, at last, awoke
From the long sleep which sealed thy sunny eyes,
Which hushed the music in thy Winter woods,
Which veiled the Summer in thy stormy skies.

For lo! a tender radiance lights the land,
A subtle sense of hope embalms the air,
The unfettered stream bursts forth with merry bound,
Green buds are swelling where the boughs were bare.

The liquid call of bird to bird floats out,
Rising and falling from the budding trees;
And faint and sweet th' unfolding leaves distil
Their fragrant incense on the passing breeze.

The loveliest bank or woodland nook is lit
With starry gleam of op'ning buds and flowers;
And thorny brakes are stirred by restless wings,
As mating birds prepare their mossy bowers.

Oh, mother earth! thou hast, at last, awoke,
And with thy calm, fair face, and sunny eyes,
Gently doth chide us for our failing hearts,
When erst thou slept beneath the Winter skies.

AT LAST.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

We travelled side by side for years and years,
And yet our souls were many miles apart;
No mutual joys, no mingling of our tears
Could bring us heart to heart.

Blossom and fruit we gathered from one tree,
Drank from one fountain, conned one sacred book.
And yet her spirit drew not near to me
In word, or deed, or look.

At last, when earth and sky were still and grey,
We stood together by a solemn shore,
And from our lives the veil was rent away,
And we were blind no more.

One swift, bright glance into each other's souls,
One kiss which told us all our gain and loss,
And then the mystic tide between us rolls,
That she may not re-cross.

Parted, when all the world might deem us near;
Near, when the world may think us far apart;
Oh, love, I wait till God makes all things clear,
And brings me where thou art!

THE MARGUERITE.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

The angry winds the blossoms rudely rending,
Had dropped a snowy shower,
And underneath the locust branches bending,
She plucked a single flower;

A flower that bloomed alone; then, softly sighing,
She pulled its leaves apart,
As if to read some secret, underlying
The white flower's yellow heart.

"What said the flower?" spoke one to her, close standing
Upon the leafy spot.
"It said," she slow replied, at his demanding,
"'He loves me, loves me not!'"

"A flower is but a flower; who knows its meaning?
Heed not the marguerite."
Then lower whispered, toward the maiden leaning,
"He loves, loves thee, oh, sweet!"

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KITTY'S FOLLY.

BY MRS. C. H. DEMERETT.

PRETTY Kitty Morton sat before the blazing fire on the hearth, while her slender hands darted her crochet needle in and out among the meshes of scarlet worsted, with indescribable rapidity. Two or three times she started, and listened attentively to the patter of approaching footsteps on the pavement, and then, as the sound died away in the distance, she resumed her work, while a shade of disappointment passed over her expressive face.

Just a week ago, sitting in that very chair, with the firelight casting its flickering shadows over her pretty face, had Kitty given the death blow to the hopes of the tall, manly-looking young physician, who stood in front of her, leaning his elbow on the mantelpiece. She had meant to accept him, all the while, but she was young; and her pretty head was filled with all manner of foolish, romantic ideas; and she intended, after keeping him in suspense for a little while, and listening to his impassioned pleading, to relent, and say "yes," and finally, (figuratively,) to fall gracefully into his outstretched arms.

But to Kitty's amazement, he did not stagger, or turn deadly pale, or raise his hands frantically to his marble brow, or roll his luminous eyes despairingly toward heaven, or do any of those remarkable and unnatural things which rejected suitors do in plays and novels. He simply looked very grave and sober, and after a moment's pause, bade her a kind and tender farewell, in a voice which trembled only a little; and before Kitty had recovered from her astonishment, he was gone.

For two or three days Kitty waited patiently, expecting to see her lover at her feet again; but at the end of that time, beginning to grow uneasy and anxious at his prolonged absence, she sent him a little note, in which she "assured him of her friendship, and begged him to forget what had passed between them, and be her dear friend and brother as of old," and signed herself, "Your friend, if you wish it so."

Simple Kitty! Why didn't she tell him that she was sorry for the folly that prompted her to say "no," when she meant "yes," and that she loved him dearly all the while? This was what Kitty longed to say, but her foolish pride kept back the confession, and she only wrote some stilted, stiff, commonplace nonsense about "friendship and sisterly esteem."

To her surprise, there was no reply, and after passing a sleepless night, Kitty came down to breakfast, looking so pale and ill that her aunt threatened to send for a physician. That same afternoon, Kitty sat by the fire, as we have seen, with her crotchet work in hand, in order to watch for the postman.

"Surely," she thought, "to-day's mail will bring me something."

Suddenly there came a vigorous ring at the street door. Kitty knew it well, that peremptory ring of the postman, and springing up, she met the servant, just as the latter was coming in with some letters.

"One for you, Miss, and two or three for Mrs. Merwin! Shall I put them in her room?"

Kitty nodded, and hurried back to her place by the fire.

The daylight was fast fading, so she knelt down on the rug, before the grate, in order to get an additional light on her letter.

"Dear Kitty," so the note ran, "I have been out of town for a few days, and only received your letter on my return, this morning. When you read these lines, I shall be on my way to Europe!"

Here Kitty, in her surprise, dropped the letter, and had barely time to snatch it from the blaze.

"In your kind note, you proffer me your friendship. It was well meant: but think of it! I ask for love, and you give me friendship; it is like asking for bread and getting a stone. Dear Kitty, you cannot half comprehend the depth and strength of my affection for you, if you think I could be satisfied with mere friendship. I must be your lover, or nothing. I have always thought of you, in your true-heartedness, your womanliness, your unaffected simplicity, as so far above all other girls brought up like you, amid luxury and gayety, that I did not once dream of your stooping to coquetry. And I do not wish to blame you now. I only blame my own stupidity and blindness in mistaking mere 'sisterly esteem' for something stronger and better.

"An unexpected opportunity has suddenly come to me. An old classmate of father's, now a wealthy physician, with a large Western practice, is obliged, on account of ill health, to seek recreation abroad. He happened to find

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where I was, and has offered to take me with him, promising to give up to me a portion of his practice, when he returns from his vacation. I came to you that day, hoping to start on my voyage with the priceless blessing of your love. I am a man of few words. To me you have been, and always will be, the one woman in the world! My dream has been a pleasant one, and I shall carry the remembrance of it about me as a precious souvenir, even though the awakening has been rude enough. Do not attempt to write to me. I know, with well-meant sympathy, you would seek to say a few more kind words to me, but I shall take it as the greatest kindness you can do me, if you will be silent. I shall conceal my address from you for that very reason. It is hardly probable that we shall ever meet again. God bless you, and make you very, very happy!

WILLIAM LEWIS."

Kitty read the letter over, once or twice, with eyes almost blinded with tears. Then she sought refuge in her own room, and throwing herself on the bed, found relief in a fit of sobbing. She pleaded headache, as an excuse for refusing the nice supper which the cook sent up, and all that night and next morning, Kitty shut herself up in her room with her letters and her precious little relics. Her aunt had gone out of town to spend Sunday, and Kitty was thankful that there were no prying eyes to look upon her grief and misery. She tied up all his letters, and placed the package in her drawer for safe keeping. Then she packed away the little trinkets he had given her, and in fact, put away everything, except a large photograph, which hung over her writing-desk. Somehow this picture troubled Kitty greatly; everywhere she went, the large eyes seemed to follow her with a reproachful look; but she dared not remove it, for fear Mrs. Merwin should notice the change, and question her concerning it.

Kitty faced her trouble courageously. She was too brave a girl to give way to melancholy, and sit pining and moaning over her lost happiness. She well knew that she had missed the most precious thing that earth held for her. She felt keenly, the dreary blank, which Will Lewis' departure had made, a blank, which no one else could fill; and her remorse was all the more keen, because she had no one to blame but herself.

"He thinks me a vain, heartless, silly coquette," she murmured, with quivering lip. "I am not a coquette, but I'm heartless enough, and silly enough, heaven knows."

On Monday morning, when Mrs. Merwin returned, after kissing her neice affectionately on both cheeks, she surveyed the girl's pale face with a critical air.

"You're losing all your roses, child," she exclaimed, "and the servants tell me, you have been sick with a headache, ever since I have been away. This will never do. I think you need a change. What do you say to Florida for the winter? Mrs. Adams has been trying her best to persuade me to join their party, and I'm half inclined to consent. I'm not sure but it would be an excellent thing for both of us. These severe winters are very trying. I think they make one grow old very fast, though I don't know as I have any especial reason to complain," she added, surveying herself in the mirror, with the complacency of a well preserved matron. "Is there any news, Kitty?"

Kitty went to the window, under pretence of arranging the curtains, so as to give more sunlight to the *jardiniere*, but in reality to conceal her tell-tale blushes from her aunt's keen eyes.

"Yes, aunt Isabel. I have some startling news for you."

"Ah," returned Mrs. Merwin, with the most lively interest, "a wedding, I hope. If we do go south this winter, I should like a little gayety before we start. I suppose it will be rather quiet there, though Mrs. Adams says you meet some very desirable people, and that it's really quite gay at times."

"This is not a wedding, aunt," returned Kitty, still bending over the plants. "Will Lewis has gone to Europe."

"Will Lewis gone abroad! Dear me, that is news indeed."

"Some old classmate of his father's offered to take him to Europe, and then I believe, he is to give up part of his practice to him when he returns," continued Kitty, pretending to examine the plants in order to find out if there was any promise of blossoms.

"Well, well! I'm delighted, for he richly deserves his good fortune," said Mrs. Merwin, and then she added, to herself, in an undertone:

"Glad enough I am, to have him out of the way. He is certainly very attractive, and Kitty is dreadfully romantic, and there's no knowing what might have happened, though I never saw anything beyond friendship. He is not a desirable *parti*; and Kitty, with her beauty, ought to make a splendid match, an exceptionally fine match." Aloud, she asked, "Kitty, did he come to bid us good-bye?"

"Oh, no, he simply sent me a short note. I imagine the whole thing was so sudden that he had no time for farewells."

Mrs. Merwin looked relieved. "When you write to him, Kitty, congratulate him for me."

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She took this way of finding out if there was to be any correspondence.

"I shall not think of writing, aunt. He will only be away for six or eight months, and it would not be worth while to write. You know I'm not fond of writing."

Kitty's *nonchalance* completely deceived her aunt, who added, cordially:

"I do hope he will meet with some nice girl, and be married before he returns, don't you, my dear?"

"Y-e-s," replied Kitty, rather feebly.

"I should like it better if he had written me," said Mrs. Merwin. "He has been entertained here so frequently, coming and going when he liked, and he has been out with us so much. I know I'm a little punctilious on these details of good breeding, but still I wish he had written me."

"Perhaps he has," returned Kitty. "Three letters came for you, while you were away. Shall I ring for them?"

The letters were brought, and to Kitty's joy, there was a very polite note from Dr. Lewis, thanking Mrs. Merwin for her hospitality, and expressing his gratitude for the many pleasures for which he was indebted to her.

"Dr. Lewis is a perfect gentleman. I think more highly of him than ever," exclaimed Mrs. Merwin, as she replaced the note in the envelope.

Kitty Morton had been left an orphan when she was only twelve years old, and the aunt, to whose care her father consigned her in his will, had been living abroad for several years, superintending the education of her two daughters. She was a widow lady of ample means, and at once wrote Kitty, urging her to come to them, but the poor child was so forlorn and miserable, at the idea of leaving all her old friends, that Mrs. Merwin consented to her entreaties, and allowed her to be placed at an excellent boarding school, in the town in which Kitty lived.

Mrs. Merwin was a born match-maker, and having succeeded in establishing her two stylish, accomplished daughters, she naturally sighed for more worlds to conquer. And so she eagerly welcomed the advent of her pretty neice to her luxurious home, looking upon it as another opportunity for the exercise of her peculiar talents for match-making.

Kitty soon became warmly attached to her aunt, who, with her liking for young people, and her sympathy with them, seemed rather an elder sister than a guardian. She made the most charming of hostesses, the most delightful of *chaperones;* and Kitty often laughingly declared, "that aunt Isabel in vivacity, in sprightliness, rivaled many a young belle." The year before, Kitty had made her *début* in society, and had proved a genuine success. Her beauty, simplicity and unaffected manners, had won for her the hearty liking of all her companions.

There was one point upon which Kitty and her aunt held widely differing opinions. Mrs. Merwin lived for society; its smile of approval, was her joy, its frown, her despair. For her, its decrees were absolute. She regarded a fine "establishment" as the chief, and indeed, as the sole aim of every young girl's life. For Kitty, the round of gaieties, into which she plunged, had at first the charm of novelty; but she soon began to tire of the sameness of these pleasures. Often, by pleading a headache, she managed to evade some of the numerous invitations, with which Mrs. Merwin's card-receiver was always laden; and the elder lady wondered not a little at her neice's quiet tastes and love of home life.

Just at this time, Mr. Will Lewis appeared on the scene. He was a distant connection of Mrs. Merwin's husband, and on that account she welcomed him warmly at her house, and contributed in many ways to his comfort and pleasure. He was a student at a medical college in the city, and being a stranger, and without friends, it was no wonder he found Mrs. Merwin's charming home a great attraction. Nor was it at all strange that he discovered in the pretty Kitty, a still more powerful magnet. To Mrs. Merwin it was very convenient to have an escort at her elbow, whenever she wished; and moreover, she had a genuine liking for the young man, "whose only fault," as she remarked to Kitty, by way of timely caution, "was his poverty."

At first, when she saw that the two young people had many tastes in common, she watched them closely, having some serious misgivings as to the wisdom of her course in allowing them to be so much together; but when she saw, in their companionship, only the frankness of brother and sister, she exclaimed, with a sigh of relief, "Kitty has too much sense to think of a poor man, and Will has too much pride to ask her to step down and share his poverty. Then the girl has been so long under my tuition, that I am positive she will do as I expect, and as the world expects."

Meantime Kitty kept her precious little secret to herself. In her own tender little heart, she felt that there was something in life higher and better than fine establishments and elegant entertainments, and that the true love, which was all that Will had to offer, outweighed the jewels, and money bags of her other suitors.

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After Doctor Lewis' departure, Kitty refused two excellent offers, and Mrs. Merwin was in despair. For the first time, she and Kitty were on the eve of a serious quarrel. She begged, she expostulated, but the heretofore tractable Kitty was as firm as a rock. In vain Mrs. Merwin painted the rejected swains in the most glowing colors; her neice laughed, and mocked, and finally grew contemptuous.

Then Mrs. Merwin broached the Florida project, and Kitty answered, petulantly, "that she would be glad to go, that she wished for nothing more than to get beyond the reach of her persecutors, and if she could find an island as uninhabited as Robinson Crusoe's, she would like to go there and be at rest."

Two months afterward, found Mrs. Merwin and her neice pleasantly located in the picturesque, fascinating, quaint little seaboard town of St. Augustine. The elder lady, who had finally recovered from the shock, which her nerves had received at the sight of her "first alligator," became quite reconciled to her exile, and admitted to Kitty, "That although it was very hard to miss the many delightful entertainments at home, yet, after all, there certainly was a peculiar fascination about this balmy, southern climate. Moreover, my dear," she added, "we shall soon have a pleasant addition to our party."

"Who?" asked Kitty, instinctively feeling that her aunt was on the war path again.

"Colonel Adams," returned Mrs. Merwin, smiling serenely.

Colonel Adams was a brother-in-law of Mrs. Merwin's friend. They had met him in Jacksonville, and after having spent a few weeks with a hunting party on Indian river, he had written to Mrs. Adams, proposing again to join their party. He was an accomplished, cultivated man, of middle age, whose early inheritance of a large fortune, had enabled him to spend the greater part of his life in traveling. He was a brilliant, entertaining talker, and both Mrs. Merwin and Kitty found him an agreeable companion.

As soon as he rejoined the little party at St. Augustine, he renewed his marked attentions to Mrs. Merwin and her neice. He planned yachting excursions, picnics in orange groves, and all kind of impromptu entertainments for their pleasure and amusement.

Kitty felt perfectly safe in accepting these delightful courtesies, being fully persuaded, in her own mind, that Mrs. Merwin was the chief attraction, while the elder lady scouted the very mention of such a "preposterous idea," and redoubled her efforts to secure this very desirable *parti* for her neice.

One day, the Colonel and Kitty, after a long ramble about the quaint old town, ascended to the top of the picturesque fort, and sitting down upon the parapet, spent an hour in idle chat.

"By the way, Miss Kitty," he suddenly said, "you paid me the compliment, last night, of declaring that I was the best story-teller you ever knew. I have a little romance to which I wish you to listen. This dreamy day, and the plashing of the waves, are just the poetical accompaniments for such a story."

Kitty composed herself to listen.

"I had a friend once—a magnificent fellow, in fact, a perfect hero," the Colonel continued. "He saved my life—it was in one of the late battles, and that was only one of many brave and daring deeds. I was Colonel of the regiment to which he belonged. It's of no use to describe it, one can't describe a heroic act any more than one can adequately describe a sunset. Words give you only a faint idea; they are things that must be seen to be appreciated. He received, on his wrist, the sabre cut aimed at my head. It was an ugly blow—cut nearly to the bone!"

Kitty started suddenly, as the remembrance of a large scar on Will Lewis' wrist flashed into her mind.

"I suppose he will carry that scar to his grave," continued the Colonel. "It is no wonder that we became great friends after that, notwithstanding the difference in our ages. You know, Miss Kitty, when I met you in Jacksonville, I had just returned from Italy, where I had been United States Consul. On my way back I stopped in London, previous to sailing, and who should I meet but my old friend. He looked worn and haggard, and seemed so spiritless and forlorn, that I finally persuaded him to tell me his trouble. It seems, poor fellow! that he had set his heart on some fair, young girl, and she, after amusing herself with him for a while, cast him off!"

Kitty turned away her head.

"I tried to comfort him, but it was useless. I told him 'that young girls were the most incomprehensible puzzles on earth—that ten chances to one, she loved him all the while, but only wanted to test his affection.' He said 'the worst of it all was, to have believed her so true and frank, and then to find her utterly false and heartless.'"

"False and heartless she was not," cried Kitty, springing to her feet, with the blood surging over her face, and then ebbing, leaving her very pale. "But she was a simpleton, who said 'no' when she meant 'yes,' and when she looks back, and sees the ruin she made of two happy lives, she would like to die." And she covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

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"It was you, then," exclaimed Colonel Adams, trying to soothe the excited girl.

"How did you know?" she asked.

"I didn't know; he never told me, he would have died sooner! but from something he said, and a few casual remarks of Mrs. Adams, I obtained a clue; and you must forgive me, Miss Kitty, for following it up so abruptly."

He continued, after a pause. "When I left my friend, I made a solemn vow that I would find the young lady, if it took me ten years to do it, and that I would endeavor to clear up this cloud. Will you let me try and bring back some of your lost happiness? I shall write to Doctor Lewis to-night. Will you enclose a short note?"

Kitty sat there, the image of despair. "It is of no use," she answered, sadly, "he would not read it."

"I rather think he will, after my preface," said Colonel Adams. "Miss Kitty, I am older than you. I have seen a great deal of the world, and I think you can safely trust to my advice. Write to him, it is the least you can do, after the misery you have caused."

The two letters were sent, and a month afterward, Kitty received an answer, which made her the happiest girl in the world.

Six months later, there was a double wedding at Mrs. Merwin's house. Mrs. Merwin became Mrs. Adams, and Kitty, in answer to the clergyman's solemn question, said "yes," with an emphasis that showed that now she meant what she said.

"Isn't it odd, Will," said Mrs. Lewis, as they seated themselves in the train, which was to bear them to their western home, "that the last match aunt Isabel made should have been her own?"

FROM THE PAST.

BY CARRIE F. L. WHEELER.

This old box that holds the treasures
Of my girlhood's long ago;
I have found, where once I hid it,
In the garret quaint and low.
Then my eyes were brighter, clearer,
Not a furrow on my brow,
On my hair the sunshine glittered,
Where the snows have fallen now.

Well—I'll lift the lid, recalling
Dreams, how foolish, yet how fair!
Ah! there lies my ring—the token
Of love's glory and despair.
Like a tide flows back upon me,
All the pain of that sad day,
When I hid its golden glimmer,
With my love and trust away.

How could jealous pride and anger
Close my heart against its own?
Shut from out my life the sunshine,
Leaving me to walk alone?
Where is he to-day—my sweetheart?
Ah! I have not wept for years;
Now the ring brings back the heart-break,
With a rush of tender tears.

Yes, the ghosts of dead white roses
Rustle in this paper's fold;
Once again blue eyes, and bonny,
Smile upon me as of old:
While he gathers creamy roses,
In a cluster sweet for me,
Saying, "you will not forget me,
When I sail the purple sea."

Dust and ashes are the roses,
Dead sea apples, hope and love,
Naught but death to be believed in—
None to trust but God above.
Long ago the sweet light vanished
From the blue eyes far from me;
No! poor lad, I'll not forget you,
Sleeping 'neath the purple sea.

From this folded silver paper
Falls a tress of sunny brown:
I behold myself a maiden,
Blushing, shy, with eyes cast down,
While my boyish, dark-eyed lover
Vows to live for me alone,
Brings as tokens of affection—
Apples green—and pears half-grown.

'Twas our first romance—we parted—
Bitter were the tears we shed,
Long and dreary seemed the waiting,
For the time that we might wed.
Well, he has a wife and children,
Stout he's grown—and fond of wine,
Bald the head whereon this ringlet—
With its fellows used to shine.

Here are letters that I cherished,
From the friends of other days;
Some are gone—I know not whither,
Down life's dim and changing ways.
Scattered like the leaves in autumn,
Drifting, drifting far apart,
Some are dust beneath the daisies,
Some grown proud and cold of heart.

Shall I farther look? No, never!
Peace of years has been in vain;
Memories like ghosts up-starting—
Walk and wring their hands in pain.
Gentle eyes gaze out upon me,
Tearful as I saw them last,
Voices call, and white hands beckon,
From the shadows of the Past.

Why should wild regrets and passions,
Of my girlhood's folded page—
Come to thrill me with their whispers
In my lonely, sad old age?
I am groping through life's twilight,
Toward the bright "land of the leal."
Bitter earth has not a sorrow—
That sweet heaven cannot heal.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, one of the newest pannier dresses, of which we have lately spoken, in the fashion department. It will be seen that,

as yet, the pannier has not arrived at the enormous size that was worn some years ago, but no doubt it will soon do so. The dress here given, is intended for home wear; the under-skirt is of brown and old gold striped satin, and a piece set on near the bottom, which has only the very slightest more fulness than the skirt itself; just above this piece is a scalloped bias flounce made of the silk like the over-dress, and with but very little fulness also. The over-dress is of greenish-blue summer silk, with a brown chêne figure on it; it is made in the Princess form, with an elongated waist at the back, and the full skirt which falls from the buttons, is puffed out by a crinoline of either horsehair or steel hoops run through muslin; the front is cut open and square on the neck, where it is filled in with lace, and is also cut off square some distance below the waist, near the striped petticoat; it is fastened across the front by three brown satin bands with pearl buckles. A second and lower skirt is only simulated, and apparently fastened on to the upper skirt on each side, by three satin-covered buttons; a large brown satin bow loops up the lower skirt beneath the puffing of the upper one. The sleeves are three-quarters long, bound with brown satin, and have a strap of the satin and a pearl buckle just above the elbow. There are two large, brown buttons on either side of the body, and the collar is partly of plain brown satin, and of the brown and old gold striped satin.

We give, next, a costume for a young lady. It consists of cuirass bodice, waistcoat, and tunic, with under-skirt. The latter is made of silk; the tunic, bodice, etc., of fine cashmere. The under-skirt is cut with a demi-train. The trimming is first, a narrow knife-plaiting, four inches deep; then a fluted box-plaiting, heading the knife-plaiting. On the right side, there is a succession of tiny plaitings, eleven rows, arranged according to design. The tunic is very simple; opening at the right side, and bordered with a bias fold to display the plaited trimming of the skirt. Slightly looped at the back, the waistcoat is fitted to the bodice, which is simply corded with silk; this same cording finishes the edge of cuffs, collars, waistcoat. Small buttons, in bone, smoked pearl, or oxydized silver. This design is suitable, in either dark colors, for home or street, or in light blue, pink, or grey cashmere for evening wear. It may be entirely of cashmere, if preferred. Twelve to fourteen yards of cashmere will be required for the complete dress; six yards of cashmere will make the tunic and bodice.

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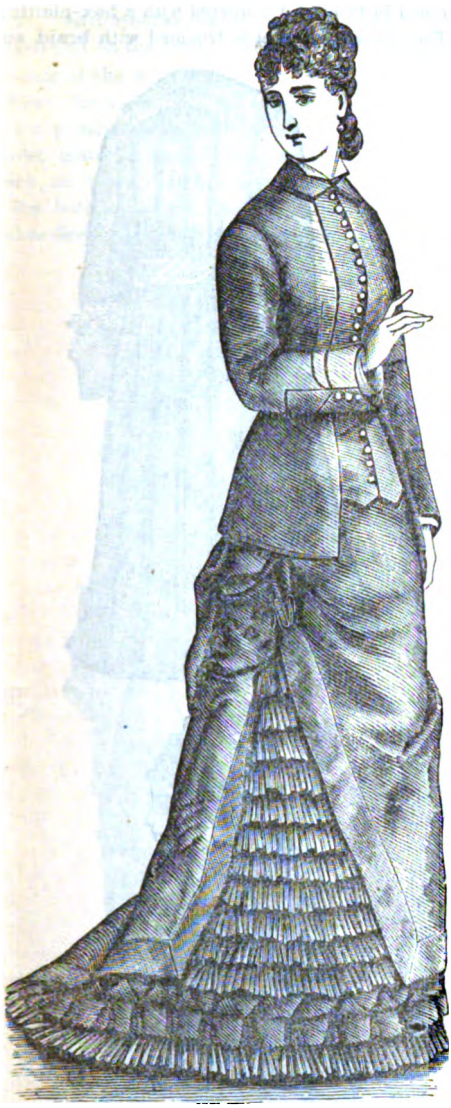
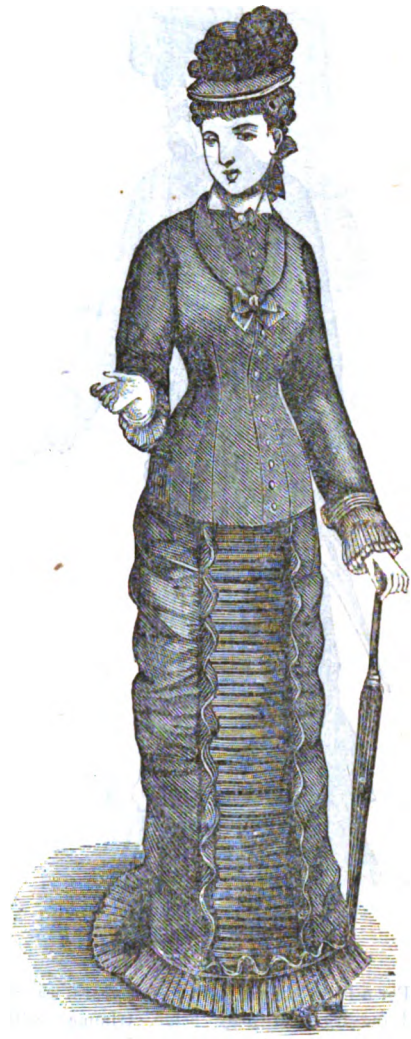


For a walking-suit of black India cashmere, or camel's hair goods, we have next only one skirt, and cuirass bodice. The skirt is made on a foundation of Silesia or crinoline; which foundation, has first, an outside facing, ten inches deep; on to this is put the knife-plaiting, which trims the edge of the skirt. Then arrange the horizontal plaiting, which forms the front trimming. On to this, the fulness of the sides of the skirt is arranged, as may be seen in the design. Cut one width of the cashmere one and three-fourths yards long, for the back breadth, which arrange in graceful looping at the back. Finish the front, where the fulness and the centre-piece join, with a tiny plaiting; the same finishes the joining of the skirt, and the knife-plaiting at the bottom. Plain cuirass bodice, corded and trimmed with jet or silk buttons; turn-over collar; coat-sleeve, with cuff, edged with plaiting. Ten to twelve yards of Cashmere.



For a young miss, we have a short costume of grey beige. The skirt has a kilt-plaiting, twelve inches deep; over this is arranged a scarf-tunic. The polonaise is cut to fit the figure, and is perfectly straight round, back and front. Down the front, a kilt plaiting is arranged, which forms the trimming. The same kind of a plaiting is made to fit in the centre of the back, from the neck down. Turn-over collar and pointed cuffs trim the throat and sleeves. Buttons, with tassels, ornament

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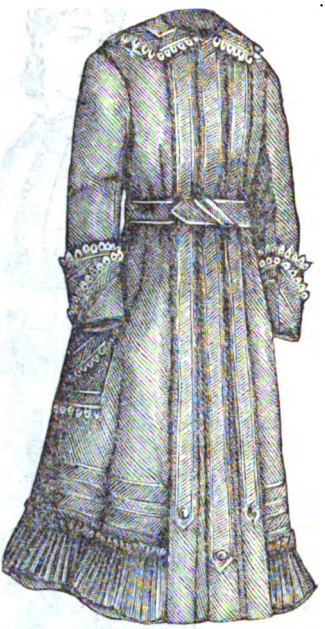
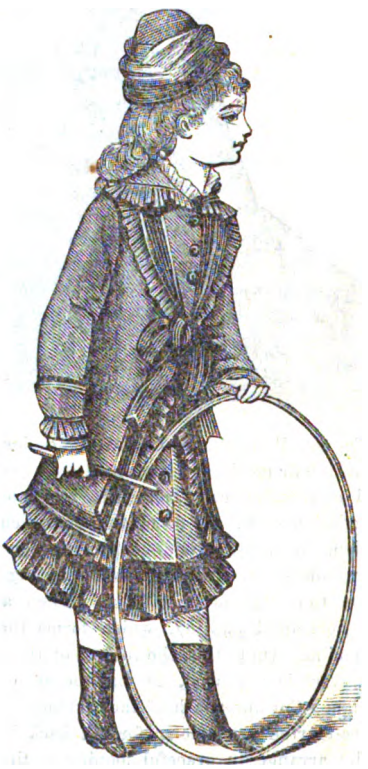
the front of the garment. The waistband is of plaited silk, with jet buckle. Ten to twelve yards of double fold goods; sixteen to eighteen of single, will be required

For a little girl of eight to ten years, we give a walking-dress of grey beige, trimmed with a knife-plaiting of the same, edged with blue cashmere. The front has three box-plaits, with pipings of the blue; four rows of blue piping trim the skirt above the plaiting. A bias band edges the collar, cuffs and pocket, these are finished with a narrow, torchon edge. Waistband of the material, edged with blue. Blue alpaca braid may be used instead of the pipings of blue cashmere.

Another, for a little girl of eight to ten years, is of blue serge or cashmere. Princess frock, fastened in front and bordered with a box-plaiting. The sleeveless jacket is trimmed with braid and





plaitings, and fastens in front with a bow at the

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waist. Sailor-collar, edged with a tiny plaiting is fastened on the dress. Coat sleeves edged with plaiting at the wrist.

Next, for a young lady's walking costume, we give a pretty design, to be made of any kind of woolen material, in navy blue, dark brown, olive-green, or black. It has, first, a skirt, finished at the bottom with a double box-plaiting, nine inches deep; over this is a washerwoman's tunic,

turned up, and finished with a bias of the material. The waistcoat is separate; corded on the edge, and buttoned with tiny buttons. The jacket fits the figure, is slightly double-breasted, and buttons with three buttons. The cuffs, and turn-over collarette, are of striped velvet and silk, to match in color. The buttons are moulds, covered with the same. The back seam opens six inches, and is trimmed with buttons.

We give the front and back of an outside garment, suitable for either boy or girl, from six to eight years. It is of grey or blue cloth, trimmed

with silk braid, and buttons of a darker shade. The under-dress is Princess, and the over-pale-

tot is open in front and trimmed with braid and buttons. Triple collar, coat sleeve with deep cuffs, trimmed to match.

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POLONAISE: WALKING COSTUME. (WITH SUPPLEMENT.)

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for our SUPPLEMENT, this month, a double-breasted polonaise pattern. It consists of three pieces, as will be seen by referring to the Supplement, which is folded in with this number. These pieces are half of front, half of back and side back together, and sleeve.

Allow for seams, except on the shoulders, where the dotted lines show seams. In the back the dotted lines, below the waist, show where the seams are to be continued; and the fulness between is to be disposed in a double box-plait, underneath the same, in the middle of the back. The dotted line up the front of the square overlap —shows where a seam is to be taken to make it fit the figure.

Cut both sides alike, and hook the under side, and button the outside lap, with three buttons, and trim with loops of ribbon. The square neck is filled in with knife-plaiting of the silk like the under-skirt. The polonaise is finished on the

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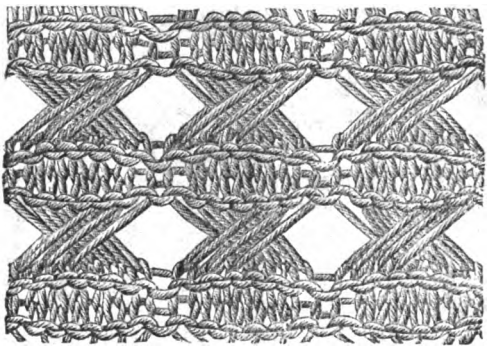
edge with either a wide, worsted braid, or a bias band of silk.

If preferred, the overlap may be continued to the throat, instead of being cut out square and filled in. The pattern turns over at the dotted lines, as marked. Cut out, first in some old muslin, and fit to figure before cutting into the material. If found too complicated to follow the diagram, when the skirt part turns over, cut only to the dotted lines (- - - -) thus, and then add the length and breadth by measurement, according to the lengths and the breadth given.

HERRING-BONE STITCH KNITTING.

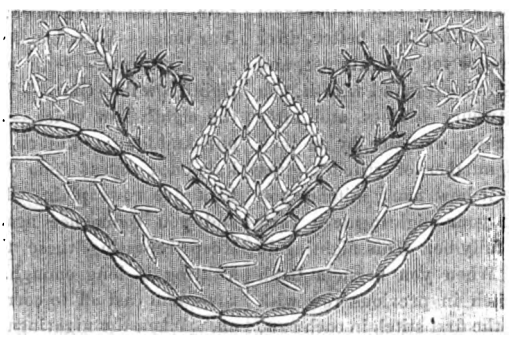
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This stitch is so useful a one for cloaks, shawls and scarfs, that we illustrate it. Worked with Shetland wool, it forms a very light and pretty shawl. For a specimen square of knitting cast on thirty stitches, knit three rows plain.—Fourth row. Knit plain, but with the wool three times round the needle for each stitch.—Fifth row. Slip off the first six stitches the full length, pass the fourth, fifth and sixth through the first three, then knit plain the fourth, fifth, sixth, the first, second and third; take off every six stitches in this way, and knit the whole row; three rows plain, and repeat from the fifth row.

EMBROIDERY ON BLUE CLOTH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This design is intended for valances for corner cupboards, brackets, etc. The herring-bone stitches are worked in shaded embroidery silks; the waved patterns on either side, are of brown and light green wool. The centre design is chain-stitch in buff wool, and the lattice work is pale pink. The branches are in shaded brown.

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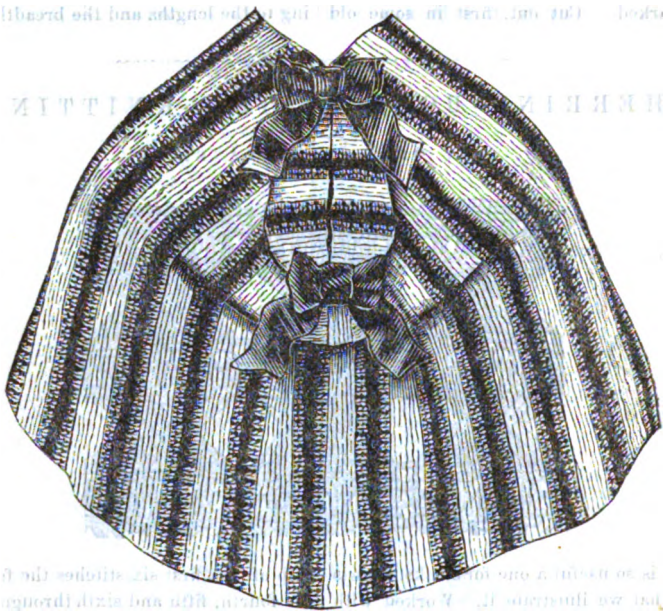
NIGHTINGALE KNITTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



If a very warm wrap is wished for, knit this pretty one, called a Nightingale, in double Berlin or fleecy wool; a medium one in single Berlin or fingering wool; and a light, though warm one, in the Scotch merino wool. About eleven pounds of wool will be required, but this depends on the length knitted. The usual-sized nightingale when finished should measure two and a-half yards in length. For the thick wool use needles No. 6 or 7; for finer No. 9 or 10. As it is difficult, owing to people knitting so differently, to give the exact number of stitches to cast on, it is better, after you have fixed on the wool you mean to use, and the size of the needles to correspond with it, you should cast on, say, twenty stitches, and, after plain knitting a few rows, measure by an inch tape what width this number of stitches gives you, then calculate by it how many stitches you must cast on to make your nightingale a yard wide, which it should fully be. This nightingale is knitted in stripes. When you begin a fresh stripe, knit the *last* stitch in previous row with it, to enable you to slip the first stitch in each row, which otherwise you could not do. The different colors must never be knotted together when you commence a stripe, but break off a short length of wool, which afterwards fasten securely with a wool needle. With mauve wool: cast on the number of stitches you will require. Knit six plain rows, slipping first stitch of each, excepting in the first row, after casting on.—Seventh row. Slip one, knit three; * make one, by throwing wool over the needle, slip one, taking it off as if going to purl, knit one; repeat from *. End with knit four.—Eighth row. Slip one, knit three, * make one, slip one, knit crossed-over loops together; repeat from *. End with knit four.—With white wool: repeat the eighth row four times.—With black wool: repeat the eighth row six times.—With white wool: repeat the eighth row four times.—With mauve wool: repeat the eighth row twice.—Twenty-fifth row. Slip one, knit four; * knit crossed-over loops together, knit one; repeat from *. End with knit four. Knit five rows plain. This finishes the stripe, and you commence again as at seventh row. Keep repeating these thirty rows until your knitting is long enough. End with five plain rows, and cast off to correspond with the casting on. When the nightingale is finished, turn back cuffs to make a kind of sleeve; form the hood at the back, putting bows of ribbon to hold it firmly down, and place ribbon to tie on the chest.

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WAX FLOWERS. No. 3.

BY MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON.

THE CALLA LILY.

Materials.—One package each white and green calla lily wax, one prepared calla lily centre (to be had at any first-class art-store), large, glass-headed cutting-pin, plaster-paris leaf-mould, green stem-wire, one bottle chrome-green, dry paint. Cut of the white wax two pieces the size and shape of Fig. 1, enlarged until your pattern,

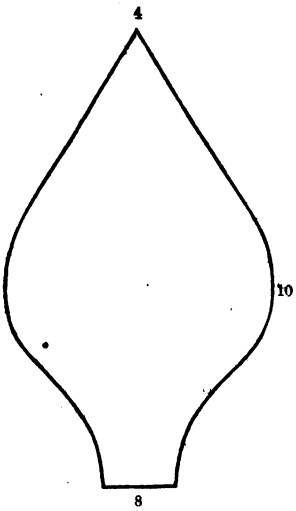

Fig. 1.

which you can make of stiff cardboard, is 5 inches long, from top to bottom, and 5½ wide at the part marked by Fig. 10. First, roll this piece so as to curve it outward a little on the edges. At the point marked Fig. 4, tint with a little of the green paint. Now put the white piece on the prepared stem, allowing the point designated by Fig. 8 to wrap around the stem at the bottom of the yellow part. You can make your own centre, if you desire, by using a whole sheet of light yellow wax, doubled around heavy wire, until it is the shape of a calla lily centre. Then mix light yellow paint in a teaspoonful of corn meal, dip the centre in mucilage, and then roll it in the prepared meal. This will be just as nice as the centre you buy, but of course requires nicety in preparation. The plaster leaf-mould will require five cents worth best plaster-paris, a calla lily leaf, knife, spoon, cup of water and deep dish to mix plaster in. Dip the leaf in water and shake off the drops, then lay it (wrong side up) on a perfectly smooth, pine board. Mix up your paris quickly, stirring well with the spoon. Have it tolerably thick, pour over the leaf, and smooth a little with the knife dipped in water. Allow this to stand fifteen minutes or more, then raise the mould with a knife, and remove the leaf. Now, with a sharp pen-knife carefully trim off to the edge formed by the exact shape of the leaf. Let the mould harden for half a day, then varnish with gum shellac, dissolved in alcohol. When this is dry, and you wish to mould your leaves, dip the mould in water, and mould according to the directions given for rose and fuchsia leaf-moulds.

DESIGN FOR CROSS-STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design for cross-stitch on linen, satin, or silk. The design is given full working size. It may be carried out on satin, silk, or any other material for cushions or couvrettes. In Germany the designs are used on linen sheets, for ornamenting the ends that turn down over the beds; even in the poorest houses you find the bed linen more or less ornamented. For linen it is not necessary to use canvas; but on silk or other material fine canvas is tacked down on the groundwork, and over this the cross-stitch is worked; when this is finished, the canvas threads are carefully drawn out, one by one. The design now given has a stripe of velvet introduced, which is worked over in point Russe. When these designs are used for linen, they should be worked in Turkey red ingrain cotton, white, or ingrain blue; for American taste white would be, by many, preferred to color.

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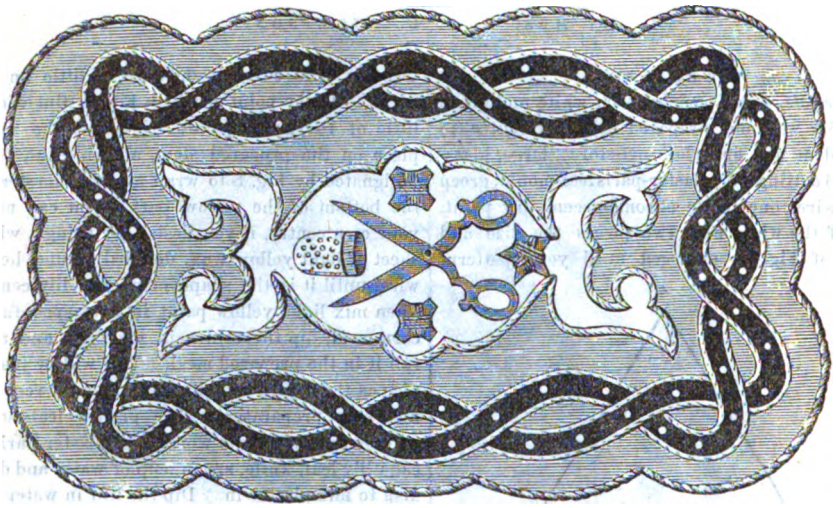
NEEDLE-CASE: APPLIQUE.

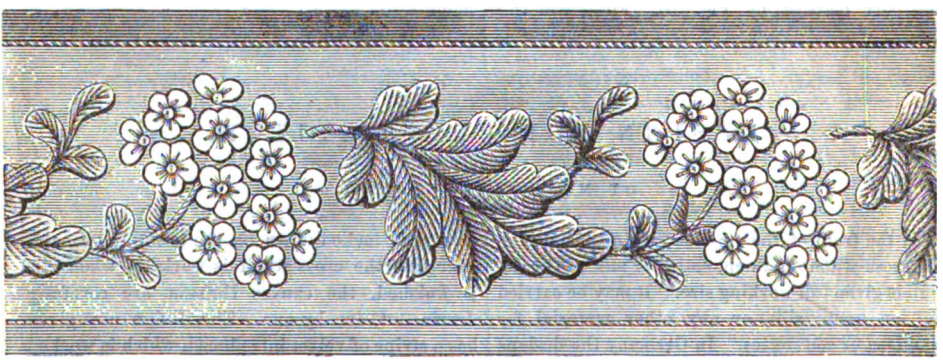
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This cover of a needle-case is made of cashmere; the edge is scalloped and corded, which corresponds in color with the appliqué, which is ornamented with scissors, thimble, etc. The braid that forms a framework to these implements of the work-table, is fastened down in the centre with French knots. Both sides of the case are alike, and are joined at one end with a bow of ribbon. The flannel leaves, for the inside, are notched at the edges. Make the foundation light blue; cord the edges with blue and gold; the braid black, edged with gold braid; the centre appliqué white, edged with the blue and gold. Work the design of scissors, etc., in gold thread; gold-colored silk and braid may be used instead, if preferred.

BORDER EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER



This design is very suitable for ornamenting children's frocks, etc. The ground is white cashmere, the flowers are blue, and the leaves different shades of green. The stitch is that known as *au passé*.

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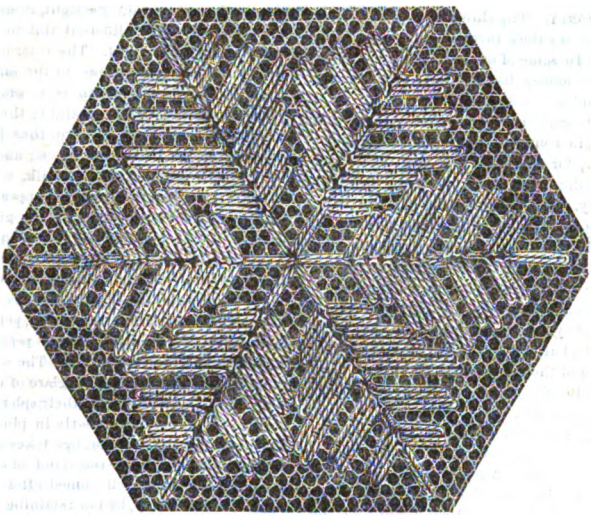
STAR EMBROIDERY ON NET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER



This star is to be studded all over black Grecian net, and is suitable for an antimacassar. It is darned with single Berlin wool, and veined with silk. The color must be selected in accordance with the upholstery of the room for which the antimacassar is intended. This same design, done in linen floss, on bobinet lace, will make lovely cravat ends; or done on mosquito net and coarse, linen floss, for centre of tidy; to be edged with a darned lace, to correspond; patterns for which, we have given repeatedly.

DESIGN FOR BORDER OF TABLE-COVER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design for the border of a table-cloth, a new, and exceptionally pretty, pattern.

Use light grey or drab cloth for the cover, Java canvas, mummy-cloth, or unbleached sheeting. Cut the branches out of brown cloth; the leaves out of three shades of green. Arrange according to the design. Buttonhole them down, neatly, with fine sewing or embroidery silks, in colors to match, or shaded. The veining of the leaves is done with the shaded silks. Taste, and neatness of execution and finish, are indispensable for this kind of embroidery. Some beautiful borders are made by cutting out leaves and branches from pieces of cretonne. Then arrange them, and proceed in the same manner.

EMBROIDERY ON MECHLIN NET, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, here, two designs for embroidery on Mechlin net, Java canvas, outline and cross-stitch work. They can be used for small mats of Java canvas, or for antimacassars and cushion covers in Mechlin embroidery, and executed in crewels, embroidery wool, filoselle, or three thread silk of optional colors. The illustrations are in the front of the number.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Gold and Silver Money.—The chink of gold and silver money, like the voice of Goethe's turtle-dove, is once more "heard in the land." To some of our younger subscribers, it is a revelation, paper money having, for nearly twenty years, been in the ascendant, exclusively.

This partial return to coined money suggests to us that there are certain facts in connection with it not generally understood. We know, for instance, that gold and silver have been used, as mediums of exchange, from the very earliest dawn of history. The Bible speaks of them both. But they passed, at first, by weight. It was not until about eight or nine hundred years before the Christian era, that gold and silver began to be coined, and to pass by tale, or count, the stamp of the state upon it being a guarantee of its value. The first gold coined was by the Lydians, or Ionians; the first silver by the Egyptians. The very earliest coins were quite rude, but in a century or two they began to be really beautiful, and the Greek ones, as well as those of the Greek colonists in Sicily and Southern Italy, have never been surpassed to this day.

The most artistic coins of modern times have been the French. During the reign of Napoleon the First, the French coinage was particularly elegant. A few of the English coins are handsome, but generally they are the reverse. The American coins have always been the least beautiful; and they seem to grow uglier with every new issue. Some of them, however, bring high prices, when sold to collectors, but this is because of their rarity. For example, for a silver dollar of 1804, seven hundred and fifty dollars were once paid. The dollar of 1794 is worth fifty dollars. There were a few half-dimes struck as far back as 1802, but they were so few that one will bring now a hundred dollars. Have our fair subscribers any of them? Or of the dollar of 1804, or even of that of 1794? If so, we advise them to sell out, on the principle, and a very wise one it is, of never refusing a good price, when you can get it.

Making Splint Frames.—A cheap, yet pretty, frame for a picture, say one of our premium engravings, may be made of splints. The materials required are wood splints of various sizes, colors, and quality, fancy buttons, beads, ribbon, and enamelled papers for lining, in some cases. The splints may be either white or colored. They may either be colored artificially, to suit the maker's taste, or may be in the natural color of the wood. For engravings, light-colored pictures, such as water-color paintings, flower chromos, etc., the walnut or stained varieties are the most appropriate; while the white kinds look especially well for the flower chromos upon a black ground.

Decay of Teeth.—In caring for the teeth, it is important to bear in mind that weak acids, or acids greatly diluted with water, have greater dissolving power than acids in full strength. Such an acid is contained in the sour eructations from the stomach, in many of the medicines administered, and in the particles of food which, moistened with saliva, have been left to ferment between the teeth. The brush, as ordinarily used, does not remove the particles of matter that adhere to the teeth. It should be moved up and down, as well as horizontally. The mouth should also be rinsed after each meal, or, at any rate, before retiring for the night.

Colors for Evening Dresses.—In selecting a dress to be worn in the evening, by gas-light, it should be remembered that colors present a different tint in the daytime to that shown in artificial light. The color of a texture gains or loses by the latter, according to the amount of yellow contained in it. Violet, which is a complementary color to yellow, is decomposed in gas-light; the blue disappears, and it becomes red. Blue, if pure, thus borders on green; if dark, it appears harsh and black; and if pale, loses color, and becomes gray. Turquoise silk, which, by sunlight, is beautiful, loses its brilliancy, and appears faded. In ascending the scale of cold colors, yellow greens are among the prettiest for evening wear. Thus, apple-green is not far from emerald, and emerald, without changing tint, gains in brilliancy and richness. Amber, already beautiful, acquires richness; straw-color slightly reddens in the folds; sulphur does not change. There is nothing, perhaps, more charming than maize; for, without losing its peculiar qualities, it gains an undefinable warmth of tint. The same effect is produced in red shades; for the yellow glare of evening lights, which is so fatal to blue, augments their splendor. Ruby is heightened in its beauty, particularly in plush materials; orange-red brightens, and pure orange takes a flame color. Black and white do not escape the action of artificial light. Those beautiful blacks, so well named after the raven's wing, become dull and heavy, by not retaining the blue shade which gives them life and depth. White, on the contrary, improves at night, and, if faded, revives. A color which retains its charm is silver-gray. It even gains a slightly rose-color hue; but, should the gray contain a suspicion of blue, like pearl-gray, the blue tint is lost, and the distinctive characteristic of pearl-gray disappears.

A Pretty Trifle.—An original way of utilizing an old pair of bellows was shown to one of us, the other day. The back and front were divided, and nailed to a small wooden box, which was hidden from sight at the back, and in the box a fern was planted. The box had a hole in it, through which a nail passed, fastening it to the wall. The bellows sides were covered with gold paper, and in the centre a group of flowers, cut out of paper—a scrap such as is sold for ornamenting screens. The whole was varnished, and finished off with a rather wide bow of pale blue satin. Thus two pretty wall ornaments were constructed with little trouble. Another pair of bellows was converted into a flower receptacle, by being hung up against the wall of a small greenhouse, and a fern planted in it; a tin lining had been fitted in to receive the plant. The bellows was painted black, with a colored bird in the centre, and the whole varnished.

"Let Me Catch You."—We confess we sympathize with the old lady, rather than with the mischievous youngsters, who figure in our principal engraving. The urchins, coming home from school, and overflowing with spirits and health, have snow-balled her windows. We hope she will catch them, and give them a bit of her mind, too; it will do them good, perhaps, and teach them to respect age.

"The Smooth Handle."—There is an old proverb, that says, "Take things always by the smooth handle." How many people, who worry themselves and all about them, nearly to death, would make everybody happier, including themselves, if they took things by "the smooth handle."

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NOW IS THE TIME to get up clubs for 1879. See the great inducements offered in the Prospectus. Additions to clubs may be made at the price paid by the rest of the club. When enough additional subscribers, in such a case, are sent, to make up a second club, the person sending them will become entitled to a second premium, or premiums. Always notify us, however, when such a second club is completed, as this will prevent mistakes. These additions may be made at any time during the year. Back numbers to January can always be supplied. Go on, therefore, getting up clubs, and making additions to clubs.

THE "GEMS OF ART," containing twenty-five steel engravings, each of the size and style of "Let Me Catch You," in this number, will be sent to persons getting up clubs, and entitled to the premium picture, instead of that premium picture, *if preferred*. Or our "Pictorial Annals," also with twenty-five steel engravings, will be sent. Or either will be sent to subscribers to "Peterson," but to no others, on the same terms that we send "Christ Blessing Little Children:" that is, on receipt of fifty cents.

AS FAR AS POSSIBLE, we meet the requests of our subscribers, by publishing the Pattern Sheets, Patterns for Work Table, etc., that they ask for, always giving preference to those for which we receive the most requests. It is impossible, however, to satisfy all, and if any subscriber is disappointed, she will be good enough to remember that she is only one of a hundred thousand.

"TWENTY-ONE YEARS."—A lady, sending us a club, writes: "I like your patterns very much. I could not get along without your magazine. This makes twenty-one years that I have taken it." A magazine that has stood the approval of a subscriber, for one and twenty years, may fairly claim to be unrivalled.

BACK NUMBERS OF THIS MAGAZINE for 1879, 1878, 1877, etc., can be had of all news agents, or of the publisher. In case the news agent should happen to be out of them, write to us, enclosing the price, and the back number, or numbers, will be forwarded, post-paid, by return of mail.

TIDY ON JAVA CANVAS.—In the front of the number, we give, printed in colors, a pattern for a Tidy, to be worked on Java canvas. We give this in answer to a request. There are no patterns for the Work-Table, for which we receive so many requests, as for these Tidies on Java canvas.

"TWENTY-FIVE YEARS."—A lady, sending us a club, writes: "To give up 'Peterson' would be like losing an old friend. I have taken it twenty-five years in succession, and have never seen a book that I would exchange it for." We have thousands of such on our lists.

THE RETURN TO THE PANIER may be regarded as a fixed fact. It is only a question of time. In our "Every-Day Department," for this month, we give one of the newest of these panier dresses.

BETTER THAN EVER.—A lady writes: "This is the fifteenth club that I have filled out for 'Peterson' since I first commenced taking it, and I think it was better the last year than ever before, even."

DO TO-DAY WHATEVER is the duty of the day. Never put off anything. Procrastination has ruined the fortunes and happiness of tens of thousands.

"ALL YOU SAY OF IT."—A lady, renewing her subscription, says of this magazine: "I had never had it, regularly, until last year, and found it all you said it would be."

A PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.—We have been asked, by numerous subscribers, to give a "Puzzle Department." We commence such a department, accordingly, this month, and shall continue the puzzles during the year.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Philomène's Marriage. With Author's Preface. By Henry Gréville. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is the most recent of the novels, from the pen of this popular author. It is one of her very best. The translation is by Miss Helen Stanley, whose faithfulness and spirit, as a translator, are well known. To this faithfulness, the author herself testifies. In a recent letter to T. B. Peterson & Brothers, her American publishers, she says: "Miss Helen Stanley's translations of my novels are perfect. I must say, that no translations I have ever read, of whatever books, do more justice to the original; and the flavor of my novels has lost nothing by passing through the clever, delicate pen of Miss Stanley. Her translations are *very, very* good; so good, indeed, that yesterday, I had a strange feeling to read one of them quite over, as one does a new book, to see how it would end. It seemed to me my own work, for I found in it *every* feeling, *every* word, I had put into it. I am only too glad to have Miss Stanley translate my works for me, as they lose nothing in the translation; and I feel that anything I may ever write will only be the more admirable, from passing through her clever and graceful pen." The present novel has a preface, written by Madame Gréville, in which she says, that, being a Frenchwoman born, she entertains, among her projects for the future, the design to write a series of stories, depicting life, as it really exists, in France; a life which, as we ourselves know, has been much misunderstood; because strangers have taken the pictures of that fast Parisian life, which some of the novelists have depicted, as representations of social life generally in France; whereas, a story of the fast life of New York, of gamblers, cheats, and worse, might as well be taken as a picture of the pure life of American women generally.

The Shadow of Hampton Meade. By Mrs. Elizabeth Van Loon. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.* The author of this novel is a Southern lady of wealth and culture, who gratifies her own taste, and pleases a large audience, by the relaxation of authorship. On a former occasion, we noticed, favorably, a prior novel from her pen; but this, a later production, is, in every respect, superior. Mrs. Loon is particularly effective in her plots; they are always full of movement. The volume is handsomely printed and bound.

The Temperaments. By D. H. Jacques, M. D. With an Introduction by H. M. Drayton, A. M. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: S. R. Wells & Co.* This is a well-written treatise on the varieties of physical constitution in man, considered in their relations to mental character, and the practical affairs of life. It is filled with portraits of celebrated individuals, and with engravings of the heads and faces of animals, given to illustrate and elucidate the author's views.

Pretty Countess Zina. By Henry Gréville. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is another Russian story, by Henry Gréville. The tale is one of great force, and has the merit, in addition, of faithfully depicting Russian life. It is even better than "Dosia," which, heretofore, we have considered to be, on the whole, the best of the series. These Russian novels of Henry Gréville's, too, are the best things out. The volume is handsomely printed.

Macleod of Dare. By William Black. 1 *vol.*, 8*vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.* This has just missed being Mr. Black's best novel. Bits of the story are among the finest things in recent fiction. But as a whole, the tale, artistically speaking, is a failure.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE CRY IS, "STILL THEY COME."—The great accessions to our subscription list, for 1879, prove that this magazine is more of a popular favorite than ever. The fact is, that our enormous circulation enables us to spend more money than any other on embellishments, literary matter, etc., etc., and in everything, in short, that tends to make a good magazine, and so enables us to distance all competition. To speak plainly, though in no improper boasting spirit, we furnish a better article, of its kind, than can be had anywhere else, at even a higher price, and much less at the same price. The newspapers, the best judges in a case of this sort, place this magazine ahead of all other similar ones. The Walworth (Wis.) Republican speaks for hundreds of journals, when it says, that "Peterson's Magazine gives more for the money than any other," and advises its readers to "subscribe for no magazine till they have seen a copy of 'Peterson.'" The Muskegan (Mich.) Journal says, that, "as a ladies' magazine it has no equal," and adds, "subscribe for it and be happy." The Tiffin (O.) Advertiser calls it "the cheapest and best fashion magazine in the country." The Geneva Lake (N. Y.) Herald says, that "the January number was perfect, but that the February number surpasses it." The Charles City (Iowa) Independent pronounces it the "best in the world." We could quote hundreds of similar notices, if we had space to spare for it. We only quote these to account for the enormous number of new subscribers we have received for 1879, and to explain why, even yet, the cry is, "still they come." In fact, it is never too late, in the year, to subscribe. Back numbers, if desired, can always be supplied. See the Prospectus.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.—Catarrh, in some of its many forms, is the most prevalent of all diseases. Influenza, running at the nostrils, offensive hawking and mucous expectorations, bad breath, pains in the forehead, loss of taste and smell, tickling of the tonsils, buzzing and crackling sensations in the head, or deafness, are almost universal. Until the recent discovery of Wei De Meyer, Catarrh had baffled medical treatment, and was generally pronounced incurable. A real cure for this loathsome and undermining disease would be elevated to the dignity and usefulness attached to the discoveries of vaccination, of anæsthetics, and those most valuable to suffering mankind. That Wei De Meyer's remedy cures Catarrh and diseases of the air passages to the head, is no longer matter of doubt. The agents, Messrs. D. B. DEWEY & Co., 46 Dey Street, New York, will gladly send to anyone, gratis, Dr. Wei De Meyer's pamphlet containing the incontestable proofs of its unfailing efficacy; and statements of cures by numerous well-known men and women. They will thank anyone for the names of persons thus afflicted. They also desire a canvassing agent in every populous locality. Preference is first given to energetic ladies; next, to unemployed clergymen. Conditions forwarded upon application. Wei De Meyer's Catarrh Cure is complete in two boxes, in one package, and delivered to any address on the recipt of $1.50 per package. Or, remittances can be made through merchants or New York friends. Send for a pamphlet.

A $340 ORGAN FOR $85.—Mr. Daniel F. Beatty, of Washington, N. J., appears to be determined that all who care to have parlor organs can get them, for he will sell an instrument which it is said is equal in every way to the kind usually sold for $340 for the very much reduced price of $85. If this invitation to the public from Mr. Beatty is responded to in the spirit that it is made, every hamlet in the land will very soon have in it a musical advertisement of the New Jersey Organ Builder. Mr. Beatty has recently made an extended tour through Europe, and he expresses himself as confident of having learned many things that will profit the purchasers of the organ he proposes to sell at one-quarter the price usually obtained for a handsome instrument of the class to which his belong. It had as well be borne in mind by those considering the offer, that it is only for a limited period, and the low price is to induce people to buy the organ, in order that the manufacturer may show to the public the peculiar excellencies which he claims it to possess. See his advertisement.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson" has had, for more than twenty years, a circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. III.—GARDEN PLANTS, CONTINUED.

XVIII.—*Crocus Sativus—Saffron.* This perennial plant is cultivated with us chiefly as a garden-flower. It has a rounded bulb, from which the flower (which is large, of a lilac, or a beautiful bluish-purple color,) rises upon a long, slender, whitish, succulent tube or stalk. Between the two segments of the corolla, the style projects to one side and terminates in three long, convoluted stigmas, of a rich, orange-color, very odorous, and notched at their summit. These stigmas are the parts of the flower or plant used in medicine. The Saffron is a native of Greece and Asia Minor, where it has been cultivated from time immemorial. It is also cultivated in the temperate countries of Europe. The Spanish Saffron, imported from Gibraltar, is considered the best, and commands the highest price. Hence it is frequently adulterated with flowers of other plants resembling it, which are cheap in the market, namely, the safflower, marigold and arnica. The flowers should be fresh, possess a sweetish, aromatic odor; be of a deep orange-yellow color, have a warm, pungent, bitterish taste, and color the fingers when rubbed between them. If these several characteristics are wanting, the mother or purchaser should reject them.

MEDICAL PROPERTIES AND USES.—Crocus was employed by the ancients quite extensively, both as a medicine and condiment. The Arabians esteemed it, and the physicians of modern Europe formerly held it in some repute as a stimulant and emmenagogue; besides being somewhat exhilirating, relieving slight pains, and promoting sleep. The writer can say nothing in its favor. At present it is mainly used by druggists, to impart color and flavor to a few medicinal preparations; and physicians leave it to be used *ad libitum* by our good, old mothers, who still cling to it, and think their grandchildren, when attacked with measles, especially, must drink freely of "saffron tea" to "bring them out," after the custom of their generation. This is an error; hot teas and blankets, in any of the eruptive fevers—measles, small-pox and scarlatina—are positively injurious, unless in the very incipiency, when the patient may be cold or chilly. If hot and dry, iced water is a far better and more rational treatment, and will *drive out* the measles quite satisfactorily.

XIX.—*Carthamus Tinctorius—Safflower, Dyer's Saffron.* The flowers of this annual, smooth, erect plant are compound, in large, solitary and terminal heads, the florets of which are of a fine orange color. It is a native of India, Egypt, etc., but cultivated in Europe and America. That which is grown in this country is sold as American Saffron. Its chief ingredients are two coloring substances, one yellow and very soluble, the other red and insoluble in water, but very solu-

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ble in alkaline liquids, which renders the safflower very useful as a dye-stuff. This latter substance, called *Carthamine*, forms the *rouge* of the drug stores when mixed with finely powdered talc. The safflower is frequently mixed with the true or imported saffron, but it is a harmless adulteration, as the former is just as good—perhaps better—for the purposes for which it is used by mothers, viz. to promote the eruption of measles, scarlatina, etc., as it is deemed slightly laxative and more diaphoretic. Two drachms steeped in a pint of boiling water, makes an infusion which is given freely. If used by mothers in lieu of more active measures in the first mentioned disease, it is well; substantial good will be derived, as rational nursing is all that is required. But for pity's sake, dear mother, please don't swathe your children in blankets, and dose them with hot saffron (or other) tea, when they are already as red as a *blood beet*, but apply some light covering, and give them iced water—little, and often as desired—and they will bless you as a "dear, good mother."

MANAGEMENT OF INFANTS.

FOOD.—The diet of children is of vital importance; plain, nutritious food, well cooked, is absolutely indispensable to their well-being. After the baby is weaned, or his mouthful of teeth have appeared, a *very little* animal food may be given him; only a little at first, and at intervals, or the change of diet will be too great for his digestive organs. The meals should be as regularly prepared and eaten, as those of a grown person; in fact, it is of more importance, if possible, for a child to be regular in all its habits, than for an adult to be so. But children should have even their simple diet varied; they become as tired of one kind of food as a grown person does. The old-fashioned bowl of bread and milk is an excellent thing, but it is more palatable if prepared in the following manner: cut the bread in small, square pieces, and pour upon it sufficient boiling water to soften it; cover it up close, so as to enclose the steam for a few moments, and then pour on it the hot, fresh milk. A little sugar or salt (whichever the child finds most palatable) is to be added.

Oatmeal is another excellent article of diet; the medium quality is the best for children, as the coarse is too rough and harsh to please tender palates, and the very fine is too much like pap to be always relished. The best way of preparing it is to put some in a cup and mash it very smooth with a little milk, cover it up, and let it stand over night; in the morning smooth it again, and add milk and water to it; put it on a good fire, but let it cool slowly, and keep the mixture incessantly stirred, the spoon touching the bottom of the saucepan all the time to keep it from burning, for it must boil "bubblingly" for at least five minutes.

Many mothers complain that their children will not eat "spoon food," never stopping to consider whether it is prepared in such a manner that the child can eat it. The greatest cleanliness is most important in the preparation of all diet for children or invalids, and the food must be thoroughly cooked to make it either healthy or palatable; neither must it be burned. Improper cooking, as well as improper articles of diet, will make a child ill, or at least refuse its food.

As the child grows, a little vegetable may be added to the meat diet; potatoes, if *really good*, and properly boiled, are nourishing, and much liked; boiled rice is excellent; stewed apples or almost any kind of stewed fruit is desirable, without the bowels are disordered. In that case, no vegetables should be given, but preparations of arrow-root, rice, etc.

Mutton, beef and chicken are the only three meats that can be recommended as being absolutely healthy for children; veal and pork, with rich goose or turkey are very injurious. All kinds of sweets, if given in too large quantities, or too often, are very bad for the digestive organs, but a slice of good *plain* cake or rusk is healthy; the dainty, however, must not be made to take the place of the nourishing meal; let it be given afterward.

Roasted apples are excellent for most children; plain bread-pudding, rice-pudding and tapioca-puddings are not only not objectionable, but serve to make a variety, for which the little ones crave.

Be very careful to teach a child to eat slowly; begin this discipline from the very first moment that it begins to feed itself; never hurry it at its meals, (though do not let it dawdle over them,) or it will acquire the habit of "bolting" its food, which is not only unhealthy but vulgar. Remember that the teeth are to chew the food with, to make it fit to go into the stomach; it is not only that the food should be properly ground up by the teeth, but that the saliva which is produced by the fact of eating, is a great digester of itself, and the stomach should never be left to do the mouth's work.

The habit of feeding children between their regular meal times is a bad one; they go to their meals with no appetite, become fault-finding and fastidious, get accustomed to eat at all kinds of irregular hours, and at last have their digestive organs very much impaired.

Put only on the child's plate what it will most likely eat; let it have a second small "help," rather than too much at first, so that the plate will be left in an untidy condition, and the child acquire habits of wastefulness.

With many poor little ones, the "*slice of fat* with the slice of lean" is a great bugbear; it is frequently nauseating; care should be taken that the fat is not all put on one side of the plate, to be eaten with a "gulp" at the end of the meal; it should be judiciously cut up and taken with the lean of the meat.

All children should be taught that it is indispensable that they should acquire the habit of eating and drinking in a cleanly and quiet manner. We know that there is a great difference in children themselves—that some are neater and more dainty naturally—but there is much in education. They *can* be taught to eat without smearing their faces, hands and aprons, and that a table-cloth must be respected.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers. ☜

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

1. A Watch. 2. Power. 3. A Sylvan God. 4. An Explanation. 5. In Water. 6. To Question. 7. A Buttress. 8. A Soft, Nappy, Woolen Cloth. 9. Emitting Sparks. The centrals, read downwards, name a favorite of the ladies.

A 35-cent piece of sheet music will be given for the first correct answer.

HENRI G. COGEN.

DECAPITATION.

Entire, I am a rod used for roasting meat; behead me, and leave a deep hole; behead again, and I am a pronoun; once more behead me, and I am in paste.

Complete, I am a long cut; behead, and I am lighted; behead again, and I am a pronoun; behead once more, and I can always be found in tea.

A book will be given for the first correct answers.

ALBERT STEWART.

WORD-SQUARE.

My first is charge. My second is an interjection. My third is a leap. My last is to discover.

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To the person sending the first correct answer will be given a motto for working.

PHINAULTÉ.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

1. A place to bathe in. 2. To move backwards and forwards, and a country. 3. A hollow, sounding vessel of metal, and swift. 4. Where the sun rises, and a haven. The answers are cities and towns in Maine.

A photograph for first answer.

HARRY.

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.

Across:—1. In vapor. 2. An axiom. 3. A wood-eating worm. 4. To put on. 5. In lace. *Down*:—1. In bark. 2. A turf. 3. Oral. 4. A callous excrescence. 5. In river.

For the first correct answer a picture will be given.

HENRI G. COGEN.

CURTAILMENTS.

Curtail a fish, and make a vehicle used on a railroad.
Curtail a share, and leave equal value.
Curtail a dress of dignity, and leave to plunder.
Curtail to love excessively, and leave a small point.
Some pottery pictures will be given for first correct answers.

PHINAULTÉ.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. Near. 2. Circle of rays. 3. To melt. 4. Injury. 5. To reprimand. 6. One of the black race. 7. To make worse. 8. Expulsion. 9. Dialect.

The initials and finals give the name of a former American writer.

Twelve envelopes will be given for the first correct answer.

HARRY.

PRIZES.—In addition to the prizes above offered, a six month's subscription to PETERSON'S LADIES MAGAZINE will be given to the person sending the first correct list of answers to *all* the above puzzles.

"Our Artist in Cuba," a book containing about one hundred and fifty full-page illustrations, will be given for the best five original puzzles, received before February 15.

All answers, etc., for the next number of the Magazine must be sent before the 15th of February.

ANSWERS NEXT MONTH.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUPS AND FISH.

Veal Broth.—Stew a knuckle of veal of four or five pounds in three quarts of water, with two blades of mace, an onion, a head of celery, and a little parsley, pepper, and salt; let the whole simmer very gently until the liquor is reduced to two quarts; then take out the meat, when the mucilaginous parts are done, and serve up with parsley and butter. Add to the broth either two ounces rice separately boiled, or of vermicelli, put it only long enough to be stewed tender. Dish the knuckle separately, and serve it with parsley and butter.

Oyster Soup.—Put into a pan, to heat, two quarts of oysters, with their liquor; only let them heat through, and then take them out and add one pint of water, two quarts of milk, one-half pound of butter, and one-half teaspoon of black pepper, and same of allspice. When the soup is well boiled, put in the oysters, having kept them warm in a covered dish. When the oysters are done, serve the soup; put in the salt last, as it is likely to curdle the soup

To Bake Small Rock Fish.—Split and cut them in chunk pieces; chop parsley and a little onion very fine; pepper and salt; sprinkle them with butter and a little flour between each layer; then add some rich milk, and put it in the oven to bake. The fish to be boiled first.

Chicken Soup.—Cut up a chicken and put it into a small pot of water; one carrot, some salt and pepper. Put them on just after breakfast, with plenty of water; just before serving, add a teacup of milk that has two tablespoons of flour stirred in it.

MEATS, ETC.

Stewed Beef.—Take a piece of fresh silver of beef (seven or eight pounds); with a sharp knife make five or six incisions through it. Cut as many square pieces of bacon, fat and lean, long enough to go right through from one side of the piece of meat to the other. Roll each piece of bacon in a mixture of powdered pepper, spices, and sweet herbs, and insert one into each incision; tie up the meat carefully, line the bottom of a stewpan with slices of fat bacon, put the meat on this with some onions and carrots cut in slices, some sweet herbs, a couple of bay leaves, parsley, whole pepper, and salt to taste; add a pint of common claret, and half that quantity of stock; set the whole to stew gently for some hours, turning the meat occasionally. At the time of serving strain off the gravy, skim it well of fat, remove the string from the meat, pour the gravy over it, and garnish with Brussels sprouts.

Rabbit Cutlets.—Prepare the rabbits as you would for a stew; cut the different limbs into the size of cutlets—such as the shoulders cut in half, also the legs, with the ends of the bones chopped off, and piece of the back, even to the half of the head. Have ready some bread crumbs and the yolk of an egg beaten up. Drop each cutlet into the egg, and then cover it with bread crumbs, as for veal cutlets. Fry them a nice brown, and, when you dish them, pour round them some rich, brown gravy, which may be flavored with tomato-sauce, if approved, and put round them rolls of fried bacon.

Bubble-and-Squeak.—Cut slices from a cold boiled round of rump of beef; let them be fried quickly, until brown, and put them into a dish to be kept hot. Clean the pan from the fat; put into it greens and carrots, previously boiled and chopped small, or, instead of these, large onions sliced thin and fried, though sometimes only greens are used. Add a little butter, pepper and salt; make the vegetables very hot, and put them around the beef with a little gravy.

Hodge-Podge.—An excellent way of warming cold mutton.—Mince your mutton (it is better rather underdone), and cut up one or two lettuces and two or three onions into slices. Put these into a stewpan with about two ounces of butter, pepper and salt to taste, and half a cup of water; simmer for three-quarters of an hour, keeping it well stirred; boil some peas separately, mix them with the mutton, and serve very hot.

DESSERTS.

Ravensworth Pudding.—Bake three large apples, and then pulp them; take one pint of cream, two handfuls of fine bread crumbs, one-half pound pounded loaf sugar, the grated rind of two lemons, and six eggs, using only the yolks of four; mix all together well, beating the eggs thoroughly, the yolks first, and then the whites. Well butter a pudding-mould, throw in a handful of fine bread crumbs, toss them around so that they may stick to the butter all around the mould, and shake out any that are loose; then pour in the above mixture, and bake an hour and a-half. Serve immediately with a sauce of butter, melted with arrowroot, and a glass of rum or brandy.

Apple Custard.—Peel and core eight large, juicy apples, and boil them in clear water till tender. Take them out, and pulp them smooth through a sieve; add one-quarter pounded sifted sugar, and the grated rind of two lemons. Put the mixture into a deep dish, about half filling it; beat

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the yolks of four eggs light, and add half a teacupful of white sugar, and stir it into a quart of sweet milk; stir this over the fire until it is quite thick, and let it cool; when cold, pour it over the apples. Whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and pour over the top.

Rice Mange.—Rub smooth about two ounces ground rice in a little milk, then take a quart of milk, and boil it, with the peel of half a lemon, a bay-leaf, and a few almonds; sweeten it with loaf sugar, and stir the rice into it over the fire until it is thick, and then put it into a mould; when turned out, cover it with a custard. If the mould has a hole in it, it may be filled with sweet-meats instead. Wet the mould before you put in the rice.

Portable Jelly.—Two ounces gum-arabic, two ounces isinglass, two ounces white sugar-candy, one nutmeg grated, one pint of Port or Madeira wine. Put the whole into a jar, and set it by the fire, or in a pan of water, until dissolved; then pour upon a plate, and cut into any size or form desired. Milk may be used instead of wine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Charcoal.—All sorts of glass vessels and other utensils may be purified from long-retained smells of every kind, in the easiest and most perfect manner, by rinsing them out well with charcoal powder, after the grosser impurities have been scoured off with sand and potash. Rubbing the teeth, and washing out the mouth with fine charcoal powder will render the teeth beautifully white, and the breath perfectly sweet, where an offensive breath has been owing to a scorbutic disposition of the gums. Putrid water is immediately deprived of its bad smell by charcoal. When meat, fish, etc., from intense heat, or long keeping, are likely to pass into a state of corruption, a simple and pure mode of keeping them sound and healthful is, by putting a few pieces of charcoal, each the size of an egg, into the pot or saucepan wherein the fish or flesh is to be boiled.

Moths Must be Watched in Winter.—Moths will work in carpets in rooms that are kept warm in the winter as well as in the summer. A sure method of removing the pests, is to pour strong alum-water on the floor to the distance of a half-yard around the edge, before laying the carpets. Then once or twice during the season, sprinkle dry salt over the carpet, before sweeping. Insects do not like salt, and sufficient adheres to the carpet to prevent their alighting upon it.

To Raise Fruit Trees.—A farmer who is famous for having good fruit, says he raises his trees in the following manner:—He takes a cutting from the best tree he can find, puts the end of the cutting into a large potato, and sets it in the earth, leaving but one or two inches of the cutting above the ground. The cutting soon sends out roots, and grows rapidly, making a fine tree, which needs no engrafting.

Cleansing Blankets.—Put two large tablespoonfuls of borax and a pint bowl of soft soap into a tub of cold water. When dissolved, put in a pair of blankets, and let them remain through the night. Next day, rub and drain them out, and rinse thoroughly in two waters, and hang them out to dry. Do not wring them.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FIG. I.—RECEPTION-DRESS OF DARK BLUE SILK; the back of the dress is made of the silk, and can be worn long if wished, or can be looped up in a puff at the back with a band of old gold-colored satin, striped with blue; the apron front is of silk and satin striped material of the same color as the back of the dress; it is made short enough to fall over a plaiting of the same material, in the front of the skirt; at the sides are lace *passmenterie* trimmings, which fall over a plain piece of the old gold-colored and blue-striped satin, and fastened down with buttons covered with old gold satin. The deep basque jacket is of the blue-striped material, edged with a gold-colored and blue cord, faced with *matalasse* of blue, and opening over a gold-colored and blue-striped satin vest. The sleeves are trimmed to correspond with the jacket; a heavy gold and blue cord passes across the front of the skirt; bonnet of blue satin, trimmed with old gold color and blue.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLUE AND GREEN PLAID CASHMERE; the under-skirt is trimmed with three narrow bands of plush, the upper-skirt, which is very simply draped, is also finished with a band of plush, and ornamented with large, horn buttons on either side; the basque jacket is quite plain, with a large, pointed collar of plush. Black felt hat trimmed with green and blue.

FIG. III.—RECEPTION-DRESS OF GOLD-COLORED CAMEL'S HAIR; the skirt has a train which is edged with a plaiting of silk of the color of the dress, and above it is a trimming of alternate stripes of gold-colored silk and black velvet; the sides of the dress are plain, with four bands of black velvet extending the whole length, and the front is of silk of old gold-color, gathered lengthwise; the sleeves are of cashmere, with cuffs of silk and velvet; the jacket is long, plain and sleeveless; hat of black velvet, with black satin bow, and long, gold-colored feathers.

FIG. IV.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF LIGHT GREEN DAMASK SILK; the under-dress is made with a train and trimmed with two ruffles, above which are three pipings of satin; the over-dress is made quite long, so as to loop up in large folds at the back, but does not reach quite to the bottom of the under-skirt behind; it is turned back and faced at the sides with a satin, with blue, gold and black stripes; the mantle is of gray camel's hair, trimmed with embroidery on silk of the same color, and palms in *passmenterie;* bonnet of light green silk, trimmed with pink roses.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF BOUGH, HARLEQUIN-COLORED CAMEL'S HAIR; the skirt is of walking length, cut up at the sides, with plaitings of smoke-gray silk, let in where the skirt falls open; this smoke-gray is principal color in the camel's hair; the dress is made with a Princess back and jacket front, and is trimmed only with a smoke-colored braid and smoke-colored pearl buttons; long, tight sleeves, with plaitings of silk and camel's hair; square collar; hat of gray felt, with feathers of a lighter shade of gray, and large, red rose under the brim.

FIG. VI.—SHORT COSTUME OF DARK BLUE CAMEL'S HAIR, AND FANCY CAMEL'S HAIR COMBINED; the lower part of the skirt consists of a deep plaiting of the two materials, headed by a scarf of the fancy camel's hair, forming three upright folds; paletot bodice, double-breasted, and fastening with three buttons; the waistcoat, which is of the fancy camel's hair, is fastened with small buttons, and has a turned down collar at the throat.

FIG. VII.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF SOFT INDIA CASHMERE OF GRAY, STRIPED WITH BROWN; the skirt is made quite long in front, and is worn over a brown silk trained skirt, which is trimmed with two knife-plaitings; the camel's hair is also trimmed with two knife-plaitings of gray silk; the very long paletot is of gray cloth, is double-breasted, has a rolling collar and square cape, and is trimmed with brown velvet; brown velvet hat, and feather.

FIG. VIII.—HOUSE-DRESS, PRINCESS STYLE, OF VIOLET SILK; the front of the dress, from the neck to the foot, is of a light mauve silk, and it has vandyke points coming from each side of the violet silk, which are tied in the middle with mauve satin ribbon; the sides of the skirt, which, with the train, are of violet silk, are laid in careless, loose plaits, and the whole is trimmed with mauve plaitings of violet and mauve silk; the sleeves are of violet silk, with a piece of mauve silk extending the length of the arm, and finished to correspond with the front of the dress.

FIG. IX.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF DARK GREEN CASHMERE; the front is of dark green silk, covered with a trimming of

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knife-plaited ruffles, from the vest to the feet; the over-dress is of fine India camel's hair, slightly looped up in the back, and trimmed with a broad galloon of ten shades of green; the vest and jacket are of the same material, and the latter is trimmed with a galloon, like that on the skirt; green felt bonnet.

FIG. X. AND XI.—BACK AND FRONT OF YOUNG LADY'S OUT-DOOR COSTUME OF LIGHT, SUMMER CLOTH; it is trimmed with striped velvet; the waistcoat is of striped velvet, it is very long, and is slightly open at the bottom; the jacket has long revers, and is fastened with three buttons. Gray felt hat, with brown velvet trimming, and wing.

FIG. XII.—HOUSE-DRESS OF DARK BLUE CASHMERE; the front of the skirt is of a kilt-plaiting, from the waist to the bottom, of silk the color of the cashmere; the sides of the cashmere are quite plain, with a narrow knife-plaiting at the bottom; the train at the back is of blue silk, and is finished by four rows of the silk, scalloped and bound, and put on in a cluster; the waist is of the cashmere, with silk plaitings in front, and the waistband is of the silk; the sleeves are of the cashmere, with a blue, scalloped, silk trimming; the yoke is slightly pointed, front and back.

FIG. XIII.—RECEPTION-DRESS OF BLACK SILK; the body, which is of the Princess shape in the back, is cut in one with the skirt, which forms a long, flowing train, trimmed with three narrow knife-plaitings at the bottom; the front of the dress is gathered at the sides, and has, also, a gathered trimming down the centre; the long train falls over this at the sides; the body in front is cut away, to show a black and gold-colored, checkered satin waistcoat, which is made deep, and with a point in front; a wide, rolling collar extends around the back of the neck, and the waist is cut so as to form a very broad belt, fastened by three buttons; the sleeves are trimmed with gold and black satin. Gilt comb in hair.

FIG. XIV.—WALKING-JACKET FOR A YOUNG LADY; the skirt and jacket are of a delicate mastic, or putty colored cloth, and the waistcoat is of blue velveteen; the skirt, jacket and sleeves, are trimmed with the blue velveteen; the rolling collar is bound with it, and the blue velveteen belt is fastened by an oxydized clasp.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give, this month, two of the newest bonnets out; both are of felt. The first, is gray, with gray feathers and strings, and trimmed with black velvet. The other is of chestnut-brown, with an aigrette of light brown feathers, and is also trimmed with three loops of brown satin ribbon, double-faced, so that the other side is of gold-colored satin.

As will be seen in our various fashions, this month, the pannier is gradually creeping in; just now, especially for street-dresses, it consists only of a more puffed appearance at the *back*, and rather low down, but many of the imported dresses have a decided fulness on the hips, especially the evening-dresses. Still it must not be supposed that the close-clinging dress is by any means thrown aside; so far from it, the pannier is the great exception. For very slender people the pannier will be advantageous, but stout ladies should beware how they adopt the new style. The *very* tight-clinging dress, however, is becoming to none, except the figure is one that can scarcely be found once in a thousand times—the perfect figure; and neither the very thin nor the very stout look well in a robe that is so tight-fitting. The *fronts* of dresses still fall quite close. Short dresses are *almost* universal for walking; they are much too comfortable not to be adopted, but long dresses are still worn in the house, being so much more elegant and graceful. For dancing, however, young ladies have the trains made much shorter than heretofore, and some have even gone so far as to dance in quite short dresses, that is, made only walking length; these should fall close about the ankles, however, as in dancing the feet would be too much exposed otherwise. And, by the way, these short dresses have made quite a revolution in shoes and stockings; the prettiest and most elaborately trimmed slippers are now worn for the house, and the stockings are of varied colors as the dresses, and exquisitely embroidered or open-worked; for the street, high shoes, tied or laced, will take the place of the house slipper, or the old boot, so comfortable in winter.

Vests are worn in all kinds of dresses: for morning, for visiting, for dinner, cut square in the neck, or for ball-dresses, made low in the neck.

Sleeves are made close-fitting and long, except for more full-dress occasions; but as the warm weather advances, they will reach only about half way down the lower arm, even for street wear, and will then be met by long gloves or mitts.

Mantles, Sacques, etc., will not be made so long as the warmer weather advances, but the *very* short wrap will not be worn.

Bonnets are small, for very dressy occasions, usually, and also for young girls, or if the hat is worn, it is quite large; but fashion is so lenient with regard to head-gear, that any shape that is becoming is considered very much the best. The stiff, high, round-crowned, English walking-hat, is only suitable for young ladies; it gives a hard appearance to older persons.

The new goods appear again under various names; but after all they are only our old friends, as we have known them for so many years. Summer silks, silks and woolen materials, fine camel's hair, bunting, cashmere, *de laines*, grenadines, etc., etc., are of all colors and patterns, and mostly all beautiful. Calicoes and chintzes are as pretty as possible, and no woman who can sew at all, need be without plenty of pretty dresses, when some exceedingly pretty, fast-colored calicoes can be bought for four cents a yard.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIGS. I. AND III.—BACK AND FRONT OF GIRL'S DRESS OF SLATE-GRAY SERGE; made in loose, Princess style, and finished by a deep knife-plaiting, under a scarf of claret-colored silk, which is knotted in a large sash-bow, with ends at the back; the double, Carrick cape and cuffs are also piped with claret-colored silk. White felt bonnet, tied down with claret-colored strings, and trimmed with a white and claret-colored feather.

FIG. II.—BOY'S SUIT OF SMALL BLACK AND WHITE SHEPHERD'S PLAID TWEED; the trousers, vest, and coat are all of the same material.

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LES MODES PARISIENNES

APRIL, 1879. A SPRI

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: PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

NG MORNING WALK.

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DESIGN IN CREWEL EMBROIDERY FOR

TIDY, END OF TABLE COVER, &c. &c.

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WHERE THE DEED WAS DONE.

[*See the Novelet, "The Tragedy of Trevylan."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

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CARRIAGE AND RECEPTION DRESSES FOR SPRING.

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CARRIAGE AND PROMENADE DRESSES FOR SPRING.

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HOUSE DRESS. BLACK-STRAW HAT. SATIN NECK-TIE.

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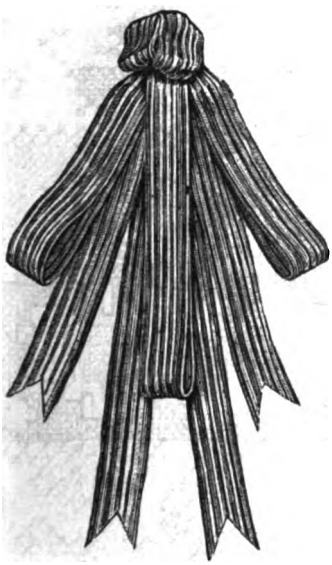

YOUNG LADY'S EVENING DRESS. WHITE-STRAW BONNET. RIBBON BOW.

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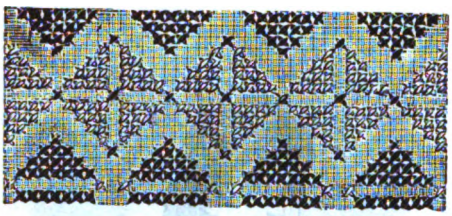

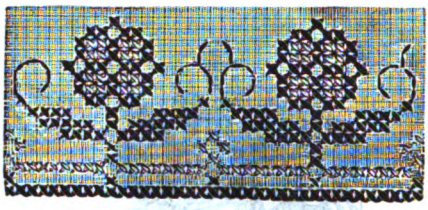

EMBROIDERED LUNCH-CLOTH. BORDERS IN CROSS-STITCH EMBROIDERY.

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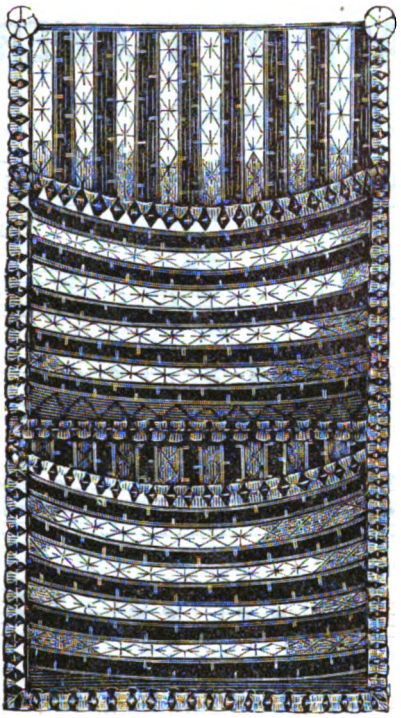

WALL-POCKET. WORK-BAG IN JAVA CANVAS.

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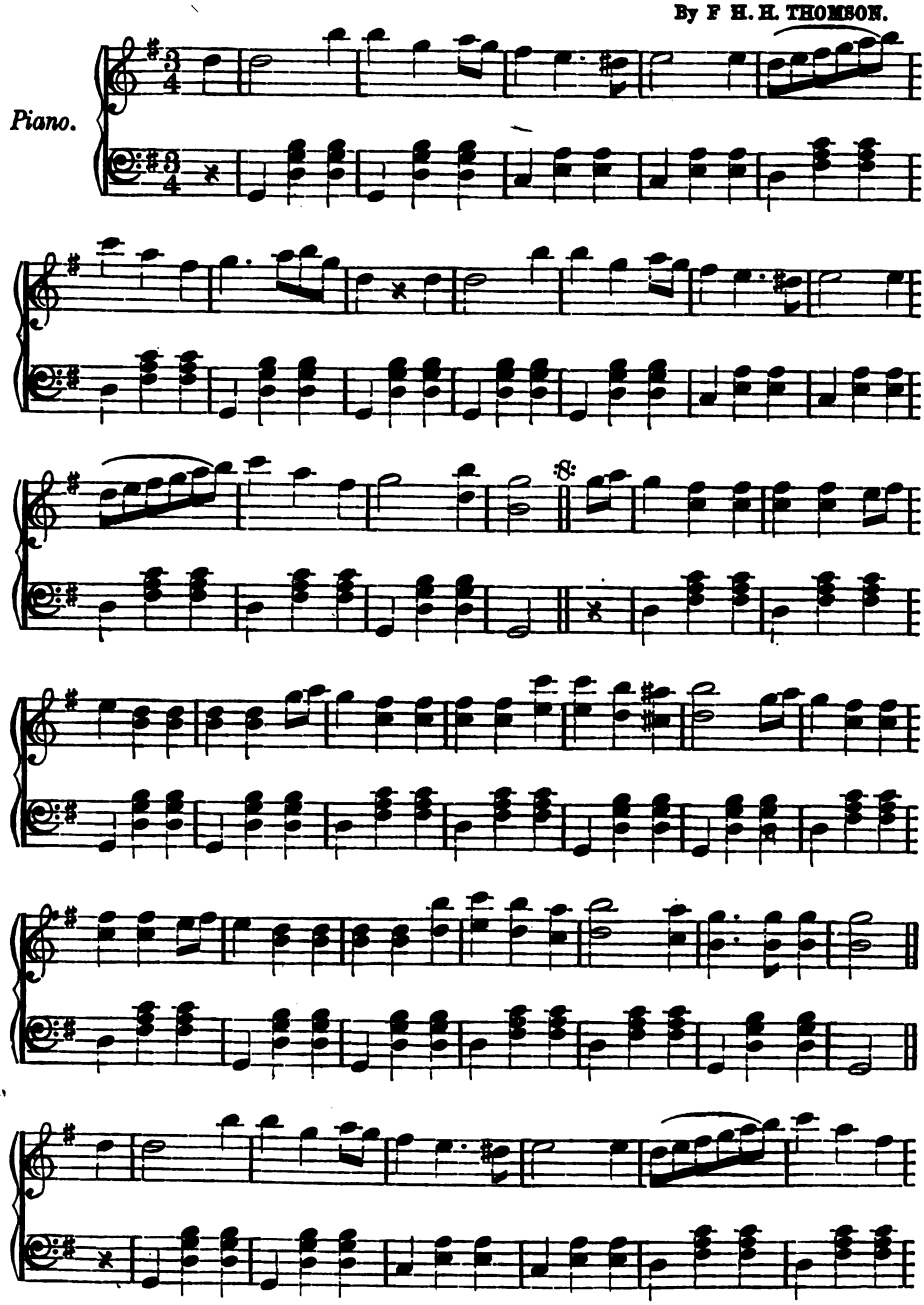
FEAST OF FLOWERS

WALTZ.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1008 Spring Garden St., Philada.

By F H. H. THOMSON.



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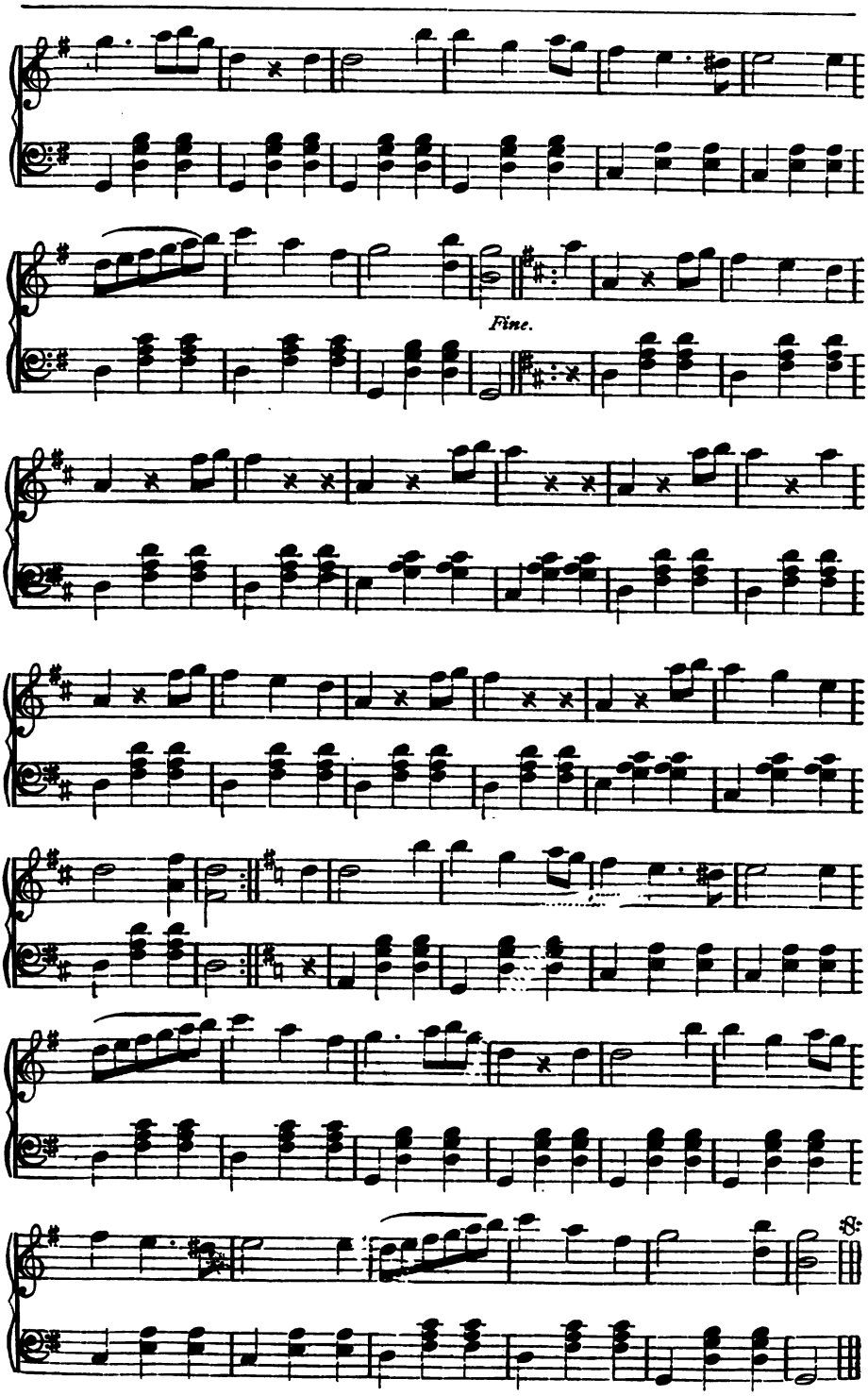
FEAST OF FLOWERS WALTZ.



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NEW STYLES FOR FAN, GLOVES, FICHU. WATTEAU BOW.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXV. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1879. No. 4.

THE SQUIRE'S WOOING.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

SQUIRE KIMBALL was in his strawberry-bed, pulling up weeds, when Lucy Keene came down the road, that beautiful June morning; and he was just throwing an armful over the fence when he caught sight of her, as she turned the corner. The sunbonnet she wore was exactly like one he remembered to have seen her mother wear five-and-twenty years ago; and he remembered, too, as he looked at this one, and the fresh, rosy face under it, how that one made his heart flutter, the first time he saw it, and how he was so bewitched by it, or the face under it—he hardly knew which, for sunbonnet and wearer were equally bewitching, it seemed to him—that he had walked home with Hester Mason, and had hard work to keep from proposing to her. He wondered now, and he had wondered many times in the five-and-twenty years gone by, why he had never proposed to her. He had meant to marry her, and he was sure she liked him in the old days, but—and he always thought of it with a sigh—something had come between them, and she had married Robert Keene, and he had married his cousin, Mary. Fate must have had something to do with it, he concluded. As he looked at Hester's daughter, the old fire stirred under the dust and ashes of the dead years, and he felt a little flame springing up in his heart.

"Good-morning, Lucy," he said, leaning across the fence.

"Oh!" exclaimed Lucy, with a little start. "I didn't think any one was near, and you almost scared me. Isn't it pleasant? I told mother it was so nice out-of-doors that I couldn't stay in the house."

"Yes, it *is* pleasant," answered the squire, looking straight into her pretty face. "How *is* your mother, Lucy?"

"Oh, she's well," answered Lucy. "What splendid strawberries you are going to have! The meddlesome hens got into our garden, and mother says she don't think we'll have a pailful of berries."

"I want to know!" exclaimed the squire. "Now, you just tell your mother she's welcome to all she wants out of my patch. She can have 'em just as well as not. There's goin' to be a sight more'n we'll want, and I don't like to have 'em wasted."

"I'll tell her, and I know she'll be delighted with the chance," answered Lucy. "You know she's such a hand to make strawberry preserves!"

"Yes, I do," answered the squire, thinking of old times. "And I remember that she used to beat all the old housekeepers, too. They used to say she had a knack of making strawberry jam, that they couldn't get hold of."

"She hasn't lost it yet," laughed Lucy. "She'll be glad to have you come to tea, sometime, and try some she made last year."

"I will," said the squire. "Le'm me see! To-day's Wednesday. Tell her I'll come over Saturday, if it's agreeable; and I guess the berries'll be ripe, so I can pick a pailful by that time. If they are, I'll bring over some."

"Thank you," said Lucy. "We'll expect you to tea, Saturday, then."

"Yes," answered the squire, feeling very much as he used to when her mother smiled at him. "I had a letter from Charley, yesterday. He's coming home in a day or two, to stay."

"That'll be pleasant—for you," said Lucy, stooping down to pick a daisy. How could he see the blush behind the sunbonnet? If he had, it might have set him thinking.

"Yes, it will," responded the squire. "Charley's a good boy, and I get pretty lonesome without him. I wish he'd take it into his head to settle down."

"I must be going," said Lucy. "Don't disappoint us, now."

"I won't," answered the squire, and then she went on, and he went back to pulling weeds.

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"I s'pose it's foolish to think of such a thing," he said to himself, by and by, "but folks do just such foolish things as that would be. I don't know as it's anybody's business but ours. If I see fit to marry Lucy, and she's willin', I'm going to do it;" and the squire looked about defiantly, as if he half expected some one to object to it.

Charley came home that afternoon.

"I s'pose I'll have to tell him what I've been thinking about," thought the squire. "I declare, I hate to! I'd sooner take a horse-whippin', but there ain't no use of dreadin' it and puttin' it off, as I know of. The sooner it's done with the better."

Accordingly, when they were sitting on the piazza, after tea, he began to break the news.

"I—I've been thinkin' some, lately, of gettin' a new housekeeper," he stammered, growing very red in the face.

"Doesn't aunt Sarah want to stay?" asked Charley, unsuspectingly.

"I—I meant—ahem!—a housekeeper of—of—of *another kind!*" explained the squire, explosively, wiping his face very energetically, after the completion of the difficult sentence.

"I think I begin to understand," said Charley, in great surprise. "May I ask who it is?"

"It's—it's—down the road!" answered the squire, choking considerably over the words, and jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the widow Keene's.

"That's the way the wind blows, is it?" laughed Charley. "I'm glad to hear it. You couldn't do better if you hunted the world over."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," said his father, much relieved. "I felt sure you'd like to have Lucy as—as a—a member of the family."

"I haven't the least objection to such an arrangement," answered Charley, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Thank the Lord, that's over with," said the squire, drawing a long breath, as Charley strolled off down the path in the twilight. "That's a sensible boy. I wonder, now, that *he* never took a fancy to Lucy. I s'pose folks'll say I'm an old fool, but I don't care. She ain't the first one that's married a man old enough to be her father."

While he sat there and thought the matter over, Charley was telling Lucy that his father had keener eyes than he had given him credit for, and seemed to understand perfectly well how matters stood between them. What he told her after that is none of your business, nor mine, though I am quite sure it had something to do with Lucy's being "one of the family."

About four o'clock, on Saturday afternoon, the squire, in his best coat, and with a pail of strawberries on his arm, knocked at Mrs. Keene's door.

"Good-afternoon," she said, opening the door to her visitor. He couldn't help thinking that her face was almost as fair as it had been twenty-five years ago, as she welcomed him in.

"Here's some strawberries," he said, presenting his offering. "Lucy said the hens played mischief with yours."

"I'm a thousand times obliged to you," said the widow. "If I have anything that you'd like, I hope you'll say so."

The squire wanted to say he'd like her daughter, but concluded he wouldn't, just then.

By that time, he was in the sitting-room. Who should he see there, but Charley, holding worsted for Lucy to wind, and seeming very much at home.

"I—I didn't expect to see you here," he stammered.

"I was fortunate enough to get an invitation to tea, too," answered Charley. "You kept it pretty sly; but I wasn't to be cheated out of my share of the strawberry preserves."

Then Lucy and Charley tried hard to look very demure, and failed, and finally got to laughing. The squire felt his face growing uncomfortably warm.

"Just see what he brought us," said the widow, displaying the berries. "If you'll hull some, Lucy, we'll have a shortcake for tea. I remember you used to be rather fond of shortcake, a good many years ago," she said to the squire, and smiling till a dimple showed itself in each cheek.

"I know what you're thinkin' of," responded he. "That was a *little* the best shortcake I ever came across, Hester;" and then they both laughed over the recollection of some pleasant event in by-gone years. Then Lucy and her mother went to the kitchen, and the squire and his son were left together.

"I—I've spoken to her about being one of the family, and she's willing," said Charley, with a little blush.

"*What!*" The squire felt hot and cold by turns. "I—I don't understand!"

"You know what you said the other night, when you told me you thought of getting her mother for a housekeeper," explained Charley. "I supposed from that, that you understood Lucy and I intended to be married sometime. We've talked it over, and it's all settled."

The squire was speechless, for the space of a minute. What he thought in that length of time, could not be condensed into a page of this magazine.

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"I hope you'll be happy," he managed to say, very faintly, at last.

Just then, the widow came in.

"I've got the cake baking," she said. "Lucy said she'd hull the berries and set the table, and sent me in to 'play lady.' So I came."

Charley concluded he could hull strawberries, too, and slipped out into the kitchen.

The squire had made up his mind again. If he couldn't have Lucy, he'd have her mother. Come to think it all over, it was a great deal better that way. He wondered how he could have been foolish enough to think of marrying a girl of twenty, and he fifty. Ridiculous!

The widow talked about this and that; but his mind seemed to be wandering. So much so, that his replies were hardly appropriate at times.

"What's the use of waiting?" thought he. "It might as well be settled now as any time."

A happy thought came to him, as he cast about for words to express his desire with.

"Hester," very suddenly, and with the energy of desperation, "you said if you had anything I'd like, I was welcome to it. I want you!"

"Why, Squire Kimball!" cried the widow, blushing so rosily, that he felt sure she was prettier than her daughter.

"Yes, I want you," he said, waxing bolder. And then he told the most outrageous fib: "I came over, on purpose to tell you so. I hope you haven't any objections."

When Lucy came in, half and hour later, to tell them supper was ready, Squire Kimball rose up, blushing like a girl, and said:

"This is your mother, Lucy." pointing to the widow.

"I knew that a long time ago," answered Lucy, laughing.

"Goodness, what a blunder!" cried the squire. "I meant, this was Miss Kimball, or goin' to be."

"I s'pose I may kiss my father, then," said Lucy, and kissed the delighted squire plump on the mouth.

"And you may give me another, for your father'n-law, while you're about it," he laughed.

"One'll answer for both," said Lucy, archly.

And then the squire gave his arm to the woman he had meant to marry, five-and-twenty years before, and led her out to tea, perfectly satisfied with the way things had turned out.

And so were all the others. And, being in a happy frame of mind, the strawberry preserves and shortcake were properly appreciated, I am confident.

RETROSPECT.

BY FAITH LINCOLN.

Oh! I was proud and wrong, dear love,
Foolishly proud and wrong;
But I have suffered long, dear love,
Have suffered much and long.

Too late I know your worth, dear love,
Too late your sterling worth.
The noblest man on earth, dear love,
On all the wide, wide earth.

The bravest man I knew, dear love,
The bravest man I knew;
So tender and so true, dear love,
So loyal, leal and true.

If you could come again, dear love,
Come back to me again,
You should not sue in vain, dear love,
Sue for my love in vain.

I did you cruel wrong, dear love,
A bitter, cruel wrong;
But, oh, the years are long, dear love!
The years are very long.

SONG.

BY MAUD MEREDITH.

With thee, the hours are golden sands,
That fly on wings of light;
Like joyous birds in sunny lands,
The sunshine falls more bright;
Be true to me, my love, be true:
My joys and sunshine are from you.

Without thee all seems valueless,
And cold and void to me;
This life and all that I possess,
Are nothing without thee.
In absence, dearest, be thou true,
I've nothing if I have not you.

With thee, my life is glad and blest,
Without thee, tempest-tossed.
With thee, my heart in joy can rest,
Without thy love, I'm lost.
Forget not, oh, I beg of you!
Be true to me, my love, be true.

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"WEE TIBBIE."

BY JEANIE T. GOULD.

SHE hurried up, dripping, just as I reached the door-step myself.

"Come on in," she said, in her soft, arch voice, with a touch of the pretty accent, into which, at times, she was wont to lapse. "You don't rightly know our August mists yet, Miss Farley."

"But where have you been? Is it a day for you to be out, either?" I looked down, as I spoke, with an amused smile. I say looked down, for I am rather a tall woman, and Isabel Musgrave was of the most fairy and fragile-like pattern. There she stood, in her dress of gray tweed, her soft, yellow hair tucked away under a trim, gray hat; the only spot of color about her being her blue, blue eyes, and the tiny knot of scarlet that fastened her snow-white collar.

"I've had rather a long walk; it was to see old Elspeth," she answered, in a tired tone,

"What! All the way to Pink hill!" I exclaimed. "You do need looking after. I shall speak to Mr. Musgrave."

"Oh, pray, let me beg of you not!" she cried, in an agitated whisper. "Dear Miss Farley, I'd not have papa know it, for the world."

The door was opened by the servant, as she spoke, and there the conversation closed. But I wondered, as I went to my room, what could have made her walk three miles, on such a wet, dismal day.

I had come to Europe, with my young brother, Howard, principally on account of his health, which had been broken down by severe study. On board the steamer, I had been complaining, to a Scotch lady, whose acquaintance I made, of the discomfort of hotels.

"As you are going to Edinburgh," she said, "I know just the place for you. A lonely, old-time house, on St. Andrew's Square. Its owner, James Musgrave, more's the pity, has run through two fortunes, and one of his girls is free enough from false shame, to be willing to take a few boarders. You'll meet nobody there, but 'people of consideration,' as the Scotch say, that is the gentry. As for Isabel, the daughter, 'Wee Tibbie,' as they call her at home, she's the most lovable creature I've ever known. Poor child! she has a hard time of it, what with her two oldish, fine-lady sisters, and her spendthrift father." Taking this advice, I went to the Musgraves, and was soon domiciled there.

It was really a fine, old house, full of curious and rare belongings. The dining-room and breakfast-room were below stairs, on the first floor, and each was hung with family portraits of the Musgraves. Among these was a lovely young girl, painted by Sir Peter Lely, a certain Barbara Musgrave, whose father had taken her to France, when quite a child, and there remained, until the unquiet times in Scotland called him home, to draw his sword by the side of the gallant Montrose. Barbara had followed his fortunes, and after the Restoration, going with Colonel Musgrave to Charles' Court, she married an Englishman, sending home to Scotland this beautiful picture of her more beautiful self, in the court dress of the times, with dainty patches on her dimpled chin, and her golden hair powdered. Next her, hung a fair-haired boy, out, also, with Prince Charles, and who died fighting for the House of Stuart, at Culloden. These, and a dear, old granddame, in mob-cap and muslin kerchief, were the pride of the present representatives of the Musgraves; and many a story did Howard coax Isabel to tell him of her dead and gone ancestors and ancestresses, whose faces smiled so sweetly from their oaken frames.

By and by, we came to know the household, and an odd one it was. The two sisters, to whom Mrs. Denbigh had alluded, were half-sisters of Isabel's, and much her seniors. To them, the grandeur of the Musgraves remained the same, and they kept up a curious farce of being unaware that the inmates of the house were there, save as guests. They were faded dames, but with stately, superb manners, like their father. Isabel seemed like a wild blue bell beside them. And yet, upon her delicate, fairy-like shoulders, fell the heat and burthen of the battle of life; I suspected this, at first, but I found it out, in all its pathos, ere long.

Mr. Musgrave sat in his accustomed seat, benign and courtly, as we went down to dinner, at which covers were laid for quite a company. There, too, was old Mrs. Hobby, always boasting of her diamonds, and disputing about creeds; James Titherspoon, an antiquated Scotch beau; Monsieur Auber, a young French medical student; Mr. Ross, a queer, dried-up old Scotchman, and others, not necessary for my story. I always sat on the left of Isabel.

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As I took my seat, I noticed that the chair, on her right, was vacant, and was about asking after its usual occupant, when Mr. Musgrave's hearty voice broke forth:

"And where is John Moray? He has a canny Scotch head of his, and might be a Q. C. before two years, if he only knew how to be punctual."

"Many thanks, sir," said a voice, half-laughingly, as the speaker came in. "I wish I was as sure of my Q. C., as I am of that soup, which I see is not yet taken away; and isn't that punctual enough?"

He was nothing very special to look at, this John Moray. He *might* be, in age, anywhere from thirty to fifty, but though his hair, on the temples, was gray, his fine fresh skin, and clear, gray eyes made him retain a look of youth still. The face was rather stern and grave, habitually, and there were deep lines about it, which nothing but the pencil of care ever draws; very likely, a casual observer would have seen in him only a middle-aged, grave Scotchman. Unless they had learned to watch for his rare, sweet smile, or heard his voice grow gentle, instinctively, as it always did to women or children; in short, I suppose I am a fanciful old maid, and no doubt Howard would have laughed at me for constructing any romance for John Moray.

Isabel looked up at him in her pretty, arch way, as he took his seat. "I am sure you will need your hot soup after crossing the gardens in this mist," she said. "It is excessively raw and cold for the season."

"Then you have been out," he said, in a lower tone. "Don't you call that foolish, on a day like this?"

Isabel's color changed, as she caught my eye. "Don't you know," she said, playfully, "that we women pride ourselves on being able to endure the elements? Did not Barbara Musgrave, yonder," waving her hand toward a portrait on the wall, "ride many a mile, through storm and tempest, with her father, when he was out with Montrose?"

John Moray made no answer, but devoted himself to his dinner, like a hungry man, and the tea-tray (always the conclusion of our repast,) was set down in front of Isabel before he spoke again; this time, to address me, as he caught my eye.

"I heard of a window for you, to-day, Miss Farley," he said, pleasantly; "a very desirable one, in Charlotte Square."

Whereupon arose a series of questions from different voices, and a very animated discussion of the theme which was then stirring the hearts of all Her Majesty's loyal subjects in Edinburgh, namely, the approaching visit of the Queen, for the unveiling of the statue of the Prince Consort, now completed, and erected in Charlotte Square.

After awhile, I made myself heard, and ascertained that the window was to be had, as Isabel expressed it, "at a price for *Americans!*" and Mr. Musgrave here interposed by offering to procure one for me at the residence of a friend in the same locality, at a mere nominal sum. And then the party broke up, some to go out, others to the drawing-room.

I had letters to write for the American mail, and therefore went to my own room, directly after dinner, and did not emerge again until nearly eleven o'clock. Then, remembering that Peggy, the waitress, had probably retired, and wishing to procure a glass of water, I stepped out into the hall, on my way down stairs. As I got to the landing, the door-bell rang, and I drew back into the niche at the head of the stairs, to wait until the bell was answered. Standing thus, out of sight, I became an unwilling auditor of what followed.

"I *cannot* tell you!" said Isabel's voice, with a sob that was almost a wail of despair. "Do not ask me. Take the cross, and loan me what you choose. You say you want to help me; then why fret me with questions I would rather die than answer?"

I shrank back closer in my corner, unable either to go into the room, or down the staircase, without attracting attention, and then I heard John Moray answer:

"Poor child!" very compassionately. "I do not mean to fret you. But why is it easier to give me a half confidence than a whole one?"

I seemed destined to be included in it also, for a gentleman had entered below stairs, and was holding a long conversation with Mr. Musgrave in the hall, and my nerves were not equal to a descent, arrayed, as I was, in my white wrapper. I lost the first half of Isabel's next sentence, but the last was audible:

"Nobody but old Elspeth, and she would die rather than betray a Musgrave."

"And would not I?" asked John Moray, with sudden passion. Then, in a colder voice, "But I detain you. Here are two five-pound notes; to-morrow I can give you *all* you wish."

"No, no!" she cried, bursting into tears, and before I could move, she flashed through the partly open door, and was upon me, stumbling into my arms, half-blinded, as she was, by crying. As I folded this poor, trembling little thing to my bosom, she tried to pull herself away, murmuring some excuse. Still holding her hand, I guided her along the hall, to my door.

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"You must come in," I said. "You are quite worn out from your long walk, this morning." So I put her in my big arm chair, and chatted kindly and nonchalantly about nothing, until the trembling ceased, and she looked up at me with grateful, questioning eyes.

"I am not going to ask you anything about it," I said, answering the mute appeal. "When you want my aid or my sympathy, you will come to me, frankly, I am sure. But take an older woman's advice, my bonnie, wee Tibbie—"

"Don't call me so!" came a cry of pain.

I was startled, (for it was her father's pet name for her, and we all used it, sometimes,) but I went on, more guardedly. "Take my advice, and don't use the sex's privilege of wounding an honest heart."

She turned very pale, and I should have repented my hardihood, but she threw her pretty arms around my neck, and said, in the saddest voice I ever heard, "Aye, that's the worst of all! Oh, John, John!"

I could only clasp her closer, and wait for the fresh storm of agonized sobs to subside. And when she raised her head, she looked so wan and shadowy that I was fairly alarmed.

"I will go now," she said, huskily; "will you kiss me, please, and forget all this, as if it had never happened?" And then, after a most tender embrace, she fled away, up the staircase, to her own room, above mine, where, for more than an hour afterward, I heard the light, restless footfall overhead, pacing its lonely round.

The weather had been changeable, and partly rainy; but on the eighteenth of August, the day rose clear and lovely. All Edinburgh was in gala dress; from Holyrood, over Calton Hill, to the castle, hung banners and escutcheons; every window and doorway bloomed with flowers, and garlands of the beautiful Scotch heather; while the breeze on Arthur's Seat caught the folds of the banner of Scotland, and flung the yellow lion proudly aloft. Perhaps there is no city whose natural picturesqueness so aids decoration and military display as "Auld Reekie;" and the Scotch, ever loyal as they are, seemed delighted to outvie each other in their welcome to their sovereign.

Full half an hour before the time appointed for the starting of the procession from Holywood palace, we were safely ensconced at our window on the square. I had cordially invited all the party at the house to accompany me, but only succeeded in securing the Musgraves, Mr. Titherspoon, Mrs. Hobby, and John Moray; the others had arranged to go elsewhere. I gave old Mr. Musgrave the post of honor in the centre of the group, and had found a small corner for myself, where I sat, leaning out of the window, and feasting my eyes with the beautiful spectacle before me. The crowded streets, full of joyous-looking people; the Hussars, on their splendid, black horses, stationed twelve paces apart; while between each mounted soldier stood a proud-looking Highlander, in the handsome dress of the Forty-second Regiment (this line extending from the palace to the square, on both sides of the way, the Queen was to pass); all this made up a novel scene. And when, at last, amid the crashing and booming of the castle's guns, Sir Colin Campbell's regiment, the gallant Seventy-ninth Highlanders, of Lucknow fame, appeared, as the special guard of honor to the Queen, I cried out, with a vehemence quite unbecoming my staid and sober years, and my republican blood:

"Oh, how *can* they? The very idea of any one but a royal Stuart passing through Edinburgh, with the pipers playing the 'White Cockade!'"

How they all laughed at me! Isabel declared that I need never again scold her for being a fierce little Jacobite; and Howard vowed that I was so perverse that I would not even look at the Queen. But Howard belied me; for, moreover, in my woman's soul, I felt what a trying moment it was for the *wife*, when Her Majesty drew back the curtains, and displayed the superb statue of her beloved Prince Consort.

We were applauding with the crowd, and Musgrave was so moved with the whole thing, that he began to tug at his pocket, for the obvious purpose of extracting his pocket handkerchief from it. As he pulled it out, something dazzling bright rolled from between its folds, and fell on the floor, at Mrs. Hobby's feet. She plunged down to pick up the glittering object, at the same instant that Mr. Musgrave started up from his chair, and I heard her cry, chilly:

"Why—what!—my diamond brooch! Blessed powers, Mr. Musgrave, how did it come in *your* pocket? It's been missing since Thursday, and I told Miss Isabel I thought it was stolen by—"

John Moray's hand was on her arm. "For God's sake, madam, hush! Isabel, look at your father."

There was need. Without a sound, the poor, old man had dropped back in his chair, ghastly and motionless, like one dead, and over him stood Isabel, with his white head on her bosom.

"Stand back!" she cried, as, with one impulse, we all sprang to aid her. "He is mine—my poor, old father! You cannot wish to hurt him or punish him now! Oh, I knew—I knew it would kill him! Papa, papa, speak once again to your ain dochter—your wee Tibbie! It's only me, papa; nobody shall ever take you from me!"

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I think there was not a dry eye but her own in the room. My own tears poured down like rain; poor Mrs. Hobby, still densely bewildered, was sobbing violently; Mr. Titherspoon and Howard had retreated to the farthest corner; and John Moray alone went up to the little passionate figure.

"Isabel!" How gently the calm voice fell on the girl's tortured brain! "Nobody knows but ourselves, and I think I may answer"—looking beseechingly at our group, as we stood there, helplessly—"I am sure I can promise you, that this—*this mistake* will go no farther."

"Oh, yes, yes!" cried Mrs. Hobby, wringing her hands, and her cap-strings quivering with excitement, "never, never, to anybody, Miss Isabel. A bruised reed—" But Howard seized her, from behind, and nobody heard.

It was a terrible tragedy, ending our gala day. For while the bands played, and the multitude outside shouted, the poor old man was dying. He never spoke coherently again. Once he called his wife's name. And then, just at the last, he gave an upward glance, a kindly smile at the pale face bending over him.

"My ain blue bell—my—wee Tibbie!" came the gasping breath; then silence.

I stayed with Isabel until the pageant was over, and John Moray could bring a carriage. She never moved or spoke when we took her away from her father, but every few seconds, a dreadful thrill would pass over the delicate frame, that was terrible to witness. I helped her down the stair, and we took her home, and laid her on her own bed. That night, when tears had come to relieve her poor tortured brain, she told me the whole pitiful story. For the past two years, it appeared, her father had been acting very strangely. The first symptom that Isabel noticed of his strange mania, was the disappearance, piece by piece, of the small articles of silver in the house; then her own jewelry, and some lace. The poor girl had obliged herself to watch him, day and night, and the agony of fear, lest he should betray himself, was terrible to bear. Mrs. Hobby had spoken to Isabel, several days before, of the loss of her brooch, and the girl had instantly suspected where it had gone, but her father had evidently secreted it about his person, as she could find no trace of it in the hiding places where she had occasionally found articles he had stolen. She showed me one curious hiding place; a small partition in the chimney of his bed-room. One thing was quite singular; Isabel said she found she could remove the things, one by one, and her father never seemed to detect her, or his loss, but would frequently steal the same object again. Money, however, was the exception; she never had been able to recover any of it, nor did she know how or where he spent it. The poor child was often put to sore straits in consequence of this, and could hardly keep money enough in the house for current expenses. It was this which had induced her to apply to John Moray for temporary aid; for, she said, she had frequently thought that he suspected the nature of her trial.

I asked Isabel why she had never applied to a physician, and she told me that she had, and to one of the most celebrated in Edinburgh. The doctor had pronounced it a case of brain-affection, probably induced by typhoid fever, from which her father had suffered, several years previous. And so she had gone on, suffering, and concealing, until, as she said, it seemed, at times, as if she could endure it no longer. Old Elspeth, her nurse, had been her only confidant; her sisters would never have had nerve enough to bear the shock of such tidings: and so the poor child struggled on, all alone.

"I used to think, sometimes," she said, wearily, "that poor papa was half-conscious of his own infirmity, and now I am sure he was; for the discovery brought on the shock which killed him. My poor papa! Oh, Miss Farley, he loved me so! I was always his baby—his 'Wee Tibbie;'" and then she fell to weeping again, until, from sheer bodily exhaustion, she dropped asleep.

It was a sad week in the beautiful house in St. Andrew's Square. People came and went; for the Musgraves were highly respected in Edinburgh. But Isabel would see no one, not even John Moray, before the funeral. At last, that came, gloomy and dreadful, as all Scotch funerals of ceremony are, and I was glad to go up to the drawing-room, and lay off my crape trimmings, open the shutters, and look out at Arthur's Seat, which the setting sun was flooding with its paly gold.

A hand, laid gently on my shoulder, reminded me that I was not alone. But to my surprise, it was John Moray, and not Howard, to whom the hand belonged.

"Miss Farley," he said, in a strangely hesitating manner, for him, "will you do me a favor?"

Of course, I said, instantly and heartily, that he might consider it granted; there's no denying that John Moray was a favorite of mine, from the first.

"It is—can you—" then he corrected himself, for the third time. "I want, more than I can tell you, to see Miss Isabel, for a few moments.

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Will you ask her to come here, and see me—and will you add to your very great kindness, by remaining in the room?" I must have looked surprised, for he added, more hastily: "She is all alone in the world now, and I would like to think that you are her friend, at this time."

I went along the corridor, with a curious, half-amused sensation, wondering if this was what mothers feel, when they realize that their girls are about to try their wings, for flight from the home-nest; and before I reached Isabel's door, I had decided that John Moray's way was a *very* wise way, indeed, and that, for my part, I should give him a hearty God-speed in his wooing.

Isabel stood in the centre of the room, looking almost a shadow of her former self, so wan and pale, in her flowing black dress; but the dainty, sweet face was the same as ever.

"Isabel," I said, taking her hand, "I am sent for you to come to the drawing-room. John Moray begged that you would come."

To my surprise, she yielded immediately, though her hand shook, and her eyes filled with tears. He was standing in the window, looking off toward his native hills of Fife, but he turned instantly, as the light step came across the floor.

"I have never thanked you for what you said and did, that dreadful day," she said, simply, letting her hand rest in his, and raising her blue, blue eyes to his face. "You were always good, and—" here there was a falter, "dear papa was so fond of you."

He saw the little, up-turned, flower-like face close beside him, and steady, sober John Moray forgot all he had meant to say, when he had requested me to be present at a formal interview, for pressing the tiny hand to his breast, he only said, brokenly:

"My bonnie wee thing, you are all alone, and sore afraid! I have loved you so long, so long; will you come to me, forevermore?"

And, as I discreetly vanished from my post on the threshold, closing the door behind me, I heard a soft voice, with a ring of joy in it, answer: "Yes, John!"

REVERIE.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

The day had been wild and stormy,
And full of the wind's unrest,
And I sat alone by the window,
While the sunset dyed the west;
And the holy hush of twilight,
As the day went over the hill,
Like a spirit's voice seemed speaking,
And saying, "Peace, be still."

Then I thought, with a sudden longing,
That it might be so with my woes;
That the life so wild and restless,
When it reached the eve's repose,
Might glow with a golden glory,
And be crowned with peace and rest;
And the holy calm of twilight
Might come to my troubled breast.

All of the pain and passion,
That trouble my life's long day,
As the winds go down at sunset,
May suddenly pass away,
And the wild and turbulent billows,
That surge in my heart at will,
Shall be hushed into calm and silence,
By the whisper, "Peace, be still."

And my soul grew full of patience,
And I said, "I can bear it all;
Though the day be long and stormy,
The twilight, at last, must fall."

VIOLETS.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

My azure-eyed darlings, come out from your hiding,
Where have you been all the winter so long?
The robins and blue-birds have come from the southland,
Come with their twitter of gladsomest song.

Up from the chilly, brown mould of the garden,
The spears of the lily start rugged and green;
The sunshine is warm as the kiss of a lover,
And glorifies earth with its goldenest sheen.

Come out from your hiding, my azure-eyed darlings,
Earth holds no blossoms so dainty as you.
The spring-time, your lover, doth wait for your coming—
Wait with a heart that is patient and true.

The brooklet is calling you, sweets, from your dreaming,
Calling with laughter so riant and gay;
And the birds in the elm branches out in the garden,
Call to you, call to you, all the long day.

The sunshine doth woo you with warm glowing kisses,
The breezes come whispering over the lea;
My azure-eyed darlings, my fair fragile darlings,
Oh, come to the spring-time, that waiteth with me!

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"PUSS IN BOOTS."

BY SIDNEY TREVOR, AUTHOR OF "UNE DISCRETION," ETC., ETC.

THE green Venetian shutters of the villa opposite, *jalouses* they call them in Italy, were wide open, and through the ample window, that reached to the floor, I saw a little girl, a perfect dream of loveliness, playing with her doll.

We had taken a house on the Riviera, not far from Mentone, Dick Winter, and I, preferring it to Nice, which was too exciting for a confirmed cripple like myself. Dick was my cousin, and ever since my misfortune, he had devoted himself to me with the most unselfish affection, even accompanying me abroad.

Just across the road, or rather country lane, stood another villa, that was separated from the highway only by a low terrace. It had been shut up ever since our arrival. To-day, however, for the first time, I had observed signs of habitation in it. Now that the windows were opened, I could see quite into the principal apartment, for my Bath chair had been wheeled under the palms of my garden, close to the hedge, and therefore not fifty feet from the opposite villa.

"Well, Percy, old fellow," cried Dick's hearty voice, as he came out to see me; "how are you, this morning?"

"Hush!" I said. "Look across there. If you speak louder, you may frighten her away."

Dick looked. "Charming," he said. "A perfect little fairy! She comes out, in her dark dress, against the colored stucco of the wall behind her, as in a picture of Titian."

"It makes an old cripple like me young again," I answered. "How absorbed she is in her doll. But hark! what an odd sound."

Patter, patter, patter, it came, on the still morning air, one tiny little tap after another, like walnut shells walking. The next instant, a cat, her hind feet shod in miniature boots, stalked gravely across the opposite room, and up to the little girl, who soon threw down her doll, and crying, "Oh! you delicious little puss in boots," seized the intruder, and began to hug her, as if she would hug the breath out of her.

Dick burst into laughter. "The mischievous little imp," he said. "She has shod the cat. Who can she be?"

"As she speaks English, she must be English, or American," I said. "The latter, I think. She's just such a golden-haired little darling as one sees looking out of windows, in Boston, sometimes. Will we ever live to get back there?" And I sighed.

"Yes, and before long," Dick answered, cheerily. "The winter here, as the Aix doctor said, will set you on your legs again, for life."

Dear Dick! For the two years that I had been invalided, he had persisted in giving up, as I have said, everything for me. He had come, as a last résort, to Europe with me, that I might try the different doctors and waters, in the hope of cure.

So little hope was left me, however, of any such result, that, alone I should never have undertaken the journey. We stayed awhile at Aix-les-Barras, where Doctor Bracké thought Nice advisable for the winter following. The entire change of scene and air, he said, would strengthen me. So we came to the Riviera.

I had been lying under the palms, in front of our villa, all this time. Dick now entered the house, and returned, directly, with an armful of exquisite roses, which he threw over me.

At this instant, a small voice, from behind the chair-back, said, "But for *me*—have the messieurs no roses for little Fiorella at all?"

Unobserved, the small maid from across the road, having perceived us, had left the house, and stolen up, doll in hand, and "Puss in Boots" gravely following.

I replied, shaking my head, wishing to tease her, a little, "Roses are for invalids."

She answered, readily enough:

"But then I shall be an—what is it—*invalid?*"

"And will you give me kisses for roses?" asked Dick.

"To you—yes," she said, after having regarded him for some minutes; "because you are only a boy—and—and so very *handsome*," she added, demurely.

"A scratch and a caress," laughed Dick. "A 'Puss in Boots' yourself, or a miniature woman."

"And to me?" I asked.

"Oh! young *ladies* are never kissed by grown-up gentlemen," she pronounced, oracularly. "The hands, yes, if monsieur likes; but the face never! that is for parents.

"Great heavens! Percy, what is it?" I hear Dick saying, as if he were afar off; and I feel myself to be first like fainting, then quite mad and delirious.

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For, through the window of the opposite villa, and on to the terrace, floating toward us, with the queenly, gliding tread I knew so well, and her tall figure and lily-face, as I remembered them eight years ago, comes my only love—my false, cruel, mercenary, forsworn, yet still beautiful love!

Down the terrace steps, across the road, in at the gate she comes, the ghost of my dead faith and youth, trailing sombre robes about her, out of which her white throat and beautiful face rises, the sun gilding her brown hair, and lighting her false eyes, with a divine beauty.

Ah! she sees me! I had rightly judged her cold heart; for even the sight of the wrecked manhood of one to whom she once confessed her love—one who had held her sweet, lithe body in his arms and against his furiously beating heart—had no power to call a faintest flush to her cheek, a quicker throb to her pulse.

She comes up to me, after a slight start and hesitation, and gives me her slender, cool hand. A faint, courteous smile is on her lips.

"So glad to meet you," she says, with her cool, high-bred air.

"Mimi—mimi!" calls out the child, at this juncture. "See the lovely roses! Here are three, red, yellow, and pink, and you will put them on your breast. Oh! beautiful mamma, won't you?"

She stooped, flushing slightly. At least she was capable of mother-love, I said to myself: this beautiful creature, who had been false to all other.

Dick greeted her but slightly. Could it be that the boy had heard of my youthful shipwreck? I hoped not.

After a few courteous commonplaces, she left us, her child clinging to her skirts, as she glided away and disappeared; "Puss In Boots" still following gravely after.

I think I did not much mind her vicinity, after the first shock; being now sure that I despised her, as much as I had formerly adored her. This is the story of our mutual past:

To come home, during the perils of our civil war, and find that my promised wife was actually married to a very rich cousin—what surer method could there be, for making a contemptuous acquaintance out of a devoted lover?

I considered myself cured. Cured, at one stroke, of all possible desire even to remember the past. Perhaps a merely human being, loving with all the strength of a strong man's youth, cannot be cured so soon of that sweet madness. Perhaps I was too confident in my pride and contempt, and really desperate. I did not believe it. So long as active service left me no moment for thought—so long as there was danger to face, and fatigue to support—I drove thought away with a strong hand.

No night was too dark or stormy, no swamp too deadly, no bullet-rain too perilous. After incredible hardships in the field, came a night, after battle, when I slept in the rain; then, finally, my overworn frame gave way, and since that hour I have been crippled by rheumatism, and had never walked.

Doubtless, Edith Preston, in her far-off continental life, for she had gone to Europe after her marriage, had lost all sympathy with me. With what joy she must have hugged her riches and success to her heart, when she knew how narrowly she had escaped marrying a cripple, cut off from the riches and honor, which he had hoped to gain for her, in his now forcibly relinquished profession! The accident of meeting like this should make us, none the less, strangers henceforth.

For some time, as I have said, her vicinity was nothing to me. I saw the child after, and was able to love her, in spite of her parentage. She was such a winsome little maid.

The mother evidently did not grudge me that solace, for it was plain that her commands had been laid upon the child's nurse, not to interfere in our friendship. As often as my chair was wheeled out of doors, under the palms, came the little one, to trundle a wheelbarrow, which she filled with gravel, to sit in the warm sand, and "make a garden," of rootless twigs and flowers, soon grubbed up with her relentless spade, to give place to new eccentricities of landscape gardening—to dress my hair after as many new and various styles as Auguste herself; and sometimes, after exhausting my store of fairy tales, to drop asleep on my breast, her soft, parted lips near mine, and her sweet breath on my cheek. And always there came with her, grave as a court chamberlain, her Maltese cat, shod with its tiny shoes, which the child thought the funniest thing in the world. I came, at last, in consequence, to call Fifi herself "Puss In Boots."

What mutual confidences we exchanged, and what plans we formed for future happiness together!

"Could not you be my papa?" she asked me, one day, while Dick lay on the grass, near; and he looked over the edge of his newspaper to make me a grimace, as I answered, quite as gravely:

"That depends—haven't you a papa, then?"

"Oh, not at all! At least he's gone away to be an angel, and isn't any good, any longer, to

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mamma and Fifi. Come, now, mamma will be charmed, and so shall I!"

I was astonished and disgusted to find that this childish announcement gave me a sudden heart-leap; and then a cold shudder followed, so that I made Dick wheel me indoors.

What was it to *me* that her mother was free—the woman whose cruel treachery had made me reckless and wasteful of the life and future she had scorned to share?

If I were so craven as to desire it, would she be likely to give herself to me, crippled and stricken as I had become—she, who broke faith with my youth, my love, and my hope?

She had, several times, sought me out in my garden nook; but only for the exchange of commonplaces, or to ask if her little one was too importunate.

At least I had been able to be as freezing in my demeanor as she had been calm.

Dick never spoke of her. So I concluded that he knew nothing of our mutual past, and had not remembered my paleness on meeting her.

One day, when Fifi had nestled herself into my brouette, among the wraps at my feet, and was there conducting the toilettes of several noseless and otherwise maimed dollies, "Puss In Boots" looking gravely on, came an irruption of cousins, who had met Dick in Nice, the day before, and had so found out my lair.

"Bad old Person!" pronounced my cousin Helen, squeezing my nose against her Venetian "dog-collar," in a sisterly hug.

"So you tried hiding, abandoned Relative?" asked Doris, taking me by the moustache, the better to salute me, while aunt Van Rensselaer quite choked me, in the fervor of her embrace.

"What are you doing here, dear Boy?" queried the last, squinting curiously at the pretty baby nestled at my feet.

"Training for foot-racing, aunty," I respond, cheerily. "What else?"

"And whose is that little darling?" she pursues.

"I'm mamma's and pussy's," responds Fifi, indignant at being left out of the conversation.

"Who is it she looks like, Dick?" asks Helen.

"Like her mother, Mrs. Beeckman," says Dick, shortly.

"Not possible, Percy, that you still recognize that woman," cries my aunt, with the delicacy which characterizes one's near relations.

"Pshaw, aunty Van!" said Dick. "She's very charming, and if *we* like her—why not?"

"Well, after all that has come and gone, and poor Percy there, in his chair, quite because of that wicked woman's—how *do* you do, Mrs. Beeckman, my dear? We were just adoring this little love of yours, and did not know you were here, on the Riviera."

For Edith Beeckman had come out to seek the child, at that moment, and so met my relatives, face to face. She gave a courteous, though hardly cordial, reception to the three ladies; but presently softening, took Doris away, to drive with her, my aunt following their departure closely, in dread of Dick's calling her to account for the remarkable conclusion of her exordium.

One day, I accepted an invitation to breakfast with my aunt. Dick drove me into Nice, and had me carried up stairs. But I did not know that Edith Preston was to be of the party, until I found her at my elbow, in the plainest and blackest of robes, which enhanced her pallor.

She was the first woman who had the tact to ask services of me, after I had become a cripple. This morning, instead of offering to assist me, she let me render all the usual aid, of which a lady has need at table, even making no motion to pick up her handkerchief, which fell beside my chair. She actually, for the time, made me forget that I was not like other men. Heartless women, you see, may have tact!

Thereafter, day by day, I saw more and more of Mrs. Beeckman. She took great pains with Dick's French pronunciation, which was somewhat defective. Their readings of Corneille and Racine went on under the palms, but at a sufficient distance not to be a bore to baby Florilla and her Monsieur Pussy. For now that I so often called her "Puss In Boots," she retorted by calling me "Monsieur Pussy."

The Van Rensselaers, too, brought us often together, in their rather noisy but hearty home circle, at Nice, where Dick coaxed me to go occasionally, and where I became accustomed to take my place, sure that Mrs. Beeckman, also a frequent visitor, would offer me, if present, no unnecessary and mortifying services.

A quiet friendliness, on her part, gradually made me cease to remember her, in any other character than her present one. Sometimes, under the palms, my bitter mood would make me respond savagely to her cool, self-possessed tact. But she never seemed to notice. Perhaps she grew a shade paler, but her pity for my bodily infirmity forbade resentment, I suppose; for she never showed, by word or deed, that she felt it.

A cold nature, I often thought. I said, "How lucky it was that I had not tied my already half-dead body to that perfect piece of indifference! And yet—and yet—oh, my dream—my beautiful love's young dream! And to end in this—this death in life!"

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"Fifi is wicked to-day," complacently announced that young person, one morning. "She had *bited* Gracieuse, and *frowed* the breakfast on the floor, and mimi has cried—oh, cried *dreffly!*" And Miss Fiorella chuckled with delight, at the harrowing picture she described, as she nestled in my arms. The other "Puss In Boots," meantime, gravely looked up, and mewed.

"Dear me! dear me! Then you may be going to do me a mischief, too!" I cry, hastening to put the small rebel on her feet again. "Run away, wicked Fifi; and ask mamma to find me the good Fifi. I want the good Fifi; who loves mamma, and Gracieuse, and Monsieur Pussy. Go away, wicked Fifi!"

The small imp first looked surprised, then indignant, and finally melted into tears, and ran sobbing to the house. I could have sobbed, too, as soon as she went. Dick could not imagine what ailed me, I was so very sad all the morning.

"And going on so well—stronger every day, as you know you are!" he remonstrated.

But I did not tell him of my secret woes.

"Here is Mrs. Beeckman, to cheer you up," he pronounced, "while I go off to Nice, for a morning's holiday."

Tears in her eyes! Yes. Not falling tears, but those cold eyes brimming over, and looking as soft and loving as if she had a heart! Here she comes, her beautiful face bent toward me, and her two hands held out! What can I do but take them?

"What have you done to my baby, Mr. Lee?" she asks, softly. "No one has ever persuaded her to be obedient, or to regret one of her stormy rages, until this morning; when, after seeing you for some moments, she came back, weeping, and tried to comfort me, with promises for the future, and apologies for the morning's naughtiness. Even to Gracieuse, the nurse, she made her excuses; and I am sent to ask if 'good Fifi many come to Monsieur Pussy.'"

Then the mother told me her anxiety about the little maid's furious temper, and we concerted plans for her gentle subjugation, before summoning the small penitent.

Mother-love she does feel, I said to myself again. How shall I blame her, if she knows no other?

She never refers to the past, never makes excuses. Dick Winter is always with her now. Heaven send she be not fooling the boy!

Is it possible that I am still jealous, still caring for the woman who cheated me of my love, and then threw it in my adoring face? Have I the pretension to be anyone's moral or legal support, when I can hardly stand alone, scarcely take two steps together?

Let me be set aside, henceforth, and see other people live; and learn not to let my dead hopes cry out, from the their living tomb!

"A breakfast party to the Reserve, for oysters and *Bonilla d'aisse*" was planned for to-day; but I felt too cross to be of the party, and insisted upon Dick's leaving me, to my own devices. Everyone was absurdly irritating, with their offers of self-denial, and stopping at home with me; but I was too crusty.

Even aunty Van pronounced me crabbed, and said that I must, per consequence, be getting well.

Twelve o'clock found me in the garden, working at some papers on strategy, and other military matters, with which I sometimes filled the hours of my interminable leisure. How very hot it seemed! The sun quite deadened the sea air, before it reached my palms, and for some days, the weather had been quite sultry, even for Nice, in February.

My papers slipped from their places, and lay about me on the gravel, while I leaned back, and looked up to the bits of blue sky, which peeped at me between the palm fronds, thinking of these two past months, and endeavoring to decide upon a retreat from the vicinity of such disturbing elements.

In Edith Beeckman's quiet presence, I was able either to be calmly forgetful, or sharply resentful; and either of these feelings were more manly than this hungry loneliness, which beset me in her absence.

A longing, which, conquering my bitterness, showed her always to me, with her blue-gray eyes blurred with tears, and a beseeching droop of her lithe figure, as she had come to me after the child's excuses, her two hands seeking mine.

Oh, lying sweetness! Shall I again yield my soul to your wiles, to be again cruelly awakened to your falsity?

"*Tum—tum—tum!*"

I hear, across the road, the beat of the child's drum, which a complaisant Santa Claus had granted, in response to her Christmas prayer. I hear, also, on the parquet floor, the tap, tap of her invariable attendant, "Puss In Boots." My little friend emerges on the terrace, and comes across, to chase away my distracting, useless thoughts. Under the oleander blossoms I see the blue shoes twinkling, and the paper feather of a tall cocked hat reaches the pendant lemon, on the low tree, as the baby-soldier approaches.

She has borrowed a scarlet table-cover, which she wears over her shoulders, and has very successfully imitated the portentious frown, with which the small French soldier usually makes the world aware of his puissance.

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But who is it following, her slender white hands held over her pink ears, and an almost deprecating look on her fair, colorless face, as she approaches? It is her mother.

"Mrs. Beeckman not gone to the *Reserve?*" I cry. "Have you forgotten that Baron Hirschberg will be left to the tender mercies of Miss Doris, or are you so secure in your empire, that you can trifle with your victim?"

I speak lightly, of course, but it pleases me to see that my badinage causes a faint shade of annoyance on the lady's face.

"I was not quite *in vein*—and Fifi wants mamma," she almost hesitated in saying.

Suddenly I feel fierce and cruel.

"Your tactics are always inimitable, of course. How ridiculous of me to question *your* skill, or doubt *your* ultimate success," I sneered, with a mocking bow.

She lifted the darkly fringed lids of those strange eyes, for only one instant of time, before she went away, with such a grieved look, and a wordless salutation. How could I be so idiotic, as to imagine their blue-gray depths again suffused with unshed tears?

Mother and baby seated themselves beyond a clump of low orange trees, whose fruit and blossoms perfumed the air, and at only a few yards distance from me; though far enough that I should not be disturbed by their chatter. I made a feint of continuing the preparation of my article, though the letters, words, and diagrams danced before my eyes, and my blood tingled, as if I were not a human wreck.

But the long *hush—hush*—of the sea, and the afternoon quiet, at last combined to restore me to my tranquility.

Suddenly, a sound of panting breath, close at hand, caught my ear. Then the gaunt outline of a huge, Siberian, wolf-dog, was suddenly defined against the distant, beryl-colored sea, as the beast paused, and turned its head toward the shaded garden, as if seeking something. All at once I started, to horrible, agonized wakefulness; for the beast's flanks were flecked with white, and his open mouth and lolling, red tongue, dripped with the foam of hydrophobia; his glazed eyes glaring, and his jaws shutting, at intervals, in that convulsive snap, which once heard can never be forgotten.

Not a soul—not a servant was near, to give help! Oh, my God, not a soul between him and *those two!*

They were only ten yards away from me, it is true; but crippled as I was, those ten yards might as well have been ten miles!

As this maddening thought rushed across me, the dog turned his long, loping trot into the garden, his head swaying from side to side.

Poor puss, who had been sleeping in the sun, sprang up, and essayed to fly; but those snapping jaws closed on her flesh, and she fell back, with a shiver, and was dead. Another instant, and he discovered Edith and the child, and rushed towards them.

"Oh, my love—my darling!" I cried out, unconscious of what I was saying, and rose, by a miracle, to my feet.

In another moment, I was struggling with the brute, one hand in his chain collar, while, with the other, I was beating him between the eyes with my loaded cane-head. Some one is shouting. People come running to my assistance. An iron bar is twisted in the collar, till suffocation and the blows on his head put an end to the monster, and Edith is saved.

With her frightened baby gathered close in her arms, she leaned against the stem of a palm, listening, with her dilated eyes and white face, as if turned to stone. When I, inconsiderately, at seeing this, called out her name, in alarm, she gave a little hysterical laugh, and sank on the ground, fainting.

It was time, for otherwise, she would have seen me, too, unable to stand, and ignominiously relegated to my Bath chair, while other men, *servants, too*, lifted and carried her to her apartment.

Oh, the horrible mortification of that moment! I almost forgot the miracle, which had preceded. When I saw her beautiful form in the arms of those creatures, I almost forgot to thank heaven for her safety.

I was quite forgotten, in the excitement caused by the event, and had time to recall my scattered senses, as I sat again alone, in the midst of the broken flowers and plants, the wrecks left by the struggle.

No continuity of thought was possible, until Dick Winter rushed in upon me, almost wild with the idea that he had left me alone in such peril. It took me no little time to laugh him out of his excitement and compunctions.

"And you *walked*, old fellow; only think of it!" cried Dick, hysterically. "No more pretending you cannot be cured, my dear Percy. Now, at least, you will admit that it is only an affair of time and patience. Yes! you will dance at my wedding. Hurrah!"

I felt almost faint with the rapturous possibility before me. For many hours, I gave the rein to my hopes. But when I tried again to move, I found it impossible. The reaction of the following day, with its greater than ordinary feebleness, brought me to my senses at last.

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"Ah," I said, "I can never be happy again. I was beginning to be contented—but this—this—makes it impossible. She will never wed a cripple. Let me be brave, and face the inevitable. I see, now, that I love her still. But let me take myself out of the reach of unworthy regrets, and devote myself to the restoration of my usefulness."

Dick Winter could not understand why, I insisted, all at once, on going away; but the dear boy consented to quit, within three days; and our adieux were made in the form of cards, even to aunt Van Rensselaer and the girls. We were soon rolling over the wonderful Corniche Road, stopping, over nights, at the well-known halting places, San Remo, Oneglia, Savona, and lesser Italian towns, and so on to Genoa, where we remained till it was late enough for Aix.

Meantime, I had begun to gain flesh and color, and was no longer quite the King Log I had been. On arriving at Aix, I was pronounced already half cured.

"That you were able, under intense excitement, to walk," said the doctor, who had heard the story of the mad dog from Dick, "is proof that nature is not dead within you. Give you time, and all will be right."

At this verdict, hope broke on me anew. A man who has never been long ill and helpless, apparently hopelessly so, cannot imagine the positive physical delight with which such an unwilling invalid greets the first signs of returning health.

"Shall I sigh because a woman frowns?" I say to myself. "No. Not I, believe me."

I repeat it, as I walk—positively walk—slowly but firmly.

We travel again. We go to Geneva. One day, we embark on the lake, in the little steamer that runs up to Vevay. I walk on the deck, watching the glowing sapphire of the water, repeating the glorious mountains in its blue depths.

The air, that sultry May day, seems so full of life and strength, that I felt almost indignant, when Dick ruthlessly cuts short my promenade, and leaves me seated, while he goes to speak to some acquaintances.

"No, I won't trust you alone," he says. "I mean to land you at the hotel, to-night, as good as new; so no imprudence, if you please."

After dinner, on our return, we went out on the terrace, at the Lord Byron Hotel. I was able to make the entire tour of it, stopping to note the rose-tinted snows of the *Deut du Midi*, and watch, on the extreme point of the *Pic de Jaman*, the only remaining rays of sunlight, while we were in deep shadow.

"It looks like a gold thimble, floating away up there in the dusk," said a soft voice, near.

A clump of shrubs separated us from the speaker, who was one of a group of late arrivals by the train.

Was I never to hear that especial voice, without showing, or at least *feeling*, unmanly weakness?

How savage it made me!

"Monsieur Pussy, Monsieur Pussy!" called a baby voice, and in another moment, Fiorella was alternately clinging about me, and improvising a fandango, clapping her dear little hands, as she skipped and chanted my name.

I sat down, and hugged my little love; but she would not be content, till she had brought her "little mamma," as she said, to greet me; and again my demon of furious anger rent me, as she approached, in her pale, gracious calm; while *my* heart again stood still at the sight.

"You should scold your Monsieur Percy, a little, for running away from our gratitude, when he saved our lives at Nice," she said to Fifi, after our courteous greetings.

"On the contrary, I owe to the occasion the pleasure of finding out certain possibilities," I respond. "I would have bartered the life of *anyone*, among my tolerably extended acquaintances, for the certainty of being able to walk those ten yards—the pleasure of serving Mrs. Beeckman was an added bliss, of course," I add, with supercilious emphasis.

"Are you tired, old man?" kindly asks Dick.

"An ungallant suggestion of flight, dear boy, when Mrs. Beeckman has amiably hunted out our lair; but perhaps *baby* and *I ought* to go in," I sneer.

"Yes," said the lady, gently. "Fiorella must go in; and Mr. Winter will oblige me by taking her to the nurse. Come back, after awhile," she added, to Dick.

To my astonishment, when she had said this, and the others had gone, she seated herself by me.

I saw, even in the dusk, that she was as white as a ghost. But my heart was hard, and I would not speak.

After some moments, she spoke, herself, her voice husky and low.

"Percival—Mr. Lee," she said, "I want to tell you, if I can, why I was so faithless to you, when we were young—and—and loved each other—"

She had loved me! She had really loved me! This wild, exultant thought nearly stopped my breath, for an instant—and then the memory of that cruel past came over my soul, in a great, bitter wave, and turned me again to stone.

"Yes, I loved *you*, and thanks infinite for this

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rather late assurance that my passion was returned, although—pardon me—the fact is one which demands a great deal of faith, though courtesy forbids me to ask questions."

Even in the pink light of the afterglow, I could not deceive myself about the furious rush of color, that flooded cheeks and brow.

"Percy," she whispered, "are you so cruel? Has my fault so changed a sweet, noble nature?"

Between pride, and fear of my own weakness, my nerves were ready to give way. I set my teeth hard. Was I to be cajoled by a woman—drawn off and on like a glove?

"Pardon," I said. "But we are both tired, I am sure, and isn't it rather *late in the day*, figuratively as well as literally, for me to play credulous youth, and you, loving maiden? Shade of Charles Beeckman's purse forbid!"

I laughed, though rather hysterically, while Mrs. Beeckman, suddenly rising, gave me a look—a look of infinite pity, and fled toward the house.

Dick Winter approached, almost at the same moment, to help me to my room.

"You will take me over to Champery, tomorrow, won't you?" I asked, with shaking voice and limbs, while we are *en route* for my nest.

"To be sure. You shall go where and when you like," he answered; and asks no questions.

The next day, however, I woke, ashamed of my conduct—my brutality, I now called it. I said nothing of leaving, and Dick did not volunteer a word on the subject. It was not without certain inexpressed ideas of making apology and peace, that I went down stairs, for my mid-day appearance.

"By the bye," said Dick. "Our friends of yesterday are off, to-day, for Chamounix. Your little 'Puss In Boots' charged me with her good-byes. And the mother, too," he added.

He considerately looked away, over the lake, as he spoke, and then he took himself off, "to see about a trap, for our drive."

She had gone. And with my studied insults, for memory of me! Well, why not? Best so. She had had an impulse of pity, an idea of atoning to a poor cripple, for having ruined him; that was all. I had been brutal, perhaps; but on the whole, I had been just.

Now, at least, all was over between us, and forever. If any excuse for her had been possible, she was henceforth debarred from making it, being what she was—a proud woman If any danger had existed of my suing, where I had once been spurned, such cowardice was henceforth impossible.

I saw no more of my old love. The weeks, the months passed; at last I was entirely well again. Then, one morning, came news that a distant relative had died, and left me her heir, "in consequence," as the will said, "of my gallant military conduct."

I resolved on returning to America, but first I thought I would go back to the Riviera, and spend a few days in the old villa, under the palms. I bade good-bye to Dick, who was to sail for Boston, and started for Nice.

The windows of the house opposite were closed, but the place seemed occupied, nevertheless. "Perhaps," I said, "there is an invalid within." As I spoke, I listlessly pulled to bits a rose, from the hedge beside me. I did not notice steps upon the gravel, until they came near. Then, before I could look up, my throat was encircled with two fat little arms, and a curly, golden head was buried in my breast, while a sobbing voice said, brokenly:

"Monsieur Percy again—Monsieur Percy come back! Now the little mamma will not be ill any more!"

Was it indeed my little love? She was sobbing hysterically, and could not instantly respond to my hurried questions; but she soon calmed, and told me the news my soul longed for.

"And you must come to mamma, at once. Come, come," she said, dragging me across the road.

What a shadowy creature rose, from the great arm-chair, as I came forward, in the soft half-light of the room, into which Fifi led me! Could it be Edith? Was that ghastly face and frail shape hers? The great, grey-blue eyes, just brimming with unshed tears, as I had seen them in my dreams, were all that was left of her young beauty; but I seemed to read in them, in that instant's encounter, all that my hungry heart had longed for.

She held out to me two thin, thin hands, and when I had them in my own, and had looked deep into those eyes, I caught her to my breast, while yet we had not spoken.

"Oh, Percy, at last, at last!" she sighed.

And I'm sure I don't know with what foolish words I responded, while I held her close to my heart.

It was not until after our wedding, after some three months of ideal happiness, that I learned the secret of her first marriage. Her brother, whose fault had cost her all these years of trouble, but who had long since reformed, came to see us, and told me all.

The widowed mother, in dying, had left to Edith the solemn charge of this spoiled boy, with

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many prayers for his safety. He had grown up handsome, and somewhat reckless, and Edith had been glad to place him with her cousin Beeckman, whose delicate health promised an early succession to a profitable business, if only Harry Preston would be steady and industrious.

It was the old story of temptation, in the handling of large sums of money, when pressed for debts, and sure that his sister's slender purse was exhausted.

"I should, long ago, have come to you, to say this," he said; "but Edith would not hear of it. Her delicacy was wounded, at the thought of my seeming to plead her cause. But, dear Colonel Lee, she was cruelly treated, and, loving you always, was obliged to marry the man who used my crime to force her unwilling consent to his suit. Poor Beeckman was ill and lonely, and had adored Edith since they were babies together. He did not know how cruel he was, and meant to leave her his fortune, in any case. No! the whole was my fault, and I sometimes feel like crying out my sin to the world, as a warning to other young men, tempted like me."

The conversation took place in the palm grove, and just then, Edith, still very pale and delicate, came down, along the terrace, in the dim twilight of the lovely waning April day.

She looked in her brother's disturbed face, and then in mine, and her eyes brimmed with pitiful tears, which did not fall. She saw he had told all. She took his hand and mine, and held them in her two slender ones.

"We must all forgive each other, and forget that we have reason," she said, softly.

"If *you* can say so, who have had the worst to bear, *I* may surely add, thank God for all!" is my reply.

We have no anxiety, except that occasioned by Edith's extreme delicacy of health; and Harry Preston is now all a sister could wish. Dick has settled down, having married Doris, and lives in Boston.

Fiorella is our only child. I have bought the villa by the palms. In the garden is a tiny grave. It is that of poor puss, but for whom, as I often say, Edith would have lost her life.

"Yes, it was stopping for that single moment, to snap at our daughter's pet," I say, "that saved you. After all, she wasn't so useless, poor little "'Puss In Boots.'"

SHADOWS.

BY EMILY SANBORN.

Only shadows, fleeting shadows,
Round the dimly-lighted hall,
'Tis the firelight, gleaming slowly,
Casting shadows on the wall.
Only shadows!

Ah! they seem to stand and beckon,
Seem like figures, standing near,
Seem to watch, and move, and quiver,
Darling, what is this you fear?
Dancing shadows!

Do we think of friends departed?
Do we wish them hov'ring near?
Would we wish to miss the token
Of their gentle presence here?
Flitting shadows!

Oh! they left us, they who glided
Through these rooms, with noiseless grace,
Only shadows, fleeting shadows,
Now are come to fill their place.
Round the hearthstone, at the door,
Shadows fall, forevermore.

AN OLD PROMISE.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

Here, in the stillness, while the sunset gold
Shines softly o'er a waste of vernal sod,
I turn the pages that I loved of old
And rest upon the promise of my God;
Life's eventide is closing round me fast,
But He is near at hand to guide and bless,
In all the fears and losses of the past,
He said, "I will not leave you comfortless."

Lover and friend have changed or gone away,
The flowers have faded, and the streams have dried,
I miss the faces that I thought would stay,
I miss familiar footsteps from my side;
But one is left, and still His love divine
Fills up the blanks, and soothes the sharp distress;
To-night He cheers this weary heart of mine.
And says, "I will not leave you comfortless."

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IT NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH.

BY MRS. JANE G. AUSTIN.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 215.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BALL.

"Now, remember, Violéto, you are not to leave us, for a single moment," said Mrs. Waterston, impressively, as she entered the doors of the Tacon theatre, and found herself involved in a moving mass of motley humanity, masked and unmasked, in every variety of costume.

"Not one moment, madam," replied Pampalona, solemnly, and straightway began to look round for Trecothick, whom he had come here to insult.

"Ah, this is the box, is it?" pursued Mrs. Waterston, who was in a loquacious mood, probably owing to the stimulus of a good conscience, a cup of coffee, and a *chassé* of curaçoa to finish a late dinner. "Hilda, dear, sit here. Mrs. Suckling, there's a chair for you; and Violéto, mind you don't stir out of the box."

"Have you seen him?" whispered Hilda, as her lover took the chair directly behind her, and leaned forward to inhale the fragrance of her hair, the flower-like perfume of her presence.

"No, my love, I can only think of you."

"Go, and find him. He will be here, of course. I cannot breathe—I cannot live, while that man goes unpunished for the blow he struck you!"

"Yes, a blow, and in your presence, my queen!" muttered the Cuban, his sallow cheek glowing duskily, and the lovelight of his eyes deepening to a lurid glow. "Hilda, you love me, or you would not resent so bitterly an insult to me."

"Can a proud woman sit still, and see her betrothed husband struck, like a dog, and not resent it?" demanded Hilda, in a constrained voice, while, even through her mask, Violéto caught the deadly gleam of her great, gray eyes, and felt his cheek scorched with the fever of her breath. A sort of terror, a vague doubt pierced, icily, through the fervor of his love. How bitterly she hated Trecothick! Could such hate be purely the product of her very mild love for himself? Was it not more like the deadly poison, bred of a slighted affection? Had she really cared for the American, and had he refused her love? Or had he won it, and enjoyed it, and wearied of it? Starting from his chair, he hurriedly left the box.

At the same moment, a figure, disguised in domino hood and mask, so effectually that one could not, at once, determine either its sex or age, left a box, nearly opposite to Mrs. Waterston's, and descended the stairs leading to the lobby on that side of the house, just as Pampalona did the same upon his own side. At the foot of the stairs, the domino waited for a moment to make sure of the Cuban's intentions, and as the latter listlessly wandered out of doors, he made an almost imperceptible signal to a stout negro, waiting among other servants and officials, who immediately, but very quietly, came to his side.

"The American does not come, Brom," muttered Señor Valdez.

"Not yet, señor. I would have come to tell you, if he had entered."

"Maldita! Pampalona is growing impatient, and will commit some folly. Here he comes, with a woman—"

"And here is the American, just entering, señor!"

"Good. Go and whisper to Señor Violéto, to look toward the door; that jade is absorbing his attention."

The negro nodded assent, and darting forward, intercepted the progress of the Cuban.

"Señor! Look at the American, coming in at the door!" hissed he, in Pampalona's ear; and the Cuban, dropping the arm of the dancing girl, who had fastened herself upon him, turned with a sharp ejaculation, just as Trecothick, beginning to look about him, caught sight of Brom, and with a sort of suppressed roar of rage and delight, leaped forward, exclaiming, in English:

"Here! You black villain! I've caught you, at last!"

Brom, recognizing the voice, did not pause to turn round, but with a yell of terror, sprang aside, and dodging between the swarthy little *guardás civilés*, keeping the doors, rushed out into the street, closely followed by Trecothick, shouting angry and useless orders to him to pause and return. Pampalona, at first petrified at the sudden disturbance, stood staring for a moment, and then would have followed, precipitately, but was doubly prevented, first, by the domino, who, grasping his arm, muttered, "Patiencia! They will return. You would only lose him by pur-

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suit. Wait." And, secondly, by a formal and courteous stranger, who, with a ceremonious salute, announced: "Pardon, señor, but Madame Waterston, whom I have just left, desired me to request your attendance. I think the young lady is not well, and desires to leave the ball."

It was impossible for Miss Waterston's betrothed husband to neglect such a summons as this, and without a word, he turned and hastened back to the box, where he gave an arm to each of the ladies, and left the theatre.

As they descended the stairs, in turning toward the door, Violéto felt Hilda suddenly grasp his arm, as if about to fall, and heard her draw in her breath, with a gasp as of sudden pain, while Mrs. Waterston exclaimed:

"Why, there's Mr. Trecothick, I declare!"

It was indeed Mark, tall, stately, and pallid with disappointment and anger, who stood in their path, mutely removing his hat, and bowing profoundly, first to one lady, and then the other, while Pampalona, almost dancing with rage, vainly tried to extricate his arms from the half-fainting girl, and the ponderous woman who firmly grasped and held them. Trecothick saw the predicament, and the ghost of a smile flitted across his lips, completing the fury of the Cuban, who exclaimed, aloud:

"You escaped me in Nassau, señor; but you will not escape me here. Let go my arm, Hilda!"

"Gently, Pampalona, gently!" remonstrated Mark, contemptuously. "Miss Waterston is fainting, I perceive, and this is no place for a dispute. You will find me at the Telegrafo, at any moment, between this and to-morrow morning. Remember that you are a gentleman."

"And you! Coward! Liar! You will run away as you did at Nassau."

"Take care! I am not very patient—there, I shan't risk it, I'm going! The Telegraph Hotel, mind."

And Mark, whose blood was beginning to boil with the Berserker rage, that had sometimes carried him far beyond his own control, abruptly left the place, and retiring to his hotel, sat down, and rapidly wrote and sealed three letters, and indorsed them upon the outside:

"To be sent, in case of my death in Havana."

Then he changed his clothes for a dark walking-suit, and throwing himself upon the bed, dropped asleep, as soundly and refreshingly as a tired school-boy.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BULL-FIGHT.

Some hours later, Trecothick was roused by a servant, who simply announcing,

"A gentleman to visit the señor," ushered in a tall and swarthy personage, who, bowing profoundly, proceeded at once to business, by saying:

"Cherubino de Malastétsa, at your service, señor. I come upon the part of my friend, Señor don Violéto de Pampalona."

"All right, señor. I was expecting you," replied Trecothick, cheerfully. "I don't know anybody here, but I will put myself in the hands of any American gentleman, or meet Mr. Pampalona alone, or even—"

"Pardon, señor, but my friend cannot meet you to-day, or to-morrow, or for some weeks. He is very ill."

"Indeed! Rather sudden, isn't it?" demanded Trecothick, skeptically.

"We are subject to sudden attacks of violent illness, in this country, señor," replied the Count de Malastétsa, solemnly. "Señor Violéto was speaking with me, when a sudden spasm of pain rendered him speechless, and half an hour later we removed him on a stretcher from the hotel to the hospital. It is the vomito, señor."

"Yellow fever! Is it possible? Poor fellow, poor fellow! I'm really sorry, you know, for I've no enmity toward Pampalona. It's all on his side. He made me very mad in Nassau, and I struck him; of course he has a right to call me out; and I'm bound to meet him—"

"He says he tried to make you meet him in Nassau, señor, but you evaded him," suggested the count, in a suspicious tone.

"Evaded him! I sent a letter to the hotel for him, explaining the reason of my departure. I found that a vessel was sailing for Havana, almost in the hour of my last seeing Pampalona; and I would not miss the chance of following some one who needed me, and had left a note. But all this is nothing to you, sir, and if Mr. Pampalona recovers, I shall be happy, either to bury the past in friendly forgetfulness, or to meet him in the manner contemplated."

Again the Count de Malastétsa bowed ceremoniously and politely, and straightening himself, said:

"Pardon, señor. It is not necessary for you to deny yourself instant satisfaction, if you choose to take it."

"How, pray?"

"I, señor, stand in my friend's place, and will very willingly fight you in his stead."

"But I have no quarrel with you, my dear sir; and I am not one of those bloodthirsty individuals, who must absolutely kill some one or other, by way of recreation, every few days."

"In plain Spanish, you will not fight, señor."

"Not with you, count; certainly not."

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The Count de Malastétsa turned the points of his fierce moustache a little higher, smiled in a most insufferable manner, bowed lower than ever, and saying, "Good-morning, Señor Americano," slowly moved toward the door. The blood rose to Trecothick's brow, and he made one hasty step forward; then remembering Dolóres, stopped suddenly, and bowing as ceremoniously as the other, merely said:

"Good-morning, sir. If you see more of me, you may change your present opinion."

The door closed, and he was alone.

"If I were really a coward, I should feel a great deal put out. As it is, I don't care," remarked Trecothick to the four walls, and went to bed again.

Two o'clock in the afternoon, and again the streets were crowded with pleasure-seekers; this time, all steadily streaming in one direction, toward the Plaza de Toros, to see the bull-fight.

Trecothick went, with the others, and, as Valdez had foreseen, paid the highest price, and secured a seat upon the shaded side of the amphitheatre; the tickets for that side of the arena bearing the recommendatory word "shady." The judges' stand is in the centre of this half of the circle, and at either hand of this, certain close boxes are set aside for the *élite*, including the few ladies of position who still encourage these spectacles. In the depths of one of these boxes sat Dolóres, shrouded in a great mantilla of black, Spanish lace, and wearing a half-mask, allowable in carnival times. The height of the partitions prevented the occupant of the box from seeing, or being seen, by the other spectators, unless it were the populace upon the opposite, or sunny, side of the ring, for whose comments the high-born dames of the boxes would care less than for the summer wind toying with their mantillas; and although Mark Trecothick actually sat within twenty feet of the woman whom he had come to this, and every other, entertainment of the carnival to seek, she was as completely hidden from his search as if he had still been in the dungeons of Fort Charlotte. Señor Valdez, who sat in the front of the box, had greater facilities, and after a few cautious investigations of the house, discovered the presence of his enemy, and drawing back, so as to be out of sight, telegraphed the fact to Brom, upon the opposite side of the house, and having two eyes, kept one upon Dolóres, who listlessly reclined in the chair where he had placed her, looking at nothing but the sky, while the other was indulged in the spectacle going on below.

The seats were filled, the standing room crammed, the hour for the Fançion was past, and the populace, having smoked its third cigarette, was beginning to murmur, when, with a wild burst of music, the great doors, opening upon the tan-strewn arena, were thrown open, and the procession of "the gentlemen of the noble exhibition of the contest of bulls," as the programme described them, entered, amid the *vivas* of the multitude. First, upon a handsome horse, loaded with gaudy trappings, rode the honorable custodian of the keys, that secured the door of the pen, where the poor bull, already starved and goaded almost to madness, awaited his doom. Behind him, came, two by two, the picadors, or spearmen, whose office it is to begin the attack, by approaching on horseback the dazed and bewildered bull, at the first moment of his liberation, and goading him to fury by thrusts of the long-handled lances which they carry; the bull retaliates by an attack upon the horse, who certainly, by no will of his own, elevates the picador above any chance of harm to himself, and generally more horses than bulls are slain. Next to the picadors, came the chulos, agile young footmen, carrying gailey painted and embroidered cloaks, which they flap in the bull's face, to attract his attention, and withdraw it, when necessary, from the picador, should the bull upset him and his horse, as occasionally happens. After the picadors and chulos, came the banderilleros, footmen carrying little banners fastened to barbed javelins, which they will strike into the flesh of the bull's neck, where they remain, every movement of the creature tearing and inflaming the wound, and torturing him to renewed attacks upon his persecutors. The banderilleros are also provided with darts containing fulminating powder, which explode after entering the flesh, and add maddening terror to maddening agony. Finally, in this procession, which Doré should have simply copied into one of his illustrations of the Inferno, came the matadors, or killers, strong and agile men, tricked out in the gayest and richest clothes imaginable, carrying on the left arm a brilliant scarlet cloak, and in the right hand a short, straight, double-edged sword. The banderilleros having retired, one of these men presents himself before the bull, shakes the scarlet cloak in his face, and as the beast rushes upon it, steps dextrously aside, and strikes the sword into the creature's stooped neck, just at the vital point where spine meets skull. Sometimes, the bull is too much for the matador, and disregarding the scarlet cloak, attacks the man so persistently and furiously, as to either kill him, or drive him to the last dastardly, device in this list of torture, the semi-lune, a curved knife set upon a long pole, by which an assistant hamstrings the poor victim, whom the matador then dispatches.

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The procession entered, passed around the arena, saluted the Captain-general, and other high dignitaries present, and passed out. With much ceremony, the key, delivered to the proper official, was turned in the lock of the bull-pen, the doors were thrown open, and the bull, stimulated by the cruel thrust of a steel-tipped goad, rushed out, and was received by the picadors waiting for him. Just as these men were about to withdraw, Trecothick's eyes, roving over the sea of faces, a sea that was inflamed by the lust of cruelty and blood, fell upon Brom's brutish features. The negro, excited by the desire of seeing every drop of gore shed by the horses and bull, had quite forgotten his master, Trecothick, and everything else, and had thrust himself forward, from the secluded nook in which he had been bidden to keep himself hid. No sooner did Trecothick recognize the slave, than he forgot bull, bull-fight, place, circumstances, and all, in the profound determination to grasp at this link between himself and Dolóres, before it should again be lost, and lost forever, too. Learning caution from experience, however, the young man made no demonstration of surprise or eagerness, but quietly withdrawing from his chair, which was immediately filled by some one from behind, he worked his way out of the crowd, intending to go round, and enter the popular side of the house, by its own entrance. An unexpected incident, however, changed his purpose.

The arena of the bull-ring is enclosed by a high and stout, board fence, provided, half-way up, with a narrow ledge, or step, upon which a man, closely pursued, can leap, and throw himself over the fence into a passage, some eight or ten feet wide, which runs between this fence and another higher one, from which the seats for the spectators rise. There are also bulwarks, or screens, at intervals, around the inside of the inner wall, behind which a man may glide for shelter, the space being too narrow to admit the bull. Just below the place which Trecothick had left, he had noticed a proud, young father, who, following some wonderfully perverted instinct of parental indulgence, had brought his little boy to see the torture of the bull, and had stood him upon the top of the outer fence, or landing, forming the front of the first row of seats. The boy was an eager, active little fellow, and Trecothick, once or twice, had felt inclined to warn his father of the danger of allowing him to occupy such a position, but was restrained by the fear of giving offence, and presently forgot all else in the desire to quietly approach Brom.

The contest in the arena, meantime, had suddenly assumed a new aspect. A daring banderillo, having tormented the bull with unusual effect, had finally planted a fuse in his neck, and as it exploded, tearing the flesh in a ghastly wound, the animal turned upon him, with a hoarse bellow of deadly rage, and pursued him so sharply, and with such agility, that the man dodged behind one of the screens and disappeared. The bull, carried on by the impetus of his mad rush, and losing sight of his enemy, dashed at the fence, behind which he had lost him, and clearing it a bound, landed in the dry ditch, so to speak, between the inner and the outer wall. At this sudden and most unlooked-for incident, a shout of terror and excitement rose from the crowd, who sprang wildly to their feet, women shrieking, men crying one thing or another, every one gesticulating, hallooing, demanding the officials—a scene, in short, of the wildest excitement. But through all the din arose one piercing shriek; it was the voice of a little child, in mortal pain or terror; and with it mingled a voice, the deeper echo of itself, the father's voice, screaming:

"Oh, God! My child, my child!"

It was the boy, who had danced upon the top of the boarding, a moment before, delighted at the skill of the banderillo in torturing the bull, and who now lay helpless upon the ground, full in the bull's path.

At this piteous sight, the tumult redoubled, a thousand voices yelling a thousand notes of horror, terror, rage, suggestion; but not one hand or heart seemed ready to peril itself, to save that little life, quivering in the clutches of a horrible death. Not one? Yes! One, a stranger, an alien, a man of Anglo-Saxon blood, who, seeing the peril, did not wait to gauge the peril to himself, but rushing past the shrieking, panic-stricken father, leaped down into the pit. Mad with rage, the bull came on, his red eyes glittering wickedly, and stooped his head, aiming one short, sharp horn at the prostrate boy. But at this instant, Trecothick rushed in front of him, snatched up the lad, just as the horn grazed the child's clothing, and putting forth all his Herculean strength, tossed the little fellow lightly up among the spectators above, receiving himself, in the same instant, the full weight of the bull's charge, but fortunately escaping the stiletto-like points of the horns. The blow was one not to be resisted; Trecothick was hurled upon the tan; while the bull went plunging on for a moment, and then turned to charge again. That moment was enough, however, to give Trecothick time to recover himself. Springing to his feet, he snatched the sword from the hand of a matador, who had, by this time, leaped over the fence, and stood

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ready to kill his bull on the rebound, since he had missed him in the arena. But the murderous lust of angry manhood was boiling in Trecothick's veins. None but he, he was resolved, should shed the blood of the mad beast, who would so willingly have shed his. Armed with the sword, he placed himself full in the bull's path, and shouted wildly:

"Come on, you devil! Come on, if you dare!"

Perhaps the bull had studied English. More probably he understood the universal language of menace and taunt; for, replying with a hoarse bellow of rage, he lowered his head, and made his rush. Then it was a sight worth seeing, to watch the man's muscles gather and tighten themselves from the rigid face, so set and stern, and the hands, clenched and white upon the sword-hilt, down to the feet, that seemed ready to spring from the earth like Mercury. On came the bull. Like a rock in his path stood Trecothick. A moment more, and the creature's hot breath, and bloody foam, was in his face. Then, quick as lightning, he leaped aside with a steel-like bound, struck the sword strongly, deeply, into the shaggy neck, just where spine and skull meet, just where the life lies most open to assault. The great beast stopped, suddenly, quivered once through all his great carcass, and then fell forward, first upon his knees, then upon his side, with the dark blood rushing from his mouth, and the red, angry light fading from the rolling, glazing eyes.

A great shout went up, from all those hundreds of spectators, at this sight; a shout of homage to courage greater than their own; a shout of triumph in the new conquest of man over brute; a shout of pent-up excitement and suspense; and floating, as it were, upon that diapason of male voices, rose one clear soprano, a woman's, joyfully crying:

"Mark! My Mark!"

CHAPTER XV.

THE MYSTERY OF DOLÓRES.

To Miss Waterston, sitting alone, and brooding moodily over the report, with which Havana rung, of the courage and strength of the American, entered a servant, with a card upon his salver, and fire in his eyes.

"Señora! It is the American matador!"

"What?" And Miss Waterston, picking up the card, read incredulously,

MARK TRECOTHICK.

Under the name, written in pencil, were these words: "Begs to see Miss Waterston, on important business."

"Show the gentleman up, Pépé," said she, presently, and wondered, as she heard it, if that voice were indeed her own.

As the man left the room, she ran to the door of the bedroom, where her mother sat, nursing a touch of neuralgia, and hurriedly whispered:

"Mamma! Mark Trecothick has called to see me on business. Please leave me alone with him."

"But, my dear—"

The door softly closed, and Hilda turned to welcome her guest. He looked pale and excited, and without waiting for the usual form of greeting, took her hand, and said:

"Hilda, I need a friend, a woman-friend, and in spite of all that has come and gone, I think I may find her in you. Am I mistaken?"

"A friend! I am your enemy, Mark Trecothick!"

"You have been so. But a noble and proud enemy may become an honorable friend, and more reliable than the poor, lukewarm acquaintances, who pass for friends, until the test comes. Hilda, let the dead past bury its dead, and be my friend."

"Why should I?"

"Because I need you; because I ask you; because, to be so will be noble and magnanimous, and worthy of Hilda Waterston; because, in doing so, you lay me under obligation, and become my benefactor; because you thus place yourself upon a pedestal, whence you stoop to me; because, from this day till the day of our deaths, through all chances and changes, Mark Trecothick will ever prove himself the true and loyal friend of you and yours, be they whom they may."

"You mean Violéto de Pampalona."

"Him, or any other, whom you love and may marry."

She stood, and looked in his eyes, and he in hers, for many moments, while slowly, slowly the proud, grand womanhood in her rose above the narrow jealousy, and hate, and bitterness, that had overlaid it.

At last, she laid her hands in his, and still reading his eyes, she said:

"I have been your enemy; I have hated you; but never mind! We will no more speak of those things. We were both wrong, perhaps. Let the dead past bury its dead, as you say. From this hour, I will be to you, as true and loyal a friend as my brother might have been."

"I expected no less of your noble nature, Hilda, and the compact is a solemn and sacred one."

He would have kissed the hand he held, but she quietly withdrew it, saying:

"Now, what do you need of your friend? Is it about Dolóres?"

"Yes. How quick you women are! You

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heard of the accident, in the bull-ring, this afternoon?"

"Yes."

"Well, she was there, and saw and recognized me. I heard her cry out my name, and saw her, for one moment, leaning from her box; then Valdez seized her; and before I could get round to the box, it was empty. As I turned away, I saw the negro coming up the stairs, and before he could escape, I had him; and partly by threats, partly by a tremendous bribe, got his master's address out of him. Beyond that, he would not go, and I left him, half-scared to death; for a fellow-servant, coming up to look for him, saw the gold pass from my hand to his, and may betray him to their master. But I have the address, and, this very night, I shall make an attempt to carry off my bride, in the old, romantic style; for no ordinary methods avail against that old man's craft and resolution. Now, what I want is this: it is not probable that I can find a priest, who would marry a Roman Catholic woman to a Protestant, especially without preparation, or the consent of her friends. I shall have to carry Dolóres away from here, and marry her elsewhere; and how can that be, without some female friend to take the poor child under her protection? Besides, there will be a search, and she must be disguised and hidden, or she never can get off the island. Now, my plan is this: I will bring her to you, as soon as she is free from her prison; and you will say to your mother, and to everybody else, that you have a new lady's-maid."

She hesitated a moment, then said,

"Well. Go, and find your Dolóres, and bring her to me. All shall be as you wish."

"You are a noble creature, and Pampalona must try to grow to his good fortune."

"Good-bye. I will give orders to Pépé, the groom of the chambers, to have a room ready for my maid, and if you arrive during the night, he will show you where to lodge her."

"Thanks. I leave all that to you. Good-bye."

From the Hotel Pasaye, Trecothick rushed to the abode of a priest, his only familiar acquaintance in Havana, one whom he had met, years before, upon the Continent, and with whom he had sustained a regular correspondence ever since. His first visit in the city was, naturally, to this friend, and, as naturally, he had, at once, confided to him his motive for visiting Cuba, and had besought his aid. Padre Garcia, being a secular priest, and under no superior, but his bishop, promised, and gave this aid, engaging himself to discover, through channels of his own, all that was to be known of the family Valdez, as described by Mark.

The padre was at home.

"I have it all, my son," he began, shortening the amenities usual in opening a Spanish interview, upon any subject. "He, whom you call Valdez, is the Marquis of Blanco, identified with some of the earlier insurrectionary movements. A price was set upon his head, and his estates confiscated; but he escaped from the country, and fled to St. Thomas, where he communicated with the government here, offering to sell the plans of his late comrades, and betray their principal leaders, if his own pardon, and restoration of his property, could be assured. Juanez came to these terms, and some hundreds of brave men paid, with their lives, for the folly of having trusted to a traitor, and a coward. Some hot-heads among the patriots swore to have his life, and once more he fled the country, this time carrying with him his ward, and cousin, Dolóres de Montalto, a child of twelve years old, whose father, a weak old man, had left her, and her estates, in the hands of his cousin, de Blanco, after having signed a strange will, composed no doubt by the latter, by which he provided that Dolóres should, on or before her twentieth birthday, either marry Señor de Blanco, or enter the convent of Santa Clara, in which latter case, a moderate dowry went to the convent, and the rest of the property to the Marquis de Blanco. Should she decide neither to become his wife, nor to enter the convent, as a novice, she was compelled to make that, or some other religious house, her permanent abode, the cost of her maintenance, as a parlor boarder, being defrayed from the estate, which was still to remain in the hands of her guardian, the fee reverting to him, or his heirs, at her death. If, however, Señor de Blanco should die, or refuse to accept the bride thus bestowed upon him, Dolóres was left free to marry whom she would, or to remain single, provided she placed herself under the protection of a religious community, up to her fortieth birthday. So far, the will, carefully drawn up under supervision of Señor de Blanco himself, was framed to suit his own wishes and advantage; but when the dying man, in presence of his cousin and two witnesses, had formally executed this document, he insisted upon retaining it in his own possession until his decease. Hardly had the breath left his body, when the marquis himself withdrew the folded parchment from beneath the dead man's pillow, and committed it, at once, to the care of a notary, who, opening it in due course, discovered that to the original will was appended a codicil, in the tremulous handwriting of Señor de Montalto, to the effect, that, although fully confiding in the kindness

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and wisdom of his cousin, de Blanco, he could have no compulsion used with his only and darling child, and if, knowing his earnest desire for her to marry his cousin, she decided not to do so, she should be free, on her twentieth birthday, to marry anyone else she conscientiously preferred, if this latter was a man approved by her father confessor, and two old friends of the family, named in the will as legatees.

"In hearing this codicil read, Señor de Blanco felt like the man, who, having carefully reared a house upon the sand, sees it suddenly crumble down, in a mass of ruin, by the washing away of the foundation. But the notary had read it aloud, there were plenty of auditors, the signature of the testator, and those of the witnesses, were not to be questioned, and both will and codicil were established, and acted upon, without question. One point, however, the marquis had toiled for, and effected. Dolóres had been kept in ignorance of every provision of her father's will, except his desire, announced to her as a command, that she should marry Señor de Blanco, and the forfeiture of her property, on her twentieth birthday, should she refuse."

All this, and more, Padre Garcia had ascertained, partly from common report, partly from his spiritual brother, Padre Anselmo, of the Jesuit College. The latter had been confessor of the deceased Montalto, and was confessor now of his daughter. He was, consequently, one of the arbiters, upon whom depended her ability to marry whom she would, in case she decided against her cousin, de Blanco, for whom she had, as we have seen, imbibed a bitter hatred. Padre Anselmo was a most amiable and conscientious priest, and had watched, with much uneasiness, the course pursued by Señor de Blanco toward his ward. He did not conceal from his confrére that he stood quite ready, at any fitting time, to inform his spirtiual daughter of her rights, and of the provisions of her father's will, if he should see her in a position to marry a man, of whom he, and the two friends of her deceased father, could cordially approve. Such a man, Padre Garcia assured him, was to be found in the young American, whom the worthy priest described as an intimate friend of many years standing. He now assured Mark, with a twinkle of his merry, black eyes, that he might depend upon Mother Church, privately, to sustain and assist him in any honorable and discreet project he might undertake, for gaining her daughter as a bride.

"But no bloodshed, no scandal, no open appeal to the Church, my son," insisted the priest, in conclusion. "And, perhaps, should you succeed in your enterprise, gratitude, and your young wife's example, may bring you home, an accepted prodigal, to the one true fold."

"Perhaps," laughed the young man. "At any rate, Mother Church shall have no cause to complain of my forgetfulness, or ingratitude."

CHAPTER XVI.

YOUR LIFE OR MINE.

Master and slave stood face to face, and around them like black bats, hovered, unseen, the demons of cruelty, murder, hatred, revenge. The spy who saw the gold pass from Trecothick's hand to that of Brom, had hastened to curry favor with his master, by giving information; and not all the lies and subterfuges that the slave glibly offered, shook for one moment, the master's conviction that he had been betrayed. To what extent, he knew not, and therefore imagined far more than the truth. Hence his vindictive determination, to visit upon the head of his slave, not only his own treason, but the scorn and hate Dolóres heaped upon himself, whenever he approached her, and her unconcealed joy and pride in Trecothick's prowess in the bull-ring.

"Sure as you're alive, master, I was only telling the man that you lived in Calle Obispo—telling him the awfulest lies ever you see, master," pleaded Brom, his teeth chattering in terror, as de Blanco fixed his gloomy eyes upon him, and sneered a devilish smile.

"Unless you lied better than you're lying now, the man was a fool to pay you for it," said he, slowly. "Never mind; I shall find out before long what you have been about. There is a detector, out at the ingenio, that cuts the truth out of a black heart better than a knife. We shall see, to-morrow night, my friend. Now, go and get everything ready to start, at four o'clock tomorrow morning, for La Caridad. You're watched, remember, and if you attempt an escape, I'll have you roasted alive. You can't cheat me, you dog, remember that."

Brom made no reply. He could not, for sheer terror rendered him speechless. He knew his master; he knew how disappointment or loss worked like poison in his blood, and never disappeared without somebody being harmed. He knew that the mood was upon him now, and that the fiend possessing him would not depart without a sacrifice. He had himself been the servile tool of many a murderous vengeance, far more undeserving than that impending over himself. He felt absolutely certain that, once upon the plantation, and safe from the eye of the law or public opinion, Valdez would find relief and delight in torturing, perhaps murdering him out-

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right; and he felt that the moment he had long foreseen, and prepared for, had arrived, the hour had come to strike the blow at his master's life, by which alone his could be saved. That very morning he had perfected the plan, agreeing upon a signal, which once given was a sure sentence of death, against the man who now so mockingly promised him the cruelest of deaths. And yet the slave hesitated. Something of brute loyalty and devotion struggled with the lower brute of his nature, and he might even yet, like a dog, have mutely gone to his death, at his master's decree, without an effort at resistance, had not the devil put it into that master's heart to seal his own doom.

"Get up, you vermin!" said Valdez, spurning with his foot the quivering creature prostrate before him. "Get up, and go down to Juan Merello's. Order the things I told you of, and then choose the biggest, toughest, hardest cowhide-whip in his stock; they may not have a new one at the ingenio, and we'll leave nothing to chance. Take Pedro with you, and send him here first for orders. I shall tell him to chain your wrist to his, and if you try to bolt, to call a guarda civilé to shoot you. It is a happy thought to make you choose the whip."

Without one word, Brom rose to his feet. Without one word or look, he left the room, and went to obey his master; and in that moment of silence, the master's doom was sealed.

Chained to his fellow-servant, Brom went forth upon his errand, and as he left the house, he raised his haggard eyes, and looked about him. A negro, with a game-cock under his arm, crossed the street, and nodding familiarly, said:

"I brought that chicken we were talking about, this morning, to see if you'd take me to the man that you thought would buy him. When can you go?"

"I can't go at all. My master is going to his ingenio, and I've got to start with him, at four o'clock, to-morrow morning," replied Brom, without turning his head.

"Aha?" returned the man with the game-cock, carelessly, as he walked along behind, and noticed the chained wrist, and Pedro's thick stick, and watchful mein. "Then I'll go alone, if you tell me the place where I'll find him."

"On the Matanzas road, a little beyond where the road to Casa Blanca crosses—"

"Can't have you chattering dis way, Brom," here interposed Pedro, not sorry to show his authority over his late superior. "Go 'long wid you, Sambo, and sell you' chicken for you'so'f. Dis nigger's got 'nough to do wid his own bus'ness."

"All right, gub'nor," replied the stranger, easily, and sauntered off, exchanging, as he passed in front of Brom, one quick, strong glance with him, that said, mutely, he comprehended all, and would faithfully and swiftly report to those who had sent him.

"Dis way, Brom," ordered Pedro, next. "'Fore we go to Merello's, I's got to stop at Belen, and send young mist'esses priest over to de casa. She tole mas'r, w'en I was in de room, she would go 'way, nohow, 'less she saw dat priest, and 'fessed her sins."

"Mist's Dolóres very pious, always," replied Brom, while a thrill of joy shot through his heart, for he doubted not that Dolóres, too, was contriving some escape, or some rebellion; and should his own plan fail, hers might avail for both. At any rate, it was a danger the more, menacing the man upon whose destruction his own safety now depended.

Once out of sight, the man with the game-cock exchanged his leisurely saunter for a rapid pace, nor halted until he entered a small, half-ruined, little house on the Cerro road, and presented himself in an upper room, where two or three men sat smoking and talking, evidently waiting.

"Well, Maco!" demanded one, eagerly. "Did you see him?"

"I saw him, master, and he's in trouble," replied the negro, carefully replacing the game-cock in his cage. "He was chained to another nigger, and he looked scared most to death; but he told me that they will start, to-morrow morning at four o'clock, for the ingenio, and that the place to meet them is the point where the Casa Blanca road crosses the Matanzas road."

"All right. You'll have a donkey ready, and start with them from the house, keeping out of sight, of course, and follow to that spot. You'll find us there. Come, brothers."

Ten minutes later, the three men, excellently mounted, were riding out of Havana, carelessly staring in the faces of the guardos civilés, who, had they known the names of the travelers, would have shot them down, could they not have secured them alive; for these were three leaders of that great unseen power, which for years has agitated Cuba, as earthquakes agitate the cities built above them; the party of the patriots, the insurrectionists, the true men, or the rebels, as you choose to look upon and name them.

An hour later, Padre Anselmo left the house of Señor de Blanco, and took the path to the Hotel Pasaye, where he had a long interview with our friend, Mark Trecothick, who, so soon as the priest had left him, went to seek Hilda Waterston. He found her dressed in black, pal-

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lid and tearful. Violéto Pampalona was already dead of virulent yellow fever, and Hilda remained his quasi widow, and his heiress. The shock was severe; but, perhaps, the grief was not the most poignant which that proud heart had ever known. At any rate, she talked to her friend of all his hopes, and fears, and schemes, with keen interest, and showed an affectionate anxiety to forward them; and this she could the better do, as Pampalona's death induced her to wish to leave Cuba, so soon as the necessary formalities could be accomplished. The information as to the nature of Señor de Montalto's will, had, however, modified Trecothick's plans. He was willing, now, to wait for Dolóres' approaching twentieth birthday, that she might openly, and legally, declare her refusal to marry the Marquis de Blanco, and her choice, with the approval of her three friends, of Mark Trecothick as her husband. But the young man was not willing to risk the guardianship of his future bride in the hands of a villain such as de Blanco another day, and especially he objected to her being removed to the distant and lonely plantation of La Caridad.

His present plan, therefore, was to abstract her from de Blanco's charge, and placing her in that of the Waterston's, cause her to disappear from everybody's knowledge, until the time for the legal decision should arrive. Hilda heard, assented, approved, and turned paler and paler, until, at last, she rose abruptly, saying:

"Now go away, Mark. All shall be as you wish, but I can bear no more, at present."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MEETING OF THE ROADS.

Dawn is a pretty sight anywhere, but nowhere is it so lovely as in the tropics. Never came it more fairly; never did the blue of heaven glow more rosily, or the distant ocean heave its violet panoply more wooingly; never did the heavy perfume of magnolia, and cereus, and tuberose swell up more intoxicatingly, or the supple palm-tree wave more enticingly, than now, when the little procession of the family Valdez moved through the fading dusk, along the lonely Matanzas road, and approached its junction with the smaller and lonelier path, leading to Casa Blanca.

Could Señor Valdez have looked through the steep hill, and the wild growth of jungle, covering it from its crest to the Casa Blanca road, that curled around its base, he would have seen a body of well-armed, and well-masked men, who lay sheltered snugly within the palmetto thicket, while a negro, couching among the bushes on the shoulder of the hill, watched the road from Havana, and as the little cavalcade appeared in sight, crept swiftly back to give warning to the masked men, that their prey was at hand.

But greatly as Señor Valdez would have been astonished at this sight, perhaps the maskers themselves would have been even more astonished, could they have seen another little troop of men, also well-mounted, also well-armed, and also well-masked, who were leisurely moving up the other branch of the Casa Blanca road, so as to reach its junction with the Matanzas road, at the opposite side from themselves. All three, however, remained serenely unconscious of the triple combination, and all three slowly and surely approached each other.

The cavalcade Valdez reached the meeting of the roads; the nose of Señor Valdez's horse overlapped the Casa Blanca road. The leader of the troop, at this, loosed his fretting horse, and shouted:

"Advance, comrades! Death to the traitor!"

At the same moment, he shot out from his covert, like a thunder-bolt, and seizing Valdez's horse by the bridle, threw him upon his haunches, crying:

"Tomaso de Blanco, remember Juan de Castiglione, who was garroted through your treason. I come to avenge him! Die!"

Another voice thundered: "And remember Cherubino de Montéro. I am his brother. Die!"

And still another, "And Paulo de Moro y Monaldo. Die!"

Three pistol shots punctuated the three sentences of death, and Tomaso de Blanco, throwing his arms wildly into the air, and gasping a blasphemy with his last breath, fell dead from his horse.

The little troop behind him rent the air with shrieks and exclamations, but the leader of the patriots held up a hand for silence, shouting:

"Be quiet! Have no fear, for there is no danger. Those of you men, who wish to join us, are free to do so. We have no slaves—you shall be our comrades. As for yon fair lady—"

"The lady needs no assurance of safety, señor," interposed a stern voice, in strangely accented Anglo-Spanish. "I am here to take charge of her."

The leader turned, and found a handsome, florid face close beside his own. He knew it, for he had been at the Plaza de Toros, the day before; and men who carry their lives in their hands, learn to know faces; men, too, who face danger daily, respect and reverence bravery. He bowed, respectfully, and rode closer to the volante.

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"Señora, the king of the matadors is here, with your approval? Is it so?"

"It is so, señor," replied Dolóres, gravely.

"That is well. This man, whom we killed, deserved his fate. He was our trusted comrade, and he betrayed, and sold us. The blood of some of our bravest, and best beloved, was shed upon the field, and in the prison yard, through his treason; was it not just that his life should atone?"

"It was just, señor!" said the girl, her scornful, dark eyes glaring at the body of the traitor.

"Then all is said. Good-bye, señor. Good-bye, emperor of matadors."

And down the dim road, into the shadow, that still lay around the foot of the hills, rode the little troop of avengers, each man feeling that he had done, that day, a most righteous work.

Do you care to hear all the rest? It would be so tame, to tell just how they rode back into Havana; and how Mrs. Waterston was delighted with the romance, and took Dolóres to her heart at once; and how the Captain-General, and his august family, made much of the child; and how His Excellency smoothed the way for her to assume possession of her father's estate; and, finally, how there was a grand wedding at the church of Belen, with Padre Anselmo officiating, and everybody, who could crowd into the pretty church, as spectators.

Fancy it all, dear reader, and love my little Dolóres a little, in spite of her Spanish faults, and want of un-Spanish training; but after loving her a little, give something more than love to Hilda Waterston, who still, in the earliest prime of her beauty and her grace, feels the heart within her broken, and crippled, and crushed; not dead, for the dead are at rest; but full of stinging pain, as it recalls its own woeful sin and weakness; full of humiliation, as it feels that its best love has been poured forth, spilled, and wasted, like water upon sand; full of sorrow that must never find utterance, for it could never find sympathy.

Well, joy cometh in the morning, and broken hearts have healed before now into hearts as good as new, and if one loves but once in a lifetime, there are admirable substitutes for love, likely to wear even longer, and more brightly, than the real article. Let us hope all things for Hilda, for she is framed for a noble woman, physically, mentally, and spiritually.

[THE END.]

HEARING.

BY ABBY M. BOND.

I LOOK, sometimes, into the sky, at night;
Orchestral companies of stars appear.
I listen, but I cannot catch their strain,
"The music of the spheres" I cannot hear.

I turn away, dissatisfied, and think
The thoughts of God are high, past finding out.
Though heavens declare His glory, can I hear
The morning stars' grand hallelujah shout?

But sometimes, in an unexpected hour,
A bird note thrills the air, and wakes my soul,
Or holy childhood's laughter charms my ear,
Great symphonies the ocean billows roll;

Or pattering rain-drops thrum accompaniment
To some glad song my own heart sings, the while.
And all the voices of the earth and air,
Make sweet, melodious mention of God's smile.

And this great harmony, whose random notes,
My soul, from all unsought-for sources, hears,
I feel to be eternal, and perhaps
'Tis thus, I hear "the music of the spheres."

MY MOTHER'S HAIR.

BY HELEN A. RAINS.

WHY praise those locks, whose sunny glow
Seems borrowed from the sky,
Which frame a face,
Of 'witching grace,
Where youth and beauty lie?

Or talk of curls of midnight hue,
The auburn and the brown,
Which wreathe a brow,
Whose pearly glow,
No shade of care hath known.

Behold! my mother's form I see
Within that "old arm-chair,"
Whose locks of gray,
Are smoothed away,
Above a brow of care.

Those "silver locks" that once were gold,
Are fairer to my sight,
Than brown or jet,
Wherein are met,
A thousand waves of light.

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MR. POTT'S TELEGRAM.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Mr. and Mrs. Pott had always been an affectionate, happy couple, with one child, who possessed her handsome father's smile, and her pretty mother's lovely eyes, and was altogether a bewitching little creature.

Mr. and Mrs. Pott had always been a very happy pair. I do not pretend to assert that no clouds ever rose upon their horizon; but the clouds were never heavy enough completely to shut out the sun; and when they passed, the sky looked all the brighter from the contrast. Of course, at intervals, there had been little differences, little quarrels even, but only just fierce enough to give a zest to the kissing and making up which had speedily followed.

But it was so long since even such trifling shadows had arisen, that the pair scarcely remembered them, except now and then, by way of a jest, or as a warning to some adventurous couple just setting up in partnership. Everything had conspired to make their road an easy one to travel. Mr. Pott had succeeded wonderfully in his profession. Mrs. Pott's little dowry had consisted of lands, somewhere in California, which had risen in value; so that between her share and his earnings they were, if not rich, very comfortably off. Little Mamie grew prettier every day, and was goodness itself.

Yes, people considered Gershom Pott and his wife an enviable couple. What was more, they considered themselves so. He was thirty now, and she some four years younger, and still quite girlish in looks. Her name was Clementina, and privileged friends used to call her Tiney Pott, which was slightly impertinent, but very natural.

They had had two years, or almost two years, without a break in this sunshine. Mrs. Pott could have recalled her last episode of suffering, if she had chosen; but when the pair reviewed their little stormy passages, that particular one was never dwelt upon. Clementina had been jealous of a fascinating widow, who had loomed for a season upon their horizon, and who had professed great affection for her former schoolmate, and was so happy to meet her again! That was perfectly reasonable, and Tiney shared her old comrade's enthusiasm. But when bewitching Mrs. Johnson seemed inclined, at times, to act as if it had been Tiney's husband, and not Tiney, who had been her school-friend, the face of matters changed.

But Mr. Pott always declared that he had not been, for an instant, dazzled by this wandering meteor; and Clementina satisfied herself that, at least, Gershom's eyes were opened to the designing creature's real character, and Mrs. Johnson's departure from the city, where the pair lived, ended the matter completely.

A very happy couple—no more clouds ever *could* arise!

It was early in the spring of 1876, when Mrs. Pott's uncle came on from Texas, to visit his niece and her husband. He was a rich bachelor, and was charming besides, so he was received with the enthusiasm due a relative of that sort. He fell ill of rheumatic fever, and Clementina nursed him. Soon after he was attacked, important business called Mr. Pott to Indiana—to the very town where an ancient aunt of his resided.

It was decided that little Mamie should accompany her father. It would be pleasant for him, and convenient to Mrs. Pott, who was so constantly occupied with her uncle. Into the bargain, the old aunt had, for a long time, been begging that the child might make her a visit. As she was rich, and Gershom was her nearest living relation, it appeared to the parents that it would be unkind to thwart her; the poor sufferer must die soon, and they should always reproach themselves then, for not letting her see her great niece; and—and—she never had made her will, and heads of charitable societies were always fawning upon her, and indeed it would be positively sinful to stand in the dear little girl's light.

So it was settled. Mr. Pott, and Mamie, and Mamie's nurse went to Indiana, and Clementina remained at home, to guard the household gods, and nurse her uncle back to convalescence.

Three weeks was the time set for their absence. But when six had passed, they had not yet returned. Clementina had received numerous letters, saying that everything was going well; that Mamie was a wonderful favorite with her aunt; that Mr. Pott's business was succeeding beyond his wildest hopes. However much she might miss her treasure, there had been no occasion for Tiney to feel anxious. No, not even when Gershom, in one epistle, incidentally mentioned that the ma-

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rauding widow, Elvira Johnson, was residing in the town where his aunt lived.

Clementina actually smiled to recal her own past folly. She wondered how she could ever have been idiot enough to let that vapid creature disturb her peace for an instant! In the plenitude of her magnanimity, she wrote Gershom that she hoped he would now and then call upon the lady, else she (Elvira,) who had always been, and always would be, a goose, might think that she (Clementina,) had forbidden such visits, and so exult.

Meanwhile, Mr. Groves, the uncle, had got better. He and Clementina went to stop in the establishment of a physician, who had some wonderful process for curing rheumatism. They were there ten days. Then Mr. Groves found himself so well, that, as he had business which required attention, they went back to town—that is, Clementina went directly back, but Mr. Groves stopped at the house of a friend, a few miles from the city, proposing to continue his journey, next day, under the charge of his man-servant.

Clementina was surprised not to find a letter awaiting her. Still she felt no anxiety. In truth, a determination, which she had formed, prevented her dwelling upon thoughts which might have roused any fears in her mind. She had decided to join her wanderers, spend a week at M——; and then return with them. She had communicated her intention to her uncle, and he had approved. "You see it will give Gershom such a pleasant surprise," said Clementina, smiling at the picture, which rose, on the instant, in her vivid imagination.

"And the change will do you good. You must be quite worn out, with all your care of me," responded her uncle, with an appreciation which rich relations do not always display.

"Not in the least!" cried Clementina. "But it will be such a pleasant surprise to Gershom!"

That was all she could think of; the idea roused so many delightful fancies in her mind, that she kissed her uncle; but it was rather a kind of kissing Gershom by proxy, than a salute really intended for Mr. Groves. He happened to turn his head, without noticing her intention, and received the kiss on the tip of his nose, whereat Clementina laughed heartily.

"You will be as comfortable as if I were at home," she added. "The servants are all so good, and I'll only be away a week."

"Of course—of course," he said, and so the matter was settled; this conversation taking place during their homeward journey.

So, all that afternoon, after she reached the sanctuary of her happiness, Clementina was very busy with her preparations for departure. Uncle John would be in town, the next morning; so she would start at night, after seeing him again established in the pretty quarters she had assigned to him.

She had never prepared for a journey with such delightful anticipations. Even the tiresome business of packing became a positive pleasure, for there were several new gowns, and accompaniments, to put in, which had come home during her absence; and they fitted, oh, so beautifully! One dress was a lovely blue—Gershom doated on blue! She laughed outright, as she remembered how, once, that ridiculous Elvira had appeared in a blue gown, after hearing Pott say it was his favorite tint, and the creature looked like some sort of hideous fungus; for the blue in it took all the color out of her eyes, and made her complexion a sickly green!

So excitedly happy was Clementina, that she had even a satisfaction in recalling those days, when she had been jealous. She wondered how it could have been that, for a long time, even after her recovery, the memory made so sore a spot in her heart, that she had to shut her eyes to the episode! Oh, she was worlds—lives—past the impossibility of such nonsense now! She was going to her dear Gershom—her noble, perfect Gershom! Why, much as she had always loved him, she had never really appreciated him as she ought! Sometimes she had set up her opinion against his—she never would again—she would tell him so—tell him that he was a king among men, and she only worthy to sit at his feet, and worship!

These were very pretty things to think. But the woman who carried them into execution, would be a fool. I doubt if Clementina would really have done it; for she was a shrewd little body enough, and knew that men ought to be kept in order. Still, it was pleasant to fancy she meant to do so; and I like her the better, for being able to believe that she would.

She sang over her packing. She sang over everything she did. She danced up and down stairs, in a fashion so undignified, that it was well the servants did not happen to spy her. She really could not be happy enough. Her very impatience to be gone; her feeling that the next day would never come; her looking a dozen times at the clock, and scolding the hands for moving so slowly, all this added to her ecstacy.

She was a devoted mother, and what is less common, a sensible one; but just now, she could not think so much even of darling little Mamie, as she would have expected. Gershom was all

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in all for the time—the lover of her girlhood—the husband of her youth—the idol of all coming years—the—

Then she was interrupted by the entrance of Bridget. Her tea was waiting. Being alone, she had dined early in the day, or made a pretence of doing so.

She had finished her packing. She was ready to go down stairs, and rest, and dream of Gershom. She told herself this, as if she had not been doing it all the afternoon, but meant to begin, by the way of a little relaxation, which she could indulge in, now her work was done. She stood before the glass, and smoothed her hair, changed her collar, and "put herself to rights," though it was unnecessary; for she was one of those tidy, little, small bodies, who never looked mussed or tumbled. She gazed quite severely in the mirror, to see if she had grown thin, or worn. Would Gershom find her pretty still? Would—

Oh, what a goose she was! She broke off, in her meditations, to laugh at her own nonsense. She would tell Gershom just how insanely she had behaved; yes, she would; and he might laugh, too, perhaps; but all the same, his eyes would be moist, and he would hold her close to his heart, in his great, strong arms, and whisper—ah, would to-morrow never come, so that she might be on her road, towards the realization of her bliss?

She went down into a cozy little apartment, off the drawing-rooms, and found it looking as bright as possible. The tea-tray was on the table; the urn was panting and bubbling, like a diminutive, fat alderman; there were some of cook's delicious, water muffins; the particular sort of sweet cake and preserves for which she had a weakness; and now, Bridget appeared with a mutton-chop, hot and hot, between two plates.

"For sure ye ate no dinner, ma'am, and cook says howiver will ye stand a long journey, if ye kape letting yer insides get emptier and emptier?"

And then Clementina laughed at Bridget, and promised to eat the chop, though she was far above the need of earthly food, just then. She seated herself at the table, and prepared to begin. But just as she did so, the outer bell rang a furious peal.

"The postman," said Mrs. Pott.

"It's too late for him, ma'am," said Bridget, and hurried away to answer the importunate summons.

In a moment or two she returned, bearing a yellow envelope in her hand.

"Sure it's one of the telegraphies," she said; "and faix, ma'am, it's my belief Misther Potts'll have come to tell you, that he'll be here to-morrow, so that ye can't surprise him with your journey."

She laid the despatch on the table, and ran off to settle with the bearer thereof. Clementina's first feeling was one of intense disappointment. She had been so high up in the clouds, that it was hard, very hard, to have any change made in the details of her beautiful vision!

Of course, the telegram was from Gershom. Of course, it was to announce his arrival. Equally of course, she should be delighted, more than happy, to welcome him, and darling little Mamie. Still, she had set her heart on giving him a surprise, and human nature will always rebel, when it is disappointed, more especially in just such a case as this.

Gershom was the best and dearest of men. But he had his foibles. Only a man would upset arrangements, in this fashion? It was bliss to know he was coming, he and Mamie, (somehow, she had unconsciously accepted Bridget's version, as entirely as if Bridget had read the telegram aloud,) but yet—but yet— She had arranged such a beautiful surprise, and now it was all thrown away! He was coming, and she should welcome him with joy; but in a way it would be joy prepared in advance, cut and dried to order; while, if left to herself, she would have managed so differently, so much better.

All these thoughts, half-formed only, flitted through her mind, in a flash; a sort of guilty consciousness, that she ought to be ashamed to indulge them, making an undercurrent to their rush. Then she had stretched out her hand, taken up the envelope, and was opening it. As she did so, disappointment, and vaguely admitted remorse, and every other sensation, faded under the certainty that she was about to read the announcement, that her darlings were on the road home! Gershom would have telegraphed, the last thing, before entering the train. Why, they might be home, to-morrow—the next day, at furthest.

She tore open the envelope, read the heavily impressed capitals, re-read, dropped the page, put her hands to her head, seized the sheet anew, and read once more.

She was not asleep. She was not crazy. She held the telegram. She was reading. It was all real—all real!

And this was the despatch:

"DEAR TINEY—

Have got divorce all right. To-morrow, I marry Mrs. J. I send Mamie back to you, keeping her three, new, white dresses, because they just fit Mrs. J's little girl. G. POTT.

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She had read it—it was true—and she was dying! If Clementina could be said to think, that was what she thought.

But I told you that she was a sensible little woman. She did not faint. She did not cry out, and bring in the servants. When the room steadied itself again, and the first dulled sensation (as if she had suddenly received a blow on the back of her head,) wore off, she could use her reason.

She read the telegram again. Then she said to herself, it was a hoax, of course. How idiotic of her, not to have known that, at once! Some cruel, practical joker had made a bet, to play her husband and her a trick. Perhaps Gershom had boasted that nothing would make his wife think ill of him. Perhaps—but no matter!

She must have the thing set right. What could she do? She would not telegraph to Gershom, for what could she say? The thing was a lie. Still she could not sleep till it was cleared up. How—the way? Oh, wait! Only that morning, uncle Groves had asked her to write a letter for him, to a friend in M——! She remembered the name, the address—it was to Henry Upson, he was a judge of the State Court. That man would know!

It was a lie—a hoax—but she must clear it up! She seized pen and paper, and wrote:

"HENRY UPSON:—

Did man named Pott get divorce in your courts, within a week? Keep secret. Reply at once. Vitally important to know, without delay."

She signed her uncle's name, and put the address of her house; then called Bridget to get a hack, and was soon driving away to the central telegraph office. She was inside, giving her despatch; preparing the answer; hearing the man say she should have the response that evening, if it arrived before midnight.

She was at home again. She had ordered the servants to bed. She was alone, waiting—waiting! She forced herself to be calm. She held a book before her eyes, sometimes, and insisted on reading. She even read aloud, to be certain that she was fixing her mind on the page, and actually heard her voice, in the middle of a paragraph, saying:

"It is a hoax—a hoax—but I must know—I shall die, if I don't. Know soon—no, I shall go mad!"

Then she flung the book down, frightened by her own voice. She paced up and down. She fell on her knees, and prayed! More and more plainly, as the hours went on, Elvira Johnson's image rose before her; the woman's fascinations; the certainty that, for a season, Gershom had yielded thereto; for a long while she had denied the fact to her soul; but it was true, all the same?

Oh, she wronged him! She dared to think ill of him—her love—her husband. And all on the strength of that silly telegram, which she knew was a hoax!

Hark, the clock was striking twelve! No despatch till morning, now. She must wait. She—

A ring at the bell interrupted her thought. She rushed into the hall, where Bridget, by her orders, had left the gas burning.

She hurried on to the street door, unlocked it, flung it open.

"Telegram, ma'am—please to sign this," cried a creature, wrapped from head to foot, in an oil-skin coat, that gave him a sort of resemblance to a monster fish, standing on his tail.

As he spoke, he held out a long, narrow book.

Clementina took a pencil, attached to her watch chain, and signed her name where he bade her.

"Night, ma'am," said the man, and shut the door.

"She was back in her little boudoir. There was no necessity for further misery or doubt. She held in her hands the refutation of that first wicked, absurd despatch!

She opened the envelope, and read:

"Pott got divorce yesterday. Married Widow Johnson, to-day. UPSON."

A long, low groan sounded through the stillness of the room; a groan so full of agony, that had there been any human creature near, to listen, it must have sounded sharper than a shriek, in his ear. Then Clementina fainted away. From that time, until the day broke, she went from one insensible fit to another, with terrible hysterical spasms filling up the intervals of consciousness.

A weaker woman would have rung for assistance, have roused the servants. Not Tiney. She believed that she should die, but she meant to die alone! They might find her dead, and when the truth became patent, declare that the trouble killed her. But at least no human being should know what she had suffered in dying.

At last the idea of death brought back the recollection of her child. She had positively forgotten the poor little creature! No, she had no right to die. If she could live, it was her duty to do so, for her daughter's sake, else the friendless innocent might fall into the hands of Elvira Johnson—no, Elvira Pott! Then, if that was *her* name, who was she—she, Clementina?

So all sorts of grotesquely absurd ideas mixed

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themselves up with her miseries, and took away even from the dignity which despair ought to possess! And a coal rolled out of the grate, and burned the rug; and she was nauseated by the smell of smoking wool, and had to take the tongs and pick up the coal; all the while wondering why she did not let it alone, let the house burn even, and end her anguish by consuming her in its flames.

So the night dragged by. When day was breaking, she got up to her chamber, and dropped down on the bed, and had to remember it had been *their* chamber—and now! Mamie's room was next. Clementina tottered out of her own and into that; fell head foremost on the little couch, and then lay quite still for several hours.

The morning came. The servants were up. She could hear the sounds of reviving life in the street, in the house—and she was alive, and must live! And the hours went on. Noon came. Her uncle returned. She found strength somewhere to get down stairs; walked into the room where he sat awaiting her, and put the first telegram in his hands; she offered no other greeting. He, frightened half out of his senses by her face, read the lines, understood quicker than many men would have done, and cried out:

"It's a hoax! Have you telegraphed? Wait—I'll telegraph to my friend, Upson. You remember—he lives in the town."

She thrust the second despatch into his hand. He read that, and sat dumb.

Having some one near, now, upon whom she could lean, Tiney gave way completely.

The afternoon which good Mr. Groves passed he was not likely ever to forget. Almost the worst of anything was to feel so helpless; yet what to do he could not tell. To add to all, Tiney would not have a doctor, nor let him call anybody, when the hysterical spasms seized her.

"If you do," she said, "I'll kill myself! I shall live it through, but nobody but you must know what I suffer!" Then regret would seize her; "It is selfish of me to make you suffer," would be her lament. And then, of course, he had to assure her that he was thankful to be with her, that, at least, she was not alone.

He had a dozen different plans in his head; but none of them came to anything. Indeed, the poor, mild, old bachelor, used to the quietest of lives, near whom a sensation had never before come, in the whole course of his recollection, was quite incapable of putting his chaotic thoughts into execution, even if Tiney would have permitted him. What use to telegraph to the aunt, or to anybody? Gershom was divorced, and married. He had a new wife. And her child—her child!

It was late in the afternoon, when a fresh agony assailed the wretched woman. If the child should not arrive. If Gershom had not sent her. If he did not mean to. If he had only despatched that telegram to keep her quiet, in case she heard of his nefarious conduct, so that he should have time to get away beyond reach, beyond finding, with her daughter. What if he gave the child over to Elvira Johnson—no, not Johnson any longer—to Elvira, his wife—his wife!

Bridget and the cook knew that something had happened; but they were ordered to keep in the basement. Luncheon was refused. Dinner was paid no attention to. What did it all mean, they wondered? The day went, and evening was coming on—and Mamie was not yet arrived!

"If she does not come to-night, you shall start in the morning, I am quite well enough," Mr. Groves said, over and over. He could say nothing else.

Half-past six came.

"She would have been here, by now," said Tiney. "I must wait—wait till to-morrow. Oh, uncle, I am killing you. What a weak wretch I am! You shall try and eat some dinner. I will go up stairs, and lie down. I promise to rest, if you will promise to eat something."

So he promised. But first, he went up stairs with her, covered her up on the bed, kissed her, and cried over her, and then went away.

Tiney fell asleep. She was awakened by a a noise in the hall; the sound of voices; at least, she thought she heard voices. But all day long her brain had been so astray, that, even now, she could not tell what might be real, what delusion!

A voice again—oh, God—Mamie's voice, crying:

"Mamma, mamma!"

Then a hushing of the voice; eager, low tones. It might all be fancy—she must know! Tiney sprang from her bed, rushed to the door, opened it, and—fell into her husband's arms.

When she came to herself, he was still holding her, while, on either side, crouched her uncle and Mamie, both crying quietly.

And now let us explain.

This was the telegram, which Mr. Pott had really written:

"Have got the dividends all right. Mention matter to Mr. J. I send Mamie's photo to you. Loses, from being taken in a plain, white dress. Done to please her and Mrs. J's little girl."

I forgot, in the beginning, to mention that Pott wrote a hand several degrees worse than Lord

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Byron's, or that of the late lamented Horace Greeley!

Some Pott, but not Tiney's, *had* got a divorce, and had, immediately after, married a Mrs. Johnson. The names were common enough not to render the coincidence surprising.

Gershom had kept his return a secret, and had sent the despatch just to prevent his wife's expecting him; because he wanted to give her an agreeable surprise—and he did, in spite of all that had happened.

At this present, Gershom and Tiney are a very happy pair. Mamie grows in grace. Old uncle Groves lives with them.

But though they are people who laugh a great deal, even over their own mistakes and shortcomings, you may be certain there is one memorable crisis which they never even think of, without feeling tears very near their eyes, and thanksgivings very close to their lips.

You do not believe the incident, I perceive—but it really happened. After all, telegrams are not infallible. Like the rest of us, they make mistakes, sometimes.

AT PARTING.

BY MARIE J. M'COLL.

BEFORE we said farewell, upon my hand
He pressed two kisses, tenderly and slow;
The first fell just below this golden band,
(His pledge of troth,) here, where the blue veins show.

The second kiss he folded in my palm,
Saying, the while, "My darling, ne'er forget
That thus I seal thee mine, in storm and calm,
Come weal, come woe, until life's sun be set.

"Oh, love of mine! I consecrate these hands
To noble deeds, to Christ-like ministry;
Ready for harvesting the world's field stands,
Go forth to reap, the Master needeth thee."

A third kiss on my brow he fondly pressed,
And said, "Dear, keep thy thoughts as pure as snow."
Then, in a rain, on lips and eyes, the rest
Fell passionately, while he whispered low:

"My own, my own! from these sweet lips and eyes,
Let Truth's white soul speak out, thou canst not tell
How many hopeless souls up to the skies,
Thy faithfulness may lift from Doubt's dark hell."

Then, once again his noble head he bowed,
And drew me closer to his brave, true heart,
Till I could hear its throbbing, quick and loud.
"Another word," he said, "love, e'er we part."

And sweeping tenderly aside my hair,
He whispered softly in my list'ning ear,
"Be innocent, my own, as thou art fair;
Let no dark tale of slander enter here."

He went afar, a hero's part to take
In life's fierce battle; trustingly I pray,
And strive to reach great heights, for his dear sake,
Knowing he'll come again to me, some day.

When life seems hard, close to my aching brow
And tearful eyes, I clasp caressingly
The hand he kissed; the memory of his vow,
That baptism of love, comes back to me.

And I am glad, content and strong once more,
Doubt spreads her sable wings, and disappears.
I pray "God bless my darling," o'er and o'er,
And chide my weak heart for its foolish fears.

THE PORTRAIT.

BY GERTIE V. MACK.

THE sullen waves break wailing
Against the rocky shore,
And through the withered forest,
The wind sighs evermore;
The very sky looks lonely,
As the scene it stretches o'er.

Around the dim old mansion,
With its walls so gray and mossed,
And over the desolate garden,
Where the faded leaves are tossed,
There broods an air of sorrow,
A sense of something lost.

Alas, for that home's old brightness!
It passed away with the dead;
Alas, for the days that are vanished,
And the pure delights that are fled!
The tones that memory echoes,
And the tender charm they shed.

The house is sad and silent,
But in one lonely room,
A pictured face is gleaming,
Like a fair, white rose in bloom;
Like a lovely flower that blossoms,
To brighten the shade of the tomb.

The smile that lingers o'er it
Is sad as the moonlight ray;
And the picture seems a symbol
Of the times that have passed away;
A ghost of the past still haunting
The ruins of to-day.

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THE TRAGEDY OF TREVYLAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER IX.

A SWIFT change of expression came over the young man's face, as he saw the girl directly before him, trembling with excitement, and with the fire of suddenly-aroused pain turning the deep blue of her eyes into absolute blackness.

"So, Delia, you have been keeping guard, while Keath made audacious love to my father's ward, before your innocent little face. If the scoundrel were to bid you leap into the sea, I have no doubt you would plunge over the cliff, and thank him for permitting you to die."

The girl, hitherto so shy and childlike, turned upon her tormentor fiercely enough. There had been tears in her eyes, but they seemed turning to sparks of fire, as she regarded him.

"Yes, Lord Belus, I would have done as Keath told me, even if it had been to jump off the cliff, only an hour ago; but now—now—"

"Now that you have proof—now that you have seen him insulting a high-born lady with his insolent love-making, you would, perhaps, think better of it, like the brave little girl as you are."

"I would see him pushed over the cliff, rather than watch those two again. Oh, Lord Belus! What has a lady of Trevylan to do with a lad of the cove, that she stoops to meeting him like this?"

"The lady of Trevylan is amusing herself. It is your sweetheart who is in earnest."

"No, Lord Belus, no. She loves him; I could see it in her eyes, I could hear it in her voice. She loves him, and—oh, me! Keath loves her."

"No doubt he does, the hound!" broke in Belus, with a fierce laugh. "This comes of attempting to educate churls into gentlemen. Of course he loves her!"

Delia winced, and threw out her hand as if to avoid another blow.

"It is her fault," she said. "The lady must have been first. Keath never would have lifted his eyes to her, but for that. With all the world at her feet, why should this beautiful, proud lady seek to win Keath?"

This persistence in fixing the responsibility of of a scene that had stung him to madness, upon the young lady, inflamed the young man's wrath anew.

"You cannot understand the caprices of high-born women, Delia. I tell you Miss Winchester is only amusing herself with the presumption of your sweetheart."

"Amusing herself," repeated the girl, and a sneer curled her pretty mouth, for the first time in her life. "Didn't I see her hand in his? Didn't I see her head on his shoulder, and her lips asking for his kisses?"

"You saw this—you saw this!" exclaimed Belus, turning deadly white. "Be careful, girl, and do not utter one word more than the truth, here. You saw this? I did not!"

"How could I help it?"

"How could you help it, pretty fool? And after this, you will be as madly in love with him as ever."

"Madly in love with him?"

The words dropped from her lips like lead. His rude speech had struck her dumb.

"So you have just found that out," he said, with another evil laugh. "Or have you learned the tricks of the sea so early, down among the cove people, that all this is put on for my benefit?"

Delia lifted her slender form to its utmost height, and was about to speak, but he went on:

"And like all girls, high or low, will cry, pout and cringe for a little notice, which he will, perhaps, fling to you as he tosses bones, under the table, to his dog."

"No, no, he never will do that. I am not like his water-dog, to lick crumbs from the hand that feeds another."

"Yet it was only this morning that I forgave him a blow, brought about by your cries, when I, who love you with all my heart, only sought to win a kiss from your lips, such as you saw a high-born lady grant to him without a struggle. What if I had beat him to the earth then?"

"I wish you had!" exclaimed the girl, clenching her little, brown hands.

"Yes! and but for you, Delia, I would have done it; but for you, I might have killed him on the sands, when he dared to take up your defence; but I saw that you loved him, and thought that he loved you; so resolved to be generous, and

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forgive what he had done for your sweet sake. He deserved to be sent to jail in handcuffs; but I could not see tears rushing into your eyes, and persist in punishing him."

Delia unclenched her hand, and tears swelled slowly under her drooping eyelids.

The young man saw the dawn of this grateful emotion, and a smile stole over his lips.

"You will never believe how dearly I love you, Delia. You have had no thought for anyone but this insolent fellow, whom I spared from disgrace and imprisonment, for your sake."

"Was it for me, Lord Belus. I—I did not think it of you."

"But you may think me capable of anything that will make you happy, though you should forgive this fellow, to-morrow, and may not care even to thank me for the disgrace I have spared him."

"How can I help thanking you; if it were only for Huldah's sake. It would have killed her, had they dragged Keath to prison. One does not receive so much, without feeling it. Huldah, herself, will like you after this."

"That is more than she has ever done yet. I have always suspected that she warned you against me."

Delia's face flamed redly.

"Huldah has been like a mother to me, and tries her best to make me good as herself," she answered, evasively.

"And to think everybody else bad—that is why you have been so cruelly afraid of me, while Keath has made you love him without trouble; and after all my sacrifices, it will go back to that."

"No—no. How could I—how could I—"

Belus interrupted her.

"How could you love a man, who has been coarse enough to make love to another, before your face? Even a fisherman's lass might have more pride than that."

"We poor people may not be thought to have pride, like our betters; but we are human, all the same."

The girl said this with a ring of womanliness in her voice, that betrayed more of this feeling than was usually found in her class.

"I can believe that," answered Belus. "Indeed, I hardly understand how a pretty lass, that all the young men on the coast are crazy over, should give a second thought to a fellow, who, no doubt, gloried in knowing that you witnessed the audacity with which he could soar for higher game. That was his way of rewarding your devotion."

"No, no, he did not dream that I was here. I came along by the stream, never thinking to meet anyone—most of all, Keath, or the young lady."

"But he saw the way you had taken, and knew that the lady would be waiting. I saw him, close upon your track, and followed; for I doubted him, and was careful of your safety. Sometime, my pretty one, you will repay me for all this devotion."

As he spoke, Lord Belus drew nearer to the girl, and seemed about to enforce his persuasive words with more direct appeal; but she retreated, breathlessly.

"I will go back, now," she said. "Huldah will be waiting for me."

"Ah, that woman is sure to set you against me! She never liked me."

"No, Lord Belus, it is not that. Huldah only thinks that a lord of Trevylan can have nothing to say, to a lass of the cove, that will be for her good."

The young man laughed.

"Huldah should have thought of that, years ago, when my sanctimonious brother began to visit the cove, as if old Winters' cottage had been his home," he said.

The girl opened her eyes wide, and looked at the speaker in astonishment.

"No wonder," she said, at length. "But for Huldah, he would have died; all our people say that."

"Your people are an innocent set, and you are the loveliest among them, far too lovely for their appreciation; but always remember there is one man on whose devotion you can depend."

As he said this, Lord Belus walked gently forward, and, with unconscious obedience to the movement, Delia turned, and went down the path with him. They followed the course of the stream in all its picturesque windings, until they left the uplands on which Trevylan stood, and descended toward the sea, still keeping the wild, bright path of the water.

During the walk, Lord Belus pursued the advantage he had gained, and adroitly fashioned his speech to the impressions he wished to convey, using the wild trouble into which the girl had fallen, for a purpose that had scarcely yet developed in his own mind.

Of late, a keen desire to learn the secret of Huldah Winters' influence over Lord Colgate had possessed him strongly. If he could, by flattery or more dominant power, obtain control of this girl, that influence must, at last, be explained; for she was an inmate of Winters' cottage, and few things could pass there, without her observation. He knew her to be a charity child, left

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upon the world by some profligate father, and more degraded mother, whom Huldah had fostered in her home, and loved as good women will always love the helpless creatures the strength of their charity lifts out "of the depths." A rare inheritance of beauty, quickness of intellect, and passions, yet to be developed, were all the inheritance she had received from the reckless seaman, who was dead, and the woman who had been her mother.

The girl was full of wild fancies, that an evil mind might have guided into mischief, but for the power of dawning love, fostered so securely under home influence, that even the admiration of a man, handsome and powerful as Lord Belus, had, until that day, failed to make an impression on her life. But a few hours had changed everything with her. That scene on the balcony of the pavilion had aroused the evil inheritance of her nature, at the very moment when the sympathy, so adroitly administered by the young nobleman, could be effective. When Lord Belus left her, that day, he had mastered all the knowledge she possessed in regard to the fisherman's home, and this knowledge roused the evil passions, that had, spite of appearances, been dormant during the entire day, into evil action.

When Delia left the path, that day, at the outlet of the stream, where it passed under the great wall, and down a deep ravine to the ocean, the key to a scarcely used side gate was in her bosom, and she had promised to come that way again.

One thing the young man had succeeded in fixing on her mind. While he soothed her vanity with expressions of his own absorbing passion, great care had been taken to impress upon her the sacrifice he was ready to make, in order to chase young Winters from the fascinations that had taken him to the feet of Stella Winchester.

"For your sake, my pretty one, I will stand between this faithless lover and my father's ward, and make sure that they do not meet again. Having forgiven him a blow, I can even bear to bring him back to you, so unselfish is my desire to see you happy. But in order to do this, I must know all that passes at the cove, especially between Lord Colgate, when he comes there, and Huldah; for I am convinced that the woman has been, for years, plotting to entangle Miss Winchester in an attachment for her son, and that my brother is sustaining her in it."

"You seem astonished," continued the young man, as the girl, startled by the idea, lifted her blue eyes to his face, in wild surprise. "No wonder; but why has Keath been educated so much above his class—why exempt from the work of other young men in the cove, and taught to look on the common people as beneath him? Be sure of this, Delia, Huldah Winters would have gloried in the sight that you witnessed, to-day,"

These were the last words Lord Belus offered, as he held the little gate open, for Delia to pass through into the open country, and he saw, by the fire that kindled in her eyes, that they had appealed to the sleeping inheritance within her. Thus the girl went forth toward the coast, haunted with distrust of her old friends, and tortured by the first great pain of her life—went forth, walking rapidly and at random, as wounded birds flutter through leaves and bushes, with deadly shot in their bosoms.

All at once, the poor creature flung herself downward behind a slope of gorse, that spread its yellow bloom to the verge of the rock, and with her face to the earth, broke into a fierce passion of crying.

"He loves her—he loves her!" she cried out, tearing at the grass with her fingers; "and it is all Huldah's fault. She will be satisfied, if he married a lady—a lady, indeed! as if my face were not comely as hers; any way, Lord Belus thinks so, if I am only a poor, dead fisherman's girl."

Delia broke up these exclamations with sobs, and little bursts of hysterical laughter; for pain was new to her, and she did not know how to bear it. Then she became quieter, and lay still, a moment, exhausted by her passion; but started suddenly, and lifted her flushed face, for a hand was laid on her shoulder.

"What is it that troubles you, child," said Huldah Winters, looking down upon the girl, with tender commiseration in her eyes. "Keath is free again, and no harm has happened to any one. There is no cause for crying."

Delia started from under the woman's hand, and drew herself up from the ground, dashing her tears away, as if angry that Huldah should have seen them. Then she lifted her shoulders, and broke into a little, defiant laugh, pathetic from its childishness.

"Don't I know that? Of course, I do; but after such a fright, one must laugh, or cry, and I've just been doing both. Isn't it foolish?"

Huldah looked at the childish creature in amazement; all the gentle shyness, that made her so lovable to strangers, had disappeared; she was flushed, and quivering from head to foot with excitement.

The woman kindly reached forth her arm, and

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attempted to draw the girl to her bosom; but the lithe creature eluded her touch, with a look of sharp loathing, and turned toward the village.

"The scene of this morning has unsettled the poor child," Huldah thought, following more leisurely. "It was a fearful trial for her, and she is but a child."

CHAPTER X.

HULDAH WINTERS was sitting on the steps of the little porch, fronting her cottage, a week after that eventful day, when her son had been taken, like a culprit, to the presence of the earl. She had followed Delia Fitch home from the cliff, with the tenderness of a mother, filled with pity for the grief of a child, for the first time made conscious that it had a heart to suffer. The events of that day had been important enough to burden this strange woman with unusual anxiety, and she sat there, in the gathering dusk, looking out upon the sea, without heeding the soft, opaline tints that quivered over it, or the flashes of red gold that shot across the rocky point which walled in the little cove from the beat of the ocean waves.

To have known what that woman was thinking of, one must have learned something more of her history than was familiar to any person in that lonely neighborhood. That weighty and very serious thoughts were in her mind, was evident from the anxious look in her great, black eyes, and the firm set of her mouth, which had lost its usual kindly expression, and seemed to harden with a growing resolve. Huldah had read little Delia's heart since that day, and grieved over the secret as only a woman who had loved tenderly, and perhaps unhappily, could have sympathized with the heart trouble of a creature more helpless than herself.

In the vigilance of a mother's love, she had discovered that other passion, which had drawn Keath into the madness of lifting his eyes to the rich ward of the castle, and that, too, was a source of apprehension and regret. How was it possible for all these complications to end well for her son?

Events at Trevylan had followed each other so closely, during the last few days, that she could hardly realize them. The old earl's sudden death, the assumption of power in the new lord, the scene of that morning, all burdened her mind with anxiety, and set it wandering backward through scenes that a more imaginative nature might have woven into romances.

As Huldah sat thus, now lost in the past, now anxious for the future, a figure appeared, coming down the path leading from the cliffs—a steep path which Lord Colgate seldom ventured upon; but at the first glance Huldah recognized his presence, and starting to her feet, went hurriedly forward to meet him.

"Ah, this is wrong! The path is rugged; see how the loose stones rattle down. Indeed, indeed, my lord, you should be more careful!"

"My lord!" said Colgate, smiling and bending his fine eyes down upon the woman, with an expression that lighted up his face with a tenderness that was almost womanly. "How long is it, Huldah, since you have forgotten to call me Thomas, when no one is by to ask for a reason?"

The woman answered his smile with a look of grave seriousness.

"I was wondering just now, as I sat in the porch, yonder, that I ever dared to forget for one moment the distance that God himself had placed between us. Indeed, it requires one to be growing old, before the rash audacity of youth can be understood, even to one's self."

"Or the sweetness of it," answered the earl, placing his arm on the woman's shoulder as he descended the path. "Why, Huldah, you are trembling. What has troubled you?"

"I was thinking of my boy, and of all that passed up yonder, this day week."

"But that should give you no annoyance; both the lads behaved remarkably well. Belus surprised me."

"He surprised me, too, and that is what depresses me."

"Depresses you—why?"

"There was something about him that I did not understand. When he was most generous, I doubted him. Lady Colgate's outspoken wrath seemed safer to me."

"Even that is harmless now," answered the earl, moving leisurely down the path, as if it were a happiness to lean on the stately form that gave its strength to him with such tender solicitude.

"Now that my father is at rest, undisturbed in his lofty pride to the last, there is nothing to shrink from in the future. His widow shall be my care always, but no longer my tyrant. His son shall be as my own. But life holds other and dearer objects for me, that must hereafter command my supreme care."

"Hush!" said Huldah, looking around, with a habit of caution that made the earl smile.

"The men are sure to be out at this time, mending their nets."

"And if they are, what harm can come of it? Ah, here is the porch, and I am glad to sit down! You were right; the path I took is a rough one."

Huldah stood by the weary man, while he rested, with half-closed eyes, and a smile on his lips.

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"At last," he said, "I have got away from the gloomy work at the castle, and can claim a few moments for myself. This is a bright little place, and I have reason to love it, but—"

"Come in, my lord, come in doors. The boats are sailing coastward, and people will make some demonstration when they see you here for the first time since you have become their master—"

Lord Colgate arose and went into the little parlor, which Huldah had made gay with flowers and ferns of her own gathering.

"Sit here," she said, piling some cushions, covered with delicate chintz, on a couch that stood near the window. "Sit here, while I watch as you are resting. There can be no greater happiness in store for me than this."

As she spoke, a beam of the dying sunset fell across her head, lighting up the mass of black hair, and the crimson scarf woven through it, with picturesque effect, all the more striking that youth held no part in the wonderful attractions of the face.

Colgate leaned back among the cushions, with a deep sigh of content, and cast his eyes around the room pleasantly, as one greets the beloved objects of a home after brief days of separation.

"I wonder," he said, dreamily, "if Trevylan will ever become to me the place of rest this has been."

Huldah had drawn a stool close to the couch, and was following his glance as it passed from one object to another in the room.

"Why should it not remain so always?" she questioned, anxiously. "Nothing has changed here."

The earl dropped one hand, palm upward, on her knee, and naturally as the ripe petal drops from a flower, her own fell into it.

"On the contrary, everything has changed, Huldah. The death of that noble old man who seemed to carry the pride of all the Stamfords that ever lived, in his own nature, leaves me at liberty to take up my own life, without fear of wounding him; and of that life you are the dearest part."

Huldah gently forced her hand from the fingers that had closed upon it, and going to the door, looked out. There was no one in the porch and no light in her father's room, that she could discover.

"I have been thinking of this, and it troubles me. How hard it is to travel back into the straight road, when one has once wandered into strange by-paths. Since the old lord's death, I have spent many an hour alone, with her, wondering if she, knowing all, could rest in her grave; sometimes her eyes seem to reproach me so bitterly that I dare not look that way."

Huldah turned toward a female head that, more richly framed than anything else at the cottage, looked down upon her, from the wall—a proud, beautiful head, that seemed to dominate over everything in the room.

Colgate's eyes were also uplifted to the picture.

"My noble mother. Yes, Huldah, with all her loveliness, she had a fair inheritance of pride; but she loved you."

"And she trusted me," answered the woman, gazing mournfully on the picture, till her eyes filled with tears. "She trusted me, and I—"

"Was the most faithful friend—"

"No, servant," broke in Huldah, interrupting him. "I was only that—a petted servant, honored by the confidence of the kindest mistress that ever lived—nothing more."

"She always considered you as a companion, rather than servant."

"I know, I know, her generosity was unbounded! She spared no trouble with me, and for her sake, I read and studied, and made brave efforts to lift myself nearer to her; for she was my idol; even now, I would rather die than wound her memory."

Lord Colgate reached out his arms, drew the woman toward him, kissed her upon the forehead, and tenderly wiped her tears away.

"There, there—I did not think to make you weep. Thank heaven, you have not often done this for me!"

Huldah smiled on him, through her tears, and when the woman took that expression, the power of her beauty was wonderful.

"No," she answered, "I am an ingrate, to disturb you with my childish crying; but all these days, I have been thinking of what you said to me, that day at the castle. Oh, Thomas, I cannot—I dare not—take up my abode at Trevylan. The shade of my dear mistress would haunt me."

"The shade of my dear mother would have nothing but blessings for the woman who saved her son's life."

"Ah! but she would understand the selfishness of it, and hate me because his life was a thousand times dearer than my own; for my lady was a proud woman, with all her goodness."

"It is no sin against her, when I ask you to come to Trevylan, Huldah."

"But is it no wrong to the lady who presides there—she hates me so?"

"Wrong to her? No. Has she a right to condemn me to a life of utter loneliness? No doubt, she feels sure that I shall never marry; that she has almost said to my face; but under no circumstances, can Lady Colgate remain mistress at the

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castle. She shall be amply provided for; but not under the same roof with myself; nor is it best that her son should remain at Trevylan."

"Hush!" said Huldah, lifting her hand. "Did you hear nothing?"

"The wind among the vine leaves; nothing more. But why are you so anxious? All that we are saying is what must yet be spoken aloud."

"But not yet—not till we have had more time for thought. The course you propose involves a terrible responsibility. I tremble to think of it."

Huldah spoke cautiously now, and, in unconscious sympathy, Colgate also sunk his voice; but not so completely that a figure, crouching beneath the window under which the couch stood, was not able to gather every word of a conversation that lasted until the dusk had darkened into evening, and the stars were coming out light and thick, as holy lamps in the sky. After that, the steps of old Winters stumbling up the path silenced the speakers, and Delia Fitch dragged down the vines over her, and crept into deeper shadow, till the old man entered his own room, and closed the door. Then she stole out from the vines, darted around the cottage, and up the path which led along the rocky shore between the village and the cliff. About half that distance, the rugged ground was cleft by a deep ravine, through which the small river that came down from the heights, on which the castle was uplifted from the park, found a disturbed and torturous access to the sea. Along this hollow the girl found her way to the park gate, and still following the stream, drew nearer to the castle, until she stood in a deep hollow, in which the waters, as if weary of windings and broken leaps through the hills, rested awhile among the ferns and tall rushes that throve lustily in the dark earth which, in that place, had been washed into a basin, in which the deepest waters of the stream slept in almost constant shadow.

On the edge of this pool, overtopping the thick undergrowth around, stood the gaunt skeleton of a great forest tree, struck by lightning years before, which had been left to guard the place in its weird decay, because of some tradition, or, perhaps, from a true sense of art; for that unearthly portion of Trevylan Park had been left in rude contrast to the culture and beauty of the broader portion, that lay in front of the castle, beyond the heights. From the place where she paused, Delia could see a ruined tower of the old castle, which gave gloom and grandeur to the scene, while the great building was invisible on the other slope of the hill.

It was the loneliness of this spot which had induced Lord Belus to select the blasted tree as a safe place of meeting, as few persons ever passed that way, and Delia was so used to rambles about the wild coast, that its gloom did not usually depress her. That night she scarcely regarded it at all; for her brain was full of the conversation she had heard, and her whole frame burning with excitement. The hollow was choked up with shadows, and a veil of unwholesome mist crept over the pool, as she stood on its banks, listening.

He came at last, breaking out from the undergrowth so suddenly, that she gave a faint cry of alarm.

"Don't shriek in that fashion," said Lord Belus, drawing close to her. "In this stillness a faint noise reaches far, and gamekeepers may be about. I have been up yonder, waiting for you."

"I could not come before. Lord Colgate is there with Huldah now, and I couldn't get away."

"Colgate there; and they have been talking; you heard—"

"Everything they said; and, oh, Belus, that was enough! That crooked earl means to send you away from Trevylan."

"To send *me* away from Trevylan—you must be crazy."

"It would be no wonder if I was. More than that, Lady Colgate, your mother, must go, too. Besides, I know that he—I mean the crooked earl—does want Keath to marry Miss Winchester. He said, 'Why not, if the young people love each other?' Besides—besides—there is something worse than that."

If Delia could have seen that young man's face, she would have hesitated to go on; but excitement carried her forward, and she tortured him with broken snatches of news, until he fairly stamped upon the earth, in a fury of impatience. Then the girl grew frightened, and held her breath.

"Sit down here, and tell all this over again, word for word; for I must have every syllable," he said, seating her at the root of the blasted tree, and leaning against its trunk, while he questioned her in a low, hoarse voice that made her heart sink, while it subdued her excitement.

"Is this all?" he said, between his teeth, when she had gone over her narrative a second time.

"All but a word or two, that I'm afraid to speak," she answered, rising to her feet.

"I want every syllable you heard. You are no true friend to me, Delia, if anything is kept back."

"Well, bend down a minute."

Belus bent his head, and she whispered some-

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thing in his ear—a brief sentence, certainly, but enough to bring a swift curse to his lips, and turn the hue of his face to ashes.

"Is this all?"

"Every word!"

"You would swear to this?"

"Yes, on the Bible!"

"But you will speak of it to no one else?"

"I should not dare."

"No, it would be more than your life is worth, so be cautious. Now, good-night. Get home without being seen." Before Delia could answer, Lord Belus was deep in the undergrowth, on his way to the castle. Once there, he went straightway into the room where his mother was sitting with Miss Winchester. She looked up, as he opened the door, and, shocked by the white face peering through, arose to her feet.

"Mother, come this way. I must speak with you." His voice was strange; his manner abrupt; but there was so much power in his agitation that the lady followed him from the room without a question.

"Come up to my apartment; there is no chance of eavesdroppers there," he said, leading the way to a smoking-room, garnished with a costly assortment of pipes, rapiers, and antique fire-arms, the only heirlooms he coveted of all the castle contained. Once in the room, he turned the key, and pointed to a leathern easy-chair, in which the lady seated herself, afraid and wondering.

Without preface, or a word of kindly preparation, he repeated to his mother, word for word, all that Delia Fitch had told him.

The woman listened in dumb amazement, growing whiter and whiter with each sentence. When Belus had finished, she sat in the high-backed chair, like a creature of stone, white to the lips, cold to the heart.

"You believe this?" she said, hoarsely. "You believe it?"

"Every word," answered the young man.

Lady Colgate searched his face keenly, with her bright, burning eyes, where all the life in her body seemed to concentrate.

"And then?" she questioned him, under her breath.

"Wait!" answered the young man. "Good sailors do not put to sea in a squall."

"Wait!" exclaimed the lady, starting to her feet, as if impelled by a flash of fire. "How can we do that? How *can* we do that?"

Belus turned upon her sternly. He seemed to have grown to strong manhood within the hour.

"Be quiet," he said. "Your temper has nearly wrecked us already. I will see that you do not waste your strength in this womanish fashion again. We have sterner work before us. You know the worst; take thought of it coolly, if you can; at any rate, alone."

Belus opened the door as he spoke, and held it for his mother to pass through. She moved that way, in obedience to his gesture, still keeping her eyes fixed on his darkened countenance.

"Go to your room," he said, as she passed, "Stella must not see you with that face."

Lady Colgate did go to her room, and lock the door, shaking it to assure herself that it was firmly bolted. Then she drew the curtains of amber damask down over the lace draperies at the windows, and, thus closed in, walked the floor, to and fro, to and fro, until she dropped into a chair from very weariness. There she would rest awhile, lost in dumb thought; then start up, and commence her walk again. Thus the daylight found her, when it came shimmering through the pale gold of those closed draperies. The same light fell upon the haggard face of Lord Belus, where he sat, in the great leathern chair of his smoking-den, with both elbows planted on his knees, and his eyes fixed on the fire. He had not been in bed that night.

CHAPTER XI.

A WEEK went by, bringing little change, save that Lord Belus was more frequently at the cove than usual, and exhibited a desire for Keath Winters' society, more ardent than anything he had displayed before the quarrel and reconciliation. Keath met these advances with frank cordiality. He was grateful to the young heir for his magnanimous conduct in that quarrel, and greatly pleased that he so studiously avoided the least attention to his mother's pretty *protegé*. Indeed, Lord Belus spent little time in the village; but much upon the water, in the pretty craft, of which Keath had taught him the management. During these excursions, he carried out this caprice of seamanship by a full fisherman's rig, such as Keath always wore, and when the two stood together on the beach, in their red flannel shirts, blue trousers and caps, from which a crimson tassel fell to the shoulder, those who knew the young men best, might have mistaken one for the other, at a little distance.

Lord Colgate, who was in high good humor with both the young men, had once or twice been out in the little craft with them, and, refreshed by the sea breeze, sometimes came down to the beach, to see them off.

One afternoon, perhaps an hour before sunset, he stood upon the sands, watching the young people, as they prepared for a run out to sea;

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for there was a fair breeze, and the sunset promised to be a lovely one.

Huldah Winters, who was watching them from her cottage on the side-hill, saw Lord Colgate enter the boat, and seat himself, while the sails were being run up; then one of the young men leaped ashore, and moved off in the direction of the rocks, swinging his cap toward the little craft as a signal of leave taking.

"It is Lord Belus," thought Huldah, watching the lithe figure, as it disappeared. "Keath never would have left my lord; but why did not both go, I wonder?"

The old man, who was overhauling his nets in front of his own door, looked abroad, as the boat put out, and also noticed that but one person was in the boat with Lord Colgate. A momentary sense of uneasiness came over him, and he muttered to himself, while fastening a knot in the twine of his net:

"If I had known the young lord was not going, Keath shouldn't have been without help. I'd 'a gone myself; but I dare say, the earl has taken a fancy to hold the tiller for once. He was a rare hand on the water, years ago, and knows the trick of the craft well enough."

Another person watched that pretty boat, from an eminence among the rocks above the ravine, down which poured the waters of the stream that wound itself so picturesquely around the park; watched it sweep out from the tranquil cove, into the open sea, where the waves leaped and sparkled in the golden sunbeams, and the boat plunged through them, like a free-winged bird. This person was Delia Fitch, who had left her home, and gone to a higher eminence, that she might watch the boat, which carried the man she loved out to sea. Some vague trouble of conscience had kept her aloof from him since her meetings with Lord Belus, and she had begun to haunt the solitude of the rocks, in order to see him far off, as he went in and out of the bay.

Delia followed the little craft, lovingly, as if it were bearing her own heart away into the distance, and might never come back again. Her eyes filled with tears, as she gazed, and her pretty mouth trembled with the tender memories that crowded upon her. For a time, she forgot Stella Winchester, and all the little jealousy that had led to her betrayal of household secrets to Lord Belus.

By this time, the boat had rounded the stony point that walled in the cove and was going out to sea, nearly opposite the high cliff, with its prow bent to the water, and its white sails bathed in a soft, golden haze shed from the sunset. Delia watched its progress wistfully. To her it was like following some fairy craft through a mist of dreams. Out there upon the waters young Keath seemed all her own. She could see the outline of his person, and the gleam of his red shirt, with a distinctness that made the heart in her bosom ache with loving regret. She saw, also, a darker figure near by, which she knew to be that of Lord Colgate; for, as the young men were making the craft ready, she had passed along the sands near enough to recognize their faces, and in climbing the rocks, had turned, from time to time, to mark their progress, until the pretty vessel floated out with those two, for her sunset voyage. Delia had not noticed that a favorite dog, which Keath sometimes took with him in the boat, had left him on the beach, and followed her up the rocks; but when he came timidly toward the place where she sat, as if ashamed of the desertion, and lay down at her feet, with his soft, brown eyes lifted to hers, she felt the sympathy of companionship, and stooping down, pointed out the vessel to him, as if he could understand how dear to her was the being it bore away.

The dog gave a faint bark, and seemed to question her about darting down the rocks, plunging into the water, and dragging the fairy thing back to her feet.

For this the girl patted him fondly.

"Dear old Beaver, if you only could—if you only could," she said. "Then we—yes, yes, Beaver, and you, as well—would sail off to some island, where nobody lived, and fish were plenty, and never, never, come away again! No ladies would be there to torment us. Ah, Beaver, Beaver! what are they doing? Oh, mercy, mercy! What *are* they doing?"

The girl leaped up, with this sharp cry on her lips, and, pressing back to the rock that towered behind her, turned her scared face to the sea.

"Oh, Keath! My God, my God! Stop him, stop him! Keath, Keath, have mercy! It is murder, it is murder!"

The girl fell upon her knees on the bare rock, for her limbs shook and bent under her; still her wild eyes, fascinated with horror, were turned seaward, her clasped hands were flung out, and she uttered shriek upon shriek, as if her poor voice could arrest the crime going on where the crimson of the sunset was flinging a mantle of blood across that fishing smack.

Her cries, her gestures, and the fierce going of her heart availed nothing. The struggle between those two men, alone on the depths of the sea, went on as if no human eye could witness its terrible meaning. All at once, as a tiger springs upon its prey, the young man at the helm had

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leaped forward, seized upon Lord Colgate, and hurled him into the sea. Then came an awful struggle, a man battling for his life, with the fierce energy of despair. He clung to the boat till both hands were torn away, and he was hurled backward, with a force that left him stunned, and like a log upon the water; then she saw the young man standing upright, with something in his hands, which he flung down upon that floating wreck of a man, with a force that made him recoil, and shook the boat like a sudden blast of wind. The murderer himself was in danger now. The helm turned wildly, the sails collapsed, and swelled again. The weird thing began to plunge and reel like a maddened horse that had flung his rider.

Delia fell down upon the rock, shutting the horror of this sight from her eyes. When she looked up again, the smack was bearing directly for the cliffs; one person alone was aboard, and he sat at the helm. Shuddering and faint, the girl looked out upon the face of the waters for some other object; but nothing was there, save a buoy, that marked some shallow place, leading to the cove, and away on the horizon, a bank of clouds, that shadowed the water with their lurid red.

Still the boat bore that way, and seemed making for the rocky eminence on which she sat, shuddering and sick with terror. As she watched it, with strained eyes, a voice at her elbow shook her with a new shiver of dread.

A lad who had been gathering samphire, lower down on the rocks, had climbed to her side, and stood there, with a basket on his arm.

Struck with sudden terror for Keath's safety, the girl stared at him, in dumb terror. What had he seen? The lad put his basket on the rock, and left it suddenly as he had appeared. For awhile, the poor girl sat paralyzed. What could she do? How could she throw off the awful weight of horror and apprehension that had fallen upon her?

Leaning forward, and resting on her hands, she looked downward, and saw that the fishing smack, instead of making for the cove, had been run into the mouth of the ravine, where the little river emptied itself into the sea. There it had been abandoned, and was drifting back with the current. Looking upward, Delia saw a flame of crimson passing through the thick undergrowth of the ravine.

"He is going that way to the castle," she thought, "and there the news will come first."

As the thought flashed through her mind, Delia leaped to her feet, let herself down to the ravine, with the swiftness of a chamois, and followed the gleam of red upward, until it disappeared behind the park gate. Here she lost some moments; for her shaking hands refused to turn the key; but she mastered it at length, and rushed on, guided by a faint rustle of foliage, and a footstep, now and then; for the night was closing in fast, and she could no longer be guided by the color of garments, that had led her on.

For awhile, she lost all trace of the fugitive; but just as she came in sight of the deep pool, guarded by that blasted tree, a gleam from the moon, rising behind the ruined tower of the castle, came quivering across the blackness of the water, and there, at the scorched root of the oak, stood the man she sought, resting a moment, to take breath. The girl rushed toward him, with both hands extended.

"Oh, Keath, Keath, do not go this way! It is most dangerous of all. Turn—turn, this minute, and go back to the boat. I saw it, from the rocks—everything, everything! He is dead, and you must go away now—now, when no soul in the world but me knows of it. I will never, never tell, Keath; never!

The girl broke off, with a sharp cry. As the fugitive turned upon her, the moonlight fell across a face so pallid with terror, so fiendish in its terrible amazement, that a brave person must have recoiled from it. One moment, she stood, breathless, dumb, gazing on that face; then the man sprang upon her, as tigers seize their prey, lifted her from the earth, with a swift coil of the arms, dragged her through the thick rushes, and leaped into the pool. The water might have been fathoms deep, for anything the desperate man knew. He took no heed of this, but dragged her further on, after it had reached his waist. Then there was a faint struggle, a stifled shriek, and for some awful minutes, she was forced down lower, lower, until the waters of that black pool flowed over her, still as any grave.

That moment, a swift, rushing sound broke from the undergrowth. With a start of awful consciousness, the murderer released his hold on that frail form, leaped on shore, and fled from the approach of a faithful dog, that had followed his mistress from the rocks.

Was that affectionate creature conscious, when the sluggish movement of the current bore her downward, through the dark rushes, and the solemn darkness, till her hair and her feet got entangled in the green pods and closed chalices of water-lillies that choked up the stream; when he stood, anxious as a human being, howling out his pain on the very place where the deed was done?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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TWO "IMMORTELLES."

BY HELEN J. MACKINTOSH.

How differently the prizes of fame are distributed. A Leonidas falls at Thermopylæ, and the world rings with the deed forever. A Napoleon ravages half of Europe, and because he is a conqueror, is exalted, by his worshippers, into a demi-god. On the other hand, some sailor or soldier, or other obscure hero in the ranks, dies at the post of duty, in a strait even more desperate, and yet is never heard of again.

We were talking of this the other night, at dinner, when Colonel Markham said:

"Apropos of that, I have been, to-day, to lay a wreath on the grave of one of that class. With your permission, I will tell his story.

"Charley Benson," he began, "had been in my regiment, and was so faithful and true, that, when the war was over, I exerted myself to get him work. He was only a private, remember; the son of a poor, hill-farmer; with very little education. The best I could do for him was to get him a position as engineer on the Sweetwater railroad, to run one of the locomotives.

"He gave such satisfaction, he was always so reliable, that he soon got a promise of advancement. On this he determined to marry. He had long been engaged to a good girl, the daughter of a mechanic in our employ, but they were both poor.

"'You see, colonel,' he said to me, one day, when I met him at the depot, and stopped to ask him how he was getting on, 'it's a serious thing, this taking the responsibility of marrying. Besides, Nellie is a girl above the ordinary; she was finished at the Normal school; and I should like to surround her with some little of the refinements of life. I don't want to have everything coarse and rough about her, as a very poor man must, no matter how much he loves his wife. That's the reason we've put it off. But now, thanks to your good word, I'm to have a raise. This is my last trip, as perhaps you know.'

"'Do you run the locomotive to-day?' I answered. 'Then I shall feel doubly safe, for I am to be a passenger.'

"He raised his hand to his head, in the old military salute. 'You may feel perfectly safe,' he said, 'colonel; for even if I didn't know you were on board, I should do my duty, no matter what came of it.'

"The words were spoken as if of course, and without any unnecessary emphasis; but they assumed an importance subsequently, and I can never forget them. I think I see him now, looking as he looked when he uttered them, his figure drawn up to its full height, his hand at his cap, his cheek slightly flushed, his eye gleaming like an eagle's.

"Suddenly the eye softened, and a smile stole over his face. 'Excuse me, please,' he said; 'but there's Nellie, God bless her, come to see me off! I must shake hands with her before we start, and there's just time.'

"It was a bright, sunshiny face, that of a young woman of about twenty, that I saw welcome him; handsome, everybody would have said it was; but there was more than beauty in it; there was a look of courage, and high resolve; soul and intellect were both there.

"I could not act as spy on the parting, so I turned away, and sought a seat in the cars.

"I found an old friend on the train, General Powell, and after we had run about twenty miles or so, and discussed business and politics, I proposed a smoke. 'They all know me on this line,' I said, 'and we'll go into the baggage-car, where we'll be alone.'

"I exchanged a word or two with the baggage-master, asking after his family, as I always did, and then took a seat near the front of the car, so as to get the air from the open door, for the day was sultry, like this one. The coal and water tank was just ahead of us, and beyond that the locomotive, for we were at the front of the train. I could see the tall, soldierly figure of Charley, as he stood at his post, with his hand on the rail, and beside him, his assistant, looking like a Cyclops, begrimed with dust and smoke.

"The Sweetwater road, as you know, runs through a very picturesque region, winding, for the most part, by the banks of the Sweetwater itself; frequently terraced along low hills; with, here and there, a tunnel; and, what is more to the point of my story, innumerable curves. We were rattling and surging on, when, suddenly, I saw, not far ahead, a puff of smoke around a rocky curve, and directly afterwards, an express train came rushing into sight, heading for us, at full speed.

"The peculiar shriek which is the signal for

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'down brakes,' was instantaneous, from both trains; but I saw, at once, that it would be useless; the velocity of each was so great, the distance so small, that collision was inevitable. We were going at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and the express at a rate of forty, the two together making a speed of seventy; it was only a question of seconds, therefore, when we should crash into each other.

"I started to my feet, not with any intention of flight, but with a sort of instinct, that, since I was to die, I would die standing. I have been in twenty battles, as you all know; desperate ones most of them. I have had shot and shell falling about me, literally, like rain. I have even seen that rare thing, a bayonet charge. But I never before felt that I was certain to die, that there was no hope whatever, as I felt, that moment.

"After one quick look at the approaching locomotive, that, even in that single instant, seemed to grow, from its rapid approach, to twice the size it had been at first, I glanced to Charley, anxious to see how he, who would be the first to be struck, would take it. I had watched him under fire, more than once, and knew he was the bravest of the brave. But this was different. It was more like leading a forlorn hope, singly, in a narrow breach, than anything else; but it was even worse than that; there might be one chance in ten thousand, there, of escape; here there was none. I did not expect Charley to jump from his engine, as many would have done. I knew he was too brave for that. But I did look for some sign of emotion, though not exactly of fear. There was none, however, except the tightening of the lips, and the eagle-like look that came into his eye. His cheek never paled. Not one eye-lash quivered. But that intense gaze did not leave the other locomotive for an instant.

"All this passed in a moment, quicker, if possible, than a lightning flash. That stern tightening of the lips, that gleam of the eye, were the outward indications of the quick, comprehensive decision he came to; for, in one moment, he had reviewed the whole situation, and took in the single chance there was for escape; a chance I did not see, but which he did. Escape for the rest of us, however, but not for him. He was doomed, in any event; he realized that; perhaps, we all were; but there was a possibility of saving the passengers; and it was his duty to do that, "come what might" to himself, as he had said.

"Do you understand the exceptional bravery of this? Napoleon used to say, that very few men had four o'clock courage. He meant by that, that when men were roused from sleep, suddenly, in the gray dawn, by a surprise, it took some time to get their wits about them; they were dazed, they lost their presence of mind. Now this was even a more crucial trial. Here was a train, off its time, not signalled, unexpectedly coming round a corner, not half a mile off, and, therefore, at the rate at which both trains were going, with but thirty seconds left, not merely to determine what to do, if anything could be done, but to do it. Nine men out of ten, yes! ninety-nine out of a hundred, would have lost their presence of mind. Even most of those, who might have retained it, would have sacrificed that thirty seconds in weighing the *pros* and *cons* of the situation. But Charley, not only kept his nerves firm, and his intellect cool, but reviewed the state of affairs in a moment, and decided as instantaneously.

"'Jump back, Jim,' he cried, addressing his attendant, but not even looking around, while his voice rose, stern and sharp, over the thunder of the two trains. 'Uncouple me from the baggage-car. Quick! It's the only chance!'

"It *was* the only chance. How had I not thought of it? If the locomotive and tender could be unfastened from the rest of the train, the two former would dash forward, with accelerated velocity; would be the first to meet the shock of the collision; would act as a buffer; and would check, slightly, the speed; and thus, when the rest came into contact, would, perhaps, cause but little loss of life, if any. It was Leonidas throwing himself into the pass, but Leonidas alone, and Leonidas that he might save the three hundred.

"Jim was only an ordinary stoker, but he had also been a soldier, where he had learned habits of implicit obedience. He said to me, afterwards, that he did not stop to think. 'To tell the truth, colonel,' were his words, 'I was too scared, to think. But I did as I was told, hardly knowing I did it; you saw me, you and General Powell, don't you remember; and how I uncoupled the baggage-car, just in the time?'

"I do remember. I behold it all again, as vividly as at that moment. I seem to hear the quick, sharp words of command, like nothing so much as the crack of a rifle; then I see Jim, black and begrimed, leap backwards, tug at the coupling; then the locomotive and tender dart ahead, as if shot from a battery; then came a wild thud, the crash of iron, and splitting of wood, two locomotives leaping up in the air, a gush of fire, an explosion that shook the earth."

The colonel passed his hand across his eyes,

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as if to shut out the sight, drew a deep breath, and went on.

"In another second, we were upon them. At first, I thought that we, too, were lost. But apart from the fact that the brakes had, at last, began to tell, our momentum had been further diminished by the detaching of the tender, and when we dashed against the mass of ruin, the shock was only sufficient to throw us off our feet, and crush in the forward part of the baggage-car. There had been just time for us to retreat to the rear of the car, before the crash."

The colonel resumed, more quietly, after a moment.

"Charley was found, a few feet from the tragedy, on a bank, where the force of the collision had flung him. He had died instantaneously, the physicians said. Fortunately, he was not disfigured, in the face, at least.

"He was buried at the cemetery, where I went to-day. A few of us united to erect a simple monument over him, and every year I go there, and lay a wreath of *immortelles* upon it."

I heard, afterwards, I may say incidentally, that the monument had been put up almost entirely at the colonel's expense. "A few of us" was his modest figure of speech.

"And the poor girl who was to have married him?" said our hostess, with a sigh.

"Life was over for her," answered the colonel. "Hers was one of those natures that can love but once."

"It would have been a profanation to have loved any one else, after a hero like that."

"Yes!" He was silent for a moment. "But she was one who could not live without some object in life, so she became a hospital nurse, and when the yellow fever broke out, last year, went down south. She was one of the first to go, and," hesitatingly, "one of the first to die. She died at Memphis."

"Poor, poor thing!"

"When the frosts came, her friends had her brought north, and laid beside Charley," said the colonel. "And this year, I took out, as I shall, always, hereafter, TWO IMMORTELLES."

FRANCE: 1870—1879.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

DECEMBER, 1870.

WHAT, fallen? No!
Slave, craven, she can never be.
Though ruin rage o'er all the land,
She battles on, she *will* be free,
Or die, and dying, still will stand
Facing the foe!

What, fallen? No!
In arts, in laws, in all, she led.
The nations thronged to her to learn.
Shall they th' arena crowd, instead,
To see her blood—ah! base return—
Run red below?

What, fallen? No!
From where, beneath his gilded dome,
Sleeps her great Captain; from the skies;
From all the ages; Athens; Rome;
The Present and the Past, shall rise
A wail of woe.

Not fallen? No!
Put gyves and manacles on *her!*
She first to Freedom led the way.
And now! The patriot dead would stir,
From Yorktown to Thermopylæ,
T' avert the blow.

Not fallen? No!
Think of her, grinding in the mill,
Great God! 'mid jest, and jibe, and jeer,
Blinded and shorn, but Samson still,
And strong in death to shake the sphere
With overthrow.

JANUARY, 1879.

NOT fallen. No!
Though fields ran blood, and skies were flame;
And Paris ate its heart; and Death,
Gaunt, on his Pale Horse conq'ring came,
And hell thronged after, its hot breath
Blasting with woe.

Not fallen. Free!
In one wild burst, her spell she broke;
Flung off her trance of shame and thrall;
Sprung to her feet, full-limbed; and woke
The nations with her trumpet-call,
"To Liberty!"

Not fallen. No!
The deeps subside; hills reappear;
The Ark rides safe, and comes to shore.
An earth, a heaven, new-born, are here!
And Freedom's altar-fires, once more,
Leap up, and glow.

Not fallen. No!
The waiting nations see the flame;
Again the peoples turn to thee,
Oh, France! thy talismanic name
Again leads them to liberty—
Tribes, tongues, friend, foe.

Not fallen. No!
Serene you sit, and watch on high.
While others agonize in birth,
With Freedom's mighty man-child; cry,
"Lord, Lord, how long!" and rend the earth
With throe on throe.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, a home-dress of black silk and black cashmere. The under-skirt is of silk, trimmed with a box-plaited ruffle of striped black satin and silk, cut lengthwise;

this plaiting is five inches deep. The tunic, which is cut very long, and slightly plaited at the sides, to give a fulness to the apron-front, has, first, a narrow knife-plaiting of plain silk, above which is a lengthwise band of the satin striped material, say four inches wide; this

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forms a heading for the plaited ruffle. The deep cuirass basque fits closely, and is trimmed to correspond, on the edge, and up the fronts, tops of the pockets, cuffs, and collar, with the striped material. These striped satin and silk, combined in narrow stripes of half inch each, are to be much used in trimmings—used lengthwise. They cost from $1.25 per yard up to $3 or $4; those at $1.25 to $1.50 are quite good enough for trimmings. The under-skirt of this costume need not be entirely of silk; cambric or alpaca, as a foundation for the plaited flounce, will answer quite well, as the tunic is almost as long as the dress. Six yards of cashmere; five yards of striped satin and silk, for trimming.

Next, is a home-dress, in brown silk and cashmere, also brown, striped with old gold. The skirt, gathered into a band at the back of the waist, forms a long train. In front it is very wide, and is arranged in wide box-plaits, lying flat at the waist, and so down, until within a quarter of a yard of the bottom of the skirt, where these double plaits are caught together on the top, and the fulness allowed to fly out, forming the trimming for the front of the skirt, as may be seen from the illustration. Then the striped material is arranged in two scarfs, these

draped over the skirt. One falls over the train; the other comes from the side seam at the left, and is also draped at the back, forming plaits. The waistband is of old gold. Any striped material, mixed with the plain cashmere, will look equally well for the scarf drapery, so the colors correspond. Cuffs and collar of the striped material. Three yards, double width, or six yards, single width, of the striped goods will be required; eight yards of cashmere, or double the quantity of silk.

Next, is a robe de chambre, of maroon-colored cashmere or flannel, trimmed down the front with a jabot of Torchon lace, intermixed with long loops of narrow, black velvet ribbon. Pockets, cuffs and collar formed of the lace. Six to eight yards of lace, two to two and a-half inches wide; ten yards of flannel, or six yards of cashmere; two pieces of narrow, velvet ribbon. See the illustration in the preceding column.

For a young lady, we have a skirt and polonaise of dark blue camel's hair or zephyr cloth. The short skirt is trimmed with a plaiting, a quarter of a yard deep, arranged in large box-plaits.

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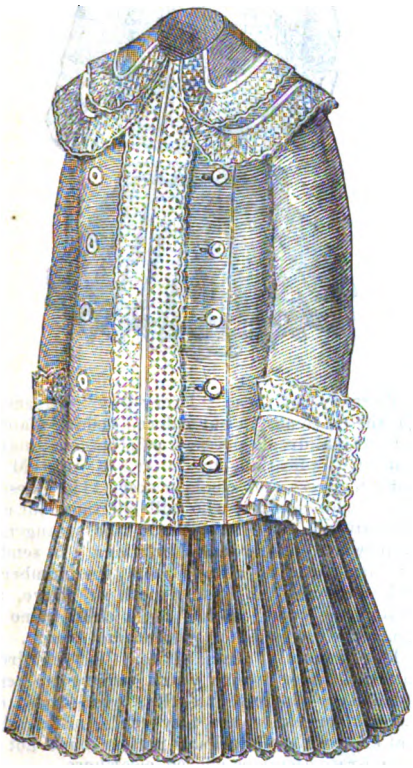
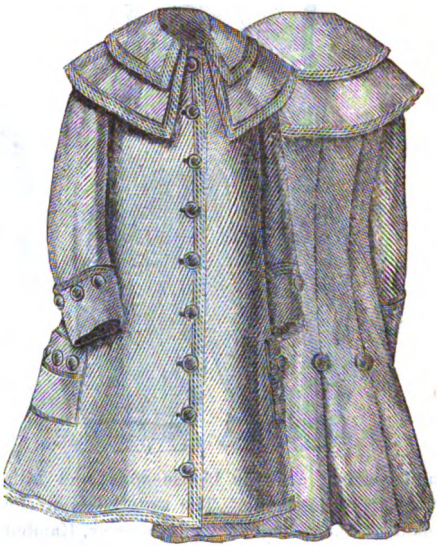
The edge of the polonaise is cut in square tabs, bound with pale blue cashmere. Pockets and imitation collar trimmed to correspond. At the back is an arrangement of fine knife-plaiting, in three rows, relieved by bows of light blue gros-grain ribbon. Same knife-plaiting forms the cuffs, ornamented by a bow of the ribbon.



Costume for a girl of eight, is of fine white pique gray, or blue cashmere, cut in a double-breasted loose sacque, with a deep kilting sewed on to form the skirt. A double row of wheel-pattern Hamburg is laid on flat in front; trims the double collar, and forms the cuffs. Two rows of white, pearl buttons. A white, hercules braid is sewn on, as a heading for the embroidery. If that cannot be procured, some bias bands of Nainsook, stitched on both sides by the sewing machine, makes a neat finish, for wash-dresses especially. This costume would be very comfortable and useful for warmer weather, made in dark blue linens, or zephyr cloths, in plain or plaids, also trimmed with the white Hamburg.

Next, is a paletot for either boy or girl of eight years. We give the front and back view. Make of dark green or blue waterproof tweed; trim with horn buttons, to match. The fronts are loose, and fasten down the centre. The back is slightly fitted to the figure, and forms plaits below the waist. Stitch the edge and fronts with three rows of stitching. Finish the cuffs, pockets, and large double collars in the same way.



For a child of two, a plaid linen, trimmed with white embroidery. The upper part is in

the Princess form, and to this a kilting is added. Large, pearl or linen buttons. This is to be

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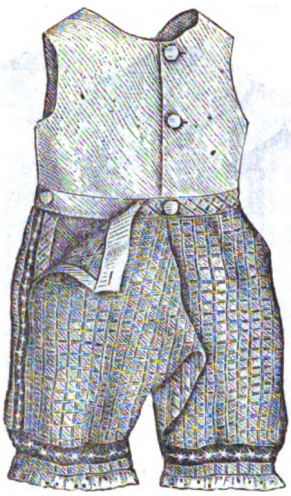
worn over an under-waist of white nainsook, high in the neck, and long sleeves.

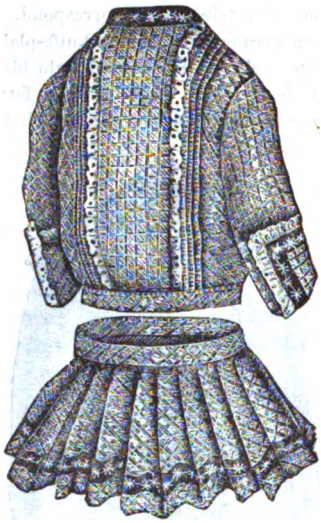
Next, we give pattern for pants for a little boy. We have the knickerbockers, buttoned on to an



under-waist; also the blouse waist and kilted tunic, made separate. The material is woolen, plaid, or linen, trimmed with a narrow, Hamburg edging and insertion. The insertion is above the hem on the tunic, forms the bands for the neck, and heads the edging on the cuffs; also trims the knickerbockers.

The blouse waist and kilted tunic are given in the next column; the knickerbockers and under-waist are given above.

These patterns, whether for ladies, misses, or children, are, it should be remembered, from the latest Parisian designs, and are not, as with so many other magazines, the patterns of second-rate dressmakers, in New York, or Philadelphia.



Patterns of these "Every-Day" dresses, or for the costumes in our colored fashion-plate, or for our children's dresses, paletots, etc., may be had on application, by letter, to Miss M. A. Gordon, dress and cloak maker, 1113 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, who will cut them out after our patterns. We have made this arrangement in answer to numerous solicitations. In sending for the patterns, always send the number of inches around the bust, length of sleeve, and around the waist; and if for a child, name the age. Enclose price of pattern and stamp. All orders promptly attended to. All children's patterns, under twelve years, twenty-five cents. Polonaises, paletots, mantles, over-skirts, and basques for ladies, are fifty cents. Remember, that all these are late Paris patterns, and not the second-rate costumes offered elsewhere.

NAME FOR MARKING.

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SPRING PALETOT, WITH WAISTCOAT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

This paletot, for which we give the full sized pattern in the SUPPLEMENT, is made of cloth, and trimmed with chenille galloon.

The paletot fits to the figure. The edge of the waistcoat is cut out in scallops, and in each scallop there is a buttonhole. The belt that crosses the front is fastened at the side. The galloon borders the paletot and armholes, and describes cuffs on the sleeves. Several rows of plain galloon, or hercules braid, may be substituted for the chenille, which is expensive.

The different parts of the pattern are all lettered, so there can be no difficulty in putting the garment together. First cut out and fit, in some old material, before cutting into the new, as a nice fit is important.

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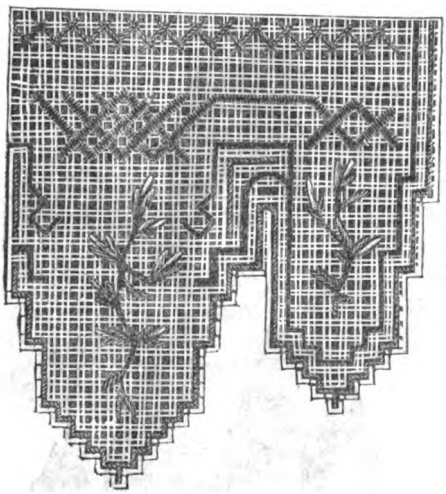
VANDYKE OF CARD-BOARD: EMBROIDERED.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This vandyke is useful for ornamenting brackets, port-folio stands, etc. It is made of gold or silver card-board, and worked in chenille, or different colored embroidery, silks or zephyrs. Finish the points with tassels to match; line with silk or silesia to match.

WAX FLOWERS. No. 4.

BY MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON.

THE SINGLE TUBEROSE.

Materials.—One bunch fine stamens, light green tips; two sheets double white wax; three pieces green stem-wire; one sheet light green wax; the cutting-pin you have used for other flowers. Cut of white wax eighteen pieces the size and shape of Fig. 1. This will be enough for three

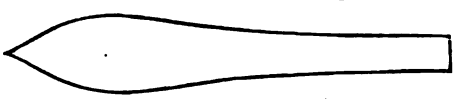


Fig. 1.

blossoms. Roll them so that the rounding or top part turns back a little. Now wind each of your three stems with a narrow strip of green wax. Make a hook at the end of each stem. Then cover the hook with a small piece of white wax, letting it come down the length of the stem over half an inch. Cut of white wax six pieces the size and shape of Fig. 2. Roll only the pointed

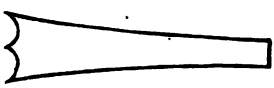


Fig. 2.

part of Fig. 2, so that the points will bend out a little. Place two of these pieces on each stem, joining the sides marked by a cross with the warmth of the fingers. When these pieces are arranged on the stems, arrange on the outside of each stem five of the green-tipped stamens, allowing to come just a little above the points of the pieces marked Fig. 2. You may now arrange the first pieces you cut; six pieces forming one rose. Let the bottom rest on four of the scalloped pieces. Finish off by spraying the three roses together. No leaves are made, as they are too large for beauty.

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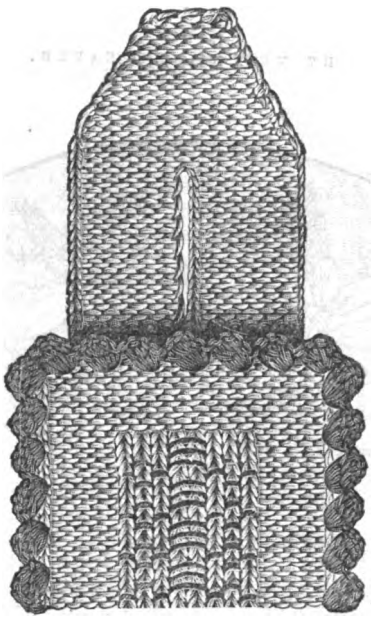
DESIGN FOR BRACES: KNITTED.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS, ETC. White and blue cotton. Begin with eight stitches. First to twenty-second row: Slip one, then alternately purl one, slip one as for purling. In the following rows the slipped stitches are purled, and the purled knitted; but from the second to the eighteenth row increase one at the beginning of each row. For the buttonhole divide the stitches equally, knit each half twenty-eight rows as above, and then knit six more rows along all the stitches. Then cast on four stitches each side and begin the brace as follows:—First to eleventh row in preceding pattern. Twelfth row: four times alternately slip one, purl one, then eight times alternately miss one, knit one, then four times alternately slip one, purl one; repeat this pattern as often as necessary, and knit the last eleven rows like the first eleven. Then cast off four stitches on each side, and knit the buttonholed part as above described, but, of course, in reverse order of rows, and decreasing instead of widening. Round the outer edge crochet with blue cotton, one double, two chain, three treble where the double was crocheted, miss two. Then darn the stitches, which appear knitted, with blue thread. See illustration.

EMBROIDERED LUNCH OR SUPPER CLOTH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of this number, we give a pattern for an embroidered lunch or supper-cloth. The style of embroidery, which is now so fashionable, is worked, as we have often said before, on a foundation of linen, either bleached or unbleached. The darkest stitches in the design are of black silk, the next shade, cardinal red, and the lightest, blue; ingrain cotton or silk may be used. Before working, the silk should be passed through boiling water, in order to prevent its shrinking after the embroidery is worked. The work is entirely in cross-stitch. We also give, on the same page, two patterns for borders in cross-stitch embroidery.

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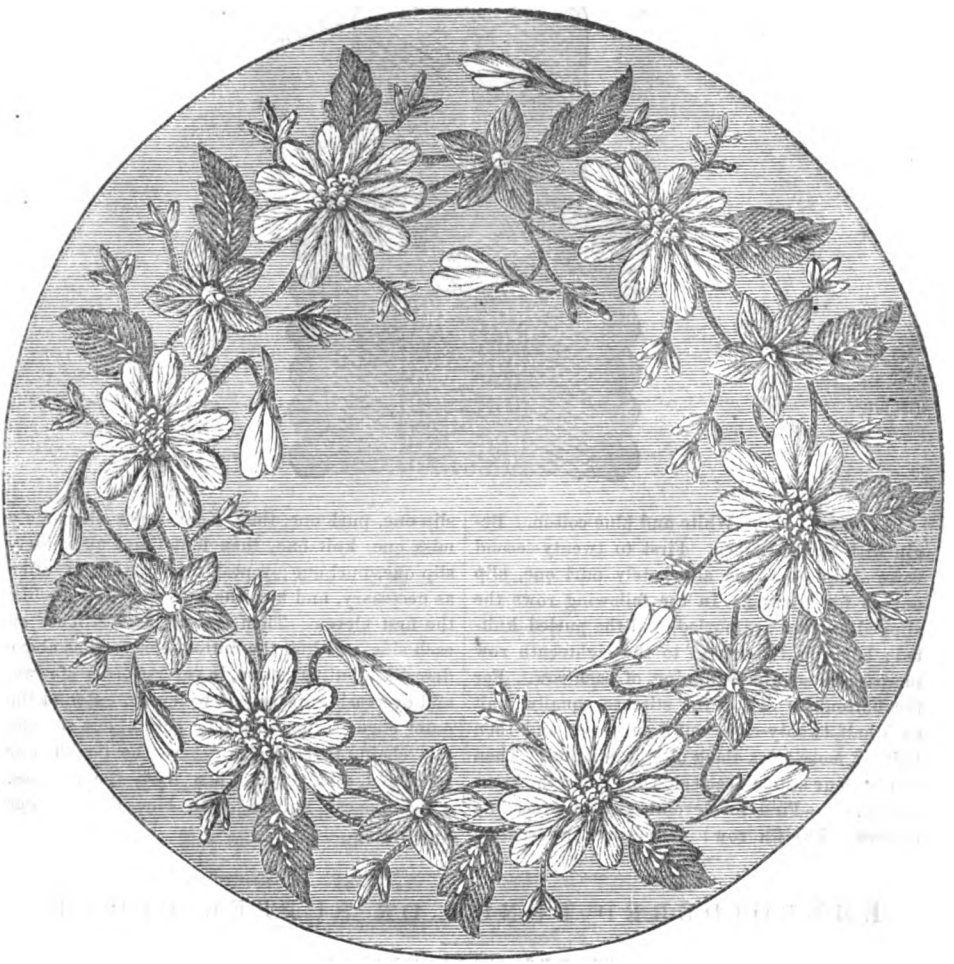
MAT IN CREWEL EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The foundation may be either satin, cashmere, cloth or crash, according to the place designed for the mat. If it is required for the top of a box or pincushion, satin is the best material. If for a footstool, lamp mat, or table-top cover, cloth or crash are preferable. Work in crewels, or embroidery silk. White, with yellow centres, for the large flowers and buds; blue for the smaller ones; shaded green for leaves and stems. This is one of the prettiest of recent patterns.

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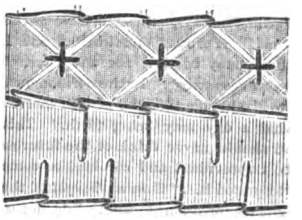
WALL-POCKET FOR DRESSING-ROOM.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design for a wall-pocket.

This pocket is intended for holding soiled laces, handkerchiefs, etc. It is made of striped red and white or blue and white ticking, the white stripes being ornamented with embroidery in fancy stitches with various colored silks. The lining is of cashmere or alpaca, and the ruche-red silk. We give, here, a detail of the embroidery.



WORK-BAG: JAVA CANVAS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design for a new style of work-bag.

The material is Java canvas, the edges being raveled out to form a fringe. Both sides are ornamented with corn-flowers, worked in blue silk, and with two bands of canvas placed cross-wise. Blue silk braid is twisted around these bands, and they are held in place at the four corners with bows of ribbon. The handles have braid twisted round them in the same way. Any simple pattern may be substituted for the corn-flowers.

OUR COLORED PATTERN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design, printed in colors, one of the very best of the Art Decorative School.

It may be used, of the size given, for the end of a narrow table cover, such as is laid on a tea-poy, or other narrow table. Or it may be used for a tidy. Have for the foundation, crash, or the coarse linen burlap, which comes for this kind of embroidery, and is as effective.

If used for a tidy, the design must be enlarged. Only work upon one end of the tidy. Employ, always, colors corresponding to the design; only improving it by careful shading. Fringe out the ends of the crash or linen, and with a worsted needle tie in the colored crewels, and then knot the fringe.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"Don't Cross The Bridge."—There is an old proverb that says, "Don't cross the bridge till you come to it." A recent writer has put the same thought in other words. "How much pain," he says, "the evils have cost us that have never happened." Perhaps one-third of the troubles of life, if not more, may be thus accounted for. The Scriptures give the same warning. In the Sermon on the Mount, we are told to "take no thought of the morrow; for we know not what a day may bring forth." This does not imply that we should never think of the future at all, that we should be improvident and careless, as some fanatical sects have interpreted it. "*Take no thought* of the morrow" is an old English expression, meaning "do not *worry* about the morrow," which is quite a different thing. In the well-known Paston letters, written in the fifteenth century, the phrase frequently occurs, and the context shows that this is what was intended by it. Such continued to be its meaning, too, up to the time the Bible was translated, in the reign of James the First. In some of the earlier translations, instead of "take no thought," we have the phrase, "care not." What was meant to be inculcated, therefore, in the Sermon on the Mount, was that we should not think too much about the future, but rely more than we do on the bounty of God.

Unfortunately, as a people, we Americans *do* take too much thought of the morrow. The anxious, worried look of our business men, not only recently, but at all times, has been a proof of this. We rely, individually, and collectively, too much on our strength. We forget there is a good and beneficent Providence, who never lets "the righteous be forsaken," or their seed "beg bread." Not that even He, in all seasons, and without intermission, showers blessings. Trial is not only one of the conditions of this present life, but is necessary to develope and strengthen our moral fibre. To "suffer and be strong" is the law of our existence. But in the long run, under this very law, "all things work together for good." If we would trust more, therefore, in an all-wise Creator and Ruler, we would be just as successful in our undertakings, and infinitely happier. But we discount our troubles. We worry about things that may never happen, and so double, if not treble, our anxieties. We are always "crossing the bridge," even though we have not come to it. The evils that have never happened give us quite as much pain as the evils that *do* happen. We load ourselves down in the race of life by carrying false weights; by taking, as one of the old Bibles translates it, *too much care* for the morrow. The true way is to do our best, and then calmly await the result.

"Its Exquisite Illustrations."—We call attention to the very beautiful steel engraving, "Puss In Boots," in this number, which is after a picture by the celebrated English artist, Millais, the Sir Joshua Reynolds of this generation. No other magazine has such illustrations. On this point we invite comparison. "Peterson's," says the Merrimack (N. H.) Journal, "is famous for its exquisite illustrations." Says the Talbotson (Ga.) Register, "Its steel engravings are simply superb."

"Can't Do Without It."—The Middleton (Del.) Transcript says, "We don't see how any lady can do without Peterson."

Styles of Covers.—One fair subscriber asks us for some hints about table covers, etc. For a loose table cover, we would advise her to procure some of the small drab and white damask ones fringed at the edge, and very inexpensive, and work the design over in wools; it is easily done, and repays well for the trouble. Or if she wants a handsome cover, procure some artistic serge or colored Bolton sheeting, and ornament either in crewels or in cloth appliqué, with costumes such as Breton and Turkish men and women. We have a friend who worked one in this way. She simply took the colored prints, and laid the morsels of cloth on them till she produced the right effect; and then transferred them to the cloth, one at each corner and one between, all round. We give, in this number, a colored pattern, a design in crewels, which will be of service to ladies working table covers, tidies, etc., etc.

"I Find I Cannot."—A lady, sending her subscription for 1879, writes as follows: "I concluded, as the times were so hard, here, to do without my magazine this year. But I find I cannot. Mrs. Stephens quite won my heart, some years ago, and 'The Orphans of Oldham' is worthy of her pen. Mrs. Weaver's department is a treasure—in fact, the whole book is full of treasures. The 'Supplement' patterns are, undoubtedly, a great item. I had never before cut out a dress, in my whole life (and I am now forty years of age); but I have cut out and made up a handsome costume, from one of your patterns." There are hundreds, now renewing for 1879, who, like this lady, tried, at first, to do without the magazine. But the fact is, "Peterson" is indispensable.

Advice to Bachelors.—The Bonaparte (Iowa) Journal says, "If any gentleman is desirous of making a lady friend a birthday, holiday, or other present that will be certain to delight and please her, we advise him to send two dollars for 'Peterson's.' This very popular magazine is one of the best in the world." We have no doubt that *any* lady would like such a gift. She would get, too, a high opinion of her lover's refinement.

"The Best Published."—With this number, we conclude Mrs. J. G. Austin's powerful novelet. In our next, we shall begin "Little Moccasin," one of the best novelets, if not the very best, Frank Lee Benedict has ever written. The Woburn (Mass.) Journal says, "The stories and novelets in 'Peterson' are conceded to be the best published."

The Etiquette of a Silver Wedding is similar to that of any other evening company. The host and hostess should stand in the drawing-room, near its entrance, to receive their guests. The entertainment may be simple, or elaborate, at the choice of the hosts; but some sort of entertainment is usually considered indispensable.

"Instead of Vile Trash."—The Braintree (Mass.) Observer calls our last number a model one, and adds, "We sincerely hope the ladies in this town will read 'Peterson's,' instead of the vile trash so often found upon their tables."

Never Retire at Night without being able to reflect, that you have done some good deed, or said some kind word, that day, to somebody.

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STILL TIME TO GET UP CLUBS.—The low prices at which "Peterson" is afforded to clubs has no paralell. For instance, we send, at $1.62½ each, postage paid, four copies of the magazine for one year, and an extra copy as premium, to the person getting up the club; or five copies, at $1.60 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of "Christ Blessing Little Children," as premiums: all postage free. Or six copies, at $1.50 each, and an extra copy as premium, for getting up the club; or seven copies, at $1.50 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of "Christ Blessing Little Children," as premiums: all postage free. See the Prospectus, for these, as well as other clubs. No magazine gives *as much for the money* as this. At such low figures, everybody can afford to take "Peterson."

Additions to clubs, we may add, can be made at the price paid by the rest of the club. If enough additional subscribers are sent, to make up a second club, the person sending them will become entitled to a second premium, or premiums. Always notify us, however, when a second club is completed. These additions may be made, moreover, at any time during the year Back numbers to January can always be supplied.

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN is one who is always careful of the feelings of others. He never speaks of himself except when compelled; never defends himself by a retort; he has no ears for slander, or gossip; is careful not to impute motives to those who differ from him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little, never takes unfair advantage, never insinuates things which he dare not say out. He is courteous to rich and poor alike. In a word, the true gentleman tries to embody, in his actions as well as words, the golden maxim, "Do unto others as you would wish to be done unto." The same general characteristics, which distinguish the true gentleman, distinguish also the true lady.

WRITE PLAINLY, when you have occasion to address us. Sometimes we get letters written so illegibly, that it is almost impossible to make out the name, or the address. Sometimes postal cards are sent to us that have been written in lead pencil, and have become nearly rubbed out in the mails.

"BRIGHT AND FRESH."—The Windsor (N. J.) Standard, noticing our last number, says, "Peterson is as bright and fresh as ever. It is a marvel how the publisher can afford so handsome a publication at two dollars a year. Every lady in the land should subscribe.

THE BEST COSMETIC, after all, is a cheerful disposition; it keeps a woman perennially young.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Europeans. By Henry James. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Houghton, Osgood & Co.*—This novel has the same merits and defects as "The American," an earlier work, by the same author, which we reviewed at the time of its publication. This recent fiction, however, has the faults of the preceding one, in a more pronounced degree, while its merits are not near so great. In a word, the defects of Mr. James, as a novelist, are brought out more prominently in "The Europeans" than in "The American." The tendency, which he has imbibed from Balzac, "to bestow refined dissection and analysis on characters which are not of sufficient interest to deserve such treatment," to use the language of the London Athenian, is even more marked in the later fiction than in its predecessor. The finish of his style, however, is as perfect as ever. In one or two shorter stories, recently issued by the Harpers, Mr. James has essayed to be more objective. In "Daisy Miller," he has attempted to sketch the fast American girl in Europe. But the sketch is, in a great degree, a caricature. It is, in other words, not a fair type even of a fast American girl. There may, possibly, have been one girl as audacious, yet as innocent as Daisy; but there is, and never was, a whole class combining such inconsistencies. In another short story, "An International Episode," Mr. James has described an American girl of a different type, the highly-cultured Boston one, who has the courage to refuse an English nobleman, for the very good, but unfashionable reason, that she does not love him. But she is only a shadowy creation, after all, not near so real as her married sister. Still, these shorter fictions, and, as Mr. James would doubtless say, more trifling ones, show a better departure. We hope, for his sake, as well as that of American literature, that he will continue to work in this new direction. If he would draw his characters more from real life, and not "evolve" so much from his "inner consciousness," he would, ultimately, take very much higher rank than he can take at present.

Signor Monaldine's Niece. "*No Name Series.*" 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.* This is a novel of modern Rome, evidently written by a novice, and, as evidently, by one long familiar with that city. The author's descriptive powers are her best point. She reminds us somewhat of the author of "Kismet," though she rarely rises to the height of the descriptions in that novel. We recognize nothing in "Signor Monaldine" so good, except the service in the church of Ari Cœli, while a tempest, with thunder and lightning, rages outside. This, not to exaggerate, is full of imaginative power. As a rule, the characters are too sketchy. The plot is weak, and ends not only melo-dramatically, but absurdly, also, even in a melo-dramatic view. A certain nobleness, however, runs through the story, and is brought out, particularly, in the character of the heroine. There is so much to praise in the novel, that we regret there is no more. The name of the author is withheld, as with all the volumes of this series. We might, perhaps, make a guess at it; but as the lady wishes to preserve her incognita, this would be unfair.

Sybil Brotherton. By Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.* This is characterized by all those qualities which first made Mrs. Southworth so popular, and have maintained her popularity so long. It is a love story. The interest of the tale begins with the first chapter, and continues to the very last. There is no writer of fiction, in America, who understands, so well as Mrs. Southworth, what a powerful element in story-telling rapid, unceasing action is. The volume is handsomely printed.

Records of a Girlhood. By Frances Ann Kemble. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Henry Holt & Co.*—These autobiographical papers originally appeared in one of our cotemporaries, but they have now been pruned, and condensed, and improved in many other ways. In their present shape, they are well worth preserving. They are full of anecdotes about persons more or less eminent.

The Count de Camors. By Octave Feuillet. Translated from the French. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.* A new edition of what is generally considered the most powerful of Octave Feuillet's novels. The volume is neatly printed, and bound in cloth, embossed and gilt.

Father Tom and the Pope. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.* One of the wittiest trifles ever written. The edition is a new one, in a style to match "The Count de Camors," and other works recently published by this enterprising firm.

Original Chatterbox. Edited by J. Erskine Clarke, M. A. 1 *vol., small 4to. New York: American News Company.*—This is a book for young children, full of appropriate illustrations, with prose and poetry on all subjects interesting to juveniles. The engravings are quite spirited.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"ONE AND ALL," SUBSCRIBE.—The newspaper press continues to speak of "Peterson" *as the cheapest and best of the lady's books.* We quote what the Liberal (Iowa) Letters says, as a type of what all say. "Peterson," it remarks, "is *the* particular lady's magazine, and its circulation is larger than any other periodical of its character now published. The steel engravings, diagrams, fashion plates, as well as the serials, poems, sketches, etc., in Peterson, are always of the best, and once a lady becomes a subscriber, she never voluntarily gives it up. Two dollars cannot be more wisely expended than in securing the excellent magazine for 1879, and we feel that we are but doing our duty to our readers when we advise them, one and all, to have their name placed on Peterson's list."

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson" has had, for more than twenty years, a circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia.

"TWENTY-THREE YEARS, AND MORE."—Says a lady, renewing her subscription, "My mother used to take 'Peterson' when a girl, and she has been married twenty-three years. I intend to take it as long as I live. We could not do without it." That is the general cry.

OH! WHAT A HORRID COMPLEXION.—Why don't you use Laird's "Bloom of Youth?" It will remove tan, freckles, and all blemishes from the skin, leaving it perfectly clear and beautiful. Sold by druggists everywhere.

"DRESSING WELL."—The Lynn City (Mass.) Democrat, noticing our last number, says, "No lady should be without 'Peterson.' It is always up to the latest styles in fashion, and invaluable information in the art of dressing well."

ART-NEEDLEWORK.—Miss S. W. Tilton & Co., Boston, will send by mail a copy of "Instructions in Art-Needlework," to any address, on receipt of 50 cents.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. IV.—GARDEN PLANTS, CONTINUED.

XX.—*Syringa Vulgaris.—Common Lilac.* This old, showy plant, or bush, was once much esteemed by mothers and their daughters, and was to be seen in some nook or corner of nearly every garden in the country. It has never been used in domestic medicine, however, to our knowledge, by mothers of the present or past generation, although it is probably quite as deserving of attention as some of the *simples* which they are wont to use. The leaves and fruit have a bitter taste, and have been used as a tonic and febrifuge, particularly in some parts of France, by the country people, in the cure of intermittent fever; and the distinguished physician, Cruveilhier, recommended the plant for that complaint. It seems to have been overlooked by all classes of medical men in this country, and its properties remain untested.

XXI.—*Thuja Occidentalis, or Arbor Vitæ.* A well known, indigenous, evergreen tree, to be found from Canada to South Carolina, growing wild and cultivated, in nurseries and in gardens, as ornament. The leaves, which have an agreeable, balsamic odor, are the parts used in medicine. In decoction, the leaves have been used in ague, as well as in coughs, fevers and rheumatism.

A saturated tincture of the leaves, in teaspoonful doses, has been found useful as an emmenagogue, and in minute (drop) doses, the rational homœopath uses the tincture for many female complaints, even those of ulceration of their peculiar organization; warty excrescences wither away under its use. It has some repute, also, in veterinary practice in curing *farcy*, and similar affections. If but a few warts are present, they should be painted with the strong tincture daily, which will suffice. But if they come in crops, the tincture should be taken internally also. It has also cured the nævus maternus, or *mother's mark.*

XXII.—*Buxus Sempervirens.—The Evergreen Box.* This is also a well-known, cultivated plant in our gardens, for margins of walks, etc., though a native of Europe and Western Asia. The writer is not aware that either the wood or leaves of this plant possess any medicinal virtues, nor have our old mother-nurses ever entered it in their list of valuable or useful "roots and herbs."

In its native country however, the wood is considered diaphoretic, and is used in decoction in rheumatism and some specific blood diseases.

The leaves in strong infusion are said to be purgative, while a volatile oil, distilled from the wood, has been favorably used in epilepsy, and a tincture of the leaves, at one time, enjoyed some reputation as an antiperiodic.

XXIII.—*Sempervivum Tectorum.—House-leek.* Derivation, ever-living; of, or belonging to, dwellings. It is a perennial, succulent, European plant, remarkable for its tenacity of life, and is found growing on rocks, old walls, roofs of houses, and cultivated in this country as a curious sort of ornament, and as a domestic medicine. The thick, fleshy, succulent, smooth, green, inodorous leaves are employed, when bruised, as a cooling application to burns, stings of bees, wasps, hornets, etc.—to ulcers, also, and other external affections, attended with inflammation. The juice will often cure or cause warts to disappear.

XXIV.—*Melissa Officinalis.*—[From the Greek, Melissa, a honey bee; the flowers reputed to be a favorite of that little insect.] Common Balm is a generally well-known, aromatic, bushy plant, growing in gardens, and by the roadsides, in waste places, etc. An infusion of this plant makes a very agreeable and useful drink in fevers, tending to promote perspiration, if taken warm, and may be advantageously taken at bedtime, in cases of sudden colds. Dr. Darwin, in his "Botanical Garden," alludes to its didynamous, or *twin* character thus:

> "Two knights before thy fragrant altar bend,
> Adored Melissa! and two squires attend."

MANAGEMENT OF INFANTS.

CLEANLINESS.—Cleanliness and cleanly habits are also among the indispensables in the bringing up of children; The youngest baby can be taught cleanly habits by mere custom, but, as in the matter of sleep and food, begin early. In the management of babies, nothing is much more difficult than to teach them good habits, when they have been allowed thoughtlessly to contract bad ones. A poor little child is suddenly told, that it must "behave itself;" it is scolded; and, poor little unfortunate, sometimes slapped, for doing now, what it has so often done before, without a word of reproof. This is cruel. Of course, it cannot break itself of its old practices at once; it will take weeks, months, perhaps to do so. Nobody has a right to punish a child for uncleanly ways, when the mother has been too ignorant, or too careless, to educate it to cleanliness.

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Little babies will do as they are directed, if the mother makes it a necessary part of her system to instruct them, and never omit the duty; it will then come naturally and regularly to them to do this at certain intervals. When older, but let it still be when a sitting posture is not hurtful to them, say from six to eight months, and according to their strength, children may be accustomed to their low chair, being placed in it three or four times a day, for ten minutes or so, not much longer, for their backs will not bear it, and, besides, it is injurious to them in other ways. The mother must not be discouraged nor disappointed, if, when baby has been placed in his chair, morning after morning, he shows no symptoms of following her rules; he *will* follow them, sooner or later; and, then, good habits once formed, will not be easily relinquished, especially if the mother is ever watchful with him, to detect any little unavoidable mistake, and will, with grave kindness, remind him of it.

There should be a "table" to baby's chair, and if a toy or two is put upon it, he will forget that he does not like sitting still. Do not let him cry; it is a great comfort in a house, when baby is not encouraged to cry. But that does not mean to let him have everthing he cries for; let him have his own proper playthings, and keep him busy with them; baby, with plenty to do, forgets to cry.

The bath of tepid water is, of course, another "indispensable" for the baby's health and comfort. We have before spoken of the bath for the young baby, and when a little older the "splash" is so much enjoyed that the little fellow is ready to cry when taken out of his tub. Then he should be amused whilst he is being rubbed dry, and he will soon be as anxious for the mother's merry chatter as he was for his "splash." Some mothers put a little rock salt in the morning bath, if the baby is delicate, but great care must be taken not to use it if there is any sore or chafed parts on the body, as it will, of course, smart very much.

Little children who have not been accustomed to be put in water, nearly always scream at first; they should be very carefully treated, poor little souls, for they are terribly terrified; they should not be put in as quickly as a child who has taken a bath almost every day from its birth. The mother should be exceedingly gentle, putting in the legs and feet first, sprinkling them, and playing and talking with the little one all the while. A piece of bright-colored ribbon or a scrap of cloth tied to the handle of the bath tub, will be of great service, for baby cannot resist trying to clutch at these splendid articles, and he will most probably sit down in the water, and forget that he does not like it.

Before being put to bed for the night, the baby should be sponged off, about those parts of his person that are apt to excoriate.

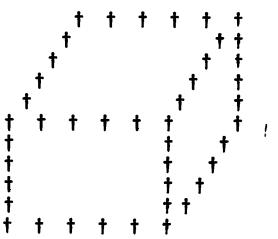
Older children, too, should have their hands and feet washed, before going to bed, if they are in the habit of "playing in the dirt," which is a Paradisical state to most children. Garden dirt will not hurt them; it is "clean dirt," and most healthful, too; let them dig, too, to their heart's content, and the strong limbs, bright eyes, and rosy cheeks will soon repay the mother for the extra little trowsers, frocks and aprons that go to the wash-tub each week.

As the child grows older, he should be taught to keep his nails, as well as his hands clean (of course we do not mean just when digging), and also taught to use the tooth-brush every day. The fine-tooth comb is a most pernicious thing for the head; it scrapes up the scalp and creates dandruff; a little borax and water, or the white of a new-laid egg, well whisked and applied to the head, and then well rinsed out is much better. The hair should be *well dried* with warm towels, after any such application, but the scalp once clean, it can usually be kept so by regular brushings. Putting a child's hair in curl-papers, or plaiting it tightly at night, in order to make it crimp, is very injurious to it.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers.☜

No. 8.—BOX PUZZLE.



The box is composed of nine words, of six letters each. Each point is the same vowel that begins and ends each word.

The following form the box: to compose, to weaken, to employ, to irritate, an animal, flight, condition, to rouse, to issue.

G. C.

Marblehead, Mass.

No. 9.—LOGOGRIPH

Whole, I am a division; behead me, and I am a girl; curtail and transpose me, and I am a girl's nickname; behead again and transpose, and I am an interjection.

S. L. A.

Gloucester, Mass.

No. 10.—HIDDEN LADIES' NAMES.

"Better late than never."

I told them Mary had gone to the fair.

A blot of ink will mar that picture.

Three brothers are named respectively, Eli, Zachariah and Theophilus.

Powder on ladies' faces gives them a youthful look.

HARRY.

Marblehead, Mass.

No. 11.—DROP-LETTER PYRAMID.

—
—O—
—O—O—
—O—O—O—

Across:—A consonant; a plaything; a mark of punctuation; an amphibious animal. *Down*:—A Roman numeral; an abbreviation; a weight; an air; a seed-vessel; a negative; a consonant.

GEO. D. BURBANK.

South Parsonsfield, Me.

Answers to Puzzles in the March number.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

TIMEPIECE
POTENCY
SATYR
KEY
R
ASK
SHORE
FLANNEL
IGNESCENT

DECAPITATIONS.

Spit, pit, it, t. Slit, lit, it, t.

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WORD-SQUARE.

CARE
ALAS
RAMP
ESPY

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

Bath. Rockland. Belfast. Eastport.

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.

P
SAW
BORED
DON
L

CURTAILMENTS.

Carp, car. Part, par. Robe, rob. Dote, dot.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

N ig H
A ureol A
T ha W
H ur T
A dmonis H
N egr O
I mpai R
E jectio N
L anguag E

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

TO COOK OYSTERS.

To Stew Oysters.—Strain the liquor from three quarts of oysters; put with one-quarter pound of butter, rolled in one teaspoon of flour, one teaspoon of pounded white ginger, and one of mace, in the blade; salt and cayenne pepper to the taste. Let the liquor come to a boil, and then put in the oysters, and let them cook for twenty minutes. To use half milk and half oyster liquor is very good.

INVALID COOKERY.

It is often necessary to give farinaceous substances and eggs in the form of puddings, and yet to avoid sugar. In such cases the three following receipes for savory puddings will be found useful. In making custard puddings, whether for boiling or baking, the milk should be boiled before putting it to the eggs. Unboiled milk, when used for making puddings, is apt to curdle, leaving a substance very unsuited to the digestion of an invalid.

Savory Rice Pudding.—Wash one ounce of the finest rice, put it in a pie dish with half a pint of beef tea or any kind of broth. Bake until the rice is well cooked; it will take about an hour in a moderate oven. Boil a quarter of a pint of milk, pour it on to an egg lightly beaten, stir well together, and then mix with the rice. Season with salt, and, if allowed, a little pepper. Put the pudding into the pie dish, bake very slowly for an hour and a-half, and serve.

Savory Maccaroni Pudding.—Break one-half ounce of best Italian maccaroni into half a pint of veal broth or weak beef tea, and let it boil for an hour, or until well swelled and perfectly tender. Make a custard as for savory rice pudding, put it with the maccaroni into a tart dish, season to taste, and bake gently for an hour and a-half.

Savory Bread Pudding.—Pour half a pint of beef tea, boiling, over the crumb of a French roll. Beat well together, and let it soak for half an hour; then add two eggs beaten with a quarter of a pint of boiling milk. Season with pepper and salt, beat together for five minutes, put the pudding into a buttered tart dish, and bake rather quickly for three-quarters of an hour. If there is no objection, an onion well boiled and beaten to a pulp may be added to the pudding.

Maccaroni Cheese.—This is maccaroni flavored with cheese, and may be eaten without risk by most invalids. Scrape two ounces of good-flavored, rich, new cheese into half a pint of cold water, let it boil gently for half an hour, strain out the cheese, and put to the liquid half an ounce of best Italian maccaroni broken in small pieces, a bit of butter the size of small walnuts, a pinch of pepper, and salt if necessary. Let the maccaroni simmer gently until perfectly tender, when it will have absorbed all the liquid; then beat up the yolk of an egg with a teaspoonful of milk or cream; stir briskly into the maccaroni until it is lightly set, and assumes the appearance of cheese; serve immediately.

German Omelets—Beat up the yolks of two eggs, mix a small teaspoonful of flour and one of corn flour in a tablespoonful of cold milk or cream, and stir into the eggs; pour on this a quarter of a pint of boiling milk, sweeten lightly, and flavor with a few drops of extract of vanilla. When ready to bake the omelets, beat the whites of the eggs to a strong froth, and stir altogether; rub two common pudding plates with just enough butter to prevent the omelets sticking, pour the mixture on to them, bake in a quick oven until set; they will be done in about ten minutes. Fold them over, turn on to a hot dish, sift sugar over, and serve. These may be made as savory German omelets by substituting salt for sugar, and, if liked, adding a little pepper and chopped parsley.

Rice Cream.—Bake one ounce of best rice in half a pint of milk; when done, remove the skin from the top. Dissolve a quarter of an ounce of gelatine, previously soaked in two tablespoonfuls of cold milk, in half a pint of boiling milk or cream, add the yolk of an egg, two ounces of loaf sugar, and a little extract of vanilla; stir over the fire for five minutes, mix with the rice, pour it into a mould, and let it remain until set. More or less sugar may be used according to taste; the quantity given will make the cream rather sweet.

Custard Cream—Pour half a pint of boiling milk or cream on to the yolks of three eggs well beaten, sweeten to taste, whip together, and put it in a stewpan; stir over a gentle fire until it thickens, then flavor with extract of vanilla or lemon, or with brandy; whilst cooling stir occasionally, and when nearly cold stir in a quarter of an ounce of gelatine dissolved in three tablespoonfuls of boiling milk, then put the cream into a mould, and let it stand until the next day.

Blanc Mange—This was formerly not only one of the most esteemed creams for the dinner and supper table, but was also highly regarded as a convenient medium for administering a cream or milk diet to invalids. It has now, however, gone out of fashion, but is certainly not improved upon by some of the tough and frothy creams by which it has been superseded. As blanc mange is frequently ordered on account of the properties of the almonds, care should be taken to prepare them properly, as in this following recipe, which is an old and good one: boil half an ounce of isinglass or a quarter of an ounce of gelatine, previously soaked in a spoonful of water, in a pint of new milk, (a little more isinglass or gelatine will be required in summer); put in an ounce of sugar, rubbing two or three of the lumps on the peel of a lemon, and a very small piece of cinnamon. Blanch six bitter, and a quarter of an ounce of sweet, almonds, pound in a mortar, adding a spoonful of rosewater by degrees. When pounded to a paste, mix the almonds with the milk, stir in a quarter of a pint of good cream, and let the blanc mange stand for half an hour. Strain through a fine sieve or muslin, taking care that none of the almonds remain in the liquid, put it into a mould, and let it stand until set.

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KNITTING.

TERMS USED IN KNITTING.—We have been asked, by a new subscriber, for the meaning of the abbreviations used in knitting. They are as follows:

To *cast on*.—Make a loop in your thread, and place it on the pin in your left hand, then with the right-hand pin knit this stitch; but instead of letting off the first, place the second stitch on the same pin with the first. Repeat this until the desired number of stitches have been made.

To *cast off*.—When the knitting is completed, knit two stitches with the left-hand pin, pull the first over the second; knit another stitch, pull the first over the second; repeat this till only one stitch remains; draw the thread through this and fasten off securely.

To *increase*.—There are a variety of ways of doing this. If one stitch only is to be increased, bring the thread between the pins, and knit the following stitch; this will make an open stitch or hole in the following row. If a close increase is to be made, pick up the loop below the next stitch to be knitted, and knit it. To increase one stitch when the row is being seamed, the thread will be in front of the pin; pass it quite round the pin to the front again.

To *decrease*.—If one stitch only is to be decreased, knit two stitches together as one. If two stitches are to be decreased, slip one, knit two together, and pass the slipped stitch over the two knit together.

To *fasten on*.—Twist the two ends of thread together, and knit a few stitches with both; or a strong weaver's knot answers the purpose.

To *pick up a stitch*.—With the left-hand pin pick up the loop below the next stitch to be knitted, knit it, and pass it to the right-hand pin.

A *row* is to knit the stitches from one end of the pin to the other once.

A *round* is having the stitches on three pins to knit with a fourth the stitches off each of these three in turn.

To *slip a stitch* is merely to pass a stitch from the left-hand pin to the right without knitting it.

To *seam a stitch*.—Insert the pin in the stitch to be seamed, with the point towards you, pass the thread quite round the pin, take the pin with the stitch on it out at the back; repeat this.

To *knit a plain stitch*.—Insert the pin in the stitch to be knitted, with the point from you, pass the thread over the pin, and draw it through to the front; repeat.

To *knit in ribs* is to knit alternately plain and seamed stitches, either two and two or three and three, according to the width that the rib is required.

HOUSEHOLD ART.

HOUSE DECORATION, ETC., ETC.—A few general principles lie at the foundation of all house decoration; and everybody who builds a house, or papers the rooms of one, or frescoes it, should know them. Take, for example, the reasons for different colors: Dark colors suggest strength, and are, therefore, suitable for the exterior supports of a house, for the lower part of the walls indoors, for the frame of a panel, for the trimmings of doors and windows; and, while doors should be darker than the walls, dark rooms should have light tints, and small rooms small patterns on the walls. When designs of natural foliage are used, they should be treated according to the position they are to occupy. If on the walls, they should have an upward direction, just as they would be seen by a man looking at a tree or vine growing before him. If on the floor, they should be placed as he would look at them from above, and if on the ceiling, as if from below. Color may have an enlivening or depressing effect; blue, for example, is a cold, quieting color; red is warm and stimulating. Blue again produces the effect of distance, and will make a ceiling higher, or a recess deeper, while yellow appears to advance toward the eye, will seem to lower a ceiling, or exaggerate a moulding; and red is the only color that remains stationary. These matters are all simple and natural, without any of the mystery with which the subject is too often surrounded.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

FIG. I.—RECEPTION-DRESS OF BLACK SILK, AND BLACK AND STRAW-COLORED PEKIN SILK; the skirt has two narrow, knife-plaited ruffles in front, and three at the back, and the front is very much wrinkled, and trimmed with white lace, and black and straw-colored satin ribbon; the back of the skirt is also draped, and is of black silk, while the sides are of the Pekin, straw-colored and black; the lace and bows also ornament the back and sides. The deep basque jacket is of the Pekin silk, trimmed with lace; black straw hat with yellow feathers.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF LIGHT BLUE CAMEL'S HAIR; the train at the back is slightly looped; the front of the dress is trimmed with a band of Persian embroidery; the body has a slight fulness from the shoulders to the waist over the dart seams, and is confined by a wide belt of the camel's hair; bége-colored bonnet with blue plumes.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS OF WINE-COLORED SILK, AND WINE-COLORED AND BÉGE-STRIPED CAMEL'S HAIR; the ruffle around the bottom of the false skirt, the sleeves and bands of trimming are of the wine-colored silk; the striped camel's hair is made square in the neck, is slightly draped low down at the sides, and is cut in broad points in the front of the skirt; a knife-plaiting of the camel's hair trims the rest of the skirt around the bottom; a row of bows of red gros-grain ribbon, faced with bége-colored satin passes from the left side of the square corsage to lower right side of the skirt, where there are several long ribbon loops; bége-colored straw hat, trimmed with feathers of the same color, and wine-colored ribbon and a dark red rose.

FIG. IV.—VISITING-DRESS OF PALE FAWN-COLORED FOULARD; the back is draped in three long loops; the front, near the bottom, and on the right side, is trimmed with Breton lace; the coat-basque and vest are untrimmed, with the exception of the collar; the vest opens heart-shape on the neck, and has a plaiting of the silk, one side of which reaches to the broad band which passes across the front. Bonnet of the color of the dress, with bows of ribbon, and strings to match, and a bunch of grapes and green leaves.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF VERY FINE SMOKE-GRAY BUNTING; the under-skirt has a wide box-plaiting in front, with a kilt-plaiting around the rest of the skirt; the upper-skirt is princess in shape, and the bottom is turned up in milk-maid style; a trimming of rich, oriental embroidery passes down on each side of the front, and around the top of the skirt, where it is turned up; three-quarter sleeves, finished with embroidery like that on the skirt. Hat of smoke-gray straw, with veil of the same color.

FIG. VI.—VISITING-DRESS OF PEARL-COLORED SILK, TRIMMED WITH BANDS OF WHITE EMBROIDERY, ON PEARL-COLORED SILK; the bottom of the skirt, the edge of the full, pointed sides, the front of the skirt, and the mantilla are all trimmed with this embroidery; Breton lace, Torchon lace, or any colored embroidery may be substituted, if preferred. The bonnet is of white straw, trimmed with violets.

FIG. VII.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF BLACK SILK, trimmed with narrow, plaited ruffle of the same black and old gold-colored fringe, and black braid, edged with old gold-color; the mantilla has a bias band, trimmed with this braid, and at the back a hood is simulated by the long, black satin ribbon, with a bow and ends near the bottom. Yellow straw bonnet, trimmed with poppies.

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FIG. VIII—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF WHITE BUNTING; the deep basque, as well as the skirt, is trimmed with rows of Breton lace; the collar fastens at one side with a bow of white satin ribbon. White straw bonnet, faced with black velvet, and trimmed with a long, white plume; pale yellow primroses in the front.

FIG. IX.—PROMENADE-DRESS OF DARK DE BÉGE; the skirt is bordered with a plaiting stitched down twice, the upper row has a heading lined with claret satin; the tunic is fastened down the centre with large, pearl buttons; the long waistcoat is of pale yellow and claret-colored Pekin; the large coat-bodice is double-breasted to the waist, and fastened with large, pearl buttons; the turned down collar and revers are piped with claret-colored satin; the bodice, sleeves and pockets are all edged with a narrow bias band of claret-colored satin.

FIG. X.—HOUSE-DRESS OF BLUE AND GREEN PLAID SUMMER SILK; the entire front and bottom of the skirt is trimmed with knife-plaitings of the silk; the skirt is open in front, and is slightly draped at the back, and the silk knife-plaiting down each side of the front is put on in *jabot* style, with loops of ribbon interspersed; the deep waist is made plaited back and front into a yoke; a belt around the waist, with a bow of ribbon on one side.

FIG. XI.—YOUNG LADY'S EVENING-DRESS OF WHITE STRIPED ALGERINE; the short skirt has fine, narrow knife-plaitings, with a much wider one above them, cut in points at the sides; the front of the dress is laid in small plaits the entire length of the skirt; the over-dress is of the Algerine, (which is a plain white striped material,) cut princess shape at the back, and with full *panniers* at the sides; white satin ribbon, with long loops, and ends meeting in front, come from beneath the *panniers* at the back; the princess body opens in front over a plaited waist, and a collar *berthé* is made of black velvet, edged with narrow, white lace, and has a large, pink rose on one side.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give a great variety, this month, of the newest styles in various articles. The hat is of white straw, trimmed with a white plume, and faced with black velvet. The bonnet is also of white straw, trimmed with old gold and pale blue ribbon, and the bouquet at the top is a cluster of carmine roses and carnations. The satin necktie is of old gold; the striped bow is of oriental-colored ribbon, and the watteau bow is of white satin, with flowers in the natural color. The fichu is of wide Breton lace, sewed on tulle; the fan of blue and white striped satin, with a feather trimming at the top, studded with forget-me-nots, and the gloves are of pale sulphur-color, embroidered in the same color. The new colors differ but little from those worn for the past season or so, only they have received new names, as iceberg-blue, which has a greenish tinge, and there is also the old peacock-blue, which has also a great deal of green in it, and Sevres blue, turquoise-blue, baby-blue, etc., etc.; if there is any change, it is that the colors are a little less faded-looking than they were. Ivory-white is beginning to be replaced by a dead and pearl-white, which is to be regretted, as the latter colors are so much less becoming than the soft, yellowish white. Light shades of yellow, chestnut-brown, silver-gray, fawn, etc. are all fashionable.

Many new cotton goods have appeared, and are of the most beautiful designs of flowers, branches, leaves, grasses, etc.; côtelines, armures, zephyr cloths, mummy cloths, etc., are all much sought after, whilst the old-fashioned ginghams, calicoes, lawns and organdies still hold their own; all these materials make beautiful and comparatively inexpensive dresses for the warm weather. The soft, woolen goods for spring wear, and for cool summer and early autumn days, are as soft and graceful as possible; the ivory-white and very pale grays of some of these goods are particularly pretty; the albatross cloth in ivory-white deserves especial notice.

Whilst fashion is in a transition state, we will see the two extremes meeting often. The Louis XVI. style, with coat, and vest, will be adapted to the Marie Antoinette style of panniers and fuller skirts; in other words, on some toilettes, the vest remains, and the coat basque is lengthened on the hip, and gathered up in a *pouff* at the back, forming small panniers. The tight-clinging skirt is already giving way to slightly fuller drapery, and, as we have said before, long dresses are now but seldom seen on the street. But our fashion plates are so varied, and so full of all the latest styles, that it is unnecessary to write more fully as to the prevailing fashions; a study of the plates is the best guide.

Jackets are still worn as street wraps, but made larger around the hip, in order to fit over the increasing fulness of the skirts; when *panniers* have dethroned the coat basque entirely the *mantalet* will take the place of the jacket; these mantalets, of which many have appeared, are made of black silk, fine, black camel's hair, and foulard; they are made to fall below the waist in the back, are rounded at the bottom, have round scarf-ends in front, and a rounded hood. This hood is not becoming to very stout or round-shouldered people; therefore, for them it should be made with as little fulness as possible; but very slender persons may wear it much more drawn and trimmed; pinked ruches and black lace are the trimmings most used for them. These mantalets are very pretty, made of the material like the dress, if it falls softly.

Bonnets and Hats continue to be worn as is considered the most becoming; but the quite large crowns are getting to be most general; the brims are broad, and flare at the top, whilst the sides are small and close-clinging; they are trimmed with long, loose loops, and strings that pass across the top and tie closely at the sides; the more dressy ones have large bouquets, often of mixed flowers on the top or back of the crown, and what has not been worn for some seasons, a large flower or bouquet under the brim, which fills in the vacant space above the hair. The smaller bonnets, with Arabian bows, will probably not be worn so much during the summer, as they are too small to protect the face; but as yet they are very generally worn, being too becoming to be dispensed with till it is absolutely necessary.

Ribbons were never seen in such variety as at present; they are of all colors and designs, and are largely used for trimming dresses, as well as bonnets, etc.

Hair-Dressing, it has long been predicted, would very materially change in style; in fact, for young girls and ordinary wear, much less hair has been worn, for a year or so past, and it has also been worn loose in the neck; but with the Marie Antoinette costume, large puffs and *rouleaux* must necessarily be worn, or else the head will look too small for hips and rest of the body, and we will probably see not only the hair dressed quite high on the head, but with stiff curls at the back, but always close at the sides.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I. AND III.—FRONT AND BACK OF A DRESS FOR A YOUNG GIRL; it is of greenish-bronze serge; the skirt just reaches the ankle, and is bordered with a deep kilting; the tunic is plainly draped, and ornamented with rows of machine stitching; the yoke-bodice is made with four folds on either side of the buttons, and six similar plaits are repeated at the back. Large collar of white embroidery; white straw hat, lined and trimmed with silk of the color of the dress.

FIG. II.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF GREY BUNTING; around the bottom is a wide, plaited ruffle; the back and front of the dress is rather loose, and has several rows of lengthwise plaits; a band of English embroidery is put on above the wide, bunting ruffle; and the large collar is finished with the same embroidery. Hat of white felt, trimmed with a gray plume.

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ALUM IN OUR BREAD.

In order that the people of the country may fully understand the causes of the present excitement as to the use of alum in baking powders, a history of the agitation is necessary:

In the *Scientific American* of Nov. 16, appeared an article by an eminent chemist of New York, showing the presence of alum in large quantities in a number of baking powders.

This article was copied into many newspapers, creating great excitement in every household where baking powder was used. The popular feeling grew so strong that in the early part of December, at a meeting of the Brooklyn Board of Health, on motion of President Crane, the Sanitary Superintendent was directed to procure samples of the various kinds of baking powders sold in Brooklyn, have them analyzed, and make a report thereon to the Board.

Sanitary Superintendent Raymond, M. D., has presented to the Board of Health substantially the following report on baking powders and cream of tartar, and the effects of alum on the human system:

The digestibility of bread depends, in great measure, upon its being porous. If it is compact and heavy, the digestive juices are unable to act upon it, and it remains in the alimentary canal, undigested, giving rise to those disagreeable sensations all know as indigestion. This porosity is given to bread by the carbonic acid gas liberated in the process of bread making, forming throughout the loaf little vesicles of gas which are held by the gluten of the flour until the baking has solidified the mass and made permanent the spaces originally produced by the carbonic acid gas. This gas is incorporated with the dough in various ways. It may be forced in as is done in the "aerated bread;" or the gas may be formed by fermentation. For this purpose yeast, a mass of minute vegetable cells, is employed; this acts upon the sugar of the flour, converting it into carbonic acid gas and alcohol; or again, the carbonic acid gas may be liberated from some salt, holding it in combination. This is the principle involved in the use of baking powders.

Without going, in detail, into the constitution of baking powders, it will only be necessary to say that they are made with bicarbonate of soda, or carbonate of ammonia and cream of tartar, chemically known as the bitartrate of potassa. These powders are especially used in making biscuit and cakes. Before the days of baking powders, and even now, in many families, the cream of tartar and bicarbonate of soda were purchased separately from the grocer, and a baking powder extemporized in each kitchen; but the lack of skill, resulting in lumps of soda in the product, led manufacturers to ascertain the proper proportion of these two salts, and to mix them, selling the compound as a baking powder. These manufacturers claim that the cream of tartar sold in the shops is very variable, and that nothing short of chemical analysis will determine the amount of cream of tartar in each sample; that this the householder cannot do himself, and therefore is unable to combine with it the proper proportion of soda.

This variability in the quality of cream of tartar, needs the chemist to detect it, and the extensive use of baking powders would seem to indicate that there is a popular demand for them, due to the inability of the average cook to make her biscuits and cakes successfully, when she herself mixes the cream of tartar and the soda. We have been unable to find, in any drug store or grocery, good cream of tartar sold at retail for less than 60 cents a pound, while in some places it was as high as 85 cents. Some of the manufacturers, in order to supply a cheap baking powder, have introduced alum as an ingredient, and this seems to be the only satisfactory reason for its use that can be given. Bicarbonate of soda is used in these alum powders, as in the others, and carbonic acid gas is similarly produced.

In many countries alum has long been used by bakers in bread making. The effects of alum on the human body are well known, and are, beyond doubt, injurious when taken in large quantities, or in small quantities often repeated. All authorities agree in this, and there is no room for discussion.

The report of the Brooklyn Board concludes as follows:

From a careful examination, I am satisfied that the weight of evidence is against the use of alum in baking powders, and that the risks incurred in its use are too great to be incurred for the sake of cheapness alone. The mucous membrane of the stomach, and the intestinal canal is a delicate structure, and materials which would produce no effect on the outside skin, might irritate and inflame these organs.

The *N. Y. Evening Post* has been giving this subject some attention, and has published the result of some remarkable investigations, which are worthy the close attention of thoughtful people.

From its recent exposure of the use of *burnt alum* in some brands of baking powders, in place of cream of tartar, the following extracts are mainly taken:

Pursuing the investigation of the quality of the food sold in this city, the representative of the *Evening Post* took up baking powder as one of the articles in most general use in our households. It is used by nearly every family in the city, and it is naturally of great importance to those who eat the food made with it to know whether it contains anything injurious to health.

There are certain constituents of good baking powder which may be regarded as entirely free from danger. They consist of pure grape cream of tartar, bicarbonate of soda, and carbonate of ammonia. The cream of tartar unites with the other two ingredients, and carbonic acid gas is thrown off, producing the same effect as yeast in a much shorter time. It has been found, however, that alum will also unite with the other two articles, and carbonic acid gas will be produced. As alum costs less than three cents, while cream of tartar costs more than thirty cents a pound, it is easy to see why alum is substituted for the latter by some baking powder manufacturers. It is admitted by all medical authorities that cream of tartar leaves no injurious substance in the bread; alum, on the other hand, is in itself an astringent, and there is wide and deep-seated prejudice against its use. In England and other countries the adulteration of food with alum is forbidden by law under heavy penalties. The chemical effect of alum used in bread to whiten it is to form two salts of alumina—the sulphate and the phosphate of alumina. When used in baking powder the alum forms a third salt, the hydrate of alumina, as well as the other two. This hydrate of alumina is far more easily soluble than the other two; hence any objection that may exist as to the use of alum alone in bread applies with greater force to its use in baking powder. This fact can be proven by the following named authorities:

Parke is the leader of the new school of hygiene in England. In his "Treatise on Hygiene," he says:

Looking then to the positive evidence and the reasonablenes of that evidence, it seems to me extremely likely that strongly alumed bread does produce the injurious effects ascribed to it. These effects, as he previously states, are indigestion, griping, constipation, and kindred troubles resulting from irritation of the mucous membrane, produced by the astringent properties of alum.

Persons who have not strong constitutions, growing girls, young children, and nursing mothers, are particularly liable to the evil effects produced by this use of alum. Heartburn and the prevalent forms of indigestion are often solely traceable to the action of alum on the delicate coats of the stomach.

To make sure of knowing the action of alum, the *Evening Post's* representative obtained the following expressions of opinion as to its effect when used in baking powder from some physicians of New York of the highest reputation and ability.

Dr. William A. Hammond, formerly Surgeon-General United States, of No. 43 West Fifty-fourth Street, expressed himself as perfectly certain of the injurious effects of alum, whether used alone to whiten bread, or as an adulterant of baking powders. Alluding to the claim advanced that the alum was neutralized and changed into an insoluble salt, he said that this was a wholly improbable assumption, since such a perfect change could not take place unless the amounts of the alum and the bicarbonate of soda were combined in the exact chemical ratio necessary for each to absorb all of the other. Not only was this impossible in the manufacture of large quantities of baking powder, but the homogeneous character of the compound could not be exactly maintained throughout the whole mass, and therefore there would be sure to be a certain amount of free alum in any bread made with an alum baking powder. But even if the exact propor-

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tion were maintained, the salts formed would retain their injurious properties, as they would be dissolved in the gastric juice. The gastric juice contained not only lactic acid, but a large amount of hydro-chloric acid, and both the sulphate and hydrate of alumina would be dissolved. The phosphate might not be, but in that case the bread would be deprived of one of its most desirable ingredients, making the use of alum not only dangerous to the stomach, but deteriorating to the food.

"The hydrate of alumina," Dr. Hammond said, "would certainly be injurious to the mucous membrane. It would inevitably tend to constipate the bowels and interfere with digestion; and anything that tends to render the albumen of the bread insoluble, and therefore takes away from its nutritive value, is injurious."

Dr. Willard Parker said that if alum was substituted for cream of tartar in baking powder, in his opinion such powder would be injurious to health.

Dr. Alonzo Clark considers that alum has its uses, but it should not be ignorantly taken into the stomach in food. A substance which can derange the stomach, and in certain cases produces vomiting, should not be tolerated in baking powder.

Other great authorities, such as Carpenter, Thompson, Gibbon, and Normandy, all agree that the continued use of bread containing alum will bring about dyspepsia and other troubles.

Dr. Sayre, former President of the Broad of Health, said to one of the representatives of the New York press:

After the experiments in this line by Liebig, and other distinguished chemists, and vivisectors, with alum on cats, dogs and other animals, with the published results, we may well ask what is the use of such experiments if we do not apply them to practice, in the preservation of human life and health? The Board of Health should see to this.

Dr. Waller, chemist for the New York Board of Health, when asked by a *Sun* reporter as to the injurious effects of alum, replied:

You know what the effect of alum is when you take some of it in your mouth; well, that is just the effect it has upon the coats of the stomach.

The analysis of the various baking powders, as officially reported by the Brooklyn Board, reveals only two brands containing alum being sold in that city.

This is a much smaller proportion of alum baking powders than the number in use as reported by Dr. Henry A. Mott, Jr., as Chemist for the Indian Department of the United States. He found seventeen alum baking powders out of the forty-two that he analyzed. Whether this is the usual proportion of alum baking powders in the market or not is not of so much consequence. It is undoubtedly true that some very popular baking powders are made with alum for one of the basic salts.

As to the cream of tartar powders, the same report mentions the Royal Baking Powder as free from alum or any other substance injurious to life and health.

The are probably more than five hundred kinds of baking powder manufactured in this country, and, while some of them are sold from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the majority have only a local sale near their respective places of manufacture. Through Dr. Henry A. Mott, Jr., the well known chemist, one of the most competent, trustworthy and careful experts of this country, analyses were obtained, showing the presence of alum in large quantities in many of the baking powders having a wide sale. Dr. Mott kindly furnished not only the results of his own analyses, but also those of several chemists of high professional standing, including Professor Henry Morton, President Stevens Institute of Technology; Professor R. W. Shedler; Dr. Stillwell, of Walz & Stillwell, analytical chemists.

Having obtained the foregoing, the reporter called at the office of the Royal Baking Powder Company, 171 Duane street, the manufacturers of the Royal Baking Powder, a brand which the report of the Brooklyn Health Board revealed to be pure. Mr. J. C. Hoagland, President of the Company, gave the following replies:

REPORTER. "What is the cause of the present excitement about baking powders?"

MR. HOAGLAND. "It is due to the substitution of alum for cream of tartar by some manufacturers."

REPORTER. "Have you ever used any alum in the Royal Baking Powder?"

MR. HOAGLAND. "No, sir."

REPORTER. "But I find that it is used by others. What is it used for?"

MR. HOAGLAND. "I presume because it is cheaper than cream of tartar, which it replaces."

REPORTER. "You would, therefore, obtain a larger profit by using alum than by using cream of tartar?"

MR. HOAGLAND. "Yes, for a time such substitution would more than double our profits."

REPORTER. "Why, then, do you not use it?"

MR. HOAGLAND. "For two reasons: first, the authorities on this point are so positive and conclusive that the continued use of alum in this way is dangerous to health, that we could not conscientiously use it; if others choose to take risks on the public health, we shall not follow them, preferring to continue the use of pure grape cream of tartar, which is demonstrated to be wholesome; second, our experience during twenty years has satisfied us that that which is best for the public is best for us. We cannot afford to peril the reputation of the Royal Baking Powder."

REPORTER. "Can you give me any information about cream of tartar, how and where you procure it?"

MR. HOAGLAND. "Certainly. There are several substitute or 'patent' cream of tartars on the market, made from bones treated with strong corrosive acids; but the cream of tartar we use is a fruit acid; it exists naturally in the grape, and during fermentation of the tart wines in France, it is deposited on the sides and bottom of the casks. In its unrefined state it is called crude tartar or Argols, and is taken from the casks, after the wine has been drawn off. Each farmer has his crop of it, according to the amount of wine he has produced. This Company is the largest user of cream of tartar in the world, and we have our agents in Europe, collecting the crude material. It is imported into this country as Argols, and then subjected to the higher processes of refining, by which it is purified especially for our purposes, forming pure white crystals, which we grind to powder, and, in this form, we use it as an ingredient in our Baking Powder."

Other interviews were had, all to the same general effect, namely, that alum is used by many manufacturers to cheapen their powder, and enable them to undersell their competitors. Many of them are probably ignorant of the evil effects of alum on the system, while others are indifferent so long as they make money, and no one can be said to have dropped dead from taking their powder.

By this exposure of the injurious effects of alum in baking powder, the public must not be frightened from using baking powders when properly made.

In the report of Prof. Elwyn Waller, Assistant Health Inspecter of New York Board of Health, on baking powder in 1872, the public are recommended to purchase one of the well-known brands of baking powder, in preference to purchasing the cream of tartar separately, as this substance was found in all cases to be adulterated with sulphate of lime, commonly called terra alba, and to such an extent that in most cases the cream of tartar was really terra alba, to which a small quantity of cream of tartar had been added. The inspector further states that when the mixture is made on a larger scale in a factory, and the baking powder is put up in packages ready for use, the manufacturer experiences no difficulty, in the first place, of securing good materials, free from adulteration, and secondly, in mixing those materials in the proper proportions.

Dr. Mott, the Government Chemist, in his review of this subject in the *Scientific American*, makes special mention of having analyzed the Royal Baking Powder, and found it composed of wholesome materials. He also advises the public to avoid purchasing baking powders as sold loose or in bulk, as he found by analysis of many samples that the worst adulterations are practiced in this form—the label and trade-mark of a well-known and responsible manufacturer, he adds, is the best protection the public can have.

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Painted by H. Schlesinger

Engraved & Printed by Ullman Brothers

"THE LAST NEW THING IN [illegible]"

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Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine

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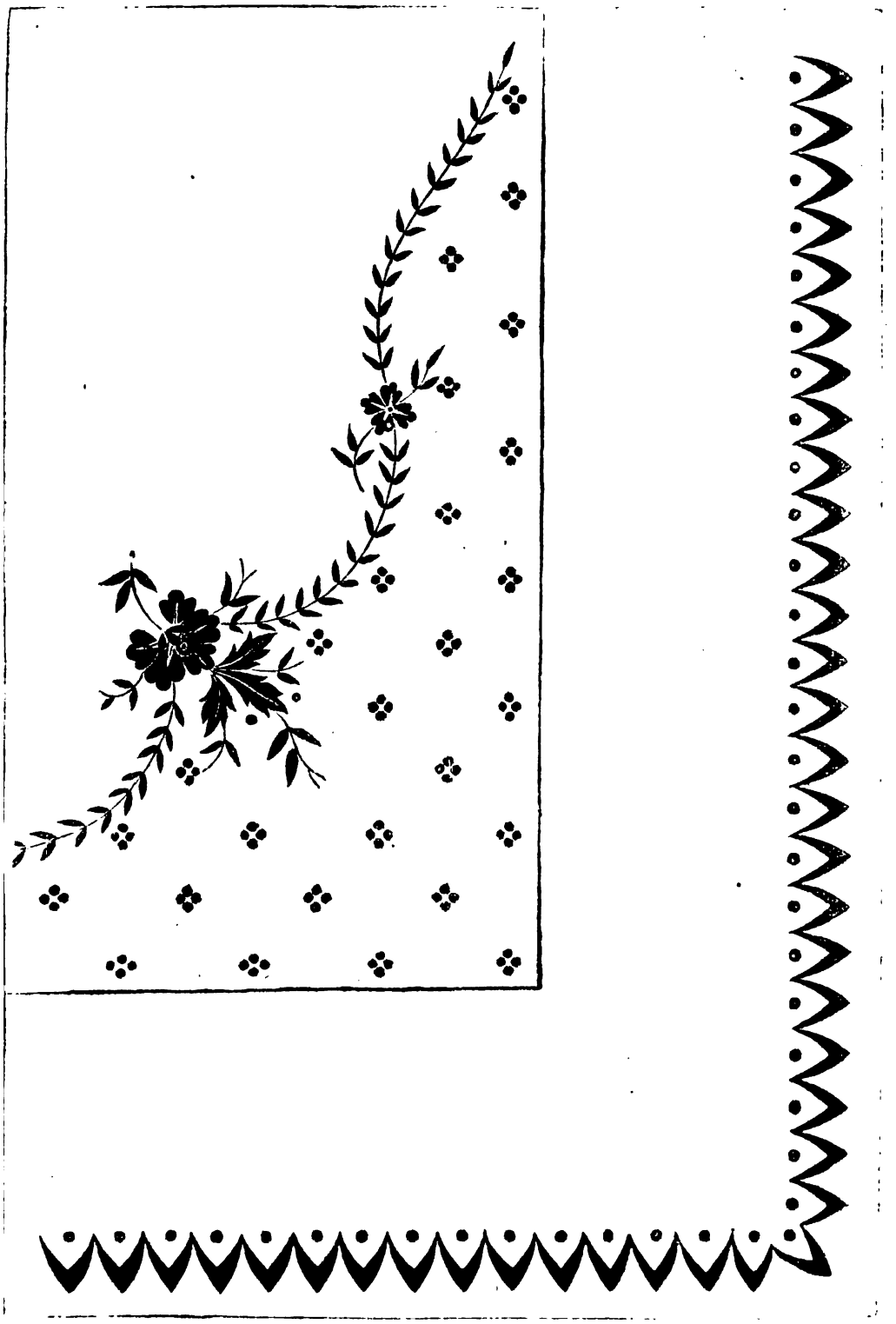

Handkerchief Border.

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Tidy in Indian Embroidery and Waved Braid.

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GOING A-MAYING.

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NEW STYLE HATS AND BONNETS.

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WALKING-DRESSES FOR LADY AND YOUNG MISS.

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WALKING AND CARRIAGE COSTUMES.

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WALKING-COSTUME. BONNET.

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EVENING-COSTUME. BONNET.

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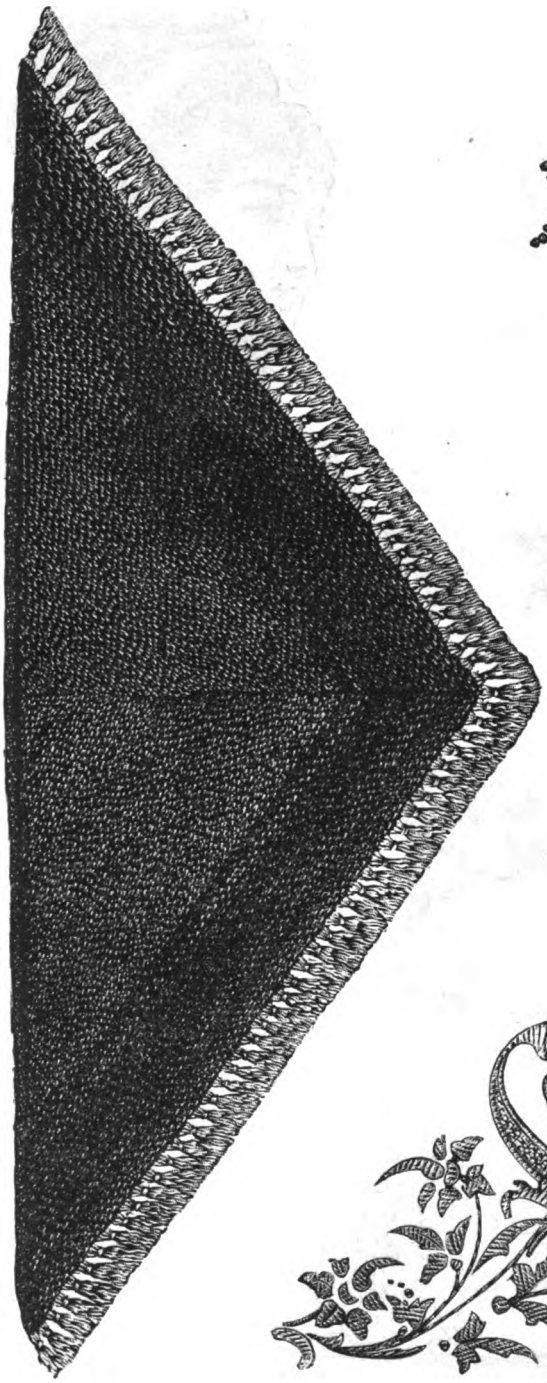

KNITTED SHAWL. MONOGRAM. HANDKERCHIEF BORDER.

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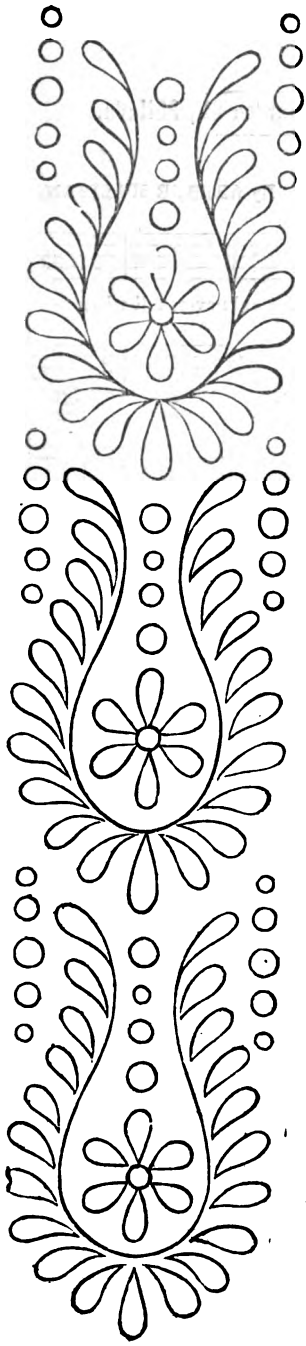

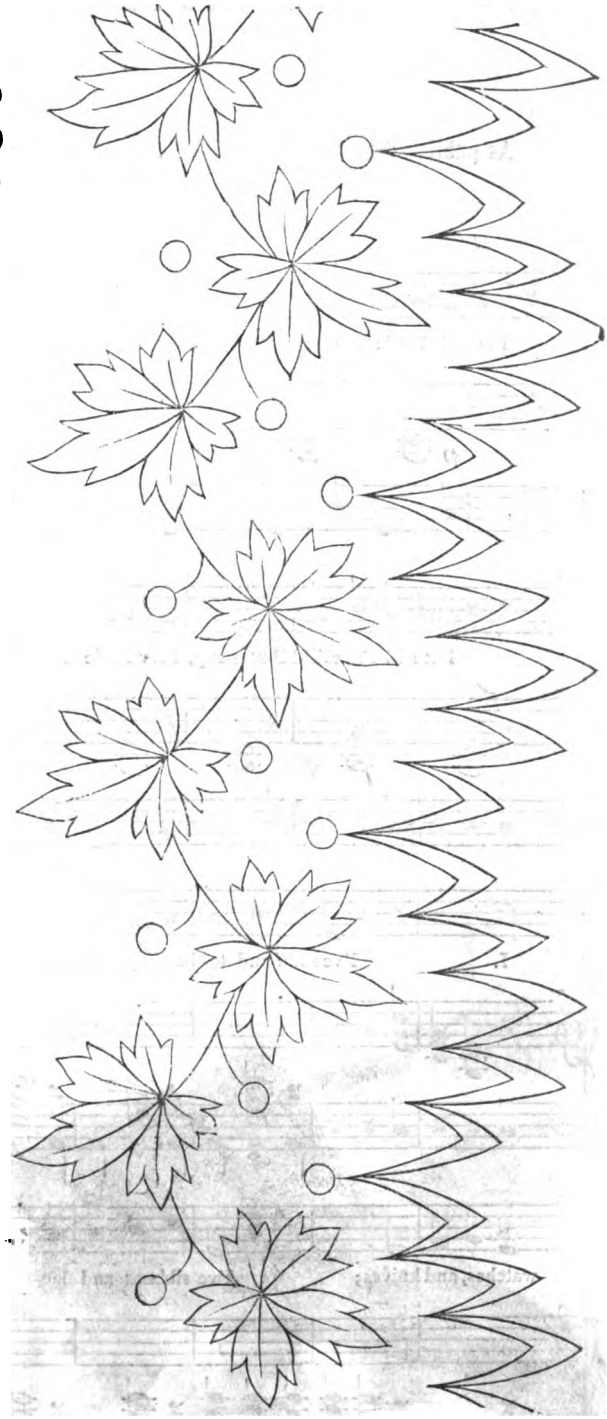

NEW PATTERNS IN EMBROIDERY.

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I'M CALLED LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

SONG.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1003 Spring Garden St., Philada.

By ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

I'm called little But-ter-cup, Dear lit-tle But- ter cup, Tho' I could nev-er tell why,

p

But still I'm call'd Butter-cup, Poor lit-tle But-ter-cup, Sweet lit-tle But- ter- cup,

I. I've snuff and to- bac - cy, And ex - cel- lent jac- ky; I've scis-sors and

watches, and knives; I've ribbons and lac- es to set off the fac - es Of

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pret- ty young sweethearts and wives. I've trea - cle and tof - fee, I've

tea and I've cof - fee, soft tom-my and suc - cu-lent chops. I've

rall.

chickens and conies, And pret-ty po - lo-nies, And ex-cel-lent peppermint drops. . .

rall.

a tempo.

. . . Then buy of your But-ter-cup, Dear little Buttercup, Sailors should never be shy—

a tempo.

So buy of your Buttercup, Poor little Buttercup, Come, of your Buttercup buy, . . .

colla voce.

con 8va

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MAY.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXV. PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1879. No. 5.

THE LAST "NEW THING" IN BONNETS.

BY MISS M. M. ELDREDGE.

"How do I look in it? I call it the last new thing in bonnets?"

The speaker, who had been gathering roses in the garden, sat down on a bank, as she spoke, and turning upside down the light, wicker basket she carried, put it on her head, with a coquettish air.

"Charming, ravishing!" answered her friend, Hilda, laughingly, as she came down the garden walk. "Saucier, and twice as lovely. I hardly expected to find you up, much less out. I have been to your room in vain. But I forgot your dreadful American habit of early rising. I have some news," and the speaker proceeded to settle herself, comfortably, on the grassy bank, by the side of her friend. As she did this, she noticed that Kate gave a start, jerked the basket from her head, and colored furiously.

"What is it?" she said. "Is any one coming? Why do you look so frightened?"

"I am not frightened," answered the other, recovering herself; "only provoked. I never thought that any one, at this early hour, would be going by; but just as you turned, to sit down, some horrid man passed up the road. He looked like a Dusseldorf artist, for he had a sketching-stool with him. His eye caught mine, and he almost laughed in my face—at the basket, I suppose—the impudent puppy!"

"Dear me!" said Hilda. "I wouldn't mind. You'll never see the man again. It was only a bit of harmless fun, on your part, after all. Come, I am dying to tell my news. You have heard me speak of Mr. Stanley, haven't you? He was the gentleman, who was so kind to my brother in London. He appeared, last night, armed with a letter from Fritz, while you were at the concert. Papa was so taken with him, that he insisted on having his things brought out from the hotel: and on making him stay with us, while he is in Baden-Baden."

"How provoking! I suppose, I shall see little, or nothing of you, now, Hilda. He'll monopolize you altogether."

"Why need it make any difference?"

"But you know I hate Englishmen. They are simply detestable; always so conceited, patronizing, insolent, and conventional!"

"How many more adjectives?" said her friend, laughing. "But this, Kate, is the exceptional Englishman."

"I never knew an exceptional one; they're all vain and stupid alike."

While the two girls are chatting, in this gay fashion, let us take the opportunity to introduce them, in due form. First, dear reader, Miss Kate Arnheim, a staunch and loyal American, who has been in Europe for two years, with her father and younger brother. Their home is nominally at Dresden; but a great part of their time is spent in travelling. On one of their trips through Switzerland, they had made the acquaintance of a German family, consisting of a father, mother, and daughter, of the same name as themselves. The two families soon became mutually attracted. It took very little research into their pedigrees to discover that they were distantly related, and, from that time out, they dubbed each other cousins, and became very intimate, especially the young ladies. Finally, a most pressing invitation was given to Kate, to pass a few weeks with the Von Arnheim's, in a beautiful villa, which they had taken for the season, in the suburbs of Baden-Baden. And here we find our heroine.

As Kate spoke German, with a fluency and purity very rare in a foreigner, and as she desired, above all things, a thorough insight into real German life, it had been arranged that she was to be introduced to the comparatively few acquaintances of the family, at Baden-Baden, simply as Hilda's cousin, from Dresden, omitting the fact of her being a foreigner. She had been at Baden about three weeks, when our story opens.

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The evening of the day in question, Kate descended at the dinner-hour, rather more carefully dressed than usual; for in spite of the visitor being an objectionable Englishman, she had resolved that he should, in some way, contribute to her amusement. At the foot of the stairs she stopped, a moment, to re-arrange some detail of her voluminous flounces. The room where the family was gathered opened directly into the hall, and through the half-open door, Kate became the involuntary auditor of a remark, just being made by the stranger, which brought the indignant blood tingling to her face.

"Yes, Herr von Arnheim," he was saying, "I have a decided, though perhaps foolish, antipathy for Americans. The men are rough, boorish snobs, and the women even more objectionable, almost invariably being fast, ill-mannered, and altogether horrible!"

Mr. Lawrence Stanley's remarks were here interrupted by the entrance of a girl, whom he inwardly pronounced "stunning," and thought he had seen somewhere before, but could not decide where. But Kate knew him, at once—he was the man who had laughed at her, that morning. When Fräulein Hilda introduced "my cousin, Fräulein von Arnheim," our heroine returned the gentleman's low, deferential bow by a dignified, stately inclination of the head, and without deigning any further notice of him, walked across the room, and established herself near Madame von Arnheim.

Hilda tried to resume her conversation with her brother's friend, but soon saw that his interest seemed gone, though politeness forced him to try to conceal the fact. His eyes constantly wandered to the corner, where Kate was carrying on an animated conversation with Madame von Arnheim. But if he could have read the fair hypocrite's thoughts, he would have seen that she was busily revolving in her mind schemes of vengeance, not only for his smile, that morning, but for his words, that evening; and that this vengeance was to culminate in the total subjugation of none other than himself.

After dinner, Kate seemed to change her tactics altogether, greatly to Hilda's astonishment, who thought, "Can she have resolved to forgive, and forget? It is very unlike her, when America is the rock of offence!"

A few visitors came in, among whom was one of Kate's most ardent admirers, a quite corpulent, middle-aged, but very rich, officer, Graf von Reibnitz, who was rather a laughing-stock of Hilda's, but whom, until now, a spirit of contradiction had caused Kate to favor; for Kate, it must be told in confidence, was the least bit of a flirt. To-night, however, she reserved all her sweetest smiles for the Englishman, laughing and chatting with him, until she had him completely in her toils.

When the evening was over, Kate, in the privacy of her apartment, was forced to acknowledge that our hero was "not so bad, after all, for an Englishman. If he hadn't laughed at me, I believe I could have liked him," she mused; "but now, never!" with a savage tug at the luxuriant, golden hair she was just then brushing—her very own, dear reader. "He shall regret what he said, too, of Americans." This was her last thought, before entering the enchanted realm of dreams.

Lawrence, for his part, meditatively smoking a cigar, pondered in a rather perplexed way, over the occurrences of the evening. "What an out-and-out beauty that girl is!" he said. "Such soft, yellow hair, and yet such glorious dark eyes! When she came into the room, she looked disdainful enough to annihilate me at once. She is more like a French girl, than one of these bouncing, buxom German beauties." (Lawrence had been in Germany just one week, and had derived his ideas of German girls, heaven knows where!) "What a lovely color she had, when she so coolly seemed to take me all in at a glance, and then turned her back on me, after the inspection, as if I were not worthy of a thought. Confound it! where did I see her before? For I'm sure I have seen her."

As the days passed, the young ladies found their guest less difficult to entertain than they had imagined. Parties were made to all points of interest in the neighborhood; balls were given twice a week at the *établissement*, which they generally attended; and every day Strauss' band discoursed delicious music from the promenade. No one need suffer from *ennui* at Baden, and so our friends discovered, for they found Lawrence a most agreeable attendant, and always ready to enter into all plans for amusement.

He was now completely captivated by Kate's beautiful face, and bright, sparkling manners. True to her scheme of revenge, she generally allowed him the foremost place in her rank of admirers, occasionally, however, plunging him into frantic fits of jealousy by smiling upon Graf von Reibnitz, or some of her other adorers, whose name was legion.

One day, the conversation turned on America and the Americans. Poor Lawrence unconsciously added to his condemnation, by the exceedingly disparaging remarks he made upon them. Kate mentioned the recent marriage of a young American lady with a German officer,

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when Lawrence said, laughingly, still ignorant that Kate was from the United States:

"Every one to his taste, but as for me, I believe I would rather marry a Hottentot than an American!"

Kate bent her flushed face a little lower over her work, and only said:

"What nationality would you prefer?"

"Well, I hardly know," answered Lawrence. "French girls are very attractive, but one can never feel sure of them; Italians are the same. I used to think German girls rather uninteresting, but now—"

"What now?" almost whispered Kate, with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks.

"Now, I think there is no one in all the world to compare with a German girl," said the young man, impetuously, drawing nearer to Kate. But our heroine did not wait to learn whether he were speaking generally or particularly, and pretending to discover the lack of something indispensable to her work, she hastily left the room.

Time passed. Kate's departure was drawing near. The event, strange to say, began to be anticipated by that young lady, with a curious sinking of the heart. She would have been loth to confess that this was caused, in any degree, by the prospect of bidding adieu to "that abominable Englishman." But in the inmost depths of her soul, something whispered that such indeed was the case; though her schemes of vengeance, meantime, had suffered no diminution. She never thought of her improvised bonnet, in fact, without hot blushes.

Her school-boy brother, Jack, a most irrepressible youth of sixteen, who had been making a walking tour through Switzerland, was expected a day or two in advance, to escort her back to Dresden; and his arrival was looked for, that very morning.

Sure enough, about an hour after Stanley's departure, Hilda and Kate were sitting in the library, when they heard a tumultuous commotion in the hall; the door burst suddenly open, and Jack appeared.

"How are you, Fräulein Hilda?" he cried, boisterously. "You see I couldn't live any longer without you! Hello, Sis!" Then, as his sister made a rush at him, "Yes, you may both fall on my neck, if you want to. But remember, I am a tender plant, and can't stand much agitation!"

After submitting, with the air of a martyr, to Kate's embrace, and answering a few questions, he made a dive at her, got his arm around her neck so tightly as almost to strangle her, and viciously rubbing his sunburned chin against her cheek, asked, with apparently great anxiety, "There, don't you think it's growing? Didn't it scratch?"

"You stupid boy!" gasped Kate, as soon as she could extricate herself from the bearish hug. "What nonsense—why, it's as smooth as satin! But come along, you scamp, and make yourself more presentable, before you see Madame von Arnheim!"

After the excitement caused by her brother's arrival had subsided, Kate wandered restlessly about the house, her mind in a disquieted, feverish state, which caused much solicitude to her friend Hilda. Finally, in the afternoon, she settled herself alone in the drawing-room, for a regular fit of the "dumps." She had not been there more than half an hour, when the door opened, and Mr. Stanley entered. His face brightened wonderfully at seeing Kate alone. On her part, she started uneasily, blushing as if she had been detected in some wrong doing.

The conversation turned, at first, on Kate's approaching departure. More than once Kate felt her face glowing at his despairing speeches. At length, he came and placed himself beside Kate on the sofa. Glancing hastily at his face, she saw that her hour of triumph had come. But with what a shrinking, cowardly heart she awaited it, instead of with the triumphant exultation she had expected.

"Fräulein Kate," he said, earnestly. "I think you must have prepared, in part, for what I wish to say. Our acquaintance has been short, but I have learned to love you, and love you so truly, that a lifetime would not be long enough to give you proofs of it. Don't look so cold and proud," with an ineffectual attempt to take her hand. "You surely cannot be surprised at my sentiments. Ah, Katie, if you will only become my own darling wife, I think you may trust to my love and devotion, to make up, at least in some degree, for the German home and friends you will have sacrificed."

Kate listened to her lover's passionate pleadings, his voice husky with emotion, and drew a long sigh. But she soon rallied.

"Sir," she said, and slowly rose, confronting her astonished suitor, her head haughtily erect, an expression of scorn and disdain upon her flushed face. "Sir," she said, speaking for the first time in English. "You have made a slight mistake. I am not a German. I am an American—one who never forgets an injury to her country; therefore I will leave you free to seek the Hottentot, whom you so infinitely prefer. Good-afternoon!" and with a contemptuous bow, she left the room.

She had gained her point! But surely, never

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before was a victory greeted with the passionate, convulsive fit of weeping, in which Kate indulged, when she had safely locked herself alone in her room. As for Lawrence, surprise, indignation, and disappointment were so mingled in his mind, that he felt himself to be a fit companion for no one, and started for a solitary walk to a castle, about five miles distant.

About two hours after, there was a timid knock at Kate's door, and Hilda entered. "Graf von Reibnitz is downstairs," she said, "and, of course, wants to see you, Kätchen. I have to go out with mamma, for a few minutes; so I am afraid you must see him alone, until we come back. But, Kätchen dear, you don't look well! Can I do anything for you?" and the affectionate girl wound her arm lovingly around her friend's neck, and looked beseechingly in her face.

But Kate only said, "Oh! I am all right, dear. I will be down, presently," and returned her embrace.

A few moments after, Kate entered the drawing-room, and greeted her admirer. She spoke rather shortly, for she was very impatient of the interruption. She had not been in the room more than five minutes, before the agitated, fussy, but lover-like, manner of her visitor told her that he had also come to learn his fate, and she thought, vindictively, "Horrid old wretch—I'll settle him very shortly! What business had he to come bothering me, to-day!"

After a few nervous, incoherent remarks about the weather, her corpulent admirer edged his chair close to the indignant Kate, and cleared his throat, ominously. Gradually growing redder than any turkey-cock, he appeared to be searching for something on the floor, at Kate's feet, but she soon discovered that he was only seeking the most favorable spot to deposit his rather bulky proportions; for the next moment, placing his hand on his heart, and heaving a voluminous sigh, he came suddenly down on his knees before her. Unfortunately, he miscalculated the distance, for his whole ponderous weight fell plump upon Kate's pretty foot; and the pain caused by this occurrence added one more to the grudges which she mentally cherished against the unlucky officer.

But he was in for it now, and without losing any time, plunged headlong into his tale of love, bringing his flowery peroration to a close, with, "Tell me, lovely creature, will you deign to become Countess von Reibnitz, and future mistress of Castle Reibnitz?"

Kate had been listening to his bombastic declaration, with ill-concealed impatience. Her indignation gathered strength, as she mentally compared the vain, absurd, purse-proud creature at her feet, with the suitor of a few hours ago, who had so earnestly and lovingly offered her his hand and heart. Rising to her feet, she looked haughtily down upon her discomfitted adorer, and answered, indignantly, "Your offer is extremely kind, sir; but I am not for sale. I would not become even Empress of Germany, if you were to be Emperor!" And with this irascible reply, the irritated girl left her amazed admirer, to digest, at his ease, the astounding fact that there was actually one woman in the world whom his fortune and title could not buy.

As he gazed after her, in wrath and astonishment, he was brought suddenly to his feet, by a loud "Ha, ha!" and an explosive "Jiminy!" Looking around, he discovered Master Jack, beating a hasty retreat, from a half-open door, at the foot of the room, from whence the young rogue had witnessed the whole occurrence. While the baron went out one door, swearing inwardly, Jack went out the other, chuckling with delight, to describe to Hilda, how "old Heavysides had gone down on his marrow bones to Kate, and *didn't* she give him particular fits!"

This communication was, at first, as Greek to Hilda, though she prided herself somewhat on her stock of English, which, by the way, had been principally learned from a polite phrase book. But by dint of much explanation, and by calling into play Jack's few words of German, she arrived, at length, at the conclusion that Kate had refused Graf von Reibnitz. This relieved her considerably, as she had been half-afraid that her friend's answer would be different, so many American girls, as she knew, being weak enough to be caught by a title.

The next day, her last at Baden-Baden, Kate was so undisguisedly a victim to the "blues," that Hilda, to divert her, proposed a farewell walk to a beautiful waterfall in the neighborhood. Kate consented, and the friends set off, with no other escort than Jack.

Arrived at their destination, the two girls wandered on into the woods, until they found a resting place to their liking, where they could have "a good, long talk," while Jack started off to find some amusement better suited to his masculine taste, than listening to the "gossip of two foolish girls."

Jack had been gone about an hour, and Kate was just in the midst of a description of the "Graf's" unfortunate wooing, when he reappeared, rushing up in a state of most violent excitement.

"Jiminy!" he cried, incoherently. "Here's a long-legged English donkey has been mooning about the rocks over the waterfall, and, some-

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how, has managed to slip, and tumble in that big pool! I guess the fall stunned him, for he sank right to the bottom, without trying to swim a stroke. I fished him out, but he's lying on the grass there, more dead than alive. You'd better go, girls, and attend to him, while I hunt out a doctor."

Jack was off, as he spoke, leaving Kate half-paralyzed, for a moment. A dreadful presentiment told her who it was; while Hilda remarked, sympathetically, "Poor animal! But how did Jack know that it was an English donkey?"

She received no satisfaction on this subject; for Kate was flying along, over sticks and stones, at a rate with which poor Hilda could hardly keep pace. Arrived at the waterfall, Kate's presentiment was fulfilled, and Hilda's astonishment was completed, when she found Lawrence Stanley's pale, dripping figure stretched, apparently lifeless, upon the grass.

Hilda only muttered, "Oh, this dreadful English language!" while Kate, who, at first, imagined Lawrence to be dead, forgot Hilda, and everything else but remorse, and dropping on the grass, beside the senseless figure, drew his head upon her lap, and showered hot kisses on his hair, murmuring, "Oh, my love—my love!"

As if her touch and voice had power to draw him back to love and life, Lawrence's eyes slowly unclosed, and to Kate's joy and wonder, a faint flush came into the death-like cheeks. "Have you come to me at last, my darling!" he whispered, and threw his arm around her. But in a moment he had relapsed again into unconsciousness, Hilda looking on, dumb with astonishment.

Jack soon reappeared with a doctor, and gave a low whistle of amazement when he saw the turn affairs had taken. By this time, Stanley had fully recovered consciousness, but was still dazed. The physician, after a slight examination, declared that he had sustained no serious injuries, and that a few days' quiet and nursing would soon restore him to as perfect health as ever.

Kate did not return to Dresden the next day, and when she did, Jack was not her only escort.

"So you can really bring yourself to marry an abominable Englishman, Katie!" said Lawrence, the day before they started.

"Ah! I see that Hilda has been telling tales," was the answer. "Well, I think I can, if you can actually make up your mind to introduce to your friends a fast, ill-mannered, horrible American wife! But how about the Hottentot, sir?"

"Have mercy!" he pleaded. "But now, tell me—haven't we met before? Ever since I've known you, I've been haunted by your face—by a memory of it met, somewhere, but where I can't say. Am I in error?"

They were walking in the garden, for Kate had come out to gather some roses, and she carried on her arm, for this purpose, a light, wicker basket. She turned, archly, at his question, and put the basket on her head.

"I see it all now," cried Lawrence. "What a donkey I have been. It was the morning after I came to Baden-Baden; and you were in this very garden, and had that very basket on your head."

"Yes! And I think I'll adopt it, as part of my trosseau," laughed Kate; and with a low courtesy, she asked, roguishly, "How do you like it? It's the last new thing in bonnets, you know."

Whether he liked that particular "last new thing" or not, he evidently liked some other "thing" inside of it, for he answered by catching Kate in his arms, and kissing her red, pouting lips.

"If that's what you mean by the 'last new thing in bonnets,'" he said, saucily, "I like it hugely."

And Kate hadn't a word to reply.

IN THE PAUSES.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

I HEARD your words, the last words that you said,
"Good-bye," I think, and spoken short and cold;
And even then I saw the roses' red,
The western sky flecked with the sunset's gold.

I had a blossom fastened at my throat;
I caught the fragrance of it, wild and sweet,
A dainty spray of faint-hued heliotrope;
I saw a leaf that fluttered to your feet.

I idly hummed a bar of some old song,
And smoothed a knot of ribbon on my dress;
I saw your lips chilled with a faint half-sneer,
And wondered if I'd dreamed of their caress.

I missed no least fair beauty of the day—
A summer day, with heaven's sunshine bright;
I smiled, I think; my eyes looked far away;
I spoke a few low words, careless and light.

I laid my hand in yours, a moment's space;
My God! how radiant was the western sun!
I smiled full softly in your dark, cold face,
A sweet, slow smile. For love and life were done.

I said "Good-bye;" the perfume subtle, strange,
Stole from my purple, lace-entangled bloom;
I saw you go away, across the moor,
And smiled again, there, face to face with doom.

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LITTLE MOCCASIN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

PART I.

THAT anybody ever had a legal right to a name so preposterous—Little Moccasin—you are quite right to deny; but that was what we always called her, long after the prefix became a more palpable absurdity than the appellation itself.

But to make my story clear, I must go back to the beginning—so far as our heroine was concerned—and explain how she came to be there at all. And when I say *there*, the word of indefinite meaning is the most applicable I could have employed; for we were a troupe of travelling actors, who emulated Satan, as described in the Book of Job, so far as our wanderings "up and down the earth" were concerned, though I can conscientiously assert that this resemblance went no further, for we were a simple, honest, hard-working set of people as could easily be found.

We hung together so many long years, that, at length, there were several among us original members who needed neither gray wigs or painted wrinkles when we appeared before the public, as noble grandfathers bestowing large fortunes on suddenly discovered youthful descendants, or lost great-aunts, who return, as unexpectedly as ghosts, to prove the marriage of people long dead, else with wild eyes, and slow, gliding step, open a secret cupboard, where *the* will has lain concealed for half a century, and having thus righted the wronged, rewarded the virtuous, and punished evil-doers, expire to melancholy music, regardless of the petitions of grateful relatives to defer their departure.

But about Little Moccasin! Let me see, the record must begin five-and-twenty years back, from this date at which I am telling you the story.

We were playing in Memphis, and pretty, clever Annie Morgan, whom we all prophesied would, one day, be the greatest actress America could boast, disappeared, without warning, from our midst. She was just nineteen; I was forty-three, and I loved her—not that the fact concerns my narrative, any more than it interested her, but I tell it all the same.

We knew where she had gone; no, we did not, but we knew with whom—a handsome young fellow, of winning manners, an eloquent tongue, and mountains of money, who had followed us up from New Orleans, and halted at each place where we halted.

There was nobody to exercise any control over Annie; her old aunt, who had been one of our troupe, had died the year before. There had been nobody to speak a warning word; for each of the company as knew the fellow, men and women, were bewitched by him—the manager among the rest. However, there was a good reason for old Wanniford's liking the stranger; it came to my knowledge, that this Mr. Lawrence, as he called himself, had lent our chief several hundred dollars; perhaps it was a sort of salve to his conscience, to do this, knowing how soon, and how suddenly, the manager was to be deprived of Annie Morgan's services.

Well, she was gone! They were all very good to me, for they all knew my secret, or guessed at it. The very night she disappeared, I played in a farce and a pantomime, and people said I never was more amusing. That may sound odd, but players, and painters, and writing people, and worthless characters of that sort, would understand. A famous author once told me, that a series of the wittiest sketches he ever wrote, (those which made his reputation) were begun in the room where the woman he loved lay dying, and were finished in the same room, beside her corpse, to defray the expense of her funeral. But I need not detain you in this fashion; you don't care, you that are "proper" and respectable, for such details out of the lives of us Bohemians.

A year passed—a year during which no tidings reached us of Annie, any more than if death had separated her from us.

We went to New Orleans; the manager had taken one of the smaller theatres, for a term of weeks. We were looking forward to a prosperous engagement, as it was early in the season, and none of the other houses were ready yet with novelties, to interfere with our business.

Wanniford had an extra room in the lodgings he had hired, and he offered it to me, an arrangement which suited me, for I hated the noisy boarding-houses, such as our people frequented, and, indeed, even the society of my merry, happy-go-lucky companions was often oppressive, in those days, though I tried hard not to grow misanthropic or ill-tempered.

It was the evening after our arrival; I was sitting with the manager and his wife; Wanniford

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had been reading to us the details of a terrible steamboat explosion, up the river. We had had reports of the accident on the previous day, but to-night's papers brought details, and the lists of passengers' names. We were still talking of the disaster, impelled thereto by the nightmare-like fascination which the horrible possesses for most people, when the little maid came to say, that a woman wanted to see me. Immediately afterward, a respectable-looking, middle-aged colored person entered, in such a state of excitement, that, for a few minutes, we were almost inclined to think her a lunatic.

"Bress de Lord, I've found you!" she cried. "Come, quick—the doctor says she'll die—she keeps callin' fur ye! On'y jis dis mornin' she seed yer name on a bill, and she said she knowed you. She overheerd us talkin' of the blow up, and got the paper; then she giv a drefful screech, and went into a fit! And the doctor says she'll die, and the baby two months before its time—and, oh, come, quick; fur, 'fore de Lord, we can't un'erstand nothin'—he went on the consarned boat, sartin sure; but fur all, de name, Lawrence, ain't among 'em, 'live or dead—oh, oh!"

"Annie, Annie!" I heard myself call her name, then the room rocked with me like a ship in a storm; then I seemed to go down, down, in the dark, with the roar of a whirlpool in my ears. When I came to myself, I was lying on the sofa; Mrs. Wanniford had loosened my neck-cloth and was bathing my forehead. They gave me restoratives; I was strong enough presently. Annie wanted me—that thought was enough to restore my faculties; I felt ashamed at being such a poor creature as to give way for an instant when minutes were precious on her account.

During the drive to the house, which was a long one, the woman managed to tell us what she knew, in a manner collected enough to make the story plain. She had come with Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence from Cuba—she knew that he had bad news from the north—was called away to a sick relative. He started the day they reached New Orleans; she and her mistress had moved into lodgings they had found, and where they were to wait until they had heard from Mr. Lawrence. She and the lodging-house keeper had kept the first news of the steamboat disaster from Mrs. Lawrence, but towards evening, when they thought her lying down in her room, she overheard their conversation, and insisted upon seeing the newspaper.

I need not make a long story of it; we had found Annie—found her dying, for the doctor told us, on our arrival, that there was no possible hope. Her child was born before midnight, and she died a little after daylight.

She recognized us; sometimes her mind wandered; sometimes she lay in a sort of stupor, but whenever she roused up she knew us, and even when unconscious, she held my hand fast, and would not let me go.

As the day was breaking, she opened her eyes suddenly, after having lain for a long while so still that more than once the doctor himself thought her breathing had ceased. She made a sign that she wanted a drink; after she had swallowed the restorative, she looked about, spoke to Mrs. Wanniford and the colored woman, then she said:

"The end is coming! I want to be alone with Philip—go away, please, and leave me with Philip."

So they left us together.

"Lift me up higher," she said; "lay the baby by me, and hold me in your arms."

I did as she told me.

"You'll be good to my baby," she murmured; "you'll take care of her! I'll thank you, Philip,—in the other world!"

"She shall be my child," I said.

She smiled, oh! so contentedly, and closed her eyes again, lying with one hand clasped in mine, the other resting on her infant. While she lay there, pale and still as if death had called her already, a reflection came to me through the icy oppression of grief which locked my faculties. It seemed wicked to disturb her; but I must—for the little one's sake.

"Annie!" I said, softly.

"I hear," she answered. "You promised, Philip—I know you will keep your word. If she lives, you must try to find them; but maybe they will not have her—"

She kept on murmuring for some seconds, but I could only distinguish broken sentences, as I held my ear close to her lips.

"He was to tell his uncle—ill—he might forgive—such a happy year—and he's waiting—Lawrence, Lawrence!"

"Annie!" I called again.

She opened her eyes, and looked at me.

"Try to tell me—your husband's name—"

"Yes," she interrupted, "I hear! That was the secret—for Lawrence's sake—no matter now—so I tell—"

"The name—I did not catch the name!" I said, trying to speak calmly through my agony of suspense.

Again her lips moved—at intervals I could distinguish a word, but nothing more.

"Memphis—Colton," I caught those names.

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The lips moved still, her fast glazing eyes were fixed on mine. She believed herself telling me details that would make my task plain—and, oh, my God, I was as unable to comprehend as if I had been stone deaf!

"Annie, Annie!" I called, in despair.

She raised herself on my arm; her hand moved softly over her child's head, her eyes closed and opened again, an eager smile parted her lips.

"I am coming, Lawrence—I am coming!" she said, in a loud, clear voice. Then her head sank on my shoulder once more. She was dead, and her secret had died with her.

I pass over my own sufferings—of what use to describe them? All that is necessary to tell is what concerned the child. We discovered no trace or clue among my poor Annie's possessions. She had a rich wardrobe, jewels of considerable value, nearly a thousand dollars in money; but that was all. There was a trunk of clothing, which had belonged to her husband, but not a paper that could give us the least information.

We found a likeness of the handsome lineaments I remembered so well, but the colored woman did not, at first, recognize it as her master's portrait; the face was smooth-shaven, and she had only seen him with a full, heavy beard; so my hope that the clerks in the steamboat office might chance to recollect the countenance proved a vain one.

What little could be done to gain information was tried; I wrote to a banker in the Cuban town where the young pair had lived; he could tell me nothing. I advertised in the Havana journals, equally in vain. It occurred to me that the name which Annie had pronounced—Colton—might be that of a clergyman in Memphis who had married them; but there was no minister of that name in the whole city.

My companions settled down upon the belief that poor Annie had been deceived by a mock marriage, and that when the man left her, he never intended to return. Somehow I could not believe this But our private beliefs were of slight consequence. The pair, whether husband and wife, or betrayer and betrayed, had gone away into the land of shadows, and taken their secret with them, and for the present, at least, I was the guardian of their child. The little one grew and throve. I found a faithful nurse for her, who was willing to travel, and my charge speedily became the pet of the whole company.

Years went by. Our wanderings continued. When Fanny—so I named the baby—was nearly six years old, I was threatened with an internal disease, which I had reason to think would speedily end my days.

A very rich lady in Cincinnati wanted to take her; it seemed wicked to stand in the child's light, we all thought; and, of course, the fears which haunted me, of soon leaving her, made a powerful argument why I should yield to the wishes of this Mrs. Courtney, who was well known for her goodness and philanthropy.

Nearly five more years passed. I had recovered my health. But though I missed the little creature as much as I did the day after our separation, I had never yielded to my longing to claim her again. My companions declared that it would be a positive sin to take her from a home of ease and luxury, and drag her down to our common working life, with no prospect in the future for her, but toil and hardships similar to our own.

We had roved far and wide during that period, and at last we found ourselves in Pittsburg. I had received no news of the child for a good while, and grew so anxious that I was thinking of a trip to Cincinnati. I took kind-hearted Mrs. Wanniford aside, one morning, at rehearsal, and began telling her of my fancies, and asked her to beg her husband to grant me a short leave of absence. She was quite of my opinion, that I ought to find out what the silence meant, and assured me that Wanniford should manage to dispense with my services for a few days.

Suddenly somebody interrupted our conversation by calling:

"Flummery, Flummery! you're wanted!"

That was always my nickname in the company—taken from a character in a farce which I used, in my small way, to be quite famous for playing. At first, I had been Young Flummery, and long since I had grown into Old Flummery!

"Who wants me?" I asked.

"A little girl," was the answer.

And there stood my Fanny! I knew her at the first glance, for she was the living image of what her mother had been, at the same age, and she knew me from a photograph which I had sent her. She was in my arms in a second; then she began to sob—checked herself quickly, and said, with the air of a grown woman:

"I'm a fool—I can cry after! I've run away! Don't send me back! They weren't good to me—and, oh, how nice the scenery smells! I used to dream about it—and I *am* so glad to see you!"

About twelve months previous, Mrs. Courtney had astonished herself and her husband by presenting him with a baby; no doubt a more pleasurable surprise from the fact that, during their ten years of married life, she had always been too

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busy with her philanthropic schemes to find time for such an exploit.

After the birth of this daughter, Fanny was ousted from her place in Mrs. Courtney's affections; in fact, she was found to be decidedly in the way. Instead of the kindly treatment she had hitherto experienced, she met with coldness and neglect, and matters went on from bad to worse, until she became little better than a common drudge in the household, disliked by its mistress, and persecuted by the servants, who had formerly fawned upon her.

The child chanced to see our whereabouts in a newspaper. She had just been cruelly beaten, and kept without food a whole day, because she rebelled when the baby wished to test the strength of his first teeth on her poor, little arms. She got out of the window that night, and ran away. She walked to Cincinnati—a distance of fifteen miles—found a steamboat about to start for Pittsburg, went up to the captain, and told him her story. It happened that the man knew me very well, for we had often journeyed up and down the river with him. He took my Fanny on board, and here she was! You can judge of her character from this anecdote, as well as if I described her for a whole hour.

We were very busy getting up a new piece; some wonderful melo-drama of early life in the west, with Indians, and scalpings, and marvellous adventures of all sorts. One of the prominent parts was a young Red-Skin girl, called "Little Moccasin," by the whites—a *rôle* we had given to Sophia Trippett, though she was ten years too old, and a great many pounds too fat, to fill it, but there was nobody else who would answer.

Fanny was present at the rehearsals, watching with all her eyes and ears, and one day, when Sophia was out in her lines, to my astonishment, the child prompted her—several times, too, in different portions of the drama, for Sophia knew the part was unsuited to her, and hated her work accordingly.

"I dreamed last night I was playing it," the child said to me, but I did not think much of her remark.

Well, one afternoon, Sophia Trippett was out walking, and she slipped, and sprained her ankle—she was always doing something she had no business to. The piece was to be given that very night. We had advertised it extensively, and, altogether, we were in despair—a little frightened, too, for it was early in the spring, and the town full of lumbermen, who patronized us a great deal, and were not likely to accept excuses easily.

Everybody was talking at once, and the manager was swearing, and his wife crying, when in came Fanny, and said:

"I can do it—know it by heart—and if I miss anywhere, I'll pantomime! Now, just you trust me, and you'll see poor Annie's girl isn't so big a fool as she looks."

She caught up a blanket, put it over her head, and began to go through one of the scenes.

"She *can* do it!" cried the manager.

And she did! She was actually the success of the piece, and I don't know which was the happier, the child or we, for everybody among us loved her.

So she got the nickname of Little Moccasin; it tickled her fancy so, that when we were deciding upon a theatrical appellation for her—because, after her triumph, we ranked her among the company—she would hear of taking no title but that, and though as good, obedient a child as ever lived, a granite rock is not firmer than was our small maid, once she had made up her mind. And, as usual, when she insisted on a thing, she proved to be right; for the name interested people wherever we went, and Little Moccasin speedily became one of our chief attractions.

Our wandering life continued, with its ordinary vicissitudes; sometimes we had good luck—sometimes so poor, that more than once, it has happened to us to remain much longer in a place than we wished, from sheer lack of means to get away. But no matter what happened, we were almost always cheerful and hopeful, and ready to laugh, even at our troubles. I have heard people say, that such levity was wicked; showed a reckless disposition, and was, in fact, "flying in the face of Providence," though, for my own part, it seems to me less wicked to keep up hope and courage than to moan, and howl, and behave as if one had no faith left that Providence would, sooner or later, lend a helping hand.

The years got on very rapidly during these rovings, which toook us into the Middle, even the Eastern, States, and finally led us in the opposite direction; away off to Oregon and California, and once in that marvellous country, we stopped for a long time. Positively, when we turned our faces towards the Atlantic coast again, Little Moccasin was nineteen; but we still called her by the old title. She had grown so tall, so straight, so handsome, that the prefix to her name had become a misnomer, so delightfully absurd, that nothing would have induced us to relinquish it, though, of course, on the bills, we changed it into Miss.

Just before we left California, our good-hearted, excitable old manager died, quite suddenly.

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There was talk of the company's breaking up, and I think it would have come about, if Little Moccasin had not so resolutely opposed the idea. It ended in my becoming nominally the manager, though, in reality, it was her head that directed everything, and proved worth a dozen such as poor Wanniford's; as for my own, it never was anything to mention, even in my best days, and those had been over for many a year now.

You must not think, either, that Little Moccasin had grown up uneducated. We were not an ignorant set of people, though we were strolling mountebanks. I had been a University man, and so had two or three of the others. How it happened that we had never done any more with our lives, is a matter of no consequence to my story. At all events, we were able to help our pet, and as her craving for books was insatiable, I think few girls of her age, in any rank of life, were better read. As for her manners, nature had made her a lady; you can't improve upon that; and when nature has not done it, you may veneer a woman with accomplishments as carefully and as thickly as you choose; but under stress of circumstances, the varnish *will* crack, and show the common clay, through all the gilding.

But with us, whom she knew and loved, Little Moccasin was playful and full of fun as a kitten. She had a grand air about her, that would have made her as stately looking a real princess as it did a mimic one, and no matter what she put on, the simplest and plainest worsted gown, it had a style and elegance that many a woman's velvet robes will not assume.

We were playing an engagement in Sacramento, prepartory to leaving California, but I, like the unlucky fright I always was, got a hurt which detained us. In two days more, we should have been on our way east; but I must needs go out, for a walk, one morning, and stop, like the idle creature I am, to look at a building in course of demolition; and a board fell, and hit me on the shoulder with such force, that it knocked me down.

When I came to myself, I had been carried into an apothecary's, and when I was able to move, the young gentleman who had picked me up went home with me. So the troubles of the next few months were all my fault; for, of course, you will understand, at once, that this youthful Samaritan, Charles Oakford by name, proceeded immediately to fall in love with my little Fanny.

I was confined to my bed for six weeks. The company had to hire the theatre again, and go on playing, and Fanny was obliged to act every night, because she found that the public refused to patronize pieces in which she did not appear.

Young Oakford was very attentive to me during my illness, and I had always seen Fanny so indifferent to the attentions men tried to bestow upon her, that, taken up with my own pains, and my selfishness, it never occurred to me to recollect that, sooner or later, in every girl's life, the prince will come, and that he might have arrived for my darling, in the person of this handsome, genial fellow, who had won my warm liking, from the first moment; and that once done, I have always been the blindest of created mortals.

Of course, everybody perceived the truth long before my eyes were opened—perhaps, before the young people themselves had discovered their secret. But none of our companions gave me a hint, and not one of them ventured on a jest with Fanny; for, somehow, they could never take liberties with her, and though, as a rule, she was very patient and sweet tempered, they had a wholesome awe of exciting her displeasure.

You never saw a family in which there was not a will that all the rest of the clan bowed before; and we were like a family, and Little Moccasin was decidedly our chieftaness. But I must say she exercised her power so wisely and so gently, that we scarcely perceived how absolute it was, and had been, ever since, at the age of thirteen, she took it upon herself to cure Jim Duffy of drinking, and soon afterwards nursed Sophia Trippett through small-pox. Really, I do not put it in the least too strongly, when I say that she was as much an autocrat over us as if we had been ancient Egyptians, and she a girl Semiramis, without any of the wickedness of the original.

After all, our stay on the Pacific coast was still further prolonged. About the time I was thinking myself able to travel, I received an offer to take the company to San Francisco. They played there four weeks, and Little Moccasin added to the popularity she had won during a previous engagement. I was only able to appear twice, and some of the journals were good-natured enough to regret the fact.

To my surprise, I found that Mr. Charles Oakford had preceded us; but he was astonished I should have forgotten his telling me that he had business there, and I thought how treacherous illness and age had rendered my memory—not a pleasant reflection, as you will find, when your time comes for being obliged to admit such truths.

I was still so miserable that I could do little, and often for days and evenings together, did not even attempt to go near the theatre, for, though my shoulder was tolerably sound again, mental exertion disturbed my head strangely, and the

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doctor declared that I must keep quiet if I did not want to be an invalid for the rest of my life. Except the dread of becoming a burthen to my companions, I had no care to fret me, because I knew the business would go on perfectly well, while Little Moccasin had the control of it.

But a sharp enough trouble arrived, before we left San Francisco, and this was the way in which it came about.

One afternoon, while Fanny was still absent at rehearsal, Charles Oakford appeared at my lodgings.

"I met Miss Fanny," he exclaimed, "and she asked me to come and persuade you to go for a walk. The day really is too bright for anybody to stay shut up in the house."

"I was thinking of that," I said, "but I don't want to bother you."

"I shall like it," he answered, with his pleasant smile, "and your niece said she should be detained rather late at the theatre—you know she is captain of the ship, and must be obeyed."

I laughed to see how quickly he had discovered her sway over us all, and offered no objections to his proposal.

We had a charming stroll, though now and then I noticed that Oakford seemed pre-occupied—as if he had something he wanted to tell me, and did not know how to begin—but each time it passed so quickly that I forgot my fancy in listening to his sallies.

At last I felt tired, and we went into a restaurant to get some luncheon. After we had seated ourselves at a table, and given our orders, we perceived that we had some very noisy neighbors in the next box—a party of men who had been drinking until two of them, at least, were intoxicated. Their companions had evidently just settled a quarrel between the pair, and now they were exchanging the most exaggerated protestations of friendship, whereat the others laughed heartily.

Then the noise lessened, though they were all talking eagerly. Occasional broken sentences showed that the conversation was running upon horses and women. Then I heard these words:

"Little Moccasin! Bah, Jim, nobody would stand any chance there! That young eastern chap—what's his name?—Oakford, has followed her here from Sacramento; she wants to clean him out before she takes a new flight."

Charles sprang to his feet. I have a recollection of trying to stop him—he was gone, in a flash. By the time I got out of my chair, I heard the sound of a blow, a heavy fall, and almost simultaneously the report of a pistol. When I reached the box, the man whom Charles had knocked down, was being helped up by his comrades, his face cut and bleeding, and Oakford himself had fallen against the table.

The restaurant people crowded about; fortunately, at that hour, the place was nearly empty of customers. Of course there was great confusion, and a dreadful scene. A waiter had run for the police, and we were all taken before a justice. But we settled the matter; I told Charles we must, in the hope of keeping my girl's name out of the affair. The pistol-firing had sobered the young reprobates; they were heartily sorry for what had happened, and glad to consent to our terms. So we let the shot pass as an accident. Charles and the man he knocked down were bound over to keep the peace.

Oakford's wound was in his left arm, but the surgeon pronounced it very slight, and once dressed, he suffered little pain. Indeed, he could not pay attention to physical aches; he was too heart-broken at the idea of having in any way been the cause of evil reports coming near my girl.

"I did not mean to deceive you," he said; "it was only a few days ago that I told her of my love. I meant to have talked with you this afternoon. I should be prouder to call her my wife, than to be a crowned king."

I was too dazed and confused by the suddenness of the disclosure, to do more than listen. I was glad to get away from him; the surgeon had ordered him to go home and get to bed, warning him that if he did not keep perfectly quiet, fever might set in, and render the accident serious; so I made this an excuse to take myself off.

That night, my girl and I had a long talk, after she came home from the theatre. I found that I had no need to offer warnings—to remind her, that Oakford's engagement might estrange him from his family, and irremediably injure his future.

"I have told him all those things," she answered; "you will hear me tell them to him again."

The next day was Sunday. Oakford came to the house. He was forced to carry his arm in a sling, but he accounted for his accident in a way which aroused no suspicions in Fanny's mind. His heart was too full for any attempt at reticence, but when he began, in his eager way, to talk of his hopes and wishes, she stopped him.

"My uncle has something to say to you—I am going to leave you together," she said, and went quickly out of the room.

Her mother's story—at least, what we knew of it—the telling that, was the task she had set me.

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I have always had a horror of mysteries, and as soon as my girl was old enough to understand, I had related poor Annie's history. I think, if possible, my darling loved me better, after I had told her my little share therein, than when she believed that ties of blood made the bond between us.

Oakford listened quietly to such details as I could give, and when I mentioned the miniature, begged to look at it. I went into my bedchamber, and took the picture out of the box where I kept it. As I came back, the maid entered, to say that somebody from the theatre wanted to see me. I put the miniature in Oakford's hands, and hurried off to my visitor.

The man detained me a full quarter of an hour. When I returned, Oakford was still holding the picture. He looked pale—singularly excited—but there was no trouble in his face—the mystery which surrounded my darling had not disturbed him, as it would have done many men.

Fanny joined us again, and we had a very serious conversation, but she held firm to the resolution she had formed.

"There is only one thing for you to do," she said to Oakford. "You have already stopped here too long. Important business calls you home, and you are neglecting it. You are only twenty-three—you have known me a very short while. Men change often—I do not say that you will—but you must give yourself time. More than all, I will never marry you without your mother's consent."

For he had told us a great deal about his widowed mother, and Fanny was wise enough to know that a proud, rich woman was not likely to accept a poor actress for her daughter.

"You talk of the possibility of my changing," he cried, "and you—"

She stopped him with a slight gesture. She was deathly white to her very lips, but she looked at him, with a smile, and answered:

"Whatever comes, I shall love you all my life!"

Well, they parted. My girl kept up bravely, to the last; but I knew what this farewell cost her—so would he, if he had seen her later, as she lay in my arms, white and cold as a dead creature.

"I feel that it is the end," she said. "I can't tell why; I know he is good and noble; he is not like most men of his age; he understands his own mind—but all the same, something tells me we have parted forever."

I had no love-sick girl on my hands; she was composed and cheerful—but, oh, that strange look of apprehension which came into her eyes, when she saw him depart, lingered there always after!

We journeyed along in our usual fashion; playing at every possible place, large or small. Letters came from Oakford. He could not reach his home yet, but he had written to his mother, to prepare her for the news he should bring.

Six weeks went by—weeks without tidings. The time grew into three months—no word. After his letters had ceased, Fanny wrote twice to the address he had given—then she wrote no more.

"Never speak of it—never mention his name—it is the one kindness you can show me," she said.

But all her fortitude could not deceive me. I held my peace though. She had spoken the truth—with a nature like hers, the only consolation I could offer was silence. I believe that many a girl has died under a hurt less severe than that which cut my darling's heart in twain, but she never faltered, never gave way.

Those months changed her as much as five years of ordinary life ought to have done. She was more beautiful than ever, but the brightness of girlhood went wholly out of her face—she looked a woman, aye, and a woman who had stood by a grave in which she had seen her own heart buried! All the indomitable force of her character, all the passionate energy of her nature, had gone forth in that love! From her earliest childhood she had never known half-feelings of any sort. She was mentally and physically so finely organized, that, except for her strong health, life would have been torture, even under the most favorable circumstances. How she worked—how she acted! At least, one thing was certain, she must make a great name in her profession. Yet, even as I thought this, it stung me, like a blow, to think what misery was fostering her genius into such rich development.

She came to me with a play she said had been sent to her, read me the manuscript, and I was so impressed with it, that we set about representing it at once. It was very successful, and, at length, she told me that she had written it; where or when she had ever found the time, is a marvel to me to this day.

You must not suppose that I made no effort to discover what had become of Charles Oakford. I knew very little about him, or his friends, but I had treasured up one name he had mentioned—that of a lawyer, in the town in which he lived. I wrote a few lines, asking for Mr. Oakford's address—no answer came. I wrote again. After considerable delay, I received a newspaper, post-marked Buffalo. On examining the inner

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pages, I found why the journal had been sent. I came upon a paragraph, traced about with ink to attract my attention.

"We learn, by private letters from New York, that our esteemed young fellow-townsman, Charles Oakford, Esq., has so far recovered from the long illness which seized him, soon after his arrival in that city, that he was able to sail for Europe, by yesterday's steamer. A party of friends accompanied him and his mother on their foreign tour—among the rest, Mrs. Oakford's ward, the beautiful Miss Eldrige, whose *début* in society created so marked a sensation, last winter. We violate no confidence, in hinting that a matrimonial alliance is contemplated between the young couple, to be realized as soon as Mr. Oakford's health is completely restored."

The coarse verbiage of the paragraph had revealed the whole story! While I sat, staring stupidly at the page, a hand was laid on my shoulder; Fanny had entered so noiselessly, that in my absorption, I had not noticed her. My first movement was a foolish effort to hide the journal, but she said:

"There is no need—I have read it! All our questions are answered—burn the paper, dear—I burned his letters, last night! The poor little play is played out—let the curtain fall."

I lost my self-control then. I caught her in my arms, crying like a baby, begging her not to waste her youth grieving for one so worthless.

"Look at me!" she answered. "Do I seem like a woman who means to waste her life? Worthless, I do not believe him—weak, fickle, perhaps—but dead to us, from whatever cause!"

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

VIOLETS.

BY FAITH LINCOLN.

You bring me purple violets,
And wonder that my cheek
Grows sudden pale; my trembling lips
Refuse my thanks to speak.
While to my eyes,
Unbidden, rise
A flood of bitter tears;
As mem'ry's art
Shows to my heart,
The scenes of other years.

Two score of years have come and gone,
On Time's most rapid wing,
Since my love brought me violets,
That happy, happy spring.
Their sweet perfume
Filled all the room,
Their color matched his eyes:
A tender blue,
As deep in hue,
As June's bewitching skies.

My hair is snowy white to-day,
And wrinkles seam my brow;
A bridgeless river, deep and wide,
Flows 'twixt those years and now.
But violets
Still make regrets,
Though hope has long since fled.
And cold waves moan,
In undertone,
Where my dear love lies dead.

I bend above these purple flowers,
My tears upon them fall;
Within my heart a longing great;
Upon my lips a call—
Vain call and tears!
Across the years,
There comes a sad refrain.
Oh! nevermore,
At my heart's door,
Shall spring-time knock again.

THE STORM-BELL AT SEA.

BY EDWARD J. ARMSTRONG.

Boom, storm-bell!
Swing from thy rusted chain:
Boom away and away,
Over the darkling main!
And I will walk with folded arms,
And I will walk alone,
And I will talk to the winds and waves,
Of the love that is over and gone.

Boom, storm-bell!
The mariner out in the foam,
Is thinking of the winsome wife,
And the rosy babes at home!
But I must pace by the roaring sea,
In the tempest, all alone,
And I must wail to the winds and waves,
For the love that is over and gone.

Boom, storm-bell!
Swing from thy rusted chain;
Boom away and away!
Over the stormy main!
Across the winds a funeral knell,
In the waves a weary moan—
And in my heart a famishing cry,
For the love that is over and gone!

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OUR "VARNISHED" ANCESTORS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY WIFE'S BRIC-A-BRAC," ETC., ETC.

I CAME, I am proud to say, of honest New England ancestors. My forefathers were among the first to flee from persecution abroad, though they did not arrive in the Mayflower exactly, and consequently did not bring over any of those impossible tea-pots, and stiff-backed chairs, with which that craft seems to have been exclusively freighted. The Joneses were always frugal, honest, and God-fearing; ready to shed their blood, if need were, for their country, or their faith. They fought in King Philip's war, at Louisburg, and in the struggle for Independence. I never hear the commonest fifer playing "Yankee Doodle," that my blood does not beat the quicker; for I remember it was to that tune, my great-grandfather, Colonel Zebediah Jones, mustered his men, with their old, flint muskets, and marched up to Bunker Hill.

I have a sister-in-law, however, who thinks differently. To be descended from honest "forbears," who never watered stock, issued false certificates, or figured in divorce cases, or other scandalous ones, is not sufficient for her. Perhaps this is because she is so frightfully rich. She was an heiress, and heiresses, somehow, consider themselves superior to the "rest of mankind." At any rate, Sophronia, for that is her romantic name, has conceived the notion that the Joneses are descended from one Jones ap Jones, who lived in Wales, about A. D. 910, and distinguished himself, like the Bashi-Bazouk that he was, by robbing unprotected travellers, and slitting the throats of people he did not happen to like.

One morning, making a call on Sophronia, I found her poring over a big, bulky volume, bound in red, which I discovered, afterwards, to be "Burke's Peerage," or, as the wits irreverantly call it, "The Bible of The British Snob." My sister-in-law looked up, full of animation, as I came in.

"It's all here," she said. "I always felt that the Joneses were something above the common."

"What is all here?" I answered, a little puzzled as to her meaning, but of course glad to hear that I, as one of the Joneses, was "something above the common."

"That we have real aristocratic blood in our veins." For, you see, she regarded her marriage as making her a Jones, not only in name, but in lineage, also. "That we came from one of the most ancient families in Wales."

"Really! And not from Adam? From something better, of course."

"You are enough to provoke a saint," cried Sophronia. "If I was Jemima Jane—"

She stopped, out of breath; and I shall never know, alas! what dreadful thing, or things, she would have done to me, if she had been my wife.

"Never mind," I said, laughing, "about Jemima Jane; 'sufficient unto the day, is the evil thereof;' but tell me about this happy discovery."

"As our name is Jones, and we came from Wales, we must belong to the Joneses there," she began.

"All Joneses come from Wales, as all maccaroni comes from Italy. Worthy of Chillingworth."

"And if from the Joneses, then from the Ap Joneses, also. We must be cousins, you see, to Sir James Ap Jones."

I could hardly restrain a smile. But I answered gravely: "my dear Sophy, what difference does it make, where we came from? Let us be content with our honest, New England blood, and make no foolish pretension to, what you call, aristocracy."

"Don't talk nonsense!"

"But it is not nonsense. Emerson, in one of his essays, well remarks, that we Americans ignore, too generally, what is really noble in our character, and worship the worn-out political and social fetishes of Europe—"

"Emerson!" interrupted Sophy, with ineffable contempt. "What does *he* know about society? He is one of those 'literary fellows,' isn't he?"

Literature is not my sister-in-law's strong point. She can tell a Worth, or Pingat, dress, in a moment; and a Virot bonnet; but I do not believe she ever read a play of Shakespeare through, and she probably knows no Longfellow but the great racer, of whom she has heard club men talk. Her idea of a "literary fellow," is the old Grubb street one, a sloven, who sleeps in a garret, and haunts taverns to borrow money for his dinner.

I heard no more of "our ancestor," old Ap Jones, for some weeks. But one day, Jemima showed me a daintily perfumed envelope, with a

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glaring coat of arms, all blue and gold, stamped upon it.

"That's Sophy's," she said, laughing, "arms of the Ap Joneses. Older than the Conquest, she says."

"Older than fiddlesticks! Don't the goose know that coat-armor didn't come into use till a century and more after the Conquest?"

"Oh! it's no 'good,' as she would say, to tell her that. I hinted something like it, but she cut me short, saying that the Ap Joneses had coats-of-arms centuries before anybody else."

"Poor Jim!" I answered; Jim was the brother who had married Sophy. "What a snob people must think him."

"As for that," said Jemima, philosophically, "she's no worse than others. Of the hundreds, here, in New York, who sport their coat-of-arms, how many, I wonder, are entitled to display them?"

"If she must make a fool of Jim, by setting up a coat-of-arms," I cried, half angrily, "why didn't she have it, at once, a toad under a harrow, on a field of green? That would, at least, have been appropriate."

That following summer, Jemima and I went to Europe. Sophronia and her husband were to be of the party, but Jim was detained, by business, at the last moment. So Sophy sailed alone with us.

From the very first, my sister-in-law gave out that she wished to see Wales particularly. So, one day, we found ourselves in a miserable inn, in a dirty village called Llanarthgolly.

As we rose from one of the worst dinners I had ever eaten, I turned to Sophy, and said, "Now, perhaps you can tell us, my dear sister, what brings us here? There really seems to be nothing to look at, not even an old, tumble-down church. The best we could get to eat has been bacon and eggs—"

"Why," retorted Sophy, affecting surprise, "didn't you know? It's here, or close by, that our cousin, Sir James ap Jones, the baronet, lives."

"Our cousin!"

"Well, then, our relative. And I—I, at least, am anxious to see our ancestral halls."

"Oh!" I answered; and there the matter dropped, at least till the morning.

But in the morning, nothing would do but that I should hire a "fly," as it was called there—a "cab," as we would say in America—and drive out to Llanarthgolly Hall, some five miles distant. We drew up at a rickety lodge, from which an old woman, in a man's hat, emerged.

I stated our object, civilly, and asked if we might drive through the gates. We were told, in reply, that we could not; if we wished to see the house, we must alight and walk. "How far was it?" I ventured to inquire. About three-quarters of a mile, was the answer. I looked at the ladies, doubtfully; but Sophronia said she didn't mind the walk a bit, indeed, she would rather prefer it; my wife nodded a pitying assent: so we got out of our "fly," and entered the grounds.

As we trudged up the avenue on foot, we passed an old yellow chariot, that had evidently been built when George the Fourth was king, if not earlier. Two persons were inside of it. One was a fat, blowsy woman, apparently about fifty years old, in whose *outré* dress all the colors of the rainbow were conglomerated. The sides of her mouth were drawn down, and her nose cocked up in the air, with that self-complacent expression with which the British matron, who keeps a carriage, looks down on anybody on foot. She regarded us, now, in this manner, evidently convinced that we had never ridden in a coach, ourselves, or beheld such an overpowering equipage as her old, canary-colored chariot. Her companion was a tall, thin, shrivelled man, of about sixty, with an almost idiotically small head, and a face whose half-cruel look suggested a wrinkled old rat. He gave the ladies a prolonged stare, that, in America, would have been considered impertinent, holding his glass close to his eye, and leaning quite out of the carriage.

The Hall lay in a hollow, that was evidently insufficiently drained. It was even more ramshackle and tottering than the chariot. When the housekeeper, a sour-visaged virgin of fifty, or thereabouts, who came forward to conduct us through the rooms, told us that the mansion was three hundred years old, I quite believed her; for, even in the broad day-light, I heard the rats scurrying behind the wainscoting; and the show apartments, which apparently were never opened, except when strangers were being paraded through them, smelt as musty as churchyard vaults. "Ugh!" I said to myself. "What a hole! I shouldn't wonder, if they have fever and ague here all the year round, and typhus monthly, like butcher's and baker's bills."

Sir James Ap Jones, it was plain to be seen, was not rich. The signs of a straitened income were everywhere. Outside, the grounds were running to weeds; inside, all things were going to decay. Mildew reigned lord paramount. I shivered, as I was led from one low, dark room to another, the brightest of them dusky, even in that sunny July morning.

"And this is really the chamber," said Sophronia, gushingly, to the housekeeper, "in

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which Queen Elizabeth slept? Dear me, to think of it. Don't it vivify the past to you, Jemima?"

Or, "Is this actually the bed where William of Orange lay? But why did they call him William of Orange, when he was a Dutchman? That is his portrait, you tell me. Wonderful!"

After awhile, we reached the picture gallery, and here my sister-in-law's transports rose to a climax; for the gallery was filled with likenesses of defunct Joneses, male and female. The housekeeper told off each portrait, as an auctioneer tells off his catalogue. She had learned the thing by rote, and went over it, in her sing-song way, just as she had gone over it for scores of others, before.

"Portrait of Sir James Ap Jones, knight, by an unknown artist," her grammar was always at sixes and sevens. "Painted just before he marched to Bosworth field, where he fell, fighting for his royal master, Henry the Seventh. Mark the very striking lines of the countenance."

Very striking, indeed, they were! The portrait was so ghastly, it looked as if Sir James had been buried for a week, dug up, and then made to sit for his picture.

"Portrait of his grandson, James Ap Jones, gentleman of the bedchamber to Henry the Eighth. By Holbein. Observe the grace and majesty of the figure."

Now I know something about Holbeins. I think I can tell a Holbein whenever I see one. In spite of the stiffness, which Holbein has, in common with all the German artists of that day, there is something about a Holbein different from the common. And if that scare-crow portrait was a Holbein. Well—!

"Portrait of his son, also knighted, like his great-grandfather. Knighted by Queen Elizabeth for bringing her home, from the Continent, a dozen of knit silk hose. By Zucchero."

Or, again, "Portrait of his next heir, his nephew; he having," here her grammar again got mixed, "died childless. Member of Parliament."

So it went on. There were ladies in stiff farthingales, ladies in Henrietta Marie costume, ladies *a la* Lely, ladies in vast hoops of the last century. Side by side with them were their husbands or sons, in velvet dress, in full-bottomed wigs, in vast coats and waistcoats with buttons even more vast. These pictures, according to this yellow and wrinkled Sybil, were all by the great masters of their day, Vandyke, Lely, Kneller, Hogarth, Gainsborough, Sir Joshua. Two or three of them were, perhaps. But the Vandyke was the most transparent fraud, and so were the Sir Joshuas and the Gainsborough. One and all the faces represented were hideous. There was not a gentleman-like man among them, or a pretty woman. The men were all either brutal-looking, or half-idiotic. The women had invariably the same silly simper, and only differed in being, this one scraggy, and that one fat. But Sophronia raved to the housekeeper, at every picture; of its high-bred look, if that of the husband, of its beauty, if that of the wife. To her they were Joneses, and that was enough. Jemima, with that thorough-bred politeness, which always distinguishes her, listened and sympathized, dear, good soul—or pretended to sympathize.

But I grew tired, at last, and thinking one martyr in the party was enough, walked off to a window. The prospect of the neglected grounds outside was not inviting, but it was lovelier than this chamber of horrors within. Suddenly, I heard the housekeeper's shrill tones, again, speaking quite close to my ear.

"Portrait of the first baronet, the father of the present one, made a baronet by Mr. Pitt, for his distinguished services, at the time of the wicked French revolution."

"Ah, ha!" I said to myself. "A vile, old borough-monger. Bought his baronetcy by some base job, doubtless, as so many did at that time." And I did not even turn my head.

The tour of the house was finally completed. In justice to the housekeeper, I must say that she hurried us through the rooms, as rapidly as was consistent with the rehearsal of her stereotyped story. Suddenly, she flung open a side door, and courtesied a dismissal. I gave her the invariable half-crown, and then she made another courtesy, and slammed the door in our faces.

I looked blankly at Jemima Jane and my sister-in-law, for it had begun to rain, and none of us had umbrellas. I turned to ring the bell, thinking I might borrow; but there was no bell to ring. Neither was there any knocker. Evidently the door was one where people were summarily ejected, after being fleeced of their half-crown, not one where people were ever let in.

The ladies, fortunately, had parasols. But in spite of this, they were pretty thoroughly drenched, before we reached the lodge gates. As for me—but that doesn't matter—we men are always expected to be the martyrs.

Half way down the avenue, we met the yellow chariot, returning; and two faces looked out on us, as before; the woman, superciliously regarding us over the top of her nose, the man eyeing us like a hungry rat. Both seemed to enjoy our drenching hugely.

When we were safely housed at the inn, and Jemima Jane and Sophronia were putting on dry

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garments, I sought out our landlord, and endeavored to extract some information about "our cousins," as my wife insisted on calling the Ap Joneses.

"Oh, yes! Sir Jones is poor enough," said the man, who proved to be a sort of radical, and had evidently read and thought a good deal, especially for one in his station. "Has run through everything he could. His son, Sir Launcelot, that will be, is in a marching regiment, and will have nothing but the title and the old hulk of a house. Yes, he'll have, in addition, a lot of dingy portraits, that are heir-looms, and can't be sold, and wouldn't fetch anything if they could. Sham Holbeins and Vandykes, every one of them." And he laughed, grimly.

I ventured to express my surprise at the freedom with which he spoke. I had always been told, I mildly suggested, that the retainers of great families were devoted to them.

"I am no retainer," was the bluff reply. "I own this little bit of freehold, and they can't get rid of me, though they'd like to, as I well know, for I speak my mind pretty freely. My father bought the house of the baronet, when he first began to get hard up, a matter of thirty years ago. And the old dog has been gittin' harder up ever since," he added, with another grim laugh, as he stopped to fill his pipe.

"Yes," he continued, after this process had been finished, "people, that have to live on great families, are naturally at their beck and call, as you say. But I hold, that a man's a man. A handle to his name don't make him any better; in fact, it generally makes him worse. Now take these Joneses. Call them great? Why, bless me! they've been, from father to son, as far back as anyone can remember, the meanest dogs about. Everyone a spendthrift, and some of 'em blacklegs; horse-racing, dicing, drinking, all that's bad. Always trying to restore their fortunes, too, by marrying heiresses. Ha! ha! That's why you see such a precious lot of silly women in their rickety old portrait gallery; for no girl with brains would marry into such a set. If Old England, God bless her! had to depend on such, she'd soon go to the bottom. If it wasn't for the new men, she'd be ruined. That," with a snap of the fingers, "for the aristocracy. Old families, indeed! But, thank God, their waste and folly are impoverishing them pretty fast; their lands are passing into the hands of fresh and more vigorous blood. Would you believe it, sir, that half of the property, hereabout, has changed owners, in my life-time, and most of the other half would have gone, too, if it hadn't been entailed?"

"You ought to live in America," I said, as I rose; for I saw the "fly" coming up, that was to take us to the railway, and I heard Jemima Jane's step descending the staircase. "You talk so well, you'd soon get into Congress."

He was immensely gratified at this; he took it for a compliment, poor fellow; and so we parted, the best friends in the world.

My sister-in-law, after that walk in the rain, did not seem to be so enthusiastic about her "cousins." I began to hope, in fact, that she was cured. But I was destined to be undeceived.

We had been home about a month, when, one day, making a morning call on her, I found the hall littered up with something like a dozen pictures, that had just been unpacked; the boxes and straw still lying about. On looking at the pictures, I saw they were portraits, each in a bran-new gilt frame, and each resplendent in new paint, and newer varnish.

"What does all this mean, John?" I said, addressing the man-servant, who had just placed the last portrait against the wall.

But at that moment, my sister-in-law came into the hall, from the library.

"Don't you recognize them?" she asked, with an innocent air. "They are the portraits of our ancestors—from Llanarthgolly, you remember."

"Ah, yes! Ahem! I see," I stammered. "But how did you come by them? They can't be the originals of course. Rather highly varnished, too, don't you think, eh?"

"Yes, beautifully framed and varnished," she replied, with a triumphant air. "How did I come by them? Well, that day at Llanarthgolly, while you were looking out of the window, I saw a pile of photographs, at the other end of the room; and the housekeeper told me they were views of the house, and copies of the portraits, and that, sometimes, when people seemed very much interested, as I was, they were sold, as a great favor. So, as they were small, *carte de visite* size, mostly, and could be put into my pocket, I bought quite a number. When we went up to London, I discovered an artist, who was said to know the styles of all the old masters, and got him to copy them, full size. I did not tell Jemima even, for I wanted to surprise you. I think the man did wonders, don't you? That Zucchero is admirable, and so is the Holbein;" Sophy had picked up a smattering of art, when abroad, "but the gem is the portrait, by an unknown artist, of the time of Richard the Third. I intended them for James; it is his birth-day, you know; and I've been in agonies, for a week past, lest I shouldn't get them through the custom-house in time."

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I went home, and told Jemima Jane, adding: "She will hang the portraits up in the dining-room, where poor Jim will see them everyday, and she will tell everybody they are the portraits of our ancestors—oh! Lord."

My prophecy proved correct. All this happened several years ago, but the portraits still hang in Sophy's dining-room. The other day, we dined there with young Lord Donjon, fifth son of the Duke of Plantaganet, of one of the old historic houses of England, as everybody knows. My sister-in-law is never so happy as when she can secure a title at her table, and Lord Donjon was the very pink and quintessence of aristocracy, and looked down with contempt on all modern peerages.

During the meal, Sophy turned to her guest, and waving her hand to the portraits on the wall, said:

"We are not all plebians, my lord, in this country; some of us have a long line of illustrious ancestors to show."

My lord screwed his glass into his right eye, took a deliberate survey of the portraits, let the glass drop, and then answered, languidly; for he always talked as if talking was a bore:

"Dessay."

"We think, also," continued Sophy, smiling on him, with her sweetest smile, "that the English aristocracy is the only real one, after all. The rest are shams."

"Dessay."

"High-hearted, long-descended, noble in every sense."

"Now, do you know, do you know, that you are really too kind?" said Lord Donjon, bowing to her.

"Too kind, my lord?"

"We are not all, you know, noble in every sense, you know," with a little chuckle. "Just before I came away, there was a terrible scandal."

"A terrible scandal!"

"Yes. Baronet arrested, and locked up in jail. Obtained money under false pretences, you know. One of Pitt's pinch-beck baronetcies. Father had lived somewhere down in Wales. Estate mortgaged up to hub. When the son succeeded, you know, nothing left. Extravagant dog, in spite of it; at last, got to be a tout for gamblers. Now how much do you think he came to grief for, at last?"

My lord, as he drawled out these words, looked around the table, quite animated for him, eyeing each of us in succession through his glass, stuck in his right eye.

"I'm sure I can't tell," said Sophy, speaking with an effort, and looking as if she would sink through the floor; for, doubtless, she divined, as the rest did, who the culpit was. "Ten thousand pounds, perhaps."

"Dessay," with a slight laugh, and a bow, all round, to the company, "it would have been that, if he'd been a New Yorker. It was three sovereigns. Went to jail for three sovereigns," with the same low chuckle. "But then it was only one of Pitt's pinch-beck baronetcies, you know. Sir Lancelot Ap Jones—fine name for a swindler—son of Sir James Ap Jones."

I do not think that, then, or ever after, my lord remembered that the name of his hostess was Jones; he only knew her as "somebody I dined with, you know." He was too obtuse, even, to see the sensation he created, but went on eating his little bit of game, chuckling to himself, and repeating, unconsciously: "one of Pitt's pinch-beck baronetcies, you know."

We have not dined at Sophy's since. But there still hang OUR "VARNISHED" ANCESTORS.

STANDING IN THE SNOW.

BY MAUDE MOORE.

TARRY awhile, my lady!
'Tis a cold, cold winter's night.
Look abroad on the starry sky,
And the dead earth, robed in white.

Go back to the fire, my lady!
And shutters and curtains close.
Sit 'neath the glare of your brilliant,
Fresh as the heart of a rose!

Think of the poor, my lady!
The beggars that pass your gate.
See where they stand, with outstretched hand,
Stand at your door, and wait.

Though you may care, my lady,
I hope you may never know
How the cold chills to the heart of those
Who stand with their feet in the snow.

Humanity poor, my lady,
Made in the image of God!
Whether they sleep in downy beds,
Or on the snow-covered sod.

Do not forget, my lady,
Riches may take to them wings!
But a free heart, or a generous hand,
Much joy to the giver brings.

Sit by the fire, my lady!
And bask in its ruddy glow!
But do not forget the many that wait,
And shivering stand in the snow!

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WHAT THE STORM BROUGHT TO JANET.

BY AGNES JAMES.

DAVID FRASER's little daughter, Bess, stood in the porch of his mountain farm-house, and watched a railroad train flying up the valley. Bess shook her fist at it, as it rattled across a bridge, over the silver creek, that wound through the meadow.

"There you go!" she said. "You goes by here lots of times every day, and I don't know where you comes from, or where you goes to, and I can't ever go with you."

"It goes to the world outside of the mountains, Bess," said her pretty, brown-eyed sister, Janet, with a laugh.

"Well, I wants to go with it—or I wants it to bring me somethin'," said Bess, decidedly.

"Maybe it will bring you something, baby, some of these days," said Janet, soothingly; and she watched the train, too, and wondered if it would ever bring her anything, or take her away into the wonderful world, outside of the circling blue mountains, of which she often dreamed as a sort of fairy-land.

Janet's mother glanced out of the door. She was almost as pretty as Janet, still, and very like her.

"It's going to rain," she said. "Well, its almost time for the equinoctial."

"There's going to be a storm, mother," said David Fraser, as he came into the house, at that very moment, to supper, followed by Kenneth and Jim, his sturdy boys of fourteen and twelve years.

At prayers, that night, the sound of the hymn, led by Janet's clear, young voice, was almost drowned by the roar of the storm. All night it raged. The morning light showed the meadows flooded by a foaming, yellow torrent; the railroad bridge was gone, and a train was standing on the track, near Mr. Fraser's gate.

There were very few passengers, fortunately, and but one lady. All of them, by Mr. Fraser's kind hospitality, were asked to his house to breakfast.

They came, thankfully enough, through the still falling rain, and every face brightened at the sight of the blazing fire, the table set so neatly, the tempting breakfast of hot loaf bread and biscuit, "batter-bread," ham and eggs, clear, strong coffee, thick cream and golden butter. The kind welcome of the pretty hostess and her daughter added to the charm.

Observant little Janet instantly noticed that the lady passenger was deadly pale, and that she seemed to be suffering very much with a headache.

A consultation with her mother resulted in Janet's going to the lady, and asking her to come up stairs, and lie down a while.

"There will be plenty of time to rest, and even sleep a little," said Janet, "for I heard the captain tell father it would be several hours before he could go back to Huntley. You know they say there are several breaks in the road, just beyond here, and no trains can come up, so you will have to go back."

The offer was gratefully accepted, and Janet led the way to the "company room," with its white bed and curtains, its snowy toilet table, and its neat, dark "rag carpet."

Janet, as she carried the lady's travelling-bag for her, could not help seeing, on the plate, the name of "Evelyn M. Lanier."

"What a pretty name!" thought the girl. "And what a pretty lady!" she added, mentally. She *was* pretty, tall, and graceful, and stately, with a lovely blonde face, deep, blue eyes, and waving, fair hair. She was no longer young, however, and her face was pale and sad. Yet, how soft and low her voice was! How calm and gentle her movements! How exquisitely white her ungloved hands! And—yes! surely the sparkling jewel that shone just like a dew-drop, above the thick gold band on her finger, must be *a diamond*, that wonderful stone that Janet had heard of, but never seen.

"How nice this is!" said the lady, as she sank into a soft, cushioned, easy chair, before the bright little fire, that Janet had hastily kindled; and leaning her head on the back, she closed her eyes wearily.

Presently, she put her hand up to her head, uneasily. "I think I must take down my hair," she said, languidly. "Perhaps that will ease my head."

"Oh, if you will let me!" cried Janet, eagerly. "I would like to do it so much!"

The lady smiled up at the pretty, eager face; and Janet began her task. Very gently she took out combs and hair-pins, and spread the pretty, light brown hair over the lady's shoulders, and then smoothed it gently with her hands.

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Presently, the weary eyes opened, and the lady looked up at Janet.

"What gentle little hands you have, dear," she said, smiling. "Every touch does my head good. It reminds me of—"

She stopped abruptly, and closed her eyes with an expression of pain.

Janet wondered silently what the lady meant. But she went on, smoothing the soft hair back from the white forehead, thinking, meanwhile, that it was well the lady could not see how brown her hands were.

"I think you must be used to charming away headaches," said the lady. "Perhaps your mother has them."

"Yes! she has, sometimes," said Janet. "But mother says Kenneth, my brother, is a better nurse than I am. Kenneth sits by her, for hours, sometimes, and smoothes her hair and her forehead, till she goes to sleep. We call Kenneth 'mother's boy.' Oh! have I hurt you? What is the matter?" asked Janet, hastily.

The beautiful, blue eyes had opened, and gazed at her with a sudden look of agony. The slender, white hands were wrung together passionately, and after a moment's struggle for composure, the lady covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

"Let me call mother!" said Janet, anxiously. "I am sure she can do something for you."

But the lady caught her hand, and held her fast.

"No, no!" she sobbed. "I do not want anything. It was only that I thought of my boy! My son, my dear son! I have lost him! Oh, if he would only come back to his poor, miserable mother."

Tender-hearted, little Janet could only kneel down by the poor mother, draw her head down on her shoulder, and cry with her.

"He is not dead?" she asked.

"No—oh, no! But he has gone away from me. He was not a bad boy, dear. You must not think that," said the mother, eagerly. "He was always good with me; but sometimes his father was a little stern with him; he did not mean to be, but he never quite understood Francis. So when Mr. Lanier wanted him to go into the bank, and said he must do it, Francis would not. He said it would be slavery to him. There were quarrels, and threats—and my dear boy went away from us, we don't know where. He does not write to me. Sometimes, I fear he may be dead. We have—I have looked for him in so many places! A month ago, some one saw him, over here in the valley. He was driving cattle! My poor boy, that I was so proud of! Then I came to look for him, but no one could tell anything of him. If I only knew where to write to him! If I could only send him a message, and let him know, that, if he will come home, his father will not force him to go into the bank. Oh, if he knew how my heart is breaking without him!"

Janet could only soothe her by caresses, and whispers of sympathy, and hopes that the truant boy would yet come back to her.

Presently, the mother's tears flowed more quietly, and she suffered Janet to lay her on the bed, and cover her up, warmly.

"You won't leave me, will you?" she asked, entreatingly, still clinging to Janet's hand. "It has done me so much good to talk to you, dear; and you are so kind. If I had had a daughter, I might have kept her with me!"

With a heavy sigh, she turned her head on the pillow, and closed her eyes. Janet's gentle hand softly stroked her throbbing temples, till, at last, exhausted by sorrow and weeping, and the long night of travel and anxiety, she fell asleep. She slept long and heavily, and it was nearly noon, when a touch aroused her. She opened her eyes, with a start.

Janet's bright face smiled down upon her, and through the white curtained window, she saw the deep blue sky and golden sunshine of a clear September day.

"The train will leave soon," said Janet, "so I had to wake you. No, there is no need to hurry. I asked the conductor to give you plenty of time. And see, I have brought you a hot cup of coffee, and some broiled chicken; for you did not eat any breakfast."

A very dainty little repast Janet had arranged upon a table, near the fire; and Mrs. Lanier, after bathing her face, and putting up her hair, found that she could really enjoy the lunch; while Janet hovered round her, pleased with her patient's improvement. Mrs. Lanier was perfectly composed now, and Janet could scarcely recognize the weeping, heart-broken mother, in the calm, gracious lady, who so courteously expressed her gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Fraser, for their hospitality, and who regretted, with such a winning smile, that they would accept nothing but words in return for it.

But when she came to take leave of Janet, tears shone again in her lovely eyes, and she held the girl's hand long, and softly kissed her rosy lips.

"I do not like to think that I may never meet my kind little friend again," she said, in those low tones, that Janet thought the sweetest she had ever heard.

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"Perhaps I may see you, as you pass by, after the road is mended," said Janet, gazing wistfully up into the lady's beautiful face.

Mrs. Lanier shook her head.

"No, I shall go home by another route, now," she said; "but I do not mean to forget you, dear child."

Another soft kiss, and she was gone. Janet watched the graceful figure, as it passed down to the gate, and disappeared in the cars. Soon the long whistle sounded, and the train moved away.

"Look here!" cried Bess, running into the house, and holding up something in both little hands. "See what the lady gave me, down by the gate, out of her bag!"

It was an exquisite little work-box of Russia-leather, lined with quilted, blue satin, and furnished with dainty working implements.

"This is a gold thimble!" said Bess, fairly trembling with delight, as she exhibited it. "She said it was too large for me now, but my finger will grow, and it's all mines, *entirely!* Oh! Janet, the train has brought me something at last! Janet, did she give you something, too?"

"No, pet. But she knew I would rather you should have something pretty than to have it myself," said Janet, making the child's happiness perfect by her smile and kiss, and her admiration of the pretty gift.

For many days, numbers of men were at work, temporarily repairing the broken bridge; and one evening, Bess coaxed Janet down to the work with her, to watch their progress. The stream was still high, and many of the men engaged were wading in water to the knees.

"Ugh!" shivered Bess, as she watched them. "I wouldn't like that! Look, Janet, at that man! He just took off his shoes, and washed the mud out of them, and put them right on again!"

"I see," said Janet, laughing, and putting down the little pointing finger. She had been watching this man, before the child called her attention to him.

He looked so young, yet as vigorous and hardy as any. Every movement of his lithe figure was full of grace and strength. He walked into the turbulent water as carelessly as if it had been a carpeted floor, and helped to lift the great timbers and stones, and slid about under them, and got into, and out of, dangerous places, with an ease and coolness that astonished, and half-frightened, Janet.

"If that big rock was to fall now, it would just mash him all up," said Bess, quietly, as if she half-enjoyed the prospect of such a tragedy.

Janet shuddered, as she leaned forward, and watched the great, slippery stone going slowly up, the derrick creaking and groaning, the ropes that held it strained to the utmost; while below, stood that young, graceful figure, the boyish face looking up, the vigorous arm skilfully guiding the stone to its place.

"I think he's the bestest looking one here," continued Bess, with her usual cool freedom of speech. "I don't like those other mens. Jim says they swears, and drinks whiskey. They's ugly. When I come down here, to look at them, I won't talk to any of 'em but him."

"Mother wouldn't like you to talk to any of them. You should not come down here so much. Come, let us go home," said Janet, who found that Bess' friend had nodded and smiled to the little girl, and was now gazing pretty steadily at *her*, and that other eyes were beginning to be turned upon her, also. She took Bess' hand, and quietly walked away from the bank.

"Wife," said Mr. Fraser, that night, "what do you say to taking a couple of boarders, for a few weeks? Mr. Bond, the man that's superintending the bridge-building, down there, was talking to me, to-day. He says they're going to put up a new bridge; that will be a long job. He's boarding at Clark's now, but it's a rough place, and he's tired of it. He wants us to take him; and one of the men is anxious to come, too."

"One of the men!" said Mrs. Fraser, with a doubtful face. "Aren't they a rough set?"

"Well, Bond tells me that this young fellow is not. There's something strange about it. He's a gentleman, Bond is quite sure. I talked with him myself, and he made the same impression on me. I could see that, while he is a good-natured young fellow, and is popular enough with the other men, he doesn't altogether like his associations, and would prefer to get away from them. I don't think you'll regret taking him."

So the question was settled, and the next morning, the two boarders appeared at breakfast; Mr. Bond, a sturdy, brusque, clever business man, and Mr. Lewis, whom Bess sprang forward to greet with a smile, for he was no other than her friend, the "bestest looking" of the bridge builders.

"A very modest, gentlemanly young man," said Mrs. Fraser, in decided approval of him, after breakfast.

"Yes," said Bess, interposing, "he's just as nice as he can be, and has got the prettiest blue eyes, and, oh, such wavely brown hair! It's more brighter than mine, Janet. I like hair like that—and he made me a peach stone basket, too."

As the days went on, Mr. Lewis grew more in

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favor than ever. It was impossible not to like one so bright, and social, and kindly; so ready with a helping hand; so quick with a merry word.

"I'd know he was a gentleman, if he never opened his lips," declared Mrs. Fraser. "Don't you see how careful he is never to come to the table, till he has run up to his room, and made himself neat and nice? He's never in too great a hurry to do that. Poor boy, I wonder how he came to be doing this rough work! It isn't fit for him."

"Well, nobody does it better than he does," said Mr. Fraser; "and I respect him for doing this, rather than being idle and dependent, as so many poor gentleman are, these days. He's a fine young fellow."

The boys were devoted to him, as boys will be to one older and cleverer than themselves, who admits them graciously to his friendship. As for little Bess, she fairly adored him.

And Janet! Where were the eyes of this good father and mother, that they did not see what was happening? Janet and this brilliant young stranger were falling in love with each other, as rapidly as possible. What else *could* they do? The boy's heart must have been made of stone, if it had not beat quicker at the sight of Janet's graceful little figure, and lovely face, with its soft, dark eyes, and long lashes that drooped so sweetly against the glowing cheek. Then Janet's sweet "household ways;" her gentleness, and patience; her bright smile, and clear laugh, were irresistibly winning. And when eyes, as fine as those deep blue ones of the young man's, "looked love" into hers, what could the child do?

Innocent little seventeen-year-old Janet! She did not know what had happened, either. She only thought the soft, sunshiny autumn days were sweeter than she had ever known them, especially the quiet Sundays, when they all went together to the little country church, and she played on the melodeon, and led the singing, with Mr. Lewis' clear tenor ringing in her ears. Then, in the afternoon, the young people would stray away into the woods, or up the mountain-side, and sit, talking, there, till the sun began to sink behind the opposite mountains. Janet would listen, entranced, while he talked to her of music he had heard, of wonderful singers and actors, of pictures and statues, and of books he had read. Janet, though she had read less than he, was just as fond of books.

"You see," she said, "father loves Sir Walter Scott just as if he was a near neighbor of ours; and I had read all his novels and poems, before I was fourteen years old. And Kenneth and I read Shakespeare, and we used to act it, out in the orchard. We used to make Jim lie still, and be Cæsar's body, while Kenneth was Mark Anthony, and I was 'the people.' That was before I went to boarding-school."

"You have been to boarding-school, then?" said the young man, who was never tired of Janet's merry chatter, and loved to watch her changing face, and hear her girlish laughter.

"Oh, yes! I was there two years. I only came home in July. I was *awfully* homesick, sometimes; but I did like my singing lessons. And then, you know, it was nice to learn to play on the organ, that I might play at church, and help in the singing."

"Yes. What a good little thing you are, Janet," said the young man, softly. "You are always thinking about doing something for other people, or for the church."

"No, I'm not good," said Janet, energetically. "You shouldn't say so. You don't know how many wrong things I do and say."

"No, I don't know them," he said, with a smile. "I only know what you seem to me. Do you know, Janet, that you make people good, that come near you? I think even I could be good, if I were always with you."

Janet's lashes went down on her crimsoning cheek, for a moment. Then she looked up, and said, with a smile, "You are good now. Weren't you always good?"

"No," said the young man, gravely. "I have been very bad. I have been wild, and thoughtless, and idle, and extravagant. Everybody blamed me, and scolded me, but—my mother. She was like you, Janet—good and gentle. Oh, how sweet she was!"

He turned away his head with a sigh, and Janet's sweet eyes filled with tears of sympathy, as she thought, "Ah! his mother is dead, and no one else was kind to him."

The dew of this tender pity was still in her eyes, when he turned again to her. He looked at her one instant, and then, bending his head low, softly touched, with his lips, the little hands, that lay folded together on her lap.

"My good angel!" he murmured. "You don't know how bad and reckless I was getting to be, when *you* came to me!"

Janet looked up distressed.

"Indeed, Mr. Lewis," she said, earnestly, "you must not think that *I* make you good! If I have anything to do with it, it is only because God chooses to let me."

"Well," he said, softly, "however it is, I know that you can make me do whatever you choose."

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Janet was silent. She sat, with her eyes downcast, while a grave, troubled look came to her face.

"Janet," said the young man, presently, "would you mind sometimes calling me by my name—not Frank, as the boys call me, but Francis, as my mother calls me?"

Janet started, and suddenly turned round to look in his face.

"Francis! Is that your name?" she cried. "I never thought of its being that," she added, with a startled expression in her eyes. Surely, now she thought of it, she could see in his deep blue eyes, his fair hair, his smooth, white brow, and even in the chiseling of his bold, handsome features, a manly reflex of a woman's face she had seen before.

Janet's heart beat rapidly. If it were really so, what was she to do? She feared that any hint of her suspicion, would, if it were true, only send him off again, to wander farther from his home. He had said, "You can make me do anything you choose, Janet," but in her heart Janet doubted that. And she must be certain before she could do anything.

"Will you call me Francis, sometimes, Janet," repeated the young man, eagerly.

"Yes," she said, simply. "Francis! I like it better than Frank."

"Thank you!" he cried, and again he took her little hand, and kissed it.

I wonder if there is any act of homage more fascinating to a young girl than this—from a person she likes! She does not feel that it is a familiarity to be resented. The humblest subject may kiss the hand of his queen. No, she did not resent it, at all! Her cheeks burned, and a little smile dimpled round the corners of her lips, but she uttered not a word of reproof. Yet I think if any of Janet's country beaux (and she had many, who walked home from church with her, and dropped in of evenings, and chatted with her by the cosy sitting-room fire,) if any of these ardent admirers had ventured on a like expression of his humble adoration, there would have been a flash in Janet's dark eyes, and a haughty turn of her pretty head, that would have prevented his repeating the experiment.

As it was, she only smiled and blushed, and presently said it was "time to go home."

The days went by, and watch as Janet might, she gathered no certain proof of the identity of Frank Lewis and Francis Lanier.

The cool, bracing October weather passed. November came in, rainy and dark, at first, but presently the Indian summer followed, with its delicious, dreamy haze, and its fragrance of fallen leaves, its odors of pine, sweet as spring flowers.

On one of these lovely days, Janet and Francis came slowly straying through the wood path from church. They had fallen behind the rest of the party, and even the sound of the children's merry voices had died away in the distance. A prostrate tree, by the side of the path, offered a tempting resting-place, of which the young man persuaded Janet to avail herself.

They sat there, in perfect silence, a little while. A squirrel ran down a tree across the path, peeped at them for a moment, and sprang away again. A cricket chirped faintly amongst the fallen leaves. The soft sunshine stole down through the network of leafless branches above their heads, and a blessed "Sabbath" quiet and peace seemed to fill the whole world around them.

"How prettily you are dressed, to-day, Janet!" said Francis, presently. He had been leaning forward a little, his elbow on his knee, his cheek resting on his hand, while his eyes took in all the beauty of the girl's graceful figure, the pretty, soft, brown dress, fitting her so perfectly, the brown felt hat to match, with its curling feather, the white ruche around her throat, and the scarlet tie that gave the needed touch of girlish brightness to her costume.

"Do you think so?" said Janet, smiling.

"Yes. You always dress nicely. What a pretty color your cravat is!"

"I look nicer than usual, to-day, because I have on my new chain and locket," Janet said, laughing. "You would not notice that, and I had to tell you of it."

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" said Frank, with an answering laugh. "It's stunning! Blue forget-me-nots enamelled on it! Janet, who's been giving you such a grand locket? Your father?"

"No," said Janet, shaking her head. "Not my father. Not any one who is at all related to me."

Frank's blue eyes fixed themselves keenly on her face. Why did Janet turn away from his gaze, and blush so deeply? A keen, jealous pain darted through his heart, as he watched her deepening color. Could it be that Janet had allowed "that lout, Henry Walters," who had spent the last evening with her, to make her such a present as that?

"Who gave it to you, Janet?" he demanded, so sharply, that Janet opened her eyes, in wonder.

"There is a picture in it," said she, looking him full in the face now, but still coloring, and seeming half-frightened. "It is the likeness of—of the person who gave it to me."

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Little deceiver! No wonder she looked frightened! Here she had been leading him on, by her sweet looks and ways, for weeks, until he simply adored her, and now she was going to tell him she preferred that bumpkin, Walters.

He stretched out his hand for the locket.

"Let me see it," he said, hoarsely, his very lips white with wrath.

With trembling fingers, Janet unclasped the chain, and put the locket in his hand.

A moment's silence, while Janet put her hand to her heart to still its rapid beating, and bent forward to watch the young man's face.

He opened the locket, gave one quick glance at the picture, and then started back as if he had been struck.

"Janet, where did you get this?" he cried. "It is—"

"I know," said Janet, laying her trembling hand on his. "It is your mother! You are Francis Lanier. I have found you for her, and you must go back to her. No, no! You must not go away from me now, Francis. Just listen to me a little while!"

Both her little hands were clasped tight around his, but it was the soft entreaty of her lovely, dark eyes that kept him by her side. Then, with eager, passionate words, she poured out the story of his mother's visit; of her search for him; her tender love, and her heart-breaking grief.

Francis heard it all in absolute silence, but his mother's picture lay open in his hand, and the lovely, sad face, so dear, and so familiar, pleaded for her, in its pathetic silence, as strongly as even Janet's gentle voice could plead.

"Francis, you *will* go back to her," said Janet, when the story was told. "I was so glad, when she sent me her picture; for I did not think you *could* look at her dear face, and refuse to go back to her."

"Does she know I am here?" asked Francis, in a low tone.

"No. I was not sure. I would not let her hope, until I knew. Francis, promise me. You *will* go back?"

He raised his head, at last and looked at the girl's sweet, entreating face.

"Janet, don't you know if I go back home, I must leave you? Leave you, and for a long time; and then, perhaps—you will forget me."

Janet did not say a word, but her dark eyes filled with tears, and she turned away her head.

"Janet, do you want me to leave you?" he asked.

"You must go to your mother. It is your duty to go—and, oh, it is just breaking her heart, to be without you!"

Janet spoke as steadily as she could, but the poor child began to realize now, that in giving Francis back to his mother, she was sending all the light and happiness out of her own life. No matter. She must do what was right, if it broke her own heart. Forget him! No, she knew she would not. In the great city, to which he would go, amongst the rich and grand people she knew he would be with, he would soon forget the quiet little country girl, who had been his friend; but she would never see any one, in all the long, dreary years that were to come, that could make her forget him.

As these bitter thoughts passed through her mind, she kept her face turned away, but he caught the sound of her sobbing breath, and then a sudden tear splashed down on the hands she had meekly folded in her lap.

"Crying, Janet?" he exclaimed, and before she could start from her seat, his arm was round her. "My little darling! If you will just say you love me, I won't leave you. See here, dear! When I am twenty-one—that will be next June—I shall have ten thousand dollars, that my grandfather, Francis Lewis, left me. I will take that, and buy Jessup's farm over there, that is for sale; and when you and I are married, we will live there, and mother will come to see us. Look up, dear, and just say one word to me!"

"Oh, Francis, what nonsense you are talking!" said Janet, laughing and crying at once. "I wouldn't be so wicked! What, keep you all that time from your poor mother? No, no! Go to her now. Go back, and be a good son to your father and mother, and when you *are* twenty-one—"

Janet stopped suddenly, but her blush and smile must have finished the sentence to Frank's satisfaction, or he would never have dared to kiss her soft, rosy lips as he did.

So these two children sat there, in the sweet Indian summer sunshine, and planned a future that was to be full of just such dreamy sweetness; and, at last, went slowly homeward, and were astonished to find dinner over, and the boys setting out to look for them.

Of course, all this wonderful story had to be told, that night, to Janet's good father and mother. Neither Janet nor Francis would have wished to keep it secret from them.

Mrs. Fraser heard it, with exclamations of astonishment; and, at last, her dark eyes, (Janet's very eyes), filled with tears, as she held out her hand to Francis, and called him, in one breath, "a bad, wilful boy," and "her dear child."

But David Fraser shook his head, and looked gravely at the culprit.

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"This is all wrong—all wrong!" he said, seriously. "You don't suppose, Mr. Lanier, that I can let my little daughter engage herself to a man, who has behaved to his father and mother as you have done?"

Francis and Janet exchanged a glance of sudden dismay, and Mr. Fraser went on, quietly:

"You have been, by your own confession, wild, and idle, and disobedient. You have almost broken your poor mother's heart. What security have I, that you won't break my Janet's, some of these days? You look indignant; but, my lad, I know men better than you do. Stranger things than that have happened, and I won't give my daughter to a man I can't trust."

"Oh, father!" sobbed Janet, in piteous remonstrance, while Francis bit his lip, to keep back the hasty words that were on his tongue.

David Fraser turned, and took the girl in his arms.

"Hush, little daughter," he said, gently. "You musn't think I mean to be cruel to you. I only want him to prove himself worthy of you. Ah! I see you think he can easily do that. Well, well, time will show! And then, Mr. Lanier, there's another thing. I know that your family is wealthy and aristocratic. How do you know that the daughter of a plain, poor farmer will be welcome among them, as your wife? There musn't be anything done in a hurry. There must be no promise—no letters passing. Just you go home, like a good lad, to your father, and when you have proved yourself a good son, I shall think you will be a good husband; and when you have your father's and mother's consent to the match—then you may ask for mine."

David Fraser, as he concluded, held out his hand, with a sudden, kindly smile. "Don't think hard of me, lad," he said, with a tremor in his voice. "It is my little girl's happiness I am seeking."

So Francis could only take the honest, friendly hand, and grasping it tight, say, frankly and humbly:

"You are right, sir. I will do just as you say."

When the next night came, Francis Lanier was far away on his journey home; and little Janet was sobbing drearily on her pillow, tryimg to comfort herself with the memory of Francis' farewell kisses, and with his passionate vows of eternal love and faithfulness. "No, no," she had said; "you must not promise. You are free. I will not blame you, if you love some one else—if you never come back to me." But she felt that, though she would not blame him, her heart would break, if Francis forgot her.

In her desolation, it was but a doubtful comfort to receive the letter that Mrs. Lanier wrote her, in a few days after Francis' return. Such a letter! Overflowing with love and gratitude to the girl, who had given her back her son. "God will bless you, my darling," she said. "I can never thank you as I ought!"

In all this, there was not a word to show that Francis had told his mother of his love for Janet; and somehow her heart ached as she read it. She felt as if the mother's very joy, in the recovery of her son, was a mockery of her own grief and loneliness.

The sweet Indian summer weather was gone now. Dark, chilly, wintry days came on, with deep snows and piercing winds. Wearily, wearily, the long months dragged by.

Two or three times during the winter, came letters from Mrs. Lanier, filled with the same joy and thankful happiness, and at Christmas, a box, with rich and elegant gifts for each member of the family, arrived. But there was no message from Francis, to ease Janet's poor, little, aching heart. The girl drooped and faded, as the weeks went by. She was sweet, and gentle, and dutiful as ever; but she grew pale, silent and listless. Her "sleep went from her," and often the long nights were spent in bitter weeping.

Janet had answered Mrs. Lanier's letters, with simple words, that were almost cold; and at last she did not write at all. How could she write to Francis' mother, and hide the pain that gnawed, day and night, at her heart, because Francis had forgotten her! Then there was silence. And now that no letters came, to tell her that Francis was well, to mention his name carelessly in accounts of household doings, to speak of him in loving blame or praise, she missed them sorely, and longed to write again, but pride held her back.

The sweet color was all gone from her cheek, or only flushed it hotly and suddenly when the children chanced to mention Francis' name. Neither father nor mother ever spoke of him; and Janet knew, by the caressing tenderness of her mother's ways, and the soft touch of her father's hand on her head, that they both knew that Francis had forgotten her.

So the spring came, and Janet grew paler and more listless. "It is only the warm weather that makes the child weak," said Mrs. Fraser, trying to speak cheerfully; but as David Fraser looked at her, he thought, with anguish, "the child's heart is breaking."

Warm, bright summer came. It was the fifteenth of June, and Janet knew it was Francis' birthday, his twenty-first birthday.

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For many days now, she had been weaker and more listless each day, and at night she could not sleep, but lay tossing restlessly about, her lips parched, and her little hands burning hot. "A low, nervous fever," the doctor called it.

So, in the day, Janet would lie on a couch, in the cool, dark parlor; and her mother would pass in and out, and Bess would run in and chatter to her, or sit and watch her, as she sank into uneasy, troubled slumbers.

To-day, somehow, the pain at her heart was heavier than usual. Janet was very quiet and patient; but as she lay there, thinking of Francis, not blaming him, but wondering, oh, so sadly! how he could have forgotten her so soon, her lips would quiver, and the tears would steal down her white cheeks. So, to keep her mother and Bess from seeing them, she turned away her face, put her arm up over it, and feigned to be asleep. From feigning, she passed to reality, and then to dreams. Dreams of Francis, and of his mother. She saw their faces; she heard their voices; she was gathered close into Francis' arms, and his mother's soft, smiling lips touched hers.

The touch roused her. With a start, she woke —and there, bending over her, was the face she had been dreaming of! The fair, sweet face of Francis Lanier's mother.

Was she still dreaming? She heard a confusion of sounds—Mrs. Lanier's soft voice, broken with sobs, and calling her "dear child, dear little daughter"—hurried footsteps—Bess's excited cry, "Oh, Janet, Frank has come!" and, last of all, just her own name, "Janet!" in the voice she never could forget; and Francis himself was leaning over his mother's shoulder.

It must be a dream! One of the many, many sweet, mocking dreams she had had bitter wakings from, in all these weary months.

"Janet!" he said again, and Mrs. Lanier moved away, to give place to him.

With a little cry, Janet started up, stretched out her hands to him—and fainted dead away in his arms!

"No heroine of romance ever did it better, Janet," Francis declared, afterwards, laughing, but looking at her with adoring eyes, that brought the sweet color back to her pale cheeks.

Ah, he had not forgotten her! This time of probation had been as long and weary to him as to her; but filled up with earnest, hard work, that satisfied his father, and was no longer "slavery;" for, "I was working for you, Janet."

"I did not tell my father and mother about you, Janet," he said, "till I felt that I had redeemed my character. Two weeks ago, I told them, and my mother cried for joy; and my father said, 'Francis, the girl who has made such a man of you shall be welcome and honored here, as your wife.'"

That was two years ago. Janet has been Mrs. Francis Lanier long enough to be quite used to that dignified position. The farmer's little daughter is quite at ease in society, and greatly admired there for her beauty, for her sweet, unaffected manners, and for her charming voice —she excels in ballad singing. She is adored by her mother-in-law, and petted, in the most astonishing way, by her grave, stately father-in-law.

And Bess can no longer complain that she "can never go with the flying train;" for she went with it, last winter, to visit Janet in her beautiful city home, in "the world outside of the mountains."

COMFORT.

BY MARIE J. M'COLL.

Though many flowers have faded from my life,
And clouds obscure the brightness of its sky;
Though still amid the world's unceasing strife,
I must toil onward, as the days go by.
Yet, oh, my Father! I can lift to thee
Grateful thanksgiving, and the voice of praise;
A harvest fair, of blessings, unto me,
Thy love hath given, lo, these many days!

Oft have I questioned, with the poet old,
"Doth God exact day labor, light denied?"
Must they whose lives are sad and dark and cold,
Work bravely on, peaceful and satisfied?
Can I make others glad, if no bird sings
Within the bloomless garden of my heart,
And self-forgetting lead to better things,
Those who, in deeper shadows, dwell apart?

This have I learned, we can do much to make
Our lives a blessing, and our words a power,
If what we find to do, for Christ's dear sake,
We do with faithfulness; from hour to hour.
The wondro's story loved by old and young,
Was penned by Bunyan in a prison cell;
In banishment the great-souled Dante sung
His grand, prophetic strain, of heaven and hell.

And still "their name is legion," who have wrought,
Steadfast and calm, though 'reft of earthly cheer,
Songs in the night by angels have been taught,
Which wakeful praying souls alone can hear.
And, thinking on these things, my heart grows strong,
And I walk closer to my heavenly guide,
And bless him for my joys, and that e'er long
"Beyond the veil," I shall be satisfied.

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ABOUT "BARB."

BY EVELYN G. BAKER.

"He's a regular little barbarian!" we said, sometimes, despairingly. "And it's a positive comfort to call him 'Barb,' for short!" For his real name—will it be believed of this poor, helpless mite of ebon humanity?—was Barbarossa Napoleon Bonaparte Smith!

How his mother ever came to hear of such a name always perplexed us. Of course, having heard of it, we did not wonder at the selection; her race have always shown a love for high-sounding cognomens. At any rate, there it was. As "Barbarossa" he was first presented to us; and "Barbarossa," abbreviated to "Barb," he remained to us, as long as we were together.

Barb's first appearance amongst us, was on this wise: One gray November afternoon, Lois and I were left alone in the house; mamma having gone out on one of the Good Samaritan errands which no storm ever interfered with; and it being our faithful old Nancy's "afternoon out." Outside, the sleet and snow drove sharply against the windows, and the wind whistled a rough defiance; within, the fire glowed and crackled with the cheeriness a wood-fire alone knows the secret of; and the drowsy silence was else unbroken; for Lois was busy with her sewing, and I half-asleep over "Ivanhoe." Suddenly, the door-bell rung a long, loud, resonant peal, startling me into jumping to my feet, and dropping "Ivanhoe" on the kitten, whose nap, with my own, came abruptly to an end. "Who on earth," I said, with cross inelegance, "can that be, this wretched afternoon?" and therewith opened the door, to see. There, on the upper step, stood the forlornest little figure artist ever painted! A small apparition, as black as—well, I don't think Barbarossa's blackness can be compared with anything but itself! With a jacket and pants that suggested the "rags and jags" sung about in the nursery rhyme—"with shoes like the mouth of a fish;" with a straw hat innocent of brim; with snow powdering his wooly hair; sleet on his curly lashes; snow sifting down his back, and drifting over him and whirling around him. I surveyed him a minute in astonished silence, and he returned my stare with round, shining, unwinking eyes. Then he inquired, composedly, "Is Mrs. Smith to home?" I began to say that he must have mistaken the house, for no such person lived here, when Lois, whom curiosity had attracted to the open doorway, remarked that perhaps he might mean our Nancy, whose last name *was* Smith, though we had scarcely had occasion to recall that fact, in the sixteen years she had been in our service. On this suggestion I informed the apparition that Mrs. Smith wasn't at home, and wouldn't be, before late in the evening; but I would deliver any message to her, which he might be pleased to entrust me with. He displayed a row of astonishingly white teeth in a cheerful grin, stepped in, and first carefully wiping his apologies for shoes, and closing the door, said, decisively, "Oh, if Mrs. Smith lives here, I'm a-goin' to live here, too. She's my gran'mother; I'm Barbarossa Napoleon Bonaparte Smith. I've come to stay, and I'm not go-in' away again any more at all!"

Lois and I looked at him, and then at each other; and then asked him in. For though we considerably doubted his statement that he wasn't going away again any more at all, we could not refuse to give him the warmth and shelter for which the little, shivering figure pathetically appealed. We installed him before the glowing fire, toward which he stretched out hands and feet, with a kind of cry, and having provided him with a generous bowl of bread and milk, requested him to give an account of himself a little more in detail. We were soon in possession of the "short and simple annals" of his eleven years. He satisfied us, past a doubt, that he was the child of our Nancy's son, whom she had left behind her in Georgia, when, sixteen years ago, she came north, and entered mamma's service. He—Barb—had enjoyed life fairly well, leading the happy-go-lucky existence of a small boy who "wasn't brought up," but "jest growed," until, six months ago, his mother died. Seven weeks later (apparently the limit of African mourning etiquette) his father took to himself another helpmeet, who seems to have proved anything but a tender parent to Barb. "She jest make de house too debble hot to hold me," he said, with expressive emphasis. "Wasn't she a master hand at pinchin' and bangin'—look-a-'ere!" and, with a sudden gesture, he rolled his large, loose sleeve up to the shoulder, showing on the thin little arm marks and scars, that made tender-hearted Lois cover her face, with a little pitying cry. He had made up his mind, Barb said, not

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to bear it any longer; and one starlit night, without a penny in the world, and with half a corn cake in his pocket, he had started off to find the unknown grandmother, "up norf," whose address he had deciphered from his father's old letters. How he had reached here, he himself could hardly tell—by stolen rides on freight-cars; by odd jobs on canal-boats; by begging "a lift," whenever he found a team bound northward- telling his simple story, whenever he could find any one willing to listen; asking help to find the far-away grandmother in the north, in a fashion, I fancy, few people could have found it easy to resist. And so in ways that, like all the ways whereby we are led, seeming natural and simple enough as they opened from day to day, but very wonderful and incomprehensible looked back upon from the goal attained, Barb had found his way hither, at last; and now sat, a living illustration of what perseverance can accomplish, before our sitting-room fire. "And I is a heap glad to git hyar at home," he concluded, with a little sigh of comfort, nestling deeper down into the arm-chair, and stretching out his thin hands to the cheery blaze.

If Barb had been a very Machiavelli in diplomacy, he could not have surelier won us to his cause, than did he by those simple words and gestures, so all-unconscious of their pathos. From that moment, instead of longing for mamma's return, as we had been doing with all our hearts, we began to rather dread it, lest she should common-sense-i-cally dispose of this little ragmuffin, who had already found his way into our foolish hearts. And, oh, mamma's face, when she came home, and heard his story! And, oh, Nancy's blank, yet explosive, astonishment, when she found her little 'dark' surprise-party waiting for her!

Why should I try to tell you how Barb became a regular and settled inmate of our household, when I myself do not know how it came about? Was it because of his own calm assurance that it was so foreordained? Was it because he had the most mischievous eyes, and the drollest laugh, in the world? We never knew. We never attempted to understand or explain it to others, or even to ourselves. Once, indeed, Lois remarked, that when Tom should be through college, (our brother was, at this time, a Freshman,) and should have taken his medical degree, Barb might make an excellent office-boy for him; but this foresight of Lois was received by the family with such a shout, that it was never afterward referred to. And Barbarossa lived with us, and flourished; did errands, when he remembered them long enough; had lessons given him, which he never by any chance learned, but gave answers with a random wit which insured a laugh, instead of the merited scolding; and was undisciplined, droll, and happy. And "Satan found" a great deal of "mischief still" for his "idle hands to do."

Let me have no claim to writing Barbarossa's history, for the two years he was with us; for should I attempt such a thing, Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" would be a mere sketch, compared to the volumes it would fill! Let me, instead, fancy myself sitting before the smooth, white screen on which our children were gazing so expectantly, last New Year's Eve; and as the magic-lantern of memory throws one picture of Barb after another, let me try to translate into words some of those pictures for you.

Yes, I was sure, first of all, the magic-lantern would show us this!

It is an autumn afternoon. Lois has come home from a country visit, bringing with her a great bunch of sumach and maple leaves; a glory of rich color, a joy of "reds unspeakable," as dear Helen Hunt would say. Barb is opening the door for her; but seeing what she carries, forgets entirely to greet her—and yet he is very fond of gentle Lois—and stretches out both hands imploringly toward the leaves. She gives them to him; and standing where the full sunshine thrills through and through them, he kisses them in a sort of ecstacy, crying, "Oh, glory, how red dey is! How dey *shines*, Miss Lois!" And then, holding them from him, he looks at them, as if they fed and satisfied his very heart. Tears gather slowly in Lois' brown eyes, as she stands watching him. "There are not many of us," she says, softly, to me, at last, "who read God's color-words as lovingly and reverently as this!"

The red leaves fade away from the screen, and another's picture comes. I see Mrs. MacGuiness, who lives in the big tenement-house a few streets away, stand in Nancy's tidy kitchen, with bonnet awry, and face fiery with wrath unutterable. Barb, through the open door beyond, peeps in upon the scene, keenly ready *not* to be there, when his grandmother shall call him! Mrs. MacGuiness' wrath is excusable. The cause whereof is briefly this: Her son, Mike, not inheriting her contempt for "nagurs," which, she informed us, was too deeply seated to be shaken, (I do *not* quote Mrs. MacG's own words,) has made Barbarossa's acquaintance, and up to this morning, they have been on intimate terms. This morning, it appears, Barb and Mike came across a treasure-trove—a bottle of the very blackest

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hair-dye, which some one, having used about half its contents, had consigned to the ash-barrel. Barb was seized with an inspiration. He had always regarded Mike with compassion, because of the excessive redness of his crispy, curling hair; and here, he told him, was the remedy for that misfortune: this, if skilfully applied, (and of his own ability so to apply it Barb made no doubt,) would give Mike's carroty locks the same blackness he had so admired in Barbarossa's own. He applied the dye, and the result, to quote Mrs. MacG's own unconscious pun, was "*di*-abolical—jist!" Mike went home with a head so blotched, spotted and striped with black, and a face, through whose black streaks little rivulets of tears had palely melted their pathways, that his own mother failed at first to recognize him. Nothing but a clean shave, removing dye and hair alike, sufficed to restore his identity. Mike was inconsolable. Red hair was much, *much* better than no hair at all; and nothing could persuade him that he will ever be otherwise than bald, again, forever.

I try to gently appease Mrs. MacG's wrath, with the Shakespearian consolation that "what's done cannot be undone;" but suddenly, before my mental eyes, rises a vision of Mike, as he must have appeared, in his red-and-black stripedness, after Barbarossa's direful attempt; and my gravity gives way utterly. Laughing to the suffocating point, I hastily and ingloriously hurry from the kitchen, leaving Nancy, Mrs. MacGuiness and Barb to fight it out amongst themselves.

Mrs. MacGuiness fades from the screen, in her turn; and again I see the kitchen, its yellow-painted floor, shining in the slantwise sunshine of a late Sunday afternoon. Lois is sitting in the tall, wooden rocking-chair; open, on her knee, is the great Bible, our baby fingers have patted so often, in the long ago. On a low cricket beside her, sits Barb, alternately looking up into her gentle face, and down at the pictures, whose sweet, undying story she is trying to teach him. She has been talking to him of that happy country, where we all hope, one day, to be mercifully sheltered. "Barb," she says, "what would you like to do, in heaven?" "Do, Miss Lois?" he answers. "I'll tell yer! I'd like to sit on some fence that *all* the circuses went by!"

What mischief *wasn't* that boy guilty of? After overhearing us, one day, regretting that our dear little Scotch terrier's ears should be so prominent, didn't he stick that unfortunate animal's ears close to his head with shoemaker's wax, and then proudly exhibit him to us, as an instance of the triumph of art over nature? And didn't he bring desolation into Lois' dainty room, in the vain effort to discover a secret panel there? Some street-comrade of his, an ardent reader of dime novels, had related to him a thrilling story, in which secret panels pictured largely; and thereafter Barb's sole object, in life, was to discover such a panel, in our old-fashioned house. One day he found that, beside the chimney in Lois' room, the paper, upon being tapped, gave forth a hollow sound. Coincidence. So did the paper in the yellow-covered novel! It was the work of a moment, for Barb, in his eager certainty of hidden treasure, to run his knife around the paper, lift it up, and—oh, me! oh, me! The soot-box that hadn't been opened for twenty years! The soot, that, in a thick, black cloud, sifted out, settled on the fair, white curtains, clung to the counterpane, made the whole dainty room dingy and soiled and uninhabitable! Barb fled. Before me, on the screen, I see him as he looked that night, when we had discovered the disaster, searched for, but failed to find him, and were beginning to fear he had run away; and he emerged from the ash-barrel, where he had lain concealed all the afternoon, and stood amongst us; surely the most wretched figure that was ever seen, since

> "Old Floyd Ivason, for his hard heart,
> Was tarred and feathered, and rode in a cart,
> By the women of Marblehead!"

It was after this, but not long, that we begun to be troubled about Barb, and to fear we must send him from us, where he could have sterner discipline, and harder rule. For often and often he was gone all day, returning at night, unable to give a satisfactory account of himself; often we heard of him, in company of boys it were better he should not know; sometimes we missed, from the closets, fruit we had forbidden him to touch. Nancy's threats, Lois' gentleness, mamma's patience, seemed to avail nothing. We had almost made up our minds, that Barb must leave us, when, one November afternoon, about two years from the day he had appeared amongst us, we were startled by just such a sharp peal of the bell, as had startled us that stormy day. Nancy answered it, and a minute afterward, we heard a wail from her, that brought us all hurriedly out into the hall. There stood a tall man, in a policeman's uniform, looking down at poor Nancy, as she crouched on the floor, rocking herself to and fro, with a moaning cry. He turned to mamma, and very briefly, but not unkindly, told his errand. Oh, poor Barb! poor Barb! Down in the crowded streets, he had joined a crowd which a sudden alarm of fire had called together; in his excitement, had not heard the cries which warned him of an engine's

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being close upon him. There was no time to rein in the galloping horses; no one had been to blame. Oh, poor Barb!

"He's at Station B, ma'am," the officer said. "The doctor says it can't be long; for his lungs is hurt bad. He kept moaning for Miss Lois! Miss Lois! and as soon as we could make out where he came from, the chief sent me, to tell you."

We hurried on cloaks and hats, and followed the officer into the chilly November dusk. It seemed a long, long walk to the police station. It was hard to realize—oh, it was very hard! I forgot all the fret and anxiety of the weeks just gone by; I saw before me, only the Barb of the old, merry time, who had kissed the red leaves, in the autumn sunshine; who had sat at Lois' feet, in the still, Sunday twilights; who had brought the twinkle to mother's eyes so often, with his droll apologies for mischief done. That those mischievous eyes should be so near their closing! That this little, ignorant child should be on the border of that mystery from which the wisest of us shrink back, afraid!

It was a little, whitewashed cell. Barb was lying on a low pallet, covered with a rough, gray blanket. A grave-faced gentleman bent above him, his fingers on the little wrist. Barb's eyes were closed, and they did not open, as we came in. When Nancy saw him lying so, the wan, gray shadow on his set, still face, she rushed forward, and threw herself on her knees beside him, with a passionate cry: "Oh, Barb! Barb! Ye're done goin' to die, and ye haven't got religion, and ye'll go into the fiery furnace, foreber an' eber!"

His eyes opened, wide with pain and terror. Lois gently drew Nancy away, and knelt in her place, taking both the little, bruised, black hands in hers. "Don't listen to her, Barb," she said. "She doesn't know what she says. Dear, try to hear and understand what I say. Do you remember the good Good Man, I used to tell you about, Sunday nights? The One, you know, who healed the sick, and took little children in his arms? You are going to Him, Barb; and He will love you, and help you, and teach you how to live." The gray lips moved faintly. "Will He be good to me, like you are, Miss Lois? Will He let me get my bref, without its hurtin' me so orful?"

"Dear," she said, "He will be better to you than you can ask or think. Barb, I want you to try and say to Him the little prayer I taught you. Try, dear, try!"

Into the silence the weak voice faltered, while Barb held fast the kind hands that seemed an anchorage for him, who was drifting so fast away:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I—pray—de—Lord—"

No need, oh, Barb! No need to finish that prayer! The soul you would have commended to His holy keeping had gone to Him!

REALIZATION.

BY ELISE ARMSTRONG.

She walked along the garden path,
But did not see the flowers bloom,
And did not see the roses nod,
And did not hear the wild bee's boom
Her hands were folded on her breast,
She whispered, "He will never come."

She did not smell the woodbine's breath,
She passed the lily careless by,
And careless closed the garden gate,
And moved across the field of rye,
She did not hasten as she went,
Nor sing, but walked with downcast eye.

She passed amid the bearded rye,
That used to sing a gladsome song,
To the wind's tune, but did not see
The light and shadow dance along;
She did not list the blackbird's cry,
She said, "The way is very long."

She clambered o'er the rustic stile,
And sauntered through the lonely lane.
She said, "The way is very long,
And I have only come in vain."
She said, "He will not pass this way;
I trow we shall not meet again!"

She heard a footstep on the grass,
She did not lift her low-bowed head;
But some one paused beside the stile,
And "I have come, my love," he said.
She lifted up her eyes, and saw
The beauty she had thought was dead.

The sun was sinking in the west,
When back across the fields they came,
She called the rye "a field of smiles,"
And spoke each modest flower's name;
She paused to hear the blackbird sing,
She plucked the poppy's scarlet flame.

He left her at the garden gate,
She watched him, smiling as he went,
Then turned, and passed along the path,
And stopped to breathe the woodbine's scent,
She called the lily passing fair,
And praised the roses, as they bent.

She thought, "The earth is very fair,
And sunset is the fairest hour."
She lingered as she passed them by,
And said "Good-night" to every flower,
And pausing as she closed the door,
She whispered, "Eden is love's dower."

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OUR FIRST PARTING.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

"You can go, to-morrow morning, Jo?" said mamma.

"To be sure she can," said Charlie, giving me no time to speak; "the sooner she's off the better. I'm anxious, you see, to fall back into my old bachelor habits; jolly time I'll have, while Jo's gone."

Mamma did not even smile; she was never fond of joking, and she was not over-fond of Charlie.

"Very well, it is settled then," she said. "We start to-morrow morning, at six. Your wardrobe is in order, my dear?"

And as she asked the question, mamma smoothed down the silk facings of her handsome, seal-brown cashmere. My step-father was a man of means, and mamma lived in New York city, while Charlie and I had a cottage-home, in the suburbs of a little Southern town, which made all the differenee in the world.

"Oh, yes, quite ready, mamma!" I replied, and left the room, to issue supper orders to Kitty, a little feeling of misgiving within, as I made a running inventory of my wearing apparel.

Charlie had suggested a new dress for the visit, but my going was such a sudden thing, and Charlie's salary was so small, and our needs were so many, I had decided to do without it, and to let the money go towards paying for the bed-room carpet, which I must have before winter set in.

Hitherto, Charlie and I, in the bliss of our honey-moon, which promised never to wane, had pattered about on the bare planks, contentedly enough; but winter was at hand, and a carpet was indispensable.

"Jo, my darling, you must jump out; Kitty has breakfast under way, and mamma is already up."

I sprang up, with an uncomfortable feeling that something unpleasant was in store for me. The pain of parting from Charlie, had weighed on me, even in my sleep.

"Out with you, Jo, there's not a minute to lose, if you are going," urged Charlie.

"I wish I hadn't promised mamma; I don't want to go," I said, drearily, and jumped out on the bare planks, and began to dress.

"I'll button your shoes, Midget," said my six foot husband, going down on his knees; "and what am I going to do without my busy, little feet, for the next month or so?"

"Oh, Charlie, I shall never stay that long!" I said, my heart fairly choking me. "I wish you could go."

"I wish so, too, Jo, but that's out of the question; I must stay at home, and keep the pot boiling, you see."

"I wish we were rich, Charlie! Don't pull so hard; there go the buttons!"

"My dear, your shoes are too small."

"Oh, dear, there goes another, and no time to sew them on! I wish I had buttoned them myself; give me the button-hook, Charlie!"

"Midget, the shoes are too small."

"They're not too small; don't I know?"

"Don't think you do, pet. At any rate, they won't button."

I tugged till my breath was gone, and my face scarlet.

"Please, madam, breakfast waits, and it is half-past five," called Kitty, from below.

The last button went, with a snap.

Charlie laughed.

"Too small, my dearest! Where's the good of pinching your poor, little toes? You know I suggested getting a larger size."

"Oh, let me alone!" I cried, my temper fairly gone. "You're always suggesting a remedy, when it is toe late; and I don't see how you can sit there and laugh at me, Charlie."

"My dear Jo, I can't see the philosophy of crying; tears won't make the shoes one inch larger."

"I don't want them any larger," I cried. "I've never worn a larger number in my life, and I never will; these are such clumsy, old things, no wonder they won't go on," and I seized hold of the shoe, a pretty, French kid of the best make, twisted it off my foot, and threw it across the room.

It landed, not in one corner, as I intended it should; for it is not given to a woman to aim with any sort of accuracy; but full in the middle of my pretty toilet stand, shivering the oval mirror, and overturning a bottle of Florida water.

"Well done; a telling shot, by Jove! Try it again, Jo," shouted Charlie.

I could have given the husband I adored a vicious, little shake, with all the pleasure in life, but I restrained my anger.

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"I'll wear my old shoes," I said, scrambling in the shoe-bag. "I was never used to clumsy, old things, like those new ones."

"Why, my dear, I bought the very article you directed me to buy," said Charlie.

"Oh, dear, no, Charlie! shoes of a good quality always have *fast* buttons; these are mere shams, and I never could get an ordinary shoe to fit me. I wish I had bought them myself."

"You shall buy the next pair, be sure of that, Jo," said Charlie, and strode out of the room.

My heart gave a great, aching thump, and tears rushed to my eyes. What had I done?

"Jo, my dear child, you are surely ready; we shall be too late."

It was mamma's voice this time. I flew at my linen suit, fresh and glossy from under Kitty's flat-iron, and got it on. I was trying to fasten my neck-tie, with fluttering fingers, when mamma appeared, quite ready, and looking elegant and stylish, in her seal-brown.

"Why, Jo," she cried, "you're not going to wear that washed-out, old linen, this damp morning?"

"Is it damp?" I faltered, "I thought the linen would do."

"It bids fair to be a disagreeable day, and that old suit is dreadfully out of style; it was made the summer before your marriage, wasn't it, my dear? Surely you have something more suitable?"

The significance in mamma's voice made my cheeks tingle. I stood in some awe of her disapproval.

"There's my alpaca," I suggested; "but the trunk is locked."

Mamma turned towards the door. Charlie was striding up and down without, whistling "Down in the Wilderness," at a pitch that was fairly deafening.

"Mr. Graham, will you be good enough to unfasten Jo's trunk?" she called.

Charlie came running in.

"What do you want in the trunk?" he asked.

"Another dress," replied mamma; "that linen is too shabby."

Charlie went to work at the straps and lock. It was a spring-lock, and it proved stubborn. He rasped, and twisted, and shook, till his breath was gone, but the catch would not yield. Bang! he brought it down at last, and the lid flew up, with a snap, but Charlie uttered a howl of pain; the corner of the trunk had crushed his foot.

"Confound it," he muttered, "do get out what you need, and be done with it!"

I hauled out the alpaca, a good deal tumbled, and somewhat the worse for wear. Charlie seized upon my nicely ironed linen, almost before I was out of it, crushed it into the trunk, which he locked, and shouldered, and then he went limping down stairs.

"Dear me, Jo, what an irritable man your husband is!" said mamma. "Why child, that *must* be your old alpaca."

"To be sure it is, mamma," I answered, smoothing out the wrinkles.

Mamma sighed profoundly.

"Is it possible, Jo, you haven't had a new suit since your marriage?"

"Quite possible, mamma; this is my best."

"Dear me, and such an old-fashioned cut! Child, I had no dream that you were so destitute. Why didn't you let me know? I would have tried to help you, in some way. It mortifies me excessively to see you looking so shabby; it does indeed."

"Mamma, Charlie's salary is so small!"

"Ah! to be sure; and you were aware of that fact before you married him. Jo, my dear, *what* a mistake you *did* make, when you refused Mr. Higgins! He is president of the bank now."

"I don't care if Mr. Higgins owns the bank, mamma," I cried, my temper gone again. "I wouldn't give Charlie's little finger for him and all his money.'

"Don't be absurd, Jo," said mamma, smiling, and her smile spoke volumes, as she busied herself brushing my skirt; but the rust was in the goods, and would not brush out.

"For gracious sake, come down, if you think of going, to-day!" shouted Charlie, from below.

Mamma dropped the brush, and ran down, and I followed, putting in my pretty, enameled cuff-buttons as I went. One slipped from my nervous fingers, and fell tinkling down the stairs, and into the hall, under Charlie's very feet. Of course he made a step, and smashed it.

"Oh, see what you've done now!" I cried out, and the tears, so long restrained, broke forth.

"I'm always putting my foot in it, it seems," said Charlie, stiffly.

I lingered a moment, hoping he might make some advances towards a reconciliation, and give me an excuse for taking back all the unkind words I had uttered, but he only said, carelessly:

"You had better get your breakfast," and strode away, whistling at a shriller pitch than ever.

I followed mamma into the breakfast-room, and scalded my mouth with some hot coffee; and a few minutes later we were off, rattling away, under the leaden skies, towards the depot.

"I hope we are in time," said mamma.

Then silence fell. I glanced at my husband;

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he was gazing out at the window, and still whistling under his breath. In ten minutes we should part, and never meet again, perhaps. That last thought was too much for me.

"Oh, Charlie!" I whispered, and slid my hand into his.

His fingers lay passive in the grasp of mine, he did not even turn his eyes towards me.

The carriage stopped, we were at the station.

"Hurry up, there's not a second to lose," said Charlie, and before I could get my breath, we were out, and on the train.

"Good-bye, Charlie," I gasped, my heart in my eyes.

"Good-bye, Midget," he responded, softening at the last moment. "Don't worry about me. I shall have a jolly lark, while you're away."

"Oh, Charlie!"

The idea of talking about having a "jolly lark," and my heart ready to break! But the train was gone, leaving Charlie on the platform kissing the tips of his fingers.

"Dear me, Jo, what an absurd man your husband is!" remarked mamma, in a severe whisper; "he has attracted everybody's attention. And you—surely you are not crying, Jo?"

I was crying like a baby, and would have given the round world to have escaped from mamma, and gone back to Charlie.

But the train flew on, under the changing, Southern sky; zig-zag fences, ricks of yellow grain, sleepy, old farmsteads, and moaning pine forests on either hand.

Such a miserable journey as it was, and such a miserable night as followed, although mamma did her best to make me comfortable in her stylish, city home. I could think of nothing but Charlie. I had parted from him in anger, and I must go back and ask for his forgiveness. Life was such an uncertain thing; a day—an hour might be too late.

Bright and early the very next morning, I was off. Mamma was angry, and said a great deal, but all that does not matter. I gave up my visit, and started home to Charlie. The flying train seemed to creep; I was in a fever of remorse and impatience.

Towards noon we came to the Relay House, and got off to exchange trains. I felt exceedingly lonely and down-hearted as I gathered up my belongings, and hurried out. So many dreary miles still lay between me and home.

I was on the steps, clambering timidly down, when a strong hand clutched mine.

"Why, Jo!"

"Oh, Charlie!"

He almost lifted me off, and hurried me into the waiting-room, his handsome face in a glow.

"Now, Midget," he cried, when we were alone, "what does this mean?"

"I was so miserable, I couldn't stay!" I sobbed out, my head against his breast. "I had to come back to you, Charlie; oh, forgive me!"

How his eyes shown! How close his dear arms held me! In that moment I felt what a precious thing it is to be truly loved.

"And I was coming to you," he said, his voice unsteady, "I made up my mind not to stand another night like the last one! Jo, I was a brute to treat you as I did, but—"

"Hush, hush!" I said, "the fault was all mine, but I'll never be cross to you again while I live—I never will, Charlie!"

"Well, now, which way do we travel?" questioned Charlie, when it was all over; "hadn't you better go back to mamma, my dear, and have your visit out?"

"No, Charlie, I want to go with you; there is no place in the world like our little home."

Charlie's dear face spoke whole libraries; and home we went, hand in hand, so to speak. The very next day, he went out and purchased me a pair of French kids, that would go on, and the loveliest pair of amethyst cuff-buttons.

Years have come and gone since that happy day, when Charlie and I met each other half way; we have had our share of care and sorrow; but no shadow of doubt, or anger, or indifference, has ever, since dimmed the sunshine of our wedded bliss.

LINES.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

It is o'er!
All the days and nights of pain;
All our tears and prayers, so vain!
Nevermore
Shall she suffer. That is past;
Rest and peace she finds at last!

Shall we weep?
Nay, give, rather, thanks to God,
That death's Calvary is trod!
All the steep
Shines transfigured. Weep and pray—
Not for her—but us who stay!

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THE TRAGEDY OF TREVYLAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 313.

CHAPTER XII.

Up from the wild depths of the park came a wail, weird, sadly, mournfully, prolonged till the very air seemed to vibrate with the pathos of its misery.

Lady Colgate heard it, sitting there in the depths of a window in the old castle, and hastily leaped to her feet, with a sharp cry, as if the sound had shot a bullet to her heart. With both hands pressed to the stone work of the window, she leaned out, holding her breath, and trembling from head to foot.

Why was the woman so startled? Why did the moonbeams glance from her face, as if they had fallen upon marble? It was but the cry of a dog, down in the wilderness, a wounded dog, perhaps; for, sometimes, the gamekeepers were careless with their guns. Why should it have such an awful significance for her? Was it because she had, in the strange restlessness of the last few days, wandered off into that old, ruined tower, and sat down among the shadows, feeling the light of her luxurious boudoirs a torment, and the cool darkness of the ruin a relief to the fever within her? Had the gloom of the place so wrought upon her mind, that she might not hear the howl of a dog, without a quiver of the limbs? The woman asked none of these questions of herself; but leaned out of the window, and looked up and down, as if some solution of the matter lay in the dusk of the trees, or the black shadows that lay under them with such impenetrable stillness.

The wail of the animal, down yonder, died off in a faint moan, the very weariness of misery. As the sound died, the lady's hands fell helplessly, and she leaned back against the rude stone of the window-frame, with a low, shuddering laugh, that sounded weirdly through the gloom of the old castle, almost as the dog's wail had done.

"What a fool I am," she said, still with that shuddering laugh. "A hound has been left roaming in the park, that is all. Belus took no dog with him. Why should I think of him, when the creature howled? Again, why should anything have brought me to this place? Is it because it overlooks the sea?"

Here the woman turned her eyes, as if forced to it by some fascination that she could not resist; across the trees of the lower park, above which the castle was uplifted, and the rocky shore beyond to the field of waters locked in by the horizon, on which the moonbeams were forming alternate masses—clouds of shadow and light—bursts of shifting silver, as clouds came and went in the sky above.

One glance that way, and the woman closed her eyes, leaning back against the window-frame, faint and sick with dread. Did she possess some knowledge that shook her usual proud nature so, or was it the vague apprehension that sometimes seizes on the soul with the force of a conviction, all the more distressing because it is inexplicable?

No one but the woman herself could ever answer that question. Certain it is that some overpowering anxiety possessed her, as she sat there, half in the shadow of the stone work, half revealed by the moonbeams that touched her forehead, and her hair.

The dog was still howling, at intervals; but she had got used to that, and only moved uneasily when his wail died away, and commenced again; but in one of his weird pauses, she heard another sound. This time, she started to her feet, and leaning far over the casement, saw a man crossing the stone bridge, at the foot of the tower, so rapidly, that he was on the other side, and lost, before she could assure herself of his identity.

The noise of a ponderous door, opened cautiously; footsteps on the winding stairs, that led up to the tower where she was, and Lady Colgate stood face to face with her son, who paused, directly in the block of moonlight, that fell through the window she had just abandoned, and stood, panting there, like a wild animal, hot from the chase.

The woman shrunk away from the flash of his eyes, that were black in that light, and the fierce curve of his upper lip, through which the edges of his teeth gleamed, as she had seen those of a hound when his prey was dying.

The woman spoke first—spoke slowly, pausing between each word, to catch breath.

"You have come back?"

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"Cannot you see that?"

"Alone?"

The word came from her lips in a whisper. She had not strength to utter it aloud.

"Yes, alone—what did you expect?"

"Nothing! How could I?"

"Then what brought you here, at this hour?"

"I was restless—anxious!"

"Anxious! What is the hour?"

Lady Colgate drew the watch from her side, and holding it in the moonlight, strove to make out the time; but her hand shook so violently that the figures danced under her eyes.

Belus grasped her wrist with his fingers, and thus forced her to hold the watch steadily, while he searched the face. When he dropped her hand, it was wet. The jewelled watch fell, with a crash, to the floor, and without daring to look at the drops on her wrist, she wiped them, shudderingly, away, among the folds of her mourning-dress.

He saw the motion, and laughed, faintly.

"There is no need of hysterics," he said. "It is pure water."

"Only that!" she said, with a sob of relief. "Only that!"

Belus took up the watch, and put the shattered fragments into his mother's hand.

"It will never keep time after this!" he said. "Stay—give it to me!"

Again he took the jewelled thing from her, turned his back upon her, and, stooping to the moonlight, turned the pointers.

"Remember—the pointers stood there, when the watch fell," he said; "there must be no mistake about that!"

The woman looked at him, vaguely; but took the watch in silence. She did not understand.

"Mother, you are dazed," he said, sharply.

"Yes," she answered. "I scarcely seem to know you!"

"How long have you been here?" he questioned.

"I do not know—hours, it seems to me—but time drags when the mind is full of dread. It may not have been half so long."

"Stella Winchester—where has she been, all the time?"

"Walking in the park, I think."

"Which way?"

"I cannot tell; she said nothing."

"And now?"

"Awhile ago she was in my boudoir. I saw her there, lying on the couch, looking dreamy and contented. Her smiling face irritated me, and I did not enter, but came away unseen, and waited here."

"So she has been in the park, and came back smiling. Dreaming dreams, too. It is a pity they should be disturbed."

The young man spoke rapidly, but even in what seemed a storm of excitement, found room for a sneer, when he heard of Stella's visit to the park. Directly, he seemed to forget her, and turn to other thoughts, for the howl of that poor dog again came mournfully from the wilderness.

"Confound the brute! will he never stop?" he muttered, through his shut teeth, pacing to and fro in the empty chamber. "Mother, I am going to my room. Be with Stella when I come down; but first send up some brandy, and plenty of it—no, I say, bring it yourself, I don't want to see any of the servants just yet—bring it yourself."

Without a look or word of protest against the insolent command, this proud woman left the tower-room, and a few minutes after was stealing like a thief through the corridors of her own home, hiding a flask of brandy in the folds of her dress, and avoiding her own menials, lest they should see her in the humiliating act. Hesitating, and even with terror, the woman knocked at the door of her son's chamber. It was opened, and the young man looked out. He was already partly divested of his fisherman's garments, and the flush on his face had faded into a sickly pallor.

"Give it me," he said, reaching forth his hand for the flask. "It is all I need. Now, go to Stella, and be ready to entertain me when I come."

Taking the brandy from his mother's hand, as if she had been a housemaid in attendance, Belus left her to descend and do his bidding in the rooms below, while he prepared to join her. Dashing some of the brandy into a glass, he drank it off, draining the goblet with fierce swallows of the fiery liquid, till a hot, feverish flush rose to his face, filling the white of his eyes with a tinge of red.

Gathering up the loose fisherman's garment, he rolled them into a rude bundle, and thrust them away in the corner of a huge ebony wardrobe, then closed the door, and locked it, as the keeper of some poisonous reptile might secure the thing he loathed.

Then he began to search for other garments, more suitable for the presence he was about to seek, and put them on hurriedly, without summoning his valet, and with some awkwardness, but with more cool deliberation than seemed possible, after that dangerous draught of brandy.

The young man gave a sharp, forced look into the dressing-glass, and turned away, disturbed

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by that flush of blood in his eyes. The brandy had given him strength, but it had also kindled his face with unnatural fires. He bathed it in cold water; he threw up the sash, and thrust his head out, into the cool night, but started back with a sharp, fierce exclamation; for that mournful cry was still faintly wailing up from the wilderness. There was something in that cry more potent than the brandy that still burned in his veins. His face lost its hot color; the blood had been driven back to his heart.

Forcing down the sash, he returned to the mirror, and smiled at the look of defiance that met him there. As if to test his nerves, that had failed him for an instant, he took up a flask of perfume, and holding it in one hand, let the contents fall, drop by drop, on the handkerchief which the other held, steadily. There was no quiver of the fingers; not a drop went astray. He saw that, and smiled. When the soft perfume was floating round him, like the breath of flowers, he turned away, and went down to his mother's room, humming the most joyous air of a comic opera.

Lady Colgate was sitting erect in a high-backed chair, rich with India carving, and cushioned with the matchless splendor of oriental embroidery. All the usual languor of repose that she loved to study, was abandoned in this hour of keen excitement. Upright and vigilant she sat amid those gleams of purple and gold, waiting for her son. He came in, smiling, with the fragment of that opera song dying on his lips.

The lady drew a deep breath, and leaned back against her chair. Surely the terrible anxiety at her heart had no cause; never had that handsome face looked brighter. The eyes that Belus turned upon her shone like diamonds, his lips curved with smiles.

One glance at the nest-like couch, in a corner of the room, revealed to him Stella Winchester, sleeping among its cushions, as Lady Colgate had described her, with smiles hovering about her mouth, and a look of serene happiness in every curve of her body.

"It seemed a sin to wake her, she seemed so full of happiness," said the lady, in a low voice, answering the question in her son's eyes.

The young man answered this with a look of pleased intelligence, lifted his finger, warningly, and stole to the back of his mother's chair, as if from that point to watch the beautiful girl, as she slept. Upon the verdi-antique mantel piece, behind him, stood a clock on which two winged Cupids were struggling for the enamelled flowers, each a jewel in itself, that a golden Venus was showering upon then. As the young man seemed to be admiring the girl, his hand wandered toward this clock. The pointers turned swiftly backward, and it struck the hour. The sweet, ringing sound aroused Stella Winchester, who put up her white hands, rubbed her eyes like a baby waking, opened them wide, and rose to her elbow.

"Dear me, have I been asleep?" she said, pushing back the cushion, and planting her feet on the ermine rug that spread its whiteness on the Persian carpet; "and you here, without waking me. Why, only a moment ago, I was alone, tired and so sleepy."

"Yes," said Belus, coming forward, and thus leaving the clock in view, "we found you alone, my lady and I, when we came down from our business conference, in my room."

"And let me sleep on. Belus, that was unfair."

"It was only for a few minutes," said Belus, glancing at the clock. "You have not had much time for dreaming."

"But I have dreamed," answered the girl, and a blush deepened the smiles about her mouth. Her eyes fell on the clock, and she added, "Oh, how little time it takes to fancy ones self in paradise."

"Or in the other place," said Belus, with a louder laugh than usually sounded in that room. "A great deal can be done in minutes. One sometime laughs, to think how much. Here is my lady has done a world of business with me, since I came in from the cove."

"You must have returned early, Lord Belus. Did my guardian disappoint you, and give up the sea trip?"

"Disappoint me; no, I saw him set sail."

"What, without you?"

"A man cannot well be in two places, at once. It chanced that my lady mother had need of me, so I came back to her."

Lady Colgate had listened to this dialogue in silence, but her brows were drawn together, and the color began to ebb from her face. At last she laid her head back upon the chair, and a stifled moan broke from her.

"Are you in pain?" said Stella, going toward her.

Lady Colgate lifted her head; promptly.

"Why should you think so? One can be weary without pain," she said.

That moment, the sound of a horse coming up to the castle entrance, at full gallop, a rush of feet through the great hall, and then dead silence, for half a minute, made each person in that room pause, and listen. Lady Colgate half rose from her chair, and settled back again, upright

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and cold, with her ashen face turned upon the door. Stella Winchester sat among the cushions, and regarded the strange agitation of the lady with a wild, questioning look. Lord Belus was the first to speak; but his voice came out firm and sharp, as if he were defying some one.

"Why, mother, what possesses you?" he said, with a shrill laugh. "Is there anything so terrible in the clatter of a horse's hoofs? No wonder Stella is lost in astonishment."

Lady Colgate did not seem to hear him, or turn her fixed gaze from the door, until it was flung open, and Huldah Winters stood on the threshold.

The woman was painfully excited. Her great, wild eyes were full of terror. The dusky pallor of her face seemed wrought into those grand features as artists give expression to marble, with blows that threaten to shatter the stone. One moment she stood upright, taking in a swift view of the room; then, with a struggle, and great heave of the chest, she leaned against the door-frame, and burst into a storm of tears.

She had seen Lord Belus standing there, in full evening-dress, with a half-open mossrose blooming in the breast of his coat. The sight was to her what a cry of pardon might be to a man with his head on the block.

"Oh, thank God—thank God!" she cried, lifting both hands, and locking them, in a great burst of thankfulness. "You are here, and he is safe!"

No one spoke. Lady Colgate sat in her chair, dumb and changeless, save that her eyes fell away from the door. The young man turned away, as if weary of the scene, and resting one elbow on the mantle-piece, stood between Huldah and the clock, stolidly, as if waiting some explanation of an intrusion so unexpected, with haughty patience.

Stella Winchester looked from the lady to her son, wondering that they uttered no word of interest or resentment. Then she started up, and went to the door, where Huldah stood.

"What is it?" she said. "Has anything happened?"

"Happened; no—no, he is here. Nothing can really have happened. It was all a mistake—a terrible mistake," answered the woman.

"What mistake?" broke in Lord Belus, with unnatural coolness. "It must have been overpowering, when it gave you the courage to break into my lady's presence, after this fashion. She is not accustomed to these rude scenes. They have been, perhaps, tolerated at the old castle; but that gives no excuse for coming where Colgate himself would hardly venture to intrude."

Huldah looked at the man earnestly. There was nothing boyish about him now. Iron clashing against stone could not have been harder than his voice.

"In cases of life and death one does not stop to reflect," she said. "Still the lady will, I hope, pardon me."

Lady Colgate arose, still pale, and with that look of dread in her eyes. She had, while sitting there so dumbly, worked herself up into a terrible resolve.

"Woman, what brought you here, in this wild panic—first, tell me that," she demanded, steadying herself with one hand on the high back of her chair. "Has anything gone amiss in the village?"

"Nothing, lady, since he is safe; but the boat was found drifting among the rocks. Neither the earl or Lord Belus could be found. Our people are out, searching for them yet. The shore is alive with lanterns and torches. It was thought that Delia Fitch had brought news to the castle, but no one came with help, and every moment was worth a life. That is why you find me here. That is my reason for asking to speak one word with the earl, that I may be sure of belief, when I go back with the good news."

"Speak with the earl! Why, he has not come in yet," said Lord Belus, looking steadily at his mother, who held to her chair till it shook under her, in the great struggle she was making.

"Not come in!" repeated Huldah, and her voice seemed laden with ice.

"That is nothing extraordinary. We supposed he had gone home with Keath, and was as usual resting at the cottage."

"With Keath—Lord Colgate with Keath—oh, Lord Belus! Have pity, and tell me what you mean!"

"What can I mean, except that you must seek information of Lord Colgate from your son, who went with him out to sea."

"Went with him out to sea," repeated Stella Winchester. "No, no, that is—that is impossible."

Huldah said nothing. The shock of dread that had fallen upon her was like death. Friend, master, son—both gone, both struggling with the waves, or sinking under them. The room around her grew dark as midnight; she felt herself drifting away into darkness.

Stella Winchester threw both arms around her. "No, no, it is not true! bear up—bear up! He is not lost," she cried; "fate itself could not be so cruel, Huldah, my friend, my dear friend, take courage."

"Miss Winchester, are you mad?" said Lord

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Belus, attempting to separate the girl from that stricken woman.

"Mad? No; but certain as I am of my own life that you are mistaken," answered the girl, looking full upon him. "Believe me, believe me," she added, turning back to Huldah, and taking that marble face between both hands, she kissed it tenderly. "Keath has been in no danger. Do not fear that he has."

"Let me go," said the poor woman, staggering away from the door. "God have mercy on us—let me go!"

Stella made an effort to hold her back, while she could say something that was on her mind; but the woman broke from her gentle hold, and rushed away, passing through a crowd of servants gathered in the hall, without seeing one of them. With the leap of a deer pursued to the death by hounds, she sprang on the unsaddled beast that had brought her from the cove, and was borne away down the broad avenue that swept from the great entrance of the modern building down almost to the sea shore.

"Lord Belus, what does this mean?"

Stella Winchester was a fair, slender girl, full of that exquisite spirit of youth which precedes the dawning strength of a grand womanhood; but up to this time, her guardians had found her a creature of tender impulses that yielded to authority, or persuasion, as flowers sway to the sweet south wind, or bow themselves to the storm. Never in their lives had those two persons heard her speak with authority till now.

"Lord Belus, what does this mean?"

The young man looked at her a moment in amazed silence; then he answered:

"What does it mean? Why, so far as one can gather anything from a crazed woman, it means that some accident has happened to the boat in which Lord Colgate and Keath Winters put out to sea."

"Accident! Put out to sea—"

Here the girl checked herself; a swift flush of red came to her face, and with it, a smile that illuminated its beauty.

"Oh, Belus! You are mistaken. You can know nothing about it. They are both safe. It is quite impossible." Here the girl glanced at the clock, nodded her head, and repeated:

"Quite impossible!" What can have frightened Huldah so?"

"Whatever it is, we have no time for conjectures now," exclaimed Lady Colgate, suddenly arousing herself. "Certainly, something is wrong, or that woman would never have dared to force herself into my presence. Belus, order the swiftest horse in the stables. If there is danger to the earl, you should be first on the ground."

Lord Belus rang the bell, then, without waiting for a servant, opened the door, and called, aloud:

"Have Black Nestor saddled, at once. Let two of the grooms mount, and follow me. All the rest of you make for the coast, by the nearest way you can find. It is feared that some accident has happened to the earl."

After giving this hurried order, the young man came back to where his mother was standing.

"You are right," he said. "I must be on the ground, to lead the search. There is no real danger—assure yourself of that—no possible danger. You have allowed the mad woman to frighten you. Again I tell you, there is nothing to fear!"

The woman reached out her hand, and wrung that offered by her son—wrung it with a force that would have pained him at another time; but now, he answered her grasp almost fiercely, looking into her eyes with horrid meaning as he did so.

"You are right," he said, turning to Stella, who still retained her confident smile. "There can be nothing real in this, Stella. I must go down, and see what the tumult is about. Ah, there is Black Nestor! I will come back, in an hour, with good news."

Hurrying these assurances on each other, moving about in haste, yet reluctant to go, the young man remained, till his horse had been waiting some minutes, before he left the room. After that, the two ladies in the boudoir heard him giving orders in the hall, then came the crush of hoofs upon gravel, and he rode away.

CHAPTER XIII.

Huldah Winters urged her horse to a speed that the poor animal had never attained before, and still, rendered cruel by intense anxiety, pushed him on, till his breath came in panting gasps, and his sides heaved with exertion. She halted a moment, outside the park gate, hesitating which way to turn. She looked toward the cliff; all was dark in that direction, save where the moon dashed the rocks with silver, and scattered its broken radiance over the coarse grass and sturdy undergrowth that clothed them with a sort of verdure the strongest sea blasts cannot kill.

Toward the village she saw lights moving about among the broken rocks, that were so crowded with shadows, that a hundred men might have been lying among them, unrevealed by the moon.

"They are searching yet—great heavens, they are searching yet!" she exclaimed, turning her horse that way. "It was down there, they first

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saw the boat—the empty boat. Ah, they are coming up the rocks! They are crossing the road, into the park, through the old gate, which is never open. What can they be looking for there?"

The woman attempted to urge her horse on, but he was still panting for breath, and refused to go beyond a walk. Thus some time was consumed, before she reached the gate, which was sunk into the wall, half a mile or more from the main entrance, from which she had just emerged. This gate opened upon the disused and half-overgrown avenues which had formerly led to the old castle, but was so broken up in parts by the stream, which had once filled the moat, and afterwards found its wild way out to the sea, that it seemed to terminate in the gloomiest depths of the wilderness.

Huldah found this gate open. A little farther on, the foundations of the old wall were arched, and the stream poured its bright volume of water through the chasm thus formed. Then it swept under an ancient hedge, that crossed the highway, and rushed down a deep ravine, through the rocks into the sea, where its mouth formed a miniature bay, where that empty boat had drifted, until the tide carried it into deeper waters again.

Wondering what it was that had carried those men, with lighted lanterns, up from the ravine, and through the old castle gate, Huldah turned her horse, and rode through the opening into the park. At first, the moonlight fell soft and brokenly around her; but, as she advanced, the trees grew wilder and thicker. The undergrowth more dense. Sometimes the feet of her horse got entangled with the long grass and ferns, that grew rank in the disused avenue.

While riding in such wild haste to the castle, she had heard the wail of a dog in that direction, but gave the sound, weird and mournful as it was, no heed, or if she did unconsciously hear it, that fact only added to the intensity of dread that was upon her. Now the sound reached her clearly, but died out all at once, and was followed by one quick bark, that thrilled her with a sense of hopefulness.

At last the woman drew up her horse; for she had plunged into an impenetrable gloom of neglected trees and tangled undergrowth, through which she could hear water flowing, like the throb of a feverish pulse, and another sound that seemed like human voices smothered by emotion.

As the woman sat, uncertain which way to move, this sound grew more distinct. She saw the flash of a lantern, falling on the dark waters of a pool; then the shadowy forms of men moved through the darkness, some stooping, others erect, and defined themselves about the roots of a blasted tree, that spread its ghostly arms over them in the form of a distorted cross. All this was dim and black with infinite gloominess. Even the gleam of the lanterns added a sort of terror to the eerie picture.

As Huldah looked, the shadows began to move slowly toward her—four or five men, in fishermen's garments, came in a group. The lantern of one who walked in front, shed a fitful light on their red shirts and bronzed arms, naked to the elbow. She could hear the slow dripping of water from their garments, as they drew nearer. Then the burden they carried became more distinct. It was the form of a woman. Water was raining down from her dress and trailing hair. Huldah felt that, through all the weird indistinctness—felt it with a recoil of the heart, that made her draw the horse a step back.

It was too late. The light which that man lifted up, fell upon the face of Delia Fitch—the dead, white face, from which the wet masses of golden hair was streaming to the ground, and tangling themselves with the ferns, over which the men who bore her trod heavily. As the woman looked down, horrified, she saw that the long stem of a water-lily, torn up by the roots, had tangled itself around her hand, as if she had clutched at it in the agonies of death, and dying, held it firmly.

Without a word, that woman, who had been more than a mother to the girl, dropped slowly from her horse, and followed the procession with her head bowed, and her eyes full of tears, when those tears swelled, and broke into sobs, she heard a faint whine of sympathy close by her, and, looking down, saw the wistful eyes of a dog looking into hers, with a mournfulness that smote her to the heart. Stooping down, she patted the creature's head, and followed on, along the avenue and through the ancient gate.

CHAPTER XIV.

Standing in the highway, just where the bridge crossed it, was a young man, who had seen the open gate, and seemed to be wondering at the strangeness of it, or on guard, watching it. He, too, was dressed like a fisherman, but his garments were of much finer material than was usually obtainable to men of his class, and worn with a picturesque grace no common laborer ever gave to his appearance. Indeed, except the young lord of Trevylan, when he chose to play the sailor, and Keath Winters, the youth he had chosen as mate and friend, no person in the village ever appeared in a costume like that; and

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standing there in the moonlight, it would have been difficult to tell which of the two it was.

As the young man stood on the bridge, the sound of footsteps approaching, on the other side of the gate, induced him to draw a step nearer; but he halted abruptly, for there, filing through, came that sad, funereal procession, and, following it, Huldah Winters, his own mother.

"What is this? In the name of heaven, what is this?" he said, seeing nothing distinctly but his mother, with her head bowed, and sobs heaving her bosom. "What can have brought you here, of all places in the world?"

Huldah started forward. As she had, for a few minutes, forgotten her great anxiety in the sight of the dead girl, she now forgot her in the overwhelming joy of his appearance; but it was only for a moment. As he approached her, she pointed toward the form her companions were carrying. Keath Winters saw the face in all the pallor of its dead beauty; the blue eyes, just visible beneath the white lids; the parted lips; the long, golden hair. Staggering back, he shut out the vision, veiling his eyes with both hands. The men were glad to lay down their burden on the wayside turf. Its weight incumbered them but little. Still these rude fishermen had known the girl from her childhood, and the sight of this young man's grief stirred their own almost to child-like weeping.

"How did it happen? Where was she found?" questioned the young man, removing his hands, and gazing tenderly down on the dead girl. "Who is to blame?"

"Who can tell?" answered one of the men, drawing a hand across his eyes. "It is not three hours, since we saw her looking bright and lovely as ever. Yet here she lies, dead. We heard the dog that was so fond of her crying, like something human-like, up yonder, and thinking it might be something regarding the earl, and left searching the rocks, and came up here. The old gate was unlocked—that seemed strange; for this is no thoroughfare, even for the old castle—so we went through; following the cries of this poor brute, until we found the child lying among the water-lilies, dead, with the current lifting her hands up and down, till they seemed to beckon us for help, and her pretty hair turning the water to gold all around her. That is all we know, Master Keath."

"But how came she in the park?"

"Who can tell?"

"Mother, mother, how did this thing happen?"

"The God of heaven, who permitted her young life to end so, alone knows, my son."

"So young, so beautiful! Mother, mother, I cannot bear to see her lying there! Poor Delia, poor little Delia!"

"Maybe she was mad in love with some one who didn't love her, and so drowned herself out of the way," said one of the young men, watching Keath with no friendly eye.

The young man shrunk within himself, and shuddered visibly. Had the thought been in his heart, before it was framed into coarse words? Did he know how dearly that young creature loved him, and had he guessed that she knew of that other love that had made her simple worship an annoyance to him? Be this as it may, some keen regret, or pang of conscience, certainly seized upon the young man; for, even in the moonlight, they could see that his face grew ashen, and that his limbs shook under him.

"Come, now, let us lift the poor young cretur, and take her off from the wayside, for I hear horses coming from up yonder, and this is a pitiful sight for strangers to look on," said the young fisherman, who had indirectly aimed his reproaches at Keath. But there was no time to lift the body from the grass, before Lord Belus rode swiftly up, followed by his retainers, and halted on the road.

"Ah, Keath, you here, at last? But where shall we find the earl? The ladies at Trevylan are in a sad way about him," he called out.

"The earl?" answered Keath, in a bewildered way. "Is he not at the castle. He should have reached it long before this."

"But he has not reached it, and no one can tell us where he is. You should know."

"But I do not know. How should I, not having seen him since we parted on the beach."

"Then he has come safely on shore. We feared that some grave accident had happened, when the boat was found adrift."

"The boat found adrift! my lord, what do you mean?"

Keath spoke in apparent surprise, and came toward Lord Belus, eagerly, adding:

"Did anything happen to the boat after I left? Surely my lord came back in safety."

"If you know that, our errand here is at an end," said Lord Belus, drawing his horse back from a stream of light that fell upon him from the lantern. "But where did you leave him?" Belus spoke loud and sharply, so that every man in the group could hear; so sharply that Huldah Winters, who was kneeling by the lifeless form on the grass, lifted her head, and struggled up from her knees, in fresh alarm.

"Where did I leave him," repeated Keath, still with an air of bewilderment, which seemed merging into terror. "Where did I leave him?

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surely you know that. I had just helped him into the boat, and had some trouble to leap ashore."

"But the boat—how came it wrecked?"

"Wrecked—the boat wrecked? My lord, do explain! I have heard of no accident. Indeed, have seen no one who could tell me of any since we parted."

"Keath Winters, this is unbearable! Once more I ask you what has chanced to Lord Colgate since I left him in your charge? No human being has seen him. Why do you stand here, paltering with our anxiety? Once more I ask, if Lord Colgate came back with you, in that boat, alive, where is he?"

"My lord?"

"Where is he? Answer, at once! The hesitation is suspicious. If you have recklessly dared too much, and plunged my brother into peril, speak out. There may yet be time."

Keath Winters drew himself up, suddenly. "My lord, I do not know where the earl is, or anything concerning him, since I helped him to a seat in the boat, and saw it sail away with your hand on the helm."

"My hand on the helm! Keath Winters, are you mad, or only mendacious?"

"I could almost think myself mad, when you question me so, knowing, as I do, that Lord Colgate went out to sea in your company."

"In my company? Keath Winters, if this is a desperate attempt to hide your own carelessness, or some deeper crime, I warn you that it will fail."

"Carelessness, crime! Oh, this is terrible!"

Keath had drawn close to Lord Belus, as he said this. The struggle of doubt, and awful fear, had left his face white as death. That of the young noble, who leaned from his horse, and fixed both gleaming eyes upon him, was also pale, but full of defiance.

Thus the two young men remained, half a minute, each gazing into the eyes of the other. In the intensity of the moment, Keath had clutched the mane of the horse with his hand, but during that terrible gaze his weakened fingers lost their hold, and fell away.

"My God, the earl is dead!"

As the words broke from the young man, he reeled back, and fell prone upon the earth. Lord Belus rode past him, toward the group of fishermen.

"You heard him, all of you. Keath Winters was with my brother, alone, on the sea. It is he, who tells us that Lord Colgate is dead."

"No, no, he is not dead!" cried the mother, forgetting her lifeless charge in this fresh anguish. "He knows nothing. It was a wild fear that seized upon him. Keath, Keath, my son, my dear, dear son! Look up, and tell them that you spoke only from fear, that our friend, our comforter—oh, Keath, Keath, speak to me!"

Keath Winters struggled up to his feet, holding to his mother, and shaking in all his limbs. The men grouped around the dead girl fell apart, as Huldah turned her face appealingly toward them, Lord Belus urged his horse into their midst, and there, under its very hoofs, lay the body of Delia Fitch, her white face turned upward; her blue eyes visible through their wet lashes; the glory of her beautiful hair lying damp and dulled about her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHY?

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

All along life's checkered pathway,
With its fitful light and shade,
As we watch the morning brightness,
And the noonday sunshine fade;
While the days grow dark and darker,
And wild storm-clouds fill the sky,
From the stricken heart arises,
Evermore the question, why?

Where the buds of hope have perished,
That we thought would bloom alway,
And the idols we have cherished,
Prove, themselves, but common clay,
Looking at the sombre real,
With our voiceless lip and eye,
Thinking of the bright ideal,
The grieved spirit questions, why?

Why is life so full of crosses,
Through the slowly circling years,
That the memory of its losses
Makes the past a vale of tears?
Standing 'mid the crumbling ruins,
That we dreamed would change defy,
Hoping naught this side of heaven,
Wearily we wonder, why?

When we pass beyond the river,
Will such questionings be o'er,
And regrets be lost forever,
On the joyful other shore?
Shall we know some blessed reason,
Why our earthly hopes must die,
And rejoice because our Father,
Ever merciful, knew why?

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, a walking-costume of navy blue Albatros cloth, a material resembling a fine, all wool delaine. It comes in white,

light greys, pinks, and blues, for evening wear; and the darker colors for street-costumes. Its light texture will make it very popular for the coming season. This costume is made just to touch, but for real serviceable walking purposes, we should prefer it to be a trifle shorter. The skirt is kilt-plaited to a deep yoke from the waist, and the tunic, which is of the washerwoman or "laveuse" style, as it is called, is bordered with a cross-band of silk to match; quite short in front, but the back is fuller and larger than those of last year, in this style, and draped in larger puffs. The bodice has a simulated waistband, and double, square collars. The buttons are of dead gold. Twenty to twenty-two yards of material will be required. Costs from 40 cents up to 60 per yard, according to the width and quality.

Another, for a young miss of eight years old, has first, a skirt with a deep plaited flounce. The material is striped, either of woolen or cotton goods. Over this is a tunic, draped at the left side, and at the back. Corsage, Louis XV., over

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a vest of white pique, fastened with little, gilt buttons. The tunic, corsage, and the sleeves are trimmed with a flat knife-plaiting, stitched down on both sides, forming a frill, top and bottom. The wide collar is of English embroidery. Ten to fourteen yards, according to width of material.

Next, we have a pretty design for making up a breakfast-dress of the new, bordered chintzes, zephyr cloths, etc. One skirt, with demi-train, trimmed, first, with a knife-plaiting, six inches deep; above that, the border of the material, headed by a Hamburg edging. The long basque is made to fit the figure, with wide collar of the material to turn over; all trimmed with the border and edging to match the skirt. Pockets and cuffs to match. Fourteen to sixteen yards

of bordered chintz. Price of bordered chintzes range from 10 to 30 cents per yard, in dark and light colors.

Next, we have a dinner toilette of white cashmere delaine, trimmed with black velvet. The skirt is cut in the princess shape, with a demi-train, and the under part, or skirt proper, has a trimming of three narrow knife-plaited ruffles. The tunic is slashed in front, and caught up in four places, by rosettes of black velvet ribbon. The revers at the bottom are faced with velvet. At the back, the fulness is arranged in looped drapery, forming a moderate pannier. The cuirass-bodice is cut square in front, and fastens under the band of velvet forming the trimming on the right side. On the left, the rosettes are continued in a line from the skirt. Elbow sleeves, frilled with narrow knife-plaiting, and

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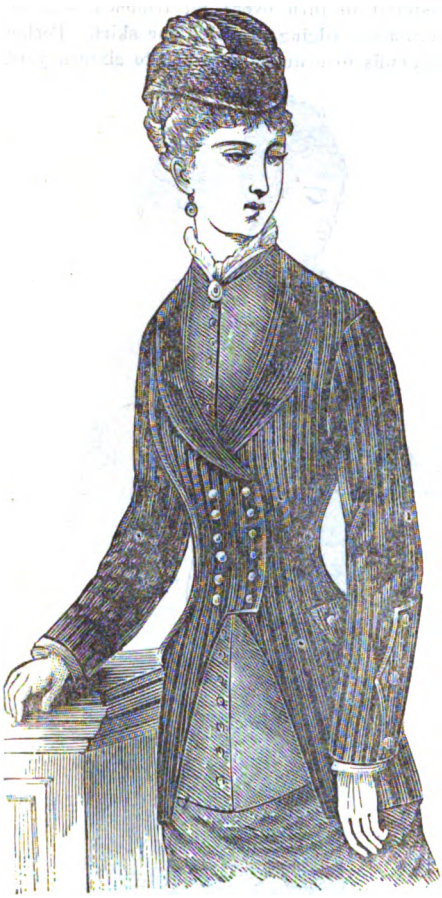
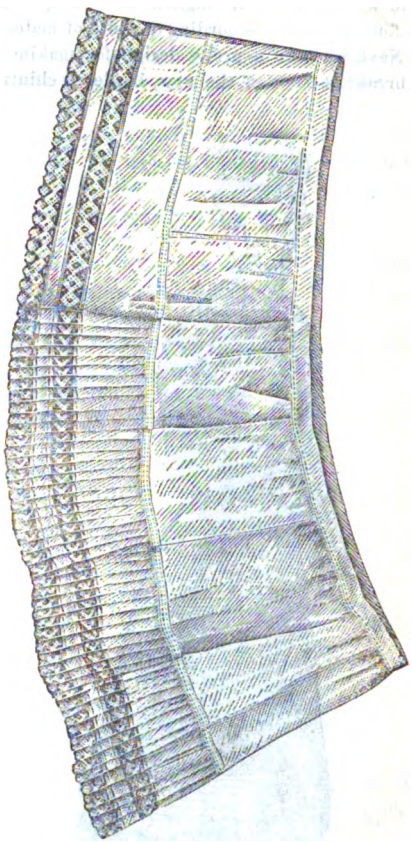
ornamented with rosette of velvet ribbon. From twenty to twenty-three yards will be required of twenty-seven inch material. One piece of inch wide velvet ribbon. One-half yard of velvet for revers.



Next, we have a new design for a Casaquin bodice. It is made of striped silk or velvet, in any dark shade; equally suitable for the jacket of the same material as the suit. It is worn over a waistcoat, either like the skirt, or else of a contrasting color, and different material. The revers are of satin of the same shade. The fronts are fastened with a double row of buttons. The sleeves are trimmed simply with scalloped out tabs, coming from the outside seam, and ornamented with buttons. This would be a very suitable design for any of the pretty, light woolen fabrics, striped or plain, or both, as all costumes are made up of several designs of the same material; for instance, plain, striped, and figured may be seen in the same dress; therefore, we will have no trouble in remodeling old dresses, and can do it inexpensively, too, by adding some stripe, or figured, or both, to the old, plain, partly worn skirt. Four yards of striped silk or velvet will be required.



We also give a good design for a balayeuse; the upper part to be made of muslin, and the frill of nainsook, with a band of lace insertion and edging. Either Valenciennes or Torchon are best for this purpose, as they bear the washing. This balayeuse can be buttoned upon a short walking-skirt. Make the band to fit the skirt upon which it is to be buttoned. The fulness, and the length, must be determined by the dress with which it is to be worn.

For a little girl of four to six years, we have a pretty dress of French nainsook, cut princess in the back, and loose in front, into an elongated waist; on to this is box-plaited a deep flounce, tucked and edged with wide Hamburg embroidery. Two bands of the edging are placed on the sides, for the sash to pass through. The front of the waist is tucked in groups. Cuffs to match, and a wide, turned over collar, trimmed with the embroidery.

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For a little boy of the same age, we have a pin-striped summer cassimer, with knickerbocker pants and blouse, with deep collars and revers, opening over a tucked shirt, furnished with a

standing ruffle at the throat. The revers, cuffs, and trimming of the pants are of solid color, edged with a narrow, white worsted braid. Suitable for striped linen goods; trim with plain, dark blue, or brown.

An out-door costume for a little girl is of ivory-colored serge, trimmed with crimson braid. The fronts are princess, and also the back; the latter being barred across with pointed tabs. The sides are kilt-plaited, and the pointed pockets are ornamented with buttons. The double collar is trimmed with braid, and tied at the throat with narrow, gros-grain ribbon, to match the braid.

Patterns of these Every-Day dresses, or for the costumes in our colored fashion plate, or for our Children's dresses, paletot, etc., may be had on application by letter enclosing price of pattern, of Mrs. M. A. Jones, Importer and Designer of Paper Patterns, No. 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Jones will also supply a new Chart, with all the latest improvements, thoroughly taught. Price, $5.00.

In sending for patterns, always send the number of inches around the bust, length of sleeve and around the waist. If for a child, name the age. Children's suits, 25 cents; basque patterns, 25 cents; over-dress, etc., 25 cents. Remember that all these are late Paris patterns, and not the second-rate costumes offered elsewhere.

☞ *In addition to the patterns, here given, others can always be furnished, even if not already described in "Peterson." We give a list of a few, here, with the prices:*

Plaited Basque, with or without Yoke,	25 cents
Coat Basque,	25 "
English Coat,	25 "
Single-Breast Coat,	25 "
Double-Breast Coat,	25 "
Cutaway Coat and Vest,	25 "
Plain Basque,	25 "
Polka and Fancy Basque,	25 "
Princess Dress,	25 "
" Polonaise,	25 "
Dolman Visite,	25 "
Bouffant Overskirt,	25 "
Revere "	25 "
Flowing "	25 "
Children's and Misses' Dresses,	25 "
Boys' Dresses,	25 "
Misses' and Children's Lingerie Patterns,	25 "

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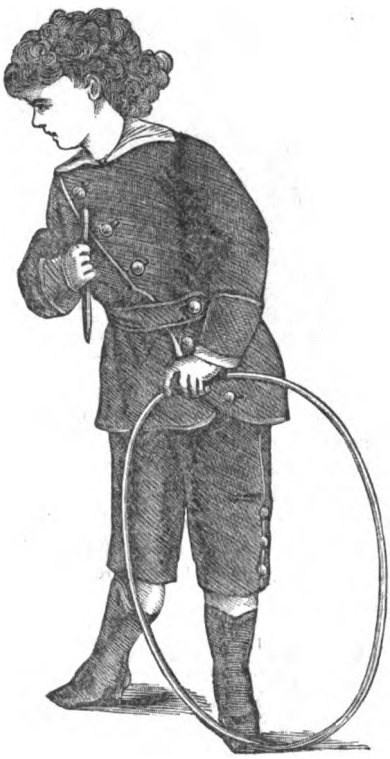
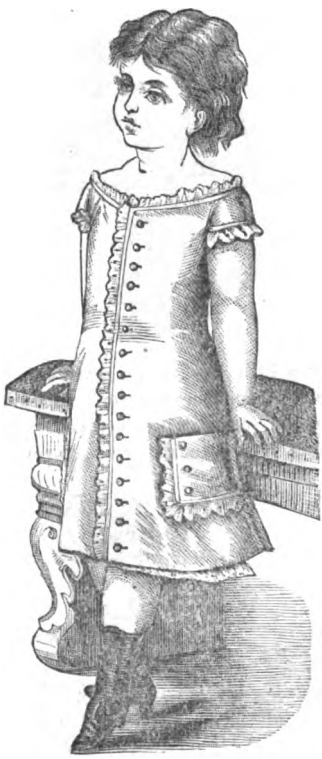
SUITS FOR BOY AND GIRL: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.





We give, for our SUPPLEMENT, this month, two costumes—one for a boy of six to eight years, one for a little girl of two to three years.

For the boy's suit, we give the jacket and pants, complete. The jacket consists of the upper front, complete. At A A, there is a seam to make it fit the neck, which seam ends at the star. The under, or other half of the ront, is cut exactly like the upper, only leaving off the double-breasted part. The front line of this half is continued down to X, where the dotted line shows when the pattern is turned over. This little flap is to fill up the space where the jacket is rounded off at the bottom. The pants have the back and front waistband shown by the dotted lines.

For the little girl's costume, we give the princess front, and the elongated back, with the skirt and sleeve—one half of each. The sleeve is entire. The skirt is to be kilted, and joined to the back.

B.—Sleeve.

D.—Half of back.

C.—Half of kilted skirt.

E.—Pocket.

See, for all these, the SUPPLEMENT.

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WAX FLOWERS. No. 5.

BY MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON.

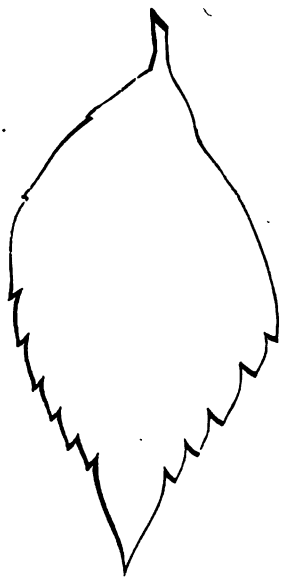

Fig. 1

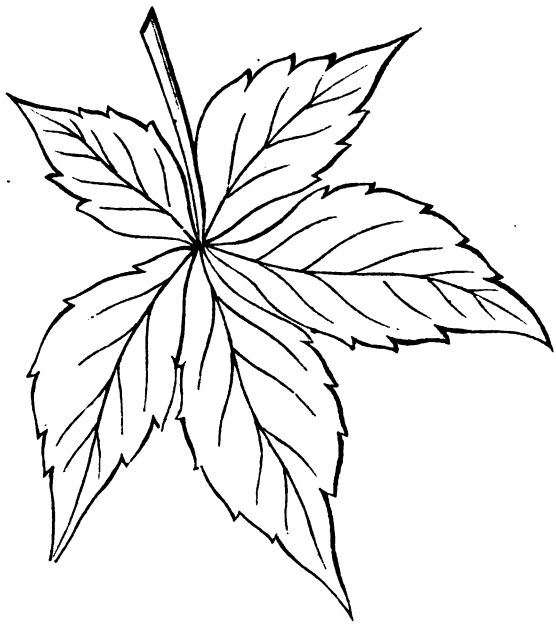

Fig. 2.

THE VIRGINIA IVY.

Materials,—One package light yellow wax; one bottle carmine; one bottle Victoria carmine; one bunch cap wire, (such as you buy at millinery stores); one large size rose leaf-mould, for veining your leaves. Cut the cap wire apart, and shred off the thread. Now cut ten pieces two and a-half inches long, and wind these pieces with narrow strips of the yellow wax. Now, with your cutting-pin, cut eight pieces the size and shape of Fig. 1. Lay in you stem-wire, which you have prepared between two pieces, up as high as the point 6. Press the pieces together with the warmth of the hand; then dip the rose leaf-mould in water, shake off the drops, and vein your leaves, using the back of the mould to get the most perfect veins. Now, cut eight pieces two sizes larger, stem and vein in the same manner, and sixteen pieces two sizes smaller, stem and vein as before. You are now ready to spray your leaves together. This ivy is five-leaved, as you will see by Fig. 2. Arrange as shown in the illustration, Fig. 2. It is very nice for looping up lace curtains.

HANDKERCHIEF BORDER.

In the front of the number, we give, printed in colors, a design for a handkerchief border.

Work in blue, (French embroidery cotton,) on a fine, hem-stitched handkerchief. Buttonhole the edge, and above the hem, work the design. Colored handkerchiefs are quite the rage for the hand, and also to make breakfast-caps of, using them for the crowns, and the edge forms the border, with a crêpe lisse frill beneath. Bows of ribbon to match are the only trimming required.

Some handkerchiefs are worked in two colors, red and blue, pink and blue, and are very stylish.

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KNITTED SHAWL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give an engraving of a knitted shawl. The materials required are six ounces white and six ounces blue single zephyr, or Shetland floss; one pair long knitting-pins, No. 10.

This shawl is easily made, as it is in plain knitting throughout. It is a half or three-cornered shawl, as seen in the design, and the work is begun at the edge of the border; that is, you must cast on the stitches for both sides of the shawl; seven hundred stitches with the white wool.

Work six rows, and in each alternate row knit two together, at the beginning, middle and end of the row.

Six rows blue, six rows white, twenty-four rows blue, six rows white, six rows blue. Knit the remainder of the shawl with white.

The fringe is of the blue wool. It is made by knitting the wool four times double upon steel needles—No. 14—as you would knit a garter; knit as tightly as possible. When you have finished the knitting, steam it until quite damp over boiling water, and while damp, iron it with a flat iron until dry. Put a cloth over the wool, and be careful not to scorch. Pull out the knitting gently, so as not to take out the crimp. Cut it in lengths of ten inches, keeping the four strands together, and with a large-eyed, wool needle draw through the outer loop of border. Bind round four strands of the wool, with white floss silk at equal distances. When the fringe is tied in, the shawl is complete. This will be found a very serviceable design for a summer wrap, as it is comparatively light, yet sufficiently warm.

TIDY IN INDIAN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give, as an *extra* colored pattern, a design for a tidy, or antimacassar, in Indian embroidery, and waved braid.

This is quite a new style of work, but a very beautiful effect is produced by it, by a very simple process. The materials are, three stripes of book-muslin five inches wide, and twenty-two inches long; eighteen yards vandyke braid, No. 2; crochet cotton, No. 2; knitting cotton, No. 6; stripe of traced pink cambric.

The embroidery is formed by passing a needle filled with soft knitting-cotton from edge to edge of the design; the little curves at the edge are formed by the loops left in passing the needle to and fro, as in darning. The cotton thus left at the back of the tracing produces a soft, raised effect.

If ladies are, in the least, given to drawing their work too tightly, it is best to have a small piece of toile cirée placed under the glazed cambric upon which the tracing is drawn.

The effect of the work is very beautiful; it has the appearance of an *appliqué* design, but is far more simple work than can be imagined from its appearance. Experienced workers, to whom we have shown the antimacassars, have exclaimed: "Appliqué, but how troublesome it must be to work in a material like book-muslin!" We have then shown them the back of the work, and they have been astonished at so excellent an effect by such a simple process. The stripe will serve for a very pretty border for curtains, or stripes to intermix with crewel work stripes for curtains.

The muslin must be smoothly tacked upon the tracing. Always work from the bottom of the leaf, and from the stalk end of the leaves. The stalks may be worked in ordinary stitch, or merely darned, if preferred.

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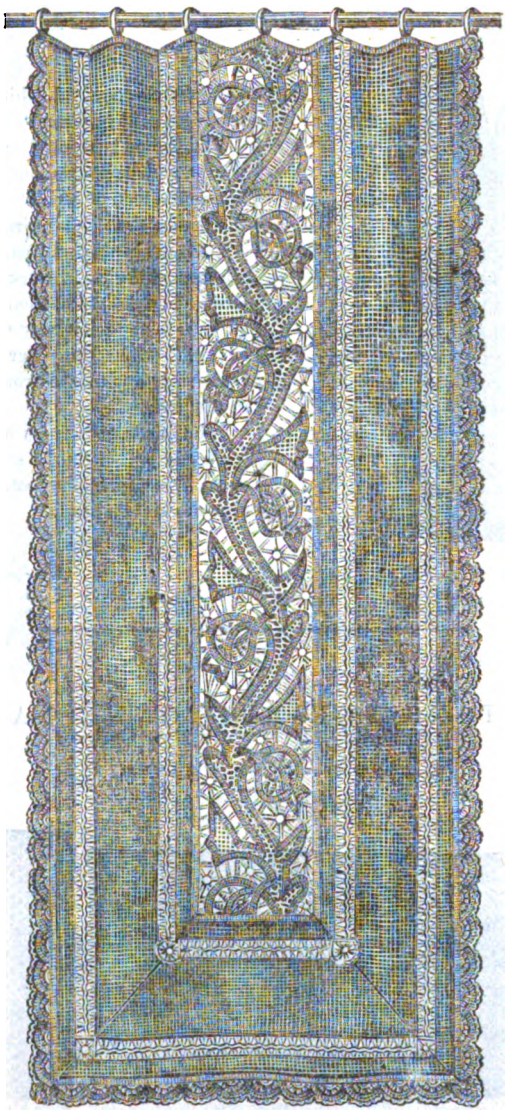
WINDOW CURTAIN: ANTIQUE LACE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER



This Swiss muslin curtain has a wide insertion, seven to nine inches wide, for the centre stripe. It is in imitation of antique lace, several designs of which we have given. Use point lace braid for the outlines of the design, and fill in with lace stitches of medium-sized thread. Lay the insertion upon the Swiss, turning the corners neatly at the bottom, and finish the edge, where the joint comes, with the braid. A narrow insertion is let into the Swiss border, and is finished with a lace edge, to match. This curtain hangs flat, like a shade, and is put up at the window with brass rings upon a pole. It is one of the most fashionable that has come out for years.

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CROCHETED BODICE FOR A CHILD OF ONE TO TWO YEARS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Materials required, white wool, (Germantown,) or single zephyr, or cotton.

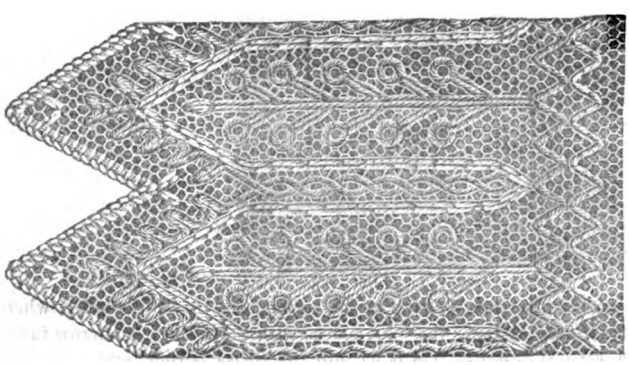
The bodice is worked lengthwise. Work backwards and forwards one double into the back horizontal loop of each stitch until you have made the bodice the size required, join round.

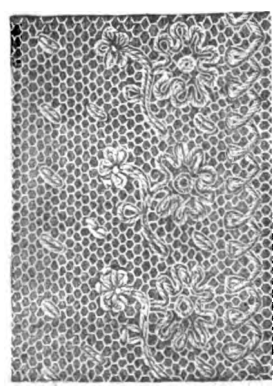
For the shoulder-straps, work on the ten centre stitches of the back, work one double into each stitch for eight rows, then work on half the ten stitches in the same way until the strap is long enough. Make the other shoulder-strap in the same way, sew to the front of bodice, as shown in the design.

For the edge of straps and the top of bodice, work one single into a stitch, three chain, pass over one stitch, and repeat. The bodice is passed over the child's head.

DESIGNS FOR BRETONNE LACE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER





These designs may be used for trimming dresses, fichus, cravats. Bobinett lace and footing are used for the foundation. The patterns are darned in with linen floss.

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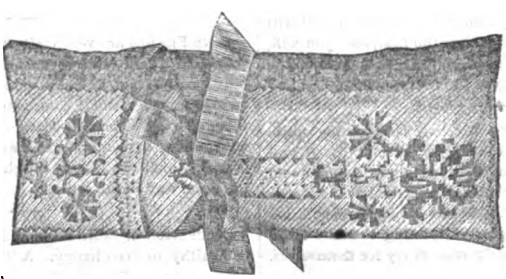
FASHIONABLE BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The bag is cut in two pieces; it is made of light bronze silk, lined with white. The embroidery is worked with pale blue silk, on velvet of a darker bronze. The velvet is sewn to the silk, after the embroidery is worked; the sides are then sewn together, and finished by tassels of blue and bronze. The bag is drawn together by ribbon strings.

SHOE POCKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



To form this pocket, cut a piece of undressed holland or crash, twenty-seven inches long, and six wide, and ornament it with cross-stitch designs worked with colored ingrain cotton; turn one end up eleven inches, sew up at both sides; this will form a pocket for one pair of shoes, leaving a flap to turn over at the top measuring five inches; a length of ribbon is attached to the edge of the flap, and is passed round the pocket, and tied in front.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

What Makes a Good Story.—We receive, so often, manuscripts from young authors, with a request to criticise their short-comings, if rejected, that we have thought a few general hints on story-writing may not be out of place. To answer every such request, individually, is impossible: it would quite monopolize our time; we will, therefore, say what we have to say, briefly, and once for all.

The London Quarterly Review, one of the best of critical authorities, says, in a recent article, that the chief excellence of fictitious writing "lies in the construction of the story, since it is by this, that the highest development is given to action and character." It cites Thackeray as an illustration of the want of this faculty. Great as Thackeray is, he will never be generally popular, because, to quote the Quarterly, "the genius of the moralist predominates over that of the story-teller." The same is true of George Eliot, at least in her later fictions. Take "Daniel Deronda," for example. This, again to quote the Quarterly, "evidently the work of a powerful and ingenious mind, shows what an incalculable mistake in art is made by those novelists, who sacrifice action to analysis, and manners to metaphysics." On the other hand, very indifferent writers, those even without a tithe of the genius of Thackery or George Eliot, have become, and will remain, popular, simply because they recognized the great fact, that the chief excellence of the novelist's art lies in the construction of the story.

These views are not new; they have always been maintained in this magazine; scores of times, in noticing late novels, we have recurred to them. Only last month, in reviewing some fictions by Henry James, Jr., we dwelt on them, asserting that, though Mr. James was a very brilliant essayist, whose diction was always crisp, whose style was almost perfect, he was not, as a novelist, an artist. As one of his best friends, in a recent "Atlantic," says, "An artist must portray, and he does not portray—he only analyzes." The whole school to which he belongs, and which is getting more and more noisy, if not influential, is on the same wrong track. Making "studies of character" is the cant phrase. Now, if any reader of this article is ambitious of excelling as a novelist, we warn him, or her, not to take "such a departure." Make your plot interesting; and do this naturally; then, through it, develope action and character, and you will succeed. Fail in the latter, and you still will succeed, after a sort. Fail in all but the first, and you will, nevertheless, be popular, though only in a melo-dramatic fashion. In a word, the story is the first requisite.

A New Style of Dressing the hair is becoming quite prevalent in Paris. The hair is simply parted in front, and waved or crimped as may best suit the style of the face, and coiled at the back in a braided knot rather low. A large flower at one side of this knot is the only ornament sanctioned. This style is exceedingly becoming to many faces, though not to all. Let our fair readers try for themselves.

Old Photographs may be used, advantageously, by pasting them on lamp screens, or on folding screens for the table, and subsequently glazing them. A friend of ours has just made an upper border to the dado of her small boudoir, of photographs varnished and set in red velvet, with a wood beading top and bottom.

Sleep is the Best Stimulant.—The best possible thing to do when you feel too weak to carry anything through is to go to bed, and sleep for a week, if you can. This is the only recuperation of brain-power, the only actual recuperation of brain-force, because during sleep the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which take the place of those which have been consumed in previous labor, since the very act of thinking consumes or burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. The supply of consumed brain substance can only be had from the nutritive particles in the blood, which were obtained from the food eaten previously; and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those nutritive particles during a state of rest, of quiet, and stillness of sleep. Mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves. They goad the brain and force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until that substance has been so exhausted that there is not power enough left to receive a supply, just as men are, sometimes, so near death by thirst and starvation that there is not power enough left to swallow anything, and all is over.

Complaints are Sometimes Made to us that money, sent to parties advertising in "Peterson," has miscarried, or else that the articles ordered have not been received. In all such cases, the proper course is to write to the persons advertising, and not to us. We are not responsible for remittances, unless they are for subscriptions to the magazine, and unless even then, they are remitted as we direct. Failures will occasionally occur, in receiving goods, as well as in receiving money. We open our advertising department to firms, and others wishing to set forth to the public, the desirability of their wares, etc. These advertisements, moreover, are a convenience to our subscribers, many of whom may wish to purchase the very articles advertised. But we do not, any more than other publishers of papers or magazines, undertake any guarantee in the matter. In one case, an advertiser failed; of course we were never responsible for him: nor are we for any. We should have thought that this was patent to everybody, however, and that it required no explanation.

Cone Frames are very easily made, and the materials are accessible to all. Cut them out the required size in mill-board, nail bits of fir cones round the edges, and then glue on acorns, twigs, small cones, and dead leaves, and varnish them all over. The mill-board should be secured to the glass with strong carpenters' glue, as also in making the cork frames, which are merely rough morsels of cork treated in the same way as the cones.

Occupation of Some Kind is indispensable, if you would be healthy, or even happy. A life of luxurious idleness is a fertile source of crime, hypochondria, hysteria, etc., etc. Better even have a hobby, provided it is an innocent one, than dawdle away time.

"Each Number Excels."—The Frankford (Pa.) Gazette says: "Each number of Peterson's Magazine, that popular lady's monthly, seems to excel previous issues."

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STILL TIME TO GET UP CLUBS.—The low price at which "Peterson" is afforded to clubs has no paralell. For instance, we send, at $1.62½ each, postage paid, four copies of the magazine for one year, and an extra copy as premium, to the person getting up the club; or five copies, at $1.60 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of "Christ Blessing Little Children," as premiums: all postage free. Or six copies, at $1.50 each, and an extra copy as premium, for getting up the club; or seven copies, at $1.50 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of "Christ Blessing Little Children," as premiums: all postage free. See the Prospectus, for these, as well as other clubs. No magazine gives *as much for the money* as this. At such low figures, everybody can afford to take "Peterson." You had better, at once, avail yourselves of these low prices, as they will not, probably, be long offered.

Additions to clubs, we may add, can be made at the price paid by the rest of the club. If enough additional subscribers are sent, to make up a second club, the person sending them will become entitled to a second premium, or premiums. Always notify us, however, when a second club is completed. These additions may be made, moreover, at any time during the year Back numbers to January can always be supplied.

CARE OF THE HAIR.—Keep the hair clean, in the first place, and avoid the use of pomades and hair-oils. Nature provides all the oil required to develope its natural gloss and adherent beauty. But she does not open the oil-glands without demanding some effort on the part of the recipient of the treasure. Continuous brushing is the price to be paid, and this requires nothing but patience and perseverance. Neither should the time devoted to this purpose be looked upon as wasted, for hair brushing has a specially soothing influence. Fifty strokes of the brush before retiring will make the stiffest and driest hair pliant and glossy. The experiment is worth trying, and if persevered in will doubtless prove successful, while the dose may be increased with still more decided effect.

REQUESTS FOR PATTERNS for the Work-Table, etc., are complied with, as much as possible, the preference always being given to those for which we have most requests. But it is impossible to comply with every request. We should have to print a magazine of a thousand pages monthly to do this.

"ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS" is a trite saying, but one that cannot be too often repeated. The world is full of shams. Half the world is engaged in trying to impose on the other half, socially, financially, politically, etc., etc. Wise people are on their guard. It is only the fools that are taken in.

SCRAP-BOOK FOR CHILDREN.—Cut pieces of brown holland to one given size, bind them with colored braid, and then paste in the pictures. When sufficient are ready, attach them by a bow of the braid, at top and bottom, and the scrap-book is complete.

CONTRIBUTORS MUST KEEP copies of their articles, if they wish them preserved. We do not undertake to return articles which we cannot use.

"THAN EVER BEFORE."—The Fremont (O.) Journal says: "Peterson's Magazine, in its seventy-fifth volume, is more vigorous and thriving than before."

ALWAYS HAVE SOME NICE BOOK, or magazine, at hand, to read at odd moments of leisure.

BACK NUMBERS OF THIS MAGAZINE can be had of all newsdealers, or of the publisher. In case the newsdealers should happen to be out of them, or should say they were out of print, write to us, enclosing the price, and the back number, or numbers, will be forwarded, postage free, by return of mail.

"NO SUPERIOR."—The Littleton (Pa.) News says: "Peterson's Magazine has no superior as a lady's companion."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Mrs. Hale's Cook-Book. By Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—The subject of good cooking is attracting unusual attention at this time. In many of the principal cities cooking clubs are being formed, whose object is to teach cooking to young ladies. Cooking is thus becoming, as it ought to become, a fashionable art. Our grandmothers considered good cooking just as much a necessary part of an education, as spelling, or writing, and infinitely more so than French, or music, or other mere accomplishments. The book before us is one of the very best of its kind, and contains innumerable receipts, which we have ourselves tested, and which we know to be good. If a wife wishes to make home happy, she will find that a personal knowledge of cooking will help very much towards it. It would be a delicate compliment, occasionally, to make some choice dish herself, which she knew her husband liked. And if she should wish, for this purpose, some nice dish, we would refer her to the volume before us.

Bonne-Marie. By Henry Gréville. Translated by Mary Neal Sherwood. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—Another of those graphic and powerful fictions, illustrating life in France, which, in their way, are quite equal to the Russian novels by the same author. The scene of this story opens in Normandy, is transferred thence to Paris, and finally returns to the sea coast whence it started. The action of the tale never flags, but, from first to last, is full of movement. There is, moreover, no exaggeration, and no false sentiment. The story, in fact, is intensely realistic. The translation is a very excellent one.

Spiritual Manifestations. By Charles Beecher. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—The author has dedicated this work, to use his own words, "to all sincere Spiritualists of every name." He does not intend it, he says, to be controversial. If any passages of a polemic spirit occur, they are through inadvertence, and he apologizes for them in advance. The book fully bears out these words. It is written in an earnest, sincere spirit, that will command respect, even where it does not convince.

Sir Gibbie. By George MacDonald, LL. D. 1 *vol.*, 8*vo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—Mr. MacDonald is always at home in the Highlands, where the scene of this story is laid. His descriptions of scenery are, perhaps, not quite so vivid as those of Mr. Black, but his characters are always well drawn, and his purpose is always noble. We can cordially commend this new fiction, though it is hardly as, good, perhaps, as some of its predecessors.

Designs in Outline for Art-Needlework. Edited by Lucretia P. Hale. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: S. W. Tilton & Co.*—A very excellent series of designs, each engraved, full-size, on a large sheet, and folded into the volume. For ladies, fond of art-needlework, we can honestly recommend this book.

Plain Needlework. Edited by Lucretia P. Hale. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: S. W. Tilton & Co.*—If you want a concise little treatise on sewing, knitting, mending, etc., etc., buy this neat volume. It is illustrated with some twenty diagrams.

At the Back of the Moon. By A. Lunar Wray. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—This is a satire in verse, in which the author hits out, without sparing, at the follies of the day. The volume is neatly printed.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"So Little Money."—A lady writes: "We have had your magazine in our family for several years; and my husband says it is a mystery to him how you can afford to give so much, for so little money." The secret is our immense edition. We prefer a small profit on a large circulation, to a large profit on a small one. "Peterson," in consequence, is able to give better engravings, better fashions, better stories, etc., etc., than any other, at the same price, and command such a circulation, that all the other lady's books in the United States, combined, fail to have as large a one. It has become a saying, these last years, that without "Peterson," you are out of fashion.

The Waverly Novels for Five Dollars.—A full set of "*Peterson's New and Cheap Edition for the Million of The Waverly Novels*," by Sir Walter Scott, in Twenty-six large octavo volumes, paper cover, will be sent to any one by mail, postpaid, on remitting Five Dollars for the same, in a letter, to the Publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. At this low price, every Family in the land should remit Five Dollars to the Publishers, at once, and thus possess themselves of a full and complete set of the finest novels ever written.

Advertisements inserted in this magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson" has had, for more than twenty years, a circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address Peterson's Magazine, Philadelphia.

Nature Receives the Credit of having developed many exquisite and beautiful complexions, which in reality are due solely to the use of Laird's "Bloom of Youth." Sold by druggists everywhere.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[Medical Botany—Of the Garden, Field and Forest.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. V.—Garden Plants, continued.

Being anxious to get out into the *fields and forests*, and roam through the extensive domains of Nature, we will pass briefly, in review, a few more plants cultivated in gardens.

XXV.—*Anisum—Anise* is an annual plant, about one foot high, a native of Egypt, introduced into the south of Europe, cultivated on the continent, and occasionally seen in the gardens of this country. What is called *Star-aniseed* is derived from an evergreen tree growing in China and Japan, and is much used in France to flavor liquors. Aniseed is a grateful, aromatic carminative, and has been used from the earliest times in flatulent colic, and a corrector of unpleasant and griping purgatives. The late Prof. Meigs was partial to a preparation to remove persistent accumulations of *flatus* or gas from the bowels, in which this seed entered: Make a strong infusion of aniseed, strain off half a pint, add half an ounce of manna, and stir in half an ounce of carbonate of magnesia. Take in wineglassful doses every few hours. The oil of anise enters into paregoric, and gives it a pleasant flavor and taste.

XXVI.—*Fœniculum—Fennel: Common, Officinal, and Sweet*, are the three varieties, all of which have an aromatic odor and taste, dependent, like the anise, upon a volatile oil. These several species are natives of Southern Europe, but the sweet-fennel is largely cultivated in our gardens, which with that imported from Germany, supplies the demand of the trade. It is an excellent corrector of nauseous and griping medicines, such as senna, jalap, etc. An infusion of these seeds is much better for mothers to give infants and young children, than catnip and soot teas, in cases of flatulent colic. A still better plan is to give the infusion by enema, which acts more promptly, without interfering with digestion or the stomach.

XXVII.—*Carum, Caraway*. This is a biennial and umbelliferous plant, with stem about two feet high; a native of Europe, growing wild in many localities, and cultivated in many places there and here. The seeds mature in the second year, and are threshed out by our good German mothers on a cloth, like they are wont to gather their crops of mustard seed. The Medical Properties are similar to those of anise and fennel, and may be administered in strong infusions (sweetened,) to infants and children in cases of simple pain or flatulent colic.

The seeds are much baked in cakes, especially by the Irish, and in bread by the Germans, to both of which they give an agreeable flavor (to those who like it), and at the same time stimulate the digestive organs.

XXVIII.—*Cochlearia Armoracia*, from *Cochlear*, a *spoon*, from the form of the leaves of some species. *Horse-radish.*—A perennial plant, possessing a long, fleshy, white, acrid root; flower-stem from two to three feet high, radical leaves, very large, oblong and petioled, while the stem leaves are lanceolate, incised and sessile. Flowers small, white. Generally cultivated in gardens, moist places, along drains, etc. Medical Properties.—The pungent root of this plant is a favorite condiment, stimulating the secretions, and promoting appetite. It is one of our best anti-scorbutics. It is useful in dropsy attended with feeble digestion and debility; also in palsy and chronic rheumatism, both as an internal and external remedy. Finely grated horse-radish root thoroughly rubbed up with white sugar, and taken slowly is very good in recent cases of hoarseness. It will sometimes promptly "clear the throat," and enable the young lady to fulfil her engagement. The beneficial effects of the wilted leaves, steeped in hot vinegar, or otherwise, and applied in cases of ephemeral fevers, headaches, etc., are well known to every mother in the country. Garden plants will be concluded in next number, after which we shall invite the readers of "Peterson" to walk forth with us into Nature's wide domain, while we gather in many valuable medicinal treasures, which may be of especial benefit to many mothers throughout the country.

MANAGEMENT OF INFANTS.

Clothing.—The preparation of baby's wardrobe is usually a source of great pleasure and interest to the mother. Of course the size and magnificence of it, very much depends upon the purse of the parents. Immense amounts of money can be lavished on expensive embroidery for trimming the dresses, etc., but the little one will be no more comfortable for all that; perhaps, rather, the contrary. Rich trimming on the bottom of dresses is all well enough; but in order to have the sleeves and neck "correspond" with the skirt, embroidery, that is too often starched, is placed around the neck and wrists, and the poor little victim of a mother's vanity is made uncomfortable with all its finery.

A baby (if there are means to accomplish it,) should have *plenty* of clothes made of *soft, fine* material; we need not say that they should be neatly made. Let the money that is to be expended, be put in the quality and quantity, rather than in the ornament of the wardrobe; the fine, embroidered cloak and hood, in which baby is to be first exhibited to a circle of admiring friends, had better be much plainer, and a finer flannel or a softer muslin purchased instead.

Baby's "basket" should, of course, be prepared and ready some time before he is expected to make his appearance. A good-sized, low, square or oval basket is used for this purpose. It should be well covered with pink or blue muslin;

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and over that some dotted mull should be put, and tied here and there with bows of ribbon to match the blue or pink under covering. Pockets may be made on the sides, to hold a tiny brush (a *very* soft one), some strong thread, a bodkin, some bobbin, a spool of thread, a bit of flannel, with a needle or two in it, a pair of scissors, etc. We mention these things, as they are sometimes used in the dressing of a baby. We know that no good housekeeper and good mother will leave repairing baby's wardrobe till she is dressing him; but emergencies will arise, in which strings will slip or break, just as they are being tied, or a button come off when it should not. Having filled the pocket with what may be necessary, add a good, useful pin-cushion, well filled with medium-sized pins, and several small safety-pins for petticoats, bodices, etc., and larger ones for the napkins.

At the bottom of the basket put the square of *soft, fine* flannel, which will be used as a shawl to wrap baby in. This may be either simply bound with white ribbon, buttonholed around the edge, or more or less elaborately embroidered. Then put in, not a dress, but a soft night-dress, without any starch. The dress will, perhaps, make the basket look prettily, but baby is kept so wrapped up during the first month in which he opens his wondering eyes on this strange world of ours, that nothing but plenty of clean night-dresses are used, at first. A white shirt is, therefore, totally unnecessary at first, and it is needless to tire the baby with putting on more clothes than are necessary.

The soft flannel petticoat should come next. Then the shirt, either made of flannel, or knit of the softest wool, very elastic, and with little sleeves; for the upper part of the arm is almost as sensitive as the chest to cold. The napkin should be especially soft; many mothers make the napkins, for the first use, of pieces of old *linen*, (be sure not muslin), sheets, etc., or have the new ones used as towels, and washed many times, before baby will need them. Then, the body band, which should be a little less than a quarter of a yard in depth, and long enough to go around baby's body once, and with a *good, large lap* so as to keep the navel compress in place. The compress should also be ready for use when the nurse should require it, which will not be just at first. A couple of soft old towels to wipe baby with, and a roll of old linen rags. A pair of pretty, little socks may be added, and our basket will be complete, with its saucer of the *best* white soap, and a box of violet powder, or pulverized starch, or oat-meal of the *very finest* sort, with a powder puff, and a small, *good* sponge, or piece of soft old flannel to wash with. A flannel apron, or a common crib-blanket, should be placed on top, with a small pot of cold cream, or a saucer of lard, from which all the salt has been washed. It will be seen that in this arrangement we have made baby's basket, not a sham affair, but one of use and comfort to him, and to the mother, or nurse; for we would strenuously advise the same arrangement of the contents as long as baby is baby. The sponge, and soap, and powder, etc., are all at hand first, to use when the baby has been washed, then his band, and napkin, and sheet, and so on, till the night-dress and blanket, or sheet, come last; all is reached, without tossing, and the washing and dressing process much expedited. Of course, later on, when the dress and white petticoat are to be used, they can take their proper places.

All baby's first clothes are made much shorter than they used to be; this is very sensible, for the unnecessary length of skirt was a trial to the baby, as well as to his mother; the hoisting and lifting to get the clothes disentangled was very wearing.

The habit of putting starch in a baby's clothes is very objectionable, and if it must be used, let it be only the thinnest kind of water-starch, and then only put in the bottom of the skirts.

There should be a set of night flannel petticoats, which should be soft, of course, but need not be so fine as the day ones, and a sufficient number of them, to always have them fresh when required. The "pitch," or flannel diaper, is not required for a very young child; but as he grows older, it will be found indispensable, the linen napkin not being sufficient to protect the clothes of the child or mother. Some mothers use a half square of gum cloth, in place of the flannel; but this is very reprehensible, it is so heating, that it chafes the child very much. Even the flannel is not good on this account, but has to be used, till the child has attained sufficient strength to have acquired such habits as will no longer render it necessary.

Too much cannot be said against the practice of taking off a wet napkin, drying it, and using it again even the third or fourth time; it should never be used even the second time. Much washing will not be necessary; when half-a-dozen napkins have been used once, let them be rinsed out of cold water only, (if warm is not at hand,) and thoroughly dried, and rubbed over with a hot iron. This may seem troublesome, but it really takes but little time, and will compensate in the comfort of the child, who will thus be kept from chafing, and, in consequence, comfort to the nerves of the mother. But at the weekly wash the napkins should have a thorough washing, and a good boil. Not a particle of soda must be used. The night flannel shirt should be hung up, not by the fire, to dry, but in the good, fresh air, though it must be also aired by the fire, or in a warm room, before putting on for the night.

After the band and compress are left off, care must be taken that the flannel shirt has not shrunk so much that the bowels are left uncovered; this is most important, especially as the "second summer" and teething time approaches.

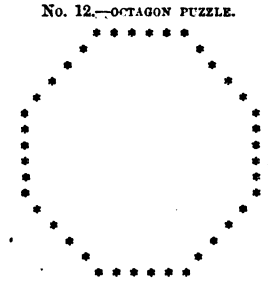
The time for changing the baby from his long clothes to the short ones, varies often, as to the convenience of the mother. Sometimes the young man grows so rapidly that the process is hastened, and sometimes it is done sooner that he may become accustomed to the change, before the cold weather sets in. Socks are, of course, discarded for the first little shoes and stockings; but, notwithstanding this, no doubt the baby feels the change about his little legs. The short dresses should not be made too short, but enough so, to escape his stepping on them, when he begins to push a chair about. The night-clothes should still be kept long, and baby's feet warm night as well as day.

The present fashion for long stockings for young children is a most wise one: to be sure the little fat legs look much prettier peeping above the short socks, and is well enough in the warm summer weather; but at the first approach of cold autumn winds, long stockings, reaching above the knee, should be put on. It is not till later on in baby life, that little drawers are substituted for the napkin; these will be indispensable to protect the little person from cold.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers.

No. 12.—OCTAGON PUZZLE.



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The octagon is composed of eight words of six letters each. Each point is the same vowel, that begins and ends each word. The horizontal words read from left to right, and the perpendiculars and diagonals downward. Commence with the top line, and follow, in order, around to the right. 1. To enclose. 2. To shed. 3. To show. 4. To tempt. 5. Complete. 6. To pass away. 7. To unfold. 8. To emit.
Marblehead, Mass. HARRY.

No. 13.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of thirteen letters.
My 2, 6, 12 is an animal.
My 10, 8, 1, 12 is an insect.
My 4, 9, 7 is a place of deposit.
My 11, 1, 13 is an auxiliary verb.
My 10, 3, 5, 8 is profit.
My whole is the name of a famous and delightful book.
Lyme Center, N. H. KITTIE M. BLISS.

No. 14.—CHARADE.

My first is either, as you choose,
A fish; an herb; a beam of light;
My second is a word we use
Ofttimes to signify unite;
My third is of a house a part;
My whole is one renowned in art.
Byfield, Mass. L. D. T.

No. 15.—SQUARE PUZZLE.

Divide a square into sixteen smaller squares, in which arrange the numbers from 1 to 16 so that added horizontally, perpendicularly or diagonally, each line will be 34; and the square being divided into four equal parts, the sum of the four numbers in each shall be 34. ETHA BROCK.
Prescott, Kan.

No. 16.—SYNCOPATIONS.

1. Syncopate the chief part, and get great warmth. 2. Syncopate employed, and leave to purchase. 3. Syncopate a loud noise, and find a tree. 4. Syncopate a motion of the feet, and get a small fish. 5. Syncopate violently, and leave sacred. AUNT VINA.
Winona, Minn.

Answers Next Month.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

No. 8.

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        E S C A P E
      R           S X
    M           T   C
  I           A     I
N           T       T
E N D I T E         E
N           N     M
E           R   E
R           A R
V           G G
E N G A G E
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No. 9.

Class, lass, sal, la.

No. 10.

Anne. Emma. Martha. Eliza. May.

No. 11.

S
TOP
COLON
MONODON

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our correspondents will please send *no* puzzles or answers on postal cards.

We received answers to puzzles in the March number from about one hundred and fifty persons. We cannot print their names, as they would occupy too much space.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUPS.

Scotch Broth.—Put a pint of Scotch (not pearl) barley into a gallon of cold water, with a large carrot cut into dice, three onions, and three pounds scrag-end of a neck of mutton. After a time, add three or four turnips, also cut into dice, and keep it stewing, not boiling, for six hours, skimming it frequently. Should water require to be added, let it be boiling. This is for a small quantity of broth. Before serving, add some parsley, chopped fine.

Cheap Soup.—Take two turnips, two carrots, two leeks, one-quarter pound lean beef, and three-quarters ounce black pepper. Fry the whole with two ounces dripping for a quarter of an hour, then take it off the fire, and stir in one-half pound flour; put all into a boiler, and pour over it six quarts of soft water, boiling; then put in a pint of peas, and boil gently for three hours. Add salt to your taste.

Potato Soup (Maigre).—Boil some potatoes in water with an onion and a head of celery (if procurable), add pepper and salt to taste; when done pass the potatoes through a seive; put them into a saucepan with a piece of butter; add sufficient milk to make it of the right consistency; flavor to taste with pepper, salt, and grated nutmeg, and serve with sippets of bread fried in butter.

MEATS.

White Fricasseed Chicken.—Cut up a chicken in pieces, wash it, and season with pepper and salt, put it in a stewpan with a little water, and let it stew till nearly done; then add a teacupful of cream, and some butter rolled in flour to thicken the gravy. If not sufficiently seasoned, add more pepper or salt as may be required. If the chicken is fat very little butter is necessary. Mace or nutmeg may be added if you like spice.

Chicken and Ham Pie.—Cut two chickens into joints, season them with salt, pepper, and cayenne, a little powdered mace, and a tablespoonful of chopped mushrooms; then make balls of forcemeat and the hard-boiled yolks of eggs, and lay them in the dish between the joints of chicken, with a few slices of lean ham in between, and add a little water with a mushroom boiled in it; cover with puff-paste, and bake.

Spiced Veal—Take some of the thick part of a cold loin of veal, cut it in small pieces, and pour over as much hot spiced vinegar as will cover it. To half a pint of vinegar put a teaspoonful of allspice, a very little mace, salt and cayenne pepper to the taste.

Roast Leg of Lamb.—Let the fire be moderate, and roast the joint slowly, basting it frequently till done, when it should be sprinkled with salt, and the gravy well freed from fat before serving.

CAKES.

Waffles.—Take rather less than a quart of milk, and stir into it over the fire a piece of butter the size of an egg, but do not boil it; add half a teaspoonful of salt, beat up with it as much flour as will thicken it to a light batter; put in three eggs well beaten, and a little yeast to raise it. Cover it up warm, and let it stand all night. In the morning,

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when it will have risen, stir it down, and drop it into the tins. The tins for waffles are square, and have covers divided by square depressions, as for gauffres, which they resemble much. Both top and bottom of the tins must be buttered, and room left for the waffles to rise.

Shortbread.—Dry a pound or more of flour by the fire; cut up one pound of butter into small pieces, put it into a deep basin, set it rather near the fire so as not to melt, but just to get slightly warm; beat it to a cream with the hand, add by degrees one-half pound of sifted loaf sugar, then as much flour as the butter will hold—that is, keep beating in flour till it will not take any more; roll the paste out (about three-quarters of an inch thick) with a rolling-pin, cut it into cakes, strew carraway comfits over the top, and bake a light brown.

Plain Cup Cake.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, two cups of flour, four eggs, half a grated nutmeg, tablespoonful of rose-water. Stir the butter and sugar till very light. Whisk the eggs till they are thick, and stir them into the butter and sugar alternately with the flour. Add the nutmeg and rose-water. Beat the whole very hard. Butter some cups or shallow pans, and bake them in a moderate oven.

Apees.—Three-quarters of a pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, one teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, as much milk as will form a dough. Cut up the butter in the flour, add the sugar, and spice by degrees. Stir in as much milk as will make a dough. Knead it well, roll it out in sheets, cut it in cakes. Butter your tins, lay them on so as not to touch, and bake in a moderate oven.

Sponge Cake.—Three-quarters pound lump sugar, pounded and dissolved in a teacupful of cold water; the whites of four eggs, and the yolks of eight, beaten a little. Boil the sugar and water, and pour it quite boiling to the eggs; then whisk till nearly cold, and stir in by degrees one-pound flour and a little essence of lemon; butter the mould, and sprinkle with flour and sugar.

Milk Biscuits.—One quart of milk, two tablespoonfuls of sifted sugar, about a quarter of a pound of butter, and flour enough to make it thick; add to this three tablespoonfuls of the best homemade yeast. Leave it in a warm place till it rises; when light, knead it, and let it rise again; then make it into small biscuits an inch and a-half across; bake them, and send them up very hot.

Fruit Cream.—Take one-half ounce insinglass, dissolve in a little water, then put one pint of good cream, sweeten to the taste; boil it; when nearly cold, lay some apricot or raspberry jam on the bottom of a glass dish, and pour it over. This is excellent.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Remove the Taste of New Wood.—A new keg, churn, bucket, or other wooden vessel will generally communicate a disagreeable taste to anything that is put into it. To prevent this inconvenience, first scald the vessel with boiling water, letting the water remain in it till cold. Then dissolve some pearlash or soda in lukewarm water, adding a little bit of lime to it, and wash the inside of the vessel well with this solution. Afterwards scald it well with plain hot water, and rinse it with cold before you use it.

Cement for China.—To quarter ounce gum-mastic add as much spirits of wine as will dissolve it. Soak quarter ounce isinglass in water till it is quite soft; then dissolve it in rum or brandy till of the consistency of glue. To this add one drachm of gum-ammoniac, well rubbed and mixed. Put now the two mixtures together in a vessel, over a gentle heat till properly united, and the cement is ready for use. It should be kept in a phial, well corked, and when about to be used to be set in boiling water to soften.

Lobster Omelet.—Slice a quantity of the flesh of a lobster, equal in bulk to two eggs, season it with pepper, salt, and nutmeg; mix on the fire some butter and a little flour, moisten with a little stock, add the lobster, and stir in, off the fire, the yolk of an egg beaten up with the juice of half a lemon. Insert this ragout in the fold of a plain omelet. Turn it out on a dish, and serve.

To Preserve Bright Grates or Fire-Irons from Rust.—Make a strong paste of fresh lime and water, and with a fine brush smear it as thickly as possible over all the polished surface requiring preservation. By this simple means all the grates and fire-irons in an empty house may be kept for months free from harm, without further care or attention.

Ink and Fruit Stains.—Ten grains oxalic acid in half a pint of water will remove all ink and fruit stains. Wet the article in hot water, and apply it to the top of the bottle, so that the liquid will reach it, then rinse it well.

An Easy Way to Clean Silver Articles.—Set fire to some wheat-straw, collect the ash, and, after powdering it, sift it through muslin. Polish the silver with a little of it applied on some soft leather.

Glass should be washed in cold water, which gives it a brighter and clearer look than when cleansed with warm water.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

Fig. I.—Reception-Dress of Black Grenadine, figured in bright colors, worn over black silk; the edge is scalloped over a knife-plaiting of the silk, and the long train is caught together with loops and ends of double-faced satin ribbon; the mantilla is of black silk, trimmed with a ruching of the silk, and three rows of black lace; ribbon like that on the train is placed at the back of the neck. Black chip bonnet, trimmed with ribbon like that on the mantilla and dress, and with bright flowers.

Fig. II.—Carriage-Dress of Gray Silk and Soft, Twilled Foulard; the under-skirt is of the grey silk, trimmed with a knife-plaiting of the same, and a row of deep fringe of the same colors as those in the over-dress; above the fringe are three rows of black velvet, and a large, black velvet bow; three rows of black velvet and a black velvet bow are on the soft, twilled silk over-dress, which is flecked with bright colors; a row of fringe is around the bottom of this skirt also; the mantle is somewhat of the Dolman shape, and has part of the back of black velvet; a row of the velvet and of fringe trims the bottom. Gray chip bonnet, with plumes of the colors in the over-dress.

Fig. III.—Walking-Dress for a Young Lady; the kilted under-skirt is of plain percale; the over-dress is of green and blue *cheviot*, which is somewhat like a fine gingham; the over-dress opens over the kilted flounce; the mantilla has revers, and long *jabot* ends, which are trimmed with plain, green lawn. Hat of black straw, trimmed with black feathers, and green ribbon.

Fig. IV.—Dress of Écrue-Striped Camel's Hair for a Little Boy; there is a plaiting of plain camel's hair around the bottom of the skirt, two plain pieces down the back, and two capes, one round, and the other square, of the plain camel's hair. Hat of yellow straw, trimmed with red ribbon.

Fig. V.—Visiting-Dress of White Louisine, Dotted with Blue; at the bottom of the skirt is a deep plaited ruffle, forming a train; above this is a deep knife-plaiting of the Louisine; the skirt is cut in deep "turrets," and bound with blue; a large bow of blue silk is near the bottom; the deep basque and sleeves are trimmed with blue silk, and gimp trimmings of the same color; the blue silk is put on

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the basque in such a way that the front forms a deep vest. Soft, capote bonnet of white silk, trimmed with blue ribbon, and white feather.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS OF IRON-BROWN SILK; the skirt is cut in squares, or "turrets," opening over a deep plaited ruffle; the upper-skirt is turned up at the bottom, washerwoman fashion, above which is a skirt of grenadine of the same color in a diamond pattern, with a dull yellow satin spot in it; the very deep basque is of silk, with the grenadine over it at the back and sides, but leaving the silk to form a kind of vest in front; the trimmings are fringe and ribbon to match. Straw hat of the color of the dress, trimmed with yellow poppies under the brim, and a bunch of wheat on the outside.

FIG. VII.—VISITING-DRESS OF BLACK GRENADINE; the skirt has two knife-plaitings, and is simply draped at the sides and back; mantilla of the grenadine, lined with thin silk, and trimmed with a knife-plaiting of the grenadine and several rows of black worsted lace; yellow straw bonnet, trimmed with large, red cherries and leaves.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-DRESS OF IVORY-WHITE BUNTING, trimmed with two knife-plaitings; mantilla of the same, trimmed with worsted lace; black chip bonnet, trimmed with tea-roses and tea-rose colored ribbon.

FIG. IX.—DRESS FOR A YOUNG GIRL; the under-skirt and jacket are of brown camel's hair, and the over-dress is of camel's hair, of a light chestnut-brown, striped with a still lighter shade. Light brown hat and feather with a facing of dark brown velvet.

FIG. X.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF GRAY ZEPHERYNE, over a gray silk petticoat, trimmed with a plain ruffle and knife-plaitings; the zepheryne is trimmed with a wide silk galoon of gay color, figured with blue; it is looped up with gray satin ribbon, faced with blue satin; the mantilla is of black, Spanish lace, trimmed with rosettes and bows of black satin ribbon; gray chip bonnet with gray plumes, and a quilling of blue satin ribbon.

FIG. XI.—GARDEN-DRESS OF WHITE ALBATROSS CLOTH; the plain front is ornamented down each side with Torchon insertions and buttons, and a row of Torchon insertion heads the two rows of knife-plaitings that ornament the upper and lower skirt. The fulness at the sides is bunched together at the back, forming a small *pannier*, and is trimmed with pink ribbons; the lace mantilla has a pink rose in front, and the large, straw hat is trimmed with pink ribbons.

FIG. XII.—DINNER OR EVENING-DRESS OF WHITE SILK; the front of the waist, sleeves and sides are trimmed with white ribbon, with a blue satin face; the large pannier is of blue silk, as well as the cuffs and collar; the pannier is placed at the bottom of the deep basque, and meets in front under long loops of the ribbon; the front of the dress is of white brocaded silk.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The hats are only a few samples of the many that have appeared. Larger flowers than those worn last year appear on this year's hats; the first one that we give is of leghorn, with a large yellow rose and leaves on the front of the brim; the second is of light gray chip, trimmed with blue silk and a large pink rose; the third, which is worn forward on the forehead, is of cream-colored straw, and has an Alsatian bow of red and cream-colored ribbon; at the back is a tuft of red poppies, and the brim is turned up behind, with a bow of the ribbon. The first bonnet is of black straw, of the capote shape, with old-gold colored beads studded about the front, and across the back; the trimming is of black satin ribbon faced with old-gold color, and an aigrette of old-gold color. The second bonnet is of light brown chip, with a quilling in the face and strings of a darker shade of brown, and the feathers are of the two shades. The children's hats are of colored straw to match the costumes.

The newest spring and summer goods have small flowers sprinkled over them in Pompadour style, just like the old-fashioned French chintzes, and except for the lustre, can scarcely be told from the cotton goods, which are so exceedingly beautiful in pattern; and there are some "satteen" chintzes, black grounds with colored flowers over them, that look just like figured satin. These Pampadour patterns are gay and youthful-looking, but are really less becoming than the more solid colors. The foulard silks are nearly all of the Pompadour styles. The muslins and organdies, which have been of solid colors so long, or else but slightly figured, are now covered with all kinds of fanciful flower and vine designs. Of course, the soft *de bége*, albatross, Panama tweeds, buntings, etc., are of wool, and of only one color, as a rule; but some of them have very fine, light checks, that are almost invisible; all these materials are delightful to wear on cool summer days, or in the spring or autumn. The grenadines are also figured or striped, so as to combine two or more colors, or two or three shades of one color; some of the more expensive summer goods have narrow velvet stripes, alternating with a thin grenadine stripe, and these will be many of them worn over velvet skirts.

The make of dresses is still so undecided, that two or three styles are sometimes seen in one costume, and so that the dress is short for the street, rather flat in front, and not too short-waisted, it is fashionable. Yet we still see many long dresses on the street, not dragging, but held up, which always looks awkward. The small *tournure* or pannier is gradually making its way, but it is very small on the hips, as a rule, and not very large at the back. Vests are so becoming that they will be worn for some time yet. Some of the new dresses, of soft materials, are gathered at the waist, just in the middle of the back; this is particularly pretty for a house or trained dress.

All kinds of lace ties are worn, as well as silk ones; Alsatian bows are very popular for the hair, made of light blue, pink, or any colored ribbon preferred, and many turbans have appeared, made of silk or crêpe, but these are generally worn as breakfast caps, though some ladies wear them for evening dress.

Bonnets are larger, as a rule, but the smaller ones are too becoming to be discarded without a struggle. The long scoop-front, if well-trimmed, is very stylish; but to be at all becoming, it must cling close at the sides, and a velvet or shirred silk lining will add to the becomingness. Strings are almost universal, and black or white net and lace is largely used for this purpose. The hats are either large and picturesque-looking, or else close and stiff-looking, very much like a man's stiff, round-crowned hat; for undress wear, and for young people, the latter is very suitable.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF DARK BLUE CAMBRIC, FOR A LITTLE GIRL, made in the princess style; the skirt is trimmed with a knife-plaited ruffle edged with white cambric; the dress is buttoned down the front, and has a simulated, deep basque, formed by a bias fold of the blue cambric, and ruffle of white cambric; the large, square collar and cuffs are trimmed to correspond with the skirt.

FIG. II.—YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS OF FIGURED LIGHT GRAY CAMEL'S HAIR, over a plain camel's hair skirt; the sleeves are of the plain material, and the over-dress is a close-fitting polonaise, which buttons down the back, and is cut square in the neck in front. Gray straw hat, trimmed with cherries.

FIG. III.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF WHITE PIQUÉ, trimmed with two ruffles of nainsook, and with Hamburg insertion. In place of the insertion, the ornamentation may be of colored embroidery, either red or dark blue.

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Painted by F. Durock. Engraved & Printed by Illman Brothers.

AMONG THE HILLS.

SEE THE STORY "ALICE JOYL'S CASTLE"

Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine.

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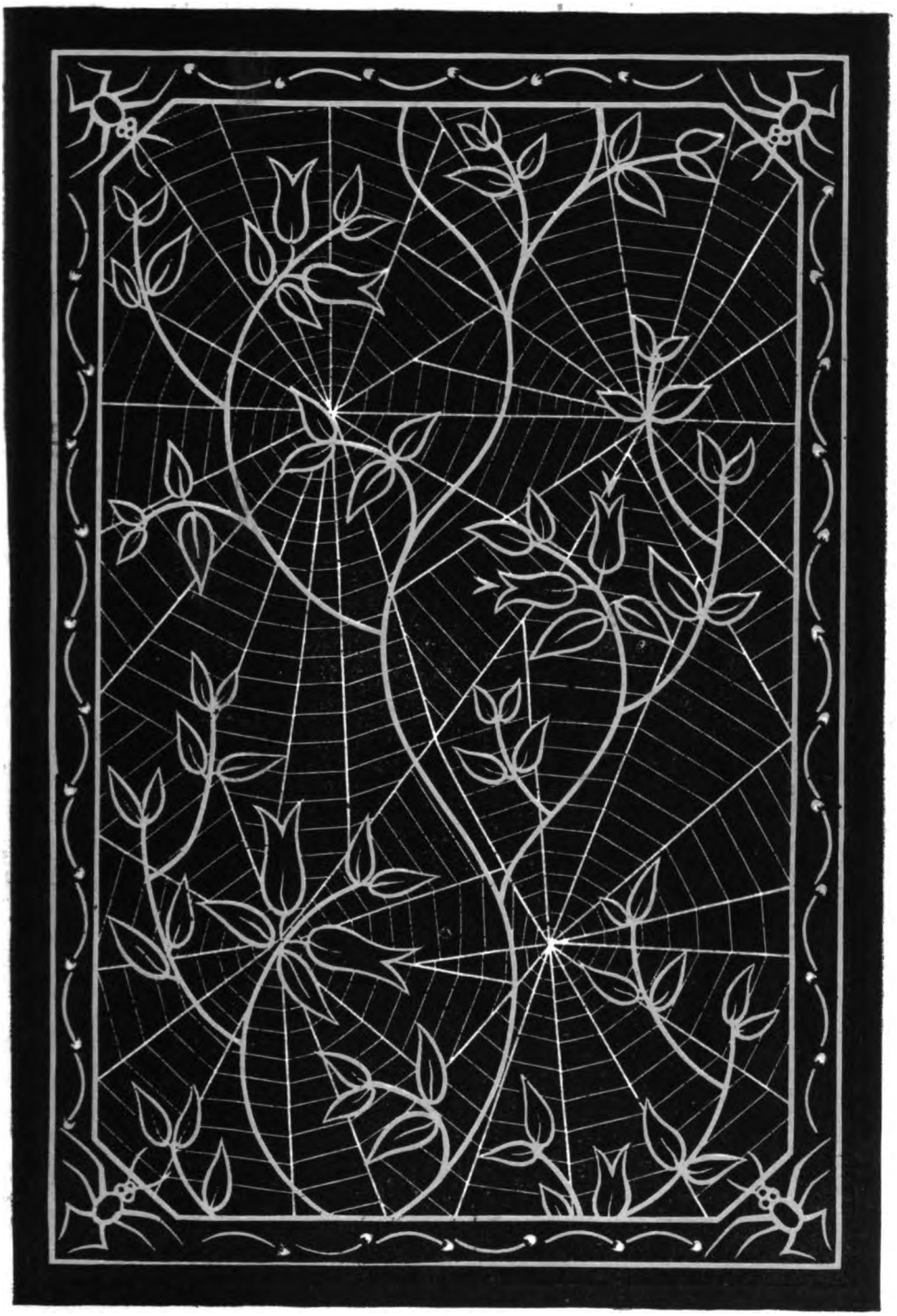

BLOTTING BOOK COVER—IN JAPANESE EMBROIDERY.

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BLOTTING BOOK COVER—IN JAPANESE EMBOSSED.

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THE HAUNTED HOUSE. [*See the Story.*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

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WALKING-DRESS. CARRIAGE-DRESS.

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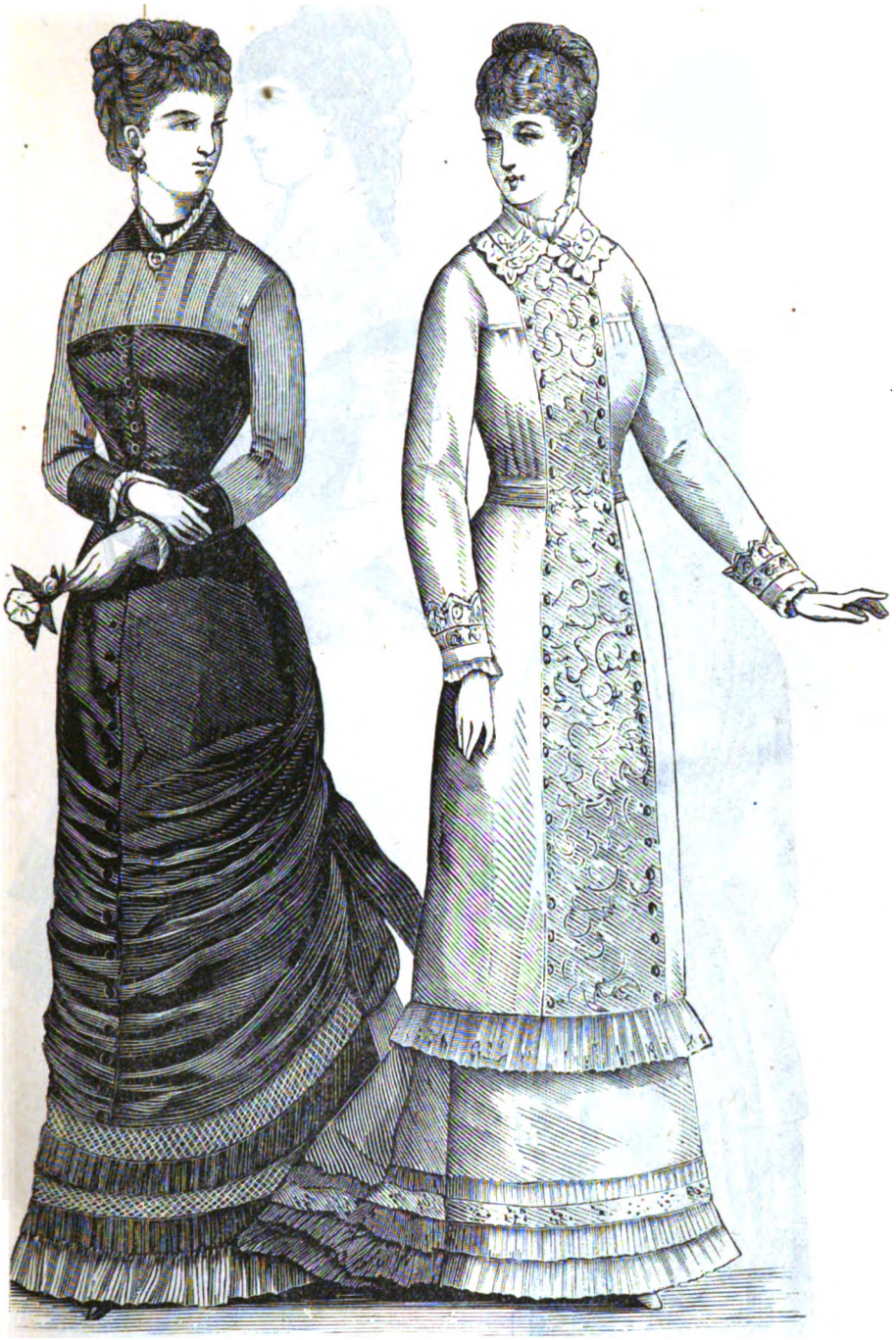

MORNING-DRESS. DINNER-DRESS.

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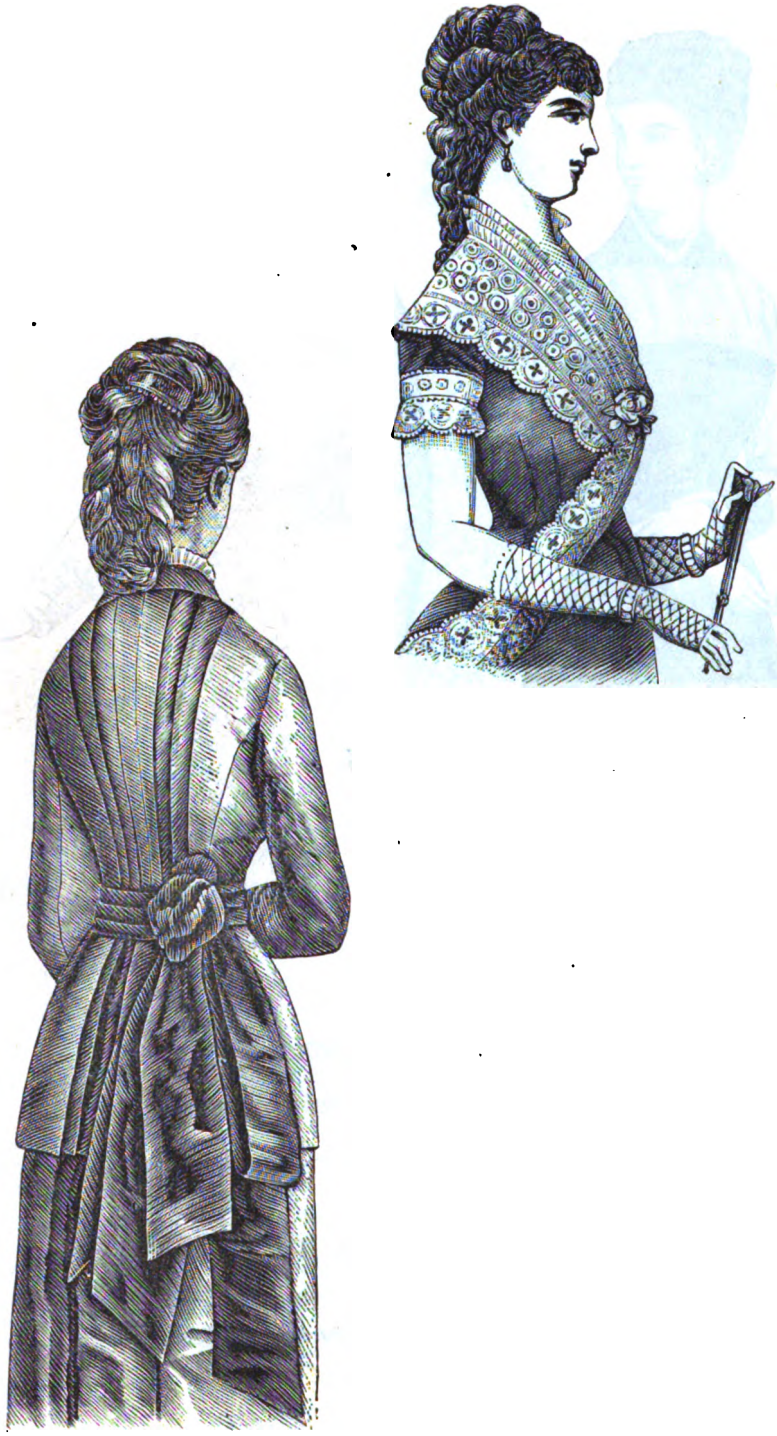

WALKING-DRESS. FICHU.

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HOUSE-DRESS. FICHU.

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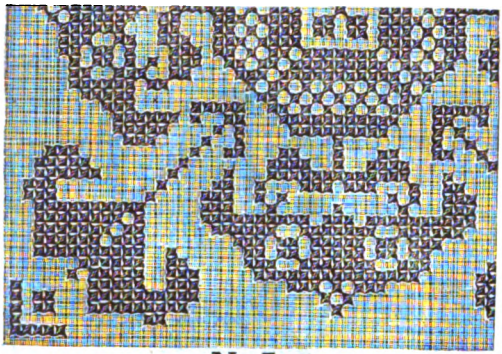

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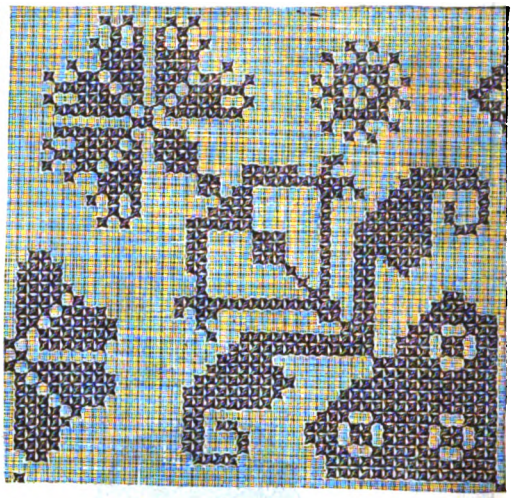

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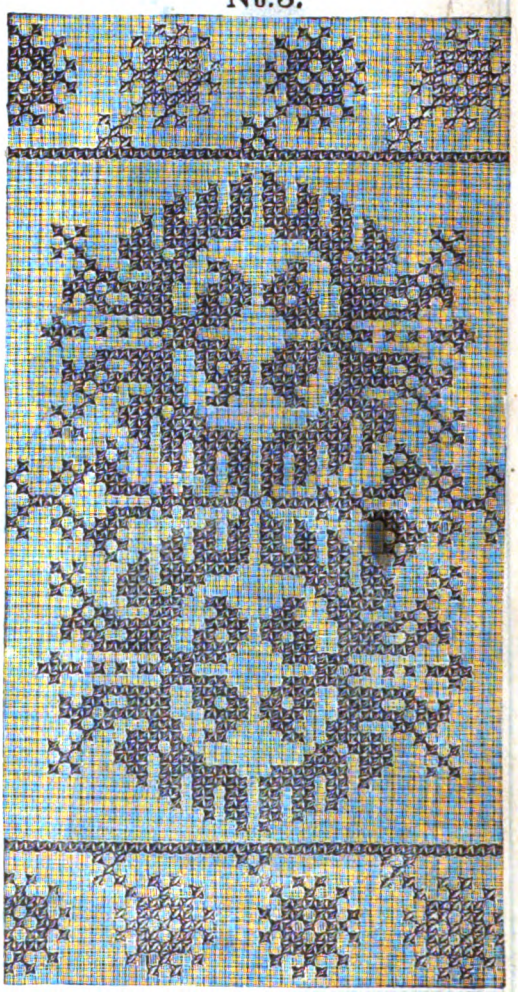

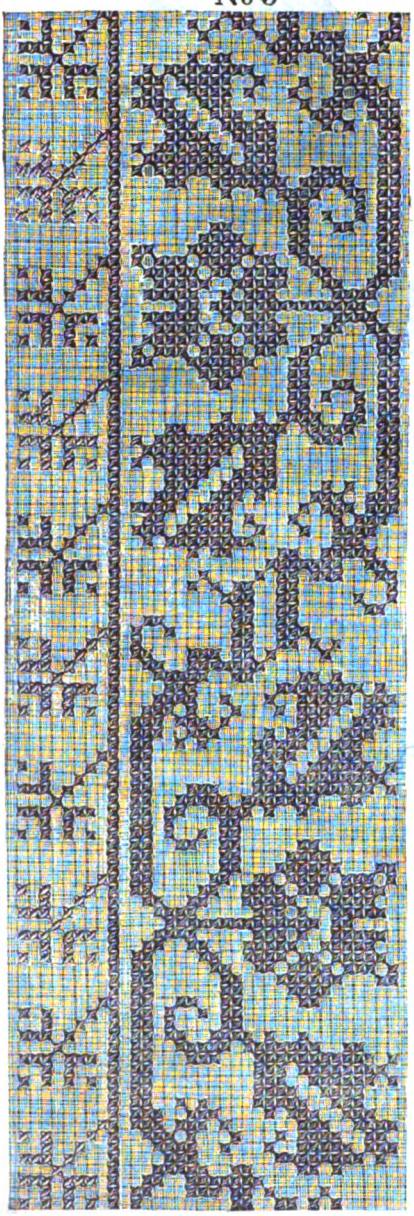

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DESIGNS FOR THE COUNTERPANE IN CROSS-STITCH. Nos. 1, 3, 4 AND 5.

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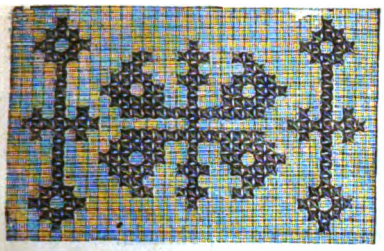

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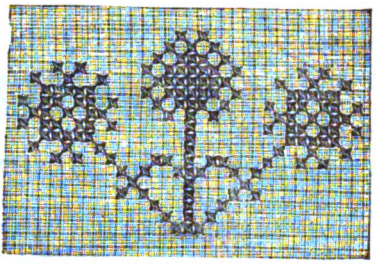

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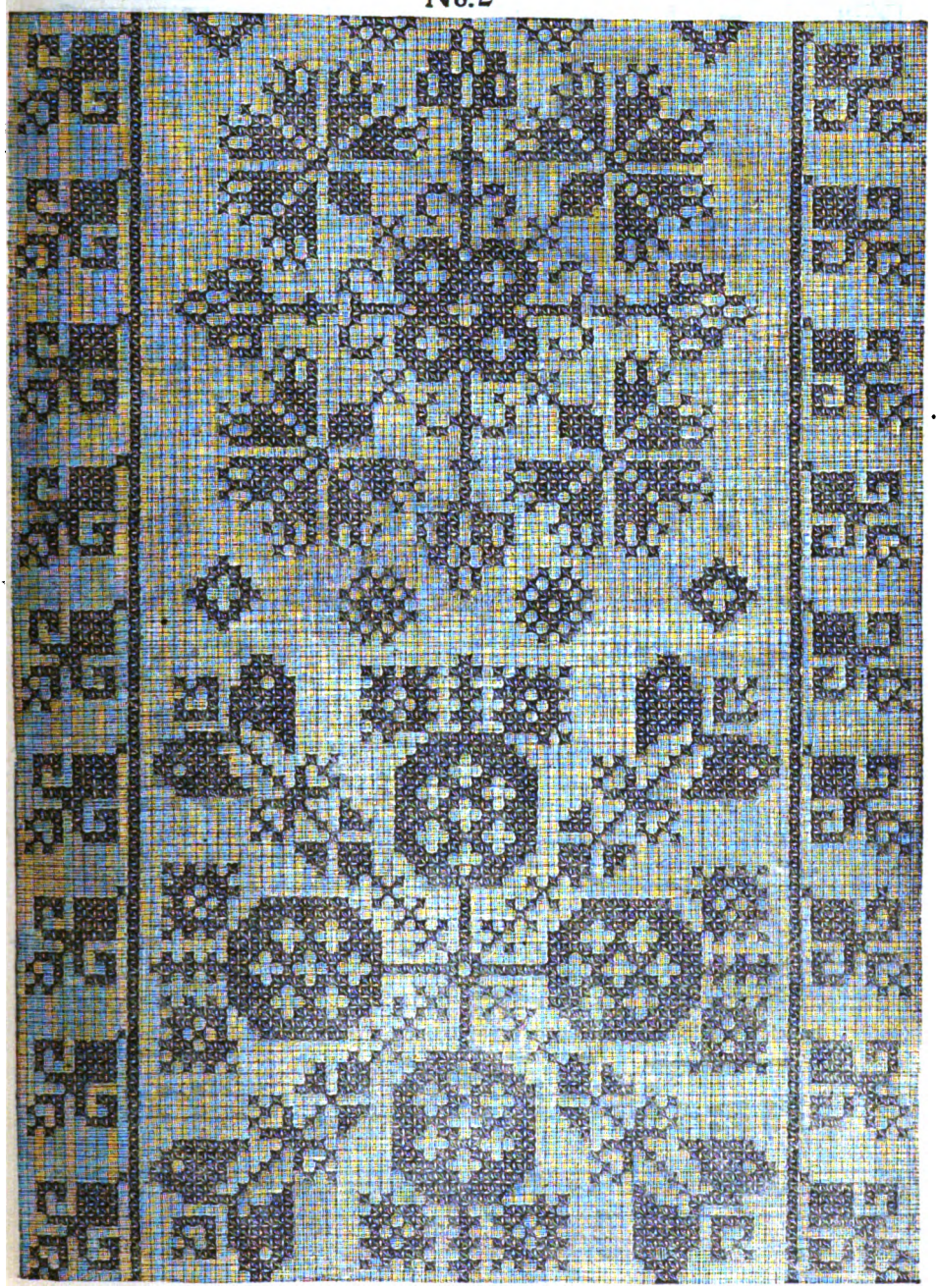

DESIGNS FOR THE COUNTERPANE IN CROSS-STITCH. Nos. 2, 6 AND 7.

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A MAIDEN FAIR TO SEE.

(PINAFORE.)

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1003 Spring Garden St., Philada.

Andante moderato.

RALPH.

A maiden fair to see, The

Ped.

p

pearl of minstrelsy, A bud of blushing beauty, For whom proud nobles sigh, And

con 8va.

with each other vie, To do her menial's du - ty. A suitor lowly born, With

hopeless passion torn, And poor beyond concealing, Hath dar'd for her to pine, At

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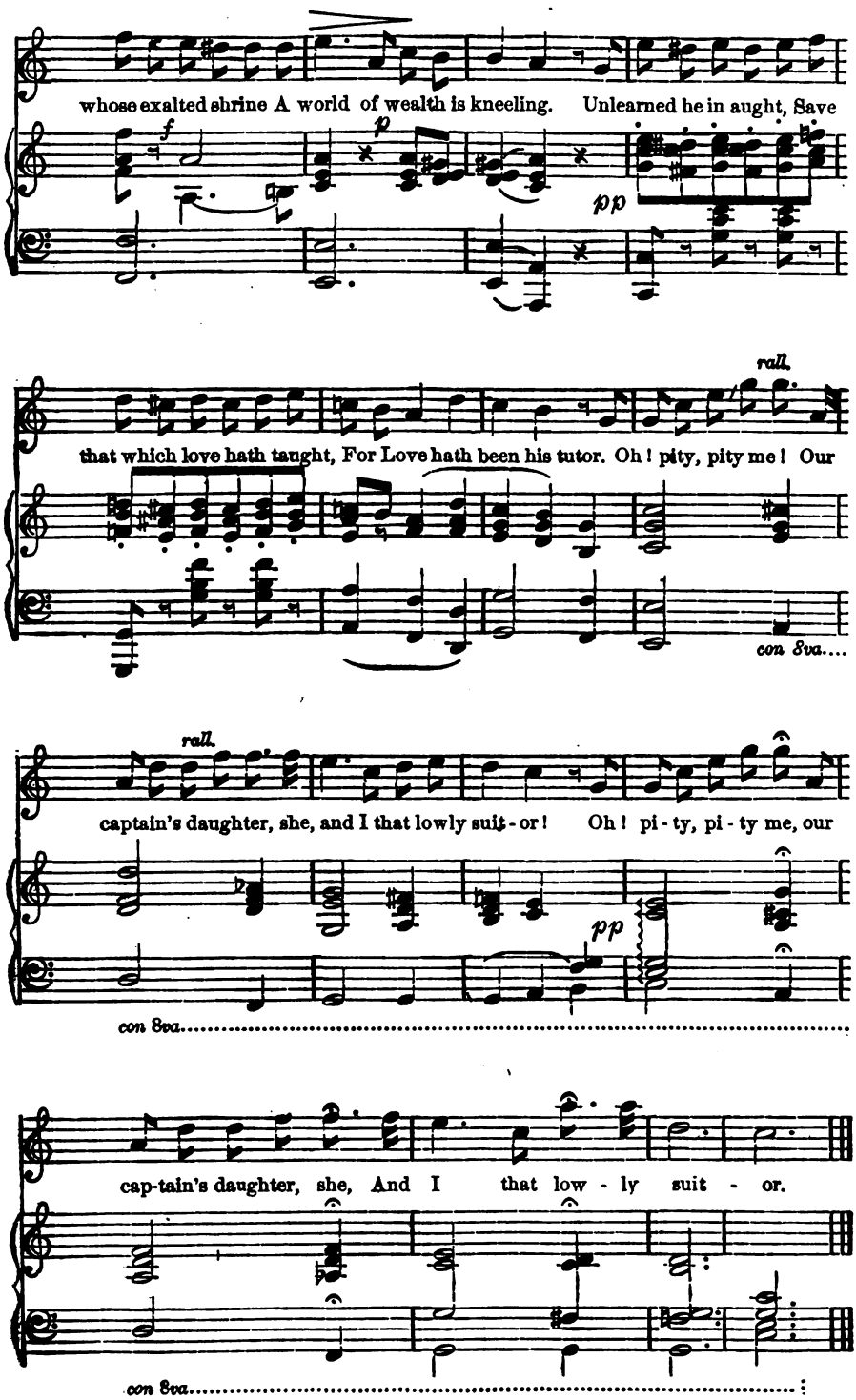

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NEW STYLE BONNET, HAT AND HEAD-DRESS.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXV. PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1879. No. 6.

ALICE BOND'S CASTLE.

BY MAY E. STONE.

"ALICE, Alice Bond!"

"Yes, aunt Hester."

"Come in the house, this instant, and scrub the floor. I never, in all my life, saw such a lazy, shiftless girl! Do you hear me?"

"Yes, aunt."

"There you go! It's 'yes, aunt,' from morning 'til night. I might call 'til my throat was sore, and that would be all the answer I'd ever git. What on airth air you a-lookin' at?"

"I was watching the clouds, aunt Hester. Do come, and see this one, in the form of a castle—"

"A castle! Good Lord! Just as if them dumpy lookin' clouds had any more shape to them than a feather bed. Land sakes, how some folks imagination runs away with 'em!"

A fair, young girl, with great, wistful, brown eyes, turned reluctantly away from the beautiful scene she had been contemplating.

"You're jest like your mother was," continued the aunt; "she never had a spark of sense. You'll make a smart wife, won't you, for a man? I wonder what Ezra Barnard would think, if he could see you now. I think, if I was a girl, an' had sich a likely fellar, I'd try an' have a little git-up about me, an' not be as stupid as a beetle, with my head 'way up in the clouds the hull time. Mrs. Barnard was over here, yisterday, a-askin' about you, an' the way I had to falsify to her, made me 'shamed for it."

"You need tell her no untruths on my account, aunt Hester," said the girl, firmly; "I shall never marry her son."

"What!"

"I shall never marry Ezra Barnard. I do not love him."

"Wal, I've heerd of fools in my day, but you're the biggest one I ever see. Not marry Ezra Barnard! I'd like to know what you air a-thinkin' about! A young man with plenty of money, a good farm, an' all the girls for miles around a-dyin' arter him. Not marry him! I can tell you one thing, miss, you can't live on me much longer; for I'm a-gittin' pretty tired of a lazy thing like you."

Alice Bond had been left an orphan when she was so young, that she had no recollection of either father or mother. Her father had been a soldier, and had fallen in the last year of the war; and the blow had broken her mother's heart. The child had no nearer relative than an aunt, who lived on a sterile hill-farm, far up among the mountains. Here Alice had vegetated from the time she was two years old until she was nineteen. We say vegetated, for her aunt was wholly of the "earth, earthy," and had no aspiration beyond "laying acre to acre." Books were strangers to the house, so were periodicals. Nothing was considered of any value that did not bring money, and bring it directly. Amid this hard, dry, material life, poor little Alice grew up like one shut fast in a cage of iron. She was naturally of an imaginative mind, fond of reading, and possessing a keen sense of the beautiful. Her only happy days were those when she could escape, bare-foot as she was, out on the hills, to gather wild flowers and grasses, and lie there, gazing at the far-off clouds, seeing castles and cities in their changing outlines, and dreaming dreams of impossible felicity. She had always been a pretty child, and she grew up rarely beautiful. Her great, brown eyes; her long, dark lashes; her rosy mouth; her wealth of rich chestnut hair; and above all, her refined and speaking countenance, the expression of which varied with every passing thought and emotion, made her the belle of the neighborhood. Among all her numerous suitors, Ezra Barnard, however, was the richest; but he was, also, if possible, the most boorish; and Alice fairly detested him.

"Maybe you're expectin'," said the aunt, sarcastically, "some knight, as they say in story-books, to come along, and take you off to that castle you were talking about—"

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"May I trouble you for a glass of water, madam?" interrupted a voice, at this moment.

Aunt Hester started. In the kitchen door, stood a young man, clad in a hunting costume, with his gun slung carelessly over his shoulder. He must have come up the back walk, and, perhaps, had overheard the conversation.

"I've had but poor luck," he said, smiling pleasantly at Alice, "and am quite thirsty."

The girl glanced timidly into the frank, manly face, with its broad, white forehead, and dark, gray eyes. "He is not one of us," she mentally determined, as she went for the glass of water.

"Thank you," he said, taking the brimming glass from her hand. Then, turning to aunt Hester, he added: "You have a fine, old place here. May I ask, if you know of any one in the vicinity, who would be willing to take a boarder, for a few weeks?"

"I dunno," replied aunt Hester, slowly. "I've got a spare room that hain't in use. Perhaps I might. Is it you?"

"Yes. I have come up among the hills here, for a month's holiday. I will pay you well. I like the place."

And aunt Hester, always eager to make money, led the way to a large, pleasant, square room, whose windows looked out upon the hills and surrounding country, for miles around.

The stranger was so pleased with the view, that he engaged the room, then and there.

"I will go back to the hotel, at the entrance of the valley, and have my traps sent up, at once," he said. "I shall have time to get back before sunset."

"For the land sakes, Alice, do hurry, and hull them strawberries!" said aunt Hester, bustling about, after he had gone, "while I get ready the biscuits for tea. I shall make a pretty sum out of this, and if you work real hard, I'll buy you a new delaine."

"No, he isn't like us," thought Alice, busily hulling the strawberries. "I don't believe he would talk, like Ezra Barnard, all the time about potatoes and squashes. Oh, I do hope not! I wish somebody would tell me of books and of the world. I am so tired of this dull, dull life."

She brushed the long, chestnut curls carefully, in front of the little mirror, in her own room, and fastened a blue ribbon at her throat, before going down to supper, that night.

The stranger glanced more admiringly than ever at the pure, sweet face.

"Hurry, and eat, Alice," commanded aunt Hester; "for you'll have to get the cows up, and milk them. Your uncle won't be to home 'til late."

The girl obeyed, silently. Rising, she took her broad-brimmed hat from its peg, and left the room.

She was just lowering the meadow bars, when a step sounded behind her, and a pleasant voice said in her ear:

"Allow me to assist you. And may I accompany you? It's many a long year since I used to go for the cows."

"Yes," she said, quietly, "if you wish to." And together they passed into the meadow, knee-deep among the clover.

The girl's eyes, as they walked, were fixed, as he noticed, upon the blue hills in the distance, in a dreamy way.

"What are you thinking of: may I ask?" said her companion.

"I was wishing I had books," she said, "music and art; all that makes life so beautiful. Oh, if I could only—"

She checked herself suddenly, remembering that she was addressing a stranger.

"I know," he said, gently. "But I have some books in my trunk that, perhaps, you have never read. I will lend them to you."

"Thank you," she said, simply; and then they drove the cows home in silence.

Ezra Barnard was in waiting, in the front room, when they returned.

"Hullo, Al!" he said, greeting her. "I came over to ask you to a dig, they're a-goin' to have down to the corners, to-morrow night. How d'ye do?" acknowledging the introduction to the stranger, awkwardly.

"I cannot go," she said, coldly.

"Oh, pshaw, Al! You're always a-saying that. You can go. Your aunt said you could. They're a-goin' to have a tarnation sight of fun!"

"I cannot go, Ezra."

"For the land sakes, Alice, I shu'd think you'd be ashamed of yerself!" broke in aunt Hester, indignantly. "Arter all the pains Ezra's took to come way over here, a purpose to ask you. Shu'd'nt you think she orghter be ashamed, Mr. Ellis?"

"Perhaps Miss Bond does not care for parties," said the young man, pleasantly.

"But this 'ere one is goin' to be an extra affair—two fiddles, an' a bass viol. I tell you it'll be a regular old hoe-down! Say, Al—"

But the girl had slipped quietly from the room.

"I swan," exclaimed Ezra, rising, his florid face becoming several tinges redder, "if that hain't a purty trick to serve a fellar! There's more gals than one in the world, howsomever, as I'll jest show her. I'll ask Alminy Bindwort to go—she'll jump at the chance."

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"La, now don't be hasty, Ezra," said aunt Hester, soothingly. "Alice will go. I'll bring her round, to-morrow. She's only a little odd and offish. When you're married, it'll be all right."

"I don't know as I care about a balky gal for a wife!" exclaimed Ezra, coarsely. "Perhaps I won't have her arter all." And snatching his hat, he sullenly left the house.

Later in the evening, when she thought they were alone, aunt Hester gave Alice what she called "a bit of her mind." She ended, by saying:

"Wal, you're a big fool! You've lost Ezra Barnard by this tantrum. I'd like to know who'll have you now? Mabbe you think you can catch this city chap, you're so fine around. It's a likely thing he'd look at sich a gal as you be—"

"Oh, aunt!" cried Alice, interrupting, and the tears dropped from the brown eyes, "how can you be so cruel? I never, never, dreamed of such a—"

She paused suddenly; and burst into tears.

Every moment that Alice could now snatch from her drudgery, she spent in reading. Before the books which Mr. Ellis had first loaned her were finished, he had sent to the city for more. Nearly every evening, when aunt Hester was comfortably dozing in her arm-chair, Mr. Ellis would select a book, and going out into the porch, would read aloud, in his clear, musical voice, to Alice.

How kind and good he was, Alice said to herself. How much interest he seemed to take in her improvement. She felt so encouraged. The old life appeared so far behind. She had never known what happiness was before.

Mr. Ellis had fallen into the habit of calling her "Allie;" and somehow, she liked it; for now, his month had lengthened into three; and it seemed to Alice as if they had been together almost forever.

"Allie," he said, "to-morrow will be the first of November, and I am going away." They were standing by the meadow bars, in the soft, evening twilight. The last rays of the setting sun were gilding the girl's chestnut hair, until it shone like burnished gold.

The fringed curtains dropped quickly over the brown eyes, and a sudden pallor overspread the sweet, girlish face.

"This has been a pleasant summer and autumn, Allie," he said; "hasn't it?"

"Yes," she answered, with a voice that faltered, in spite of all her efforts.

"Shall you miss me, Allie?"

The intonation was so low, it was hardly more than a whisper.

With a great effort the girl steadied her voice, and answered, calmly:

"Certainly, Mr. Ellis. I—that is, we—shall all miss you."

"I am going home, Allie," he said, watching her keenly, "to prepare a castle for my lady-love, as a true knight should. Shall I tell you about her? Where I first met her, and how I came to love her?"

"If you please," came ever so faintly; there was a terrible sickening at her heart.

"It was one day, as I was returning from a hunt," he said, taking Alice's hand, that hung listlessly at her side. "I was very tired and thirsty, and from the brow of a hill I espied, in the valley below, a house. I determined to go down to it, and ask for a glass of water. As I drew near, I saw a young girl standing in its yard, watching the great, fleecy, white clouds, that were floating idly about in the sky."

Alice started, and crimsoned suddenly.

"I paused, in admiration of the sweetest face I had ever beheld," he said, pressing her hand. "Just then, a woman came out of the house, and reprimanded the girl sharply, and asked her 'what she saw.' The reply was, 'a castle.' Do you remember it, Allie? From that moment, dearest, I fell in love with you, and then and there determined, if you were willing, that I would prove your true knight. Will you marry me, Allie, and go to my castle with me?"

There was a smothered little sob; a quick glance up at his face, and then the girl whispered.

"Yes, Harry."

And Harry went away, next day, but came back before two months, and then Alice Bond went to live in her castle, which exceeded in beauty her wildest expectations.

WHITE CLOVER.

BY MAUD MEREDITH.

Only a little, lowly flower;
But the bee, that busy rover,
Gathers many a store of sweets,
From the modest, wee, white clover.

Lo! in the quiet walks of life,
Sometimes a song is given,
Just a tone, that our ears have caught
Of the melodies sung in heaven.

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THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY MRS. J. H. RIDDELL.

CHAPTER I.

MANY years ago there stood, in a remote part of London, a great, red brick mansion, which, one very wet evening in autumn, looked more than ordinarily desolate and deserted.

There was not a sign of life about it. For seven years no one had been found to live in it. For seven years it had remained empty, while its owner wore out existence in fits of moody dejection or of wild frenzy in the mad-house close at hand. Now that owner was dead, and buried, and forgotten, and the new owner, who had been in Australia for years, was returning to take possession. At the depot, he was met by his lawyer's clerk.

"Have you brought the keys?" he said. "I intend, as I wrote, 'to take possession at once.'"

The clerk coughed.

"I do not think—" he began, apologetically, and then stopped.

"You don't think what?" asked the other.

"You'll excuse me, sir, but I don't think—I really do not think if I were you, I'd stay in the house to-night."

"Why not?"

"Well, it has not been slept in for nearly seven years, and it must be blue mouldy with damp; and besides—"

"Besides—" suggested Mr. Stainton. "Out with it! No doubt, that 'besides' holds the marrow of the argument."

"The house has stood empty for years, sir, because—there is no use in making any secret of it—the place has a bad name."

"What sort of a bad name—unhealthy?"

"Oh, no!"

"Haunted?"

The clerk inclined his head. "You have hit it, sir," he said.

"And that is the reason no one has lived there?"

"We have been quite unable to let the house on that account."

"The sooner it gets unhaunted, then, the better," retorted Mr. Stainton. "I shall certainly stop there to-night. You are not disposed to stay and keep me company, I suppose?"

With a little gesture of dismay, the clerk drew back.

"I am very sorry," he stammered; "should only have felt too much honored; but the fact is—previous engagement—"

Mr. Stainton laughed.

"I understand," he said. "Adventures are quite as much out of your line as ghosts. And now tell me about this apparition. Does the 'old man' walk?"

"It is not an 'old man,' I believe."

"Then who on earth is it?" persisted Mr Stainton.

"If you must know, sir, it is a child—a child who has driven every tenant in succession out of the house."

The new owner burst into a hearty laugh.

"That is too good a joke," said Mr. Stainton. "I do not know when I heard anything so delicious."

"It is a fact, whether it be delicious or not," retorted the young man, half angrily; "and I, for one, would not, after all I have heard about your house, pass a night in it—no, not if anybody offered me fifty pounds down."

"Make your mind easy, my friend," said the new owner, quietly. "I am not going to bid for your company. The child and I can manage, I'll be bound, to get on comfortably by ourselves."

CHAPTER II.

IT was later on in the same evening. Mr. Stainton had, an hour previously, taken possession of the Haunted House, bidden Timpson's clerk good-evening, and, having ordered in wood and coals from the nearest greengrocer, he now stood by the front gate, waiting the coming of the goods he had purchased.

As he waited, he looked up at the house, which in the uncertain light of the street lamps, appeared gloomier and darker than had been the case, even in the gathering twilight.

"It has an 'uncanny' look, certainly," he considered; "but once I get a good fire up I shall be all right. Now, I wonder when those coals are coming!"

As he turned once again towards the road, he beheld, on its way, the sack of fuel with which the nearest greengrocer said he thought he could—indeed, said he would—"oblige" him.

"So you've come at last; that's right. Better late than never. Bring them this way; I'll have this small lot shot in the kitchen for the night."

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"Begging your pardon, sir," answered the porter. "I don't think you will—that is to say, not by me. As I told our governor, I'll take 'em to the house, as you've sold 'em to the house, but I won't set a foot inside it."

"Do you mean to say you are going to leave them out on the pavement?" asked Mr. Stainton.

"Well, sir, I don't mind taking them to the front door, if it'll be a convenience."

"That will do. You are a brave lot of people in these parts, I must say."

"As for that, I dare say we're as brave about here as where you come from."

"It is not impossible; there are plenty of cowards over there, too. But here," picking out a sixpence to give him, "it isn't your fault, I suppose, that you believe in old women's tales."

"Thank you kindly, sir. I am sure I am extremely obliged; but if I was in your shoes, I wouldn't stop in that house—you'll excuse me, sir, meaning no offence—but I wouldn't; indeed I wouldn't."

The new owner entered the house, and, striking a match, lighted some candles he had brought in with him, and after an inspection of the ground-floor rooms, decided to take up his quarters for the night in one which had evidently served as a library.

In the centre of this apartment there was a table covered with leather. Around the walls were bookcases. In one corner stood a bureau, where the man who, for so many years, had been dead, even while living, kept his letters and papers.

Mr. Stainton ate his frugal supper, and then began walking slowly up and down the room, thinking over the past and forming plans for the future. Buried in reflection, the fire began to die down without his noticing the fact; but a feeling of chilliness at length causing him instinctively to look towards the hearth, he threw wood into the grate, and, while the flames went blazing up the wide chimney, piled on coals as though he desired to set the house alight.

While he was so engaged, there came a knock at the door of the room—a feeble, hesitating knock, which was repeated more than once before it attracted his attention.

When it did, being still busy with the fire, and forgetting he was alone in the house, he called out, "Come in."

Along the panels there stole a rustling sort of touch, as if some one were feeling uncertainly for the handle—a curious noise, as of a weak hand fumbling about the door in the dark; then, in similar manner, the person seeking admittance tried to turn the lock.

"Come in, can't you?" repeated Mr. Stainton; but even as he spoke, he remembered he was, or ought to be, the sole occupant of the mansion. He was not alarmed; he had been too much accustomed to solitude and danger, out in the bush, for that; but he rose from his stooping position, and instinctively seized his revolver, which he had brought with him.

"Come in, whoever you are," he cried; but seeing the door still remained closed, though the intruder was evidently making futile efforts to open it, he strode half way across the room, and then stopped amazed.

For suddenly the door opened, and there entered, shyly and timidly, a little child—a child with the saddest face mortal ever beheld; a child with wistful eyes and long, ill-kept hair; a child poorly dressed, wasted and worn, and with the mournfullest expression on its countenance that face of child ever wore.

"What a hungry-looking little beggar," thought Mr. Stainton. "Well, young one, and what do you want here?" he added aloud.

The boy never answered, never took the slightest notice of his questioner, but simply walked slowly round the room, peering into all the corners, as if looking for something. Searching the embrasures of the windows, examining the recesses beside the fire-place, pausing on the hearth to glance under the library table, and finally, when the doorway was reached once more, turning round to survey the contents of the apartment with an eager and yet hopeless scrutiny.

"What *is* it you want, my boy?" asked Mr. Stainton, glancing as he spoke at the child's poor, thin legs, and short, shabby frock, and shoes wellnigh worn out. "Is it anything I can get for you?"

Not a word—not a whisper: only for reply a glance of the wistful, brown eyes.

"Where do you come from, and whom do you belong to?" persisted Mr. Stainton.

The child turned slowly away.

"Come, you shall not get off so easily," persisted the new owner, advancing towards his visitor. "You have no business to be here at all; and before you go, you must tell me how you chance to be in this house, and what you expected to find in this room."

He was close to the doorway by this time, and the child stood on the threshold, with its back towards him. Mr. Stainton could see every detail of the boy's attire—his little plaid frock, the hooks which fastened it; in one place, the skirt had given from the bodice, and a piece of thin, poor flannel showed that the child's under habiliments matched in shabbiness his exterior garments.

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"Poor little chap," thought Mr. Stainton. "I wonder if he would like something to eat. Are you hungry, my lad?"

The child turned, and looked at him, earnestly, but answered never a word.

"I wonder if he is dumb," marvelled Mr. Stainton; and, seeing he was moving away, put out a hand to detain him. But the child eluded his touch, and flitted into the hall, and up the wide staircase, with noiseless feet.

Only waiting to snatch a candle from one of the sconces, Mr. Stainton pursued as fast as he could follow. Up the easy steps he ran, at the top of his speed; but, fast as he went, the child went faster. Higher and higher he beheld the tiny creature mounting: then, still keeping the same distance between them, it turned when it reached the top story, and glided along a narrow corridor, with rooms opening off to right and left. At the extreme end of this passage a door stood ajar. Through this the child passed, Mr. Stainton still following.

"I have run you to earth, at last," he said, entering, and closing the door. "Why, where has the boy gone?" he added, holding the candle above his head, and gazing round the dingy garret in which he found himself.

The room was quite empty! He examined it closely, but could find no possible outlet save the door, and a skylight which had evidently not been opened for years. There was no furniture in the apartment, except a truckle bedstead, a rush-bottomed chair, and a rickety washstand. No wardrobe, or box, or press, where even a kitten might have lain concealed.

"It is very strange," muttered Mr. Stainton, as he turned away, baffled. "Very strange!" he repeated, while he walked along the corridor. "I don't understand it at all," he decided, proceeding slowly down the topmost flight of stairs; but there, all at once, he stopped.

"It is the child!" he exclaimed, aloud, and the sound of his own voice woke strange echoes through the silence of that desolate house. "It is the child!" and he descended the principal staircase, very slowly, with bowed head, and his grave, worn face graver, and more thoughtful, than ever.

CHAPTER III.

It was enough to make any man look grave; and, as time went on, the new owner of the old house found himself pondering continually as to what the mystery could be which attached to the child he had found in possession of his property, and who had already driven tenant after tenant out of the premises. Inclined, at first, to regard the clerk's story as a joke, and his own experience, on the night of his arrival, a delusion, it was impossible for him to continue incredulous when he found, even in broad daylight, that terrible child stealing down the staircase, and entering the rooms, looking, looking—for something it never found.

At bed and at board he had company, or the expectation of it. No apartment in the building was secure from intrusion. It did not matter where he lay, it did not matter where he ate; between sleeping and waking, between breakfast and dinner, whenever the notion seized it, the child came gliding in, looking, looking, looking, and never finding; not lingering longer than was necessary to be certain the object of its search was absent, but wandering hither and thither, from garret to kitchen, from parlor to bedchamber, in that quest, which still seemed fresh as when first begun.

Mr. Stainton went to his solicitors, as the most likely persons from whom to obtain information on the subject, and plunged at once into the matter.

"Who is the child supposed to be, Mr. Timpson?" he said, making no secret that he had seen it.

"Well, that is really very difficult to say," answered Mr. Timpson.

"There *was* a child once, I suppose—a real child—flesh and blood?"

Mr. Timpson took off his spectacles, and wiped them.

"There were two; yes, certainly, in the time of Mr. Felix Stainton—a boy and a girl."

"In that house?"

"In that house. They survived him."

"And what became of them?"

"The girl was adopted by a relation of her father's, and the—boy—died."

"Oh! the boy died, did he? Do you happen to know what he died of?"

"No, I really do not. There was nothing wrong about the affair, however; if that is what you are thinking of. There never was a hint of that sort."

Mr. Stainton sat silent for a minute; then he said:

"Mr. Timpson, I cannot shake off the idea that, somehow, there has been foul play with regard to those children. Who were they?"

"Felix Stainton's grandchildren. His daughter made a low marriage, and he cast her adrift. After her death, the two children were received at the old house upon sufferance—fed and clothed, I believe, that was all; and when the old man died, the heir-at-law permitted them to remain."

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"Alfred Stainton?"

"Yes; the unhappy man who became insane. His uncle died intestate, and he consequently succeeded to everything but the personalty, which was very small, and of which these children had a share."

"There never was any suspicion, you say, of foul play on the part of the late owner?"

"Dear, dear, no! quite the contrary."

"Then you cannot throw the least light on the mystery?"

"Not the least; I wish I could."

For all that, Mr. Stainton carried away an impression Mr. Timpson knew more of the matter than he cared to tell.

"There is a mystery behind it all," he considered. "I must learn more about these children. Perhaps they can tell me, at the public house, near; it has been there for fifty years." So to it he went.

"Do I know the Haunted House, sir?" said the tavern-keeper, repeating his visitor's question. "Well, yes, rather. Why, you might as well ask me, do I know the Pedlar's Arms. As boy and man, I can remember the old house for close on fifty years."

"Did you ever see anything of the boy and girl who were there, after Mr. Alfred succeeded to the property—Felix Stainton's grandchildren, I mean?"

"Well, sir, I may have seen the girl, but I can't bring it to my recollection: the boy I do remember, however. He came over two or three times, with Mrs. Toplis, who kept house for both Mr. Staintons, and I took notice of him, both because he looked so peaky and old-fashioned, and also on account of the talk about him."

"There was talk about him, then."

"Bless you, yes, sir; as much talk while he was living as since he died. Everybody thought he ought to have been the heir. But if you want to hear all about him, sir, Mrs. Toplis is the one to tell you. You cannot do better than go and see Mrs. Toplis, who will talk to you for hours about the time she lived at the House. I will give you the address."

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Stainton had expected to find Mrs. Toplis a decrepid crone, bowed with age, and racked with rheumatism, and it was, therefore, like a gleam of sunshine streaming across his path, to behold a woman, elderly, certainly, but carrying her years with ease, ruddy-cheeked, clear-eyed, upright as a dart, who welcomed him with respectful enthusiasm.

"And so you are Mr. Edgar, the son of the dear old captain," she said, after the first greetings and explanations were over, after she had wiped her eyes, and uttered many ejaculations of astonishment, and expressions of delight. "And so the house has come to you, sir? Well, I wish you joy. I hope you may have peace, and health, and happiness, and prosperity in it. And I don't see why you should not—no, indeed, sir."

Edgar Stainton sat silent, for a minute, thinking how he should best approach his subject.

"Mrs. Toplis," at last, he began, plunging into the very middle of the difficulty, "I want you to tell me all about it. I have come here on purpose to ask you what it all means."

The old woman covered her face with her hands, and he could see that she trembled violently.

"You need not be afraid to speak openly to me," he went on. "I am quite satisfied there was some great wrong done in the house, and I want to put it right, if it lies in my power to do so. I am a rich man. I was rich when the news of this inheritance reached me, and I would gladly give up the property, to-morrow, if I could only undo whatever may have been done amiss."

Mrs. Toplis shook her head.

"Ah! sir, you can't do that," she said. "Money can't bring back the dead to life; and, if it could, I doubt if even you would prove as good a friend to the poor child, sleeping in the churchyard yonder, as his Maker did, when He took him out of this troublesome world. It was just soul-rending to see the boy the last few months of his life. I can't bear to think of it, sir! Often, at night, I wake in a fright, fancying I still hear the patter, patter of his poor little feet upon the stair."

"Do you know, it is a curious thing, but he doesn't frighten me," said Mr. Stainton; "that is, when I am in the house; although when I am away from it, the recollection seems to dog every step I take."

"What?" cried Mrs. Toplis, "*have you then seen him, too?* There! what am I talking about? I hope, sir, you will forgive my foolishness."

"I see him constantly," was the calm reply.

"I wonder what it means!—I wonder what it can mean!" exclaimed the housekeeper, wringing her hands in dire perplexity and dismay.

"I do not know," answered the new owner, philosophically; "but I want you to help me to find out. I suppose you remember the children coming there at first?"

"Well, sir, well—they were poor Miss Mary's

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son and daughter. She ran away, you know, with a Mr. Fenton—made a very bad match; but I believe he was kind to her. They were brought to us, a shivering little pair. You never saw brother and sister so fond of one another—never. They were twins. But, Lor'! he was more like a father to the little girl than aught else. He'd have kept an apple a month, rather than eat it, unless she had half; and the same with all else. I think it was seeing that—watching the love they had, he for her, and she for him, coming upon them unsuspected, with their little arms round one another's necks—made the old gentleman alter his mind about leaving the place to Mr. Alfred; for he said to me, one day, thoughtful like, pointing to them, 'Wonderful fond, Toplis!' and I answered, 'Yes, sir; for all the world like the Babes in the Wood;' not thinking how lonely that meant—

"Shortly afterwards he took to his bed; and while he was lying there, no doubt, better thoughts came to him, for he used to talk about his wife and Miss Mary, and the captain, your father, sir, and ask if the children were gone to bed, and such like—things he never used to mention before.

"So when he made the will Mr. Quinance drew out, I was not surprised—no, not a bit. Though before that time, he always spoke of Mr. Alfred as his heir, and treated him as such."

"That will never was found," suggested Mr. Stainton, anxious to get at another portion of the narrative.

"Never, sir. We hunted for it high and low. Perhaps I wronged him, but I always thought Mr. Alfred knew what became of it. After the old gentleman's death, the children were treated shameful—shameful. I don't mean beaten, or such like; but half-starved and neglected. Mr. Alfred would not buy them proper clothes, and would not suffer them to wear decent things if anybody else bought them. It was just the same with their food. I didn't give them even a bit of bread-and-butter, unless it was on the sly; and, indeed, there was not much to give in that house. He turned regular miser.

"Well, sir, at last, when the little girl was about six years old, she fell sick, and we didn't think she would get over the illness. While she was about at her worst, Mrs. May, her father's sister, chanced to be stopping up in London, and, as Mr. Alfred refused to let a doctor inside his doors, she made no more ado, but wrapped the child up in blankets, sent for a cab, and carried her off to her own lodgings. Mr. Alfred made no objection to that. All he said, as she went through the hall, was:

"'If you take her now, remember, you must keep her.'

"'Very well,' she replied, 'I will keep her.'"

"And the boy? the boy?" cried Mr. Stainton, in an agony of impatience.

"I am coming to him, sir, if you please. He just dwined away after his sister and he were parted, and died in December, as she was taken in the July."

"What did he die of?"

"A broken heart, sir. It seems a queer thing to say about a child; but if ever a heart was broken his was. At first he was always going about the house looking for her, but towards the end, he used to go up to his room, and stay there all by himself. At last I wrote to Mrs. May, but she was ill when the letter got to her, and when she did come up he was dead. My word, she talked to Mr. Alfred! I never heard any one person say so much to another. She declared he had first cheated the boy of his inheritance, and then starved him to death; but that was not true, the child broke his heart fretting after his sister."

"Yes; and when he was dead."

"Sir, I don't like to speak of it, but as true as I am sitting here, the night he was put in his coffin he came pattering down, just as usual, looking, looking for his sister. I went straight up stairs, and, if I had not seen the little wasted body lying there, still and quiet, I must have thought he had come back to life. We were never without him afterwards, never; that, and nothing else, drove Mr. Alfred mad. He used to think he was fighting the child and killing it. When the worst fits were on him, he tried to trample it under foot, or crush it up in a corner, and then he would sob and cry, and pray for *it* to be taken away. I have heard he recovered a little before he died, and said his uncle told him there was a will, leaving all to the boy, but he never saw such a paper. Perhaps it was only talk, though, or that he was still raving."

CHAPTER V.

The next day, as Mr. Stainton was pruning the grimy evergreens in the front of the house, and chopping away at the undergrowth of weeds and couch grass which had, in the course of years, matted together beneath the shrubs, his attention was attracted to two ladies, who stood outside the great, iron gate, looking up at the house.

"It seems to be occupied now," remarked the elder, turning to her companion. "I suppose the new owner is going to live here. It appears just as dingy as ever; but you do not remember it, Mary."

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"I think I do," was the answer. "As I look, the place grows familiar to me. I recollect some of the rooms, I am sure, just like a dream, as I remember Georgie. What I would give to have a peep inside!"

At this juncture, the new owner emerged from amongst the bushes, and, opening the gate, asked if the ladies would like to look over the place.

The elder hesitated; whilst the younger whispered, "Oh, aunt, pray do!"

"Thank you," said Mrs. May to the stranger, whom she believed to be a gardener; "but perhaps Mr. Stainton might object."

"No. He wouldn't, I know," declared the the new owner. "You can go through the house if you wish. There is no one in it. Nobody lives there except myself."

"Taking charge, I suppose?" suggested Mrs. May, blandly.

"Something of that sort," he answered.

"I do not think he is a caretaker," said the girl, as she and her relative passed on.

"What do you suppose he is, then?"

"Mr. Stainton himself."

"Nonsense, child!" exclaimed Mrs. May, turning, nevertheless, to one of the windows, and casting a curious glance towards the new owner, who was now, his hands thrust deep in his pockets, walking idly up and down the drive.

After they had been all over the place, from hall to garret, with a peep into this room and a glance into that, Mrs. May found the man who puzzled her leaning against one of the pillars of the porch, waiting, apparently, for their reappearance.

"I am sure we are very much obliged to you," she began, with a certain hesitation.

"Pray do not mention it," he said.

"This young lady has sad associations connected with the house," Mrs. May proceeded, still doubtfully feeling her way.

He turned his eyes towards the girl for a moment, and, though her veil was down, saw she had been weeping.

"I surmised as much," he replied. "She is Miss Fenton, is she not?"

"Yes, certainly," was the answer; "and you are—"

"Edgar Stainton," said the new owner, holding out his hand.

"I am all alone here," he explained, after the first explanations were over. "But I can manage to give you a cup of tea. Pray do come in, and let me feel I am not entirely alone in England."

Only too well pleased, Mrs. May complied, and ten minutes later, the three were sitting around a fire, the blaze of which leapt and flickered upon the walls, and over the ceiling, casting bright lights on the dingy mirror, and the dark oak shelves.

"It is all coming back to me now," said the girl, softly, addressing her aunt. "Many an hour Georgie and I have sat on that hearth, seeing pictures in the fire."

But she did not see something which was even then standing close beside her, and which the new owner had witnessed approach.

It was the child! The child, searching about no longer for something it failed to find, but standing at the girl's side, still and motionless, with its eyes fixed upon her face, and its poor, wasted figure nestling amongst the folds of her dress.

"Thank heaven, she does not see it!" he thought, and drew his breath, relieved.

No, she did not see it—though its wan cheek touched her shoulder, though its thin hand rested on her arm, though through the long conversation which followed, it never moved from her side, nor turned its wistful eyes from her face.

When she went away—when she took her fresh, young beauty out of the house her presence seemed to gladden and light up—the child followed her to the threshold; and then, in an instant, it vanished, and Mr. Stainton watched for its flitting up the staircase all in vain.

But later on in the evening, when he was sitting alone beside the fire, with his eyes bent on the glowing coals, and perhaps seeing pictures there, as Mary said she and her brother had done, in their lonely childhood, he felt conscious, even without looking round, that the boy was there once again.

And when he fell to thinking of the long, long years during which the dead child had kept faithful and weary watch for his sister, searching through the empty rooms for one who never came, and then bethought him of the sister, to whom her dead brother had become but the vaguest of memories, of the summers and winters during the course of which she had probably forgotten him altogether, he sighed deeply—he heard his sigh echoed behind him in the merest, faintest whisper.

More, when he, thinking deeply about his newly found relative, and trying to recall each feature in her face, each tone of her voice, found it impossible to dissociate the girl grown to womanhood from the child he had pictured to himself as wandering about the old house, in company with her twin-brother, their arms twined together, their thoughts one, their sorrows one, their poor pleasures one—he felt a touch on

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his hand, and knew the boy was beside him, looking with wistful eyes into the firelight, too.

But when he turned, he saw that sadness clouded those eyes no longer. She was found; the lost had come again to meet a living friend on the once desolate hearth, and up and down the wide, desolate staircase those weary little feet pattered no more.

The quest was over, the search ended; into the darksome corners of that dreary house the child's glance peered no longer.

She was come! Through years he had kept faithful watch for her, but the waiting was ended now.

CHAPTER VI.

Before long there were changes in the old house. Once again Mrs. Toplis reigned there, but this time with servants under her—with maids she could scold, and lads she could harass.

The larder was well plenished, the cellars sufficiently stocked; windows formerly closely shuttered, now stood open to admit the air; and on the drive grass grew no longer—too many footsteps passed that way for weeds to flourish.

In Mr. May's house, up the Clapham road, all was excitement, for the whole of the family—father, mother, grown-up sons and daughters—girls still in short frocks, and boys in round jackets—were going to spend the evening with their newly-found cousin, whom they had adopted as a relation, with an unanimity as rare as charming.

Cousin Mary also was going. She had got a new dress for the occasion, and was having her hair done up in a specially effective manner by Crissie May, when the toilette proceedings were interrupted by half a dozen young voices announcing:

"A gentleman in the parlor wants to see you, Mary. Pa says you are to make haste, and come down immediately."

Obediently, Mary made haste, as bidden, and descended to the parlor, to find there the clerk from Timpson's, who had met Stainton on his arrival in London.

His business was simple, but important. He was the bearer of a letter announcing to Miss Fenton that the will of Mr. Felix Stainton had been found, and that under it she was entitled to the interest of ten thousand pounds, secured upon the houses in Stainton street.

"Oh, aunt! oh, uncle! how rich we shall be!" cried the girl, running off to tell her cousins.

But the uncle and aunt looked grave. They were wondering how this will might affect Edgar Stainton.

While they were still talking it over, Mr. Edgar Stainton himself arrived.

"That is all right!" he said, in answer to their questions. "I found the will in the room where Felix Stainton died. The ancient house and all the freeholds were left to the poor little chap who died, chargeable with Mary's ten thousand pounds, five hundred to Mrs. Toplis, and a few other legacies. Failing George, the property was to come to me. I have been to Quinance's successor, and found out that the old man and Alfred had a grievous quarrel, and that, in consequence, he determined to cut him off altogether. Where is Mary? I want to wish her joy."

Mary was in the little conservatory, searching for a rose to put in her pretty brown hair.

He went straight to her, and said:

"Mary, dear, you have had one gift to-night, and I want you to take another with it."

"What is it, cousin Edgar?" she asked.

But when she looked in his face, she must have guessed his meaning, for she drooped her head, and began pulling her sweet rose to pieces.

He took the flower, and with it her finger; no words were needed; they knew they were loved and beloved.

They all spent a very happy evening in the old house.

Once, after they were married, when he was standing close beside her, in the familar room, Edgar Stainton saw the child looking at them.

There was no sorrow or yearning in its eyes, as he gazed—only a great peace, a calm which seemed to fill and light them up with an exquisite beauty.

THE DESERTED GARDEN.

BY MRS. D. PIDSLEY.

The gate is hanging by one hinge,
The latch is broken, too;
The grass grows rank upon the bank,
Where once the woodbine grew.

The dial is overgrown with weeds,
Gay flow'rs no longer bloom;
And everywhere there is an air
Of solitude and gloom.

Some lives are like a garden fair,
Filled with the choicest flowers;
And some are bleak and desolate,
Like these neglected bowers.

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LITTLE MOCCASIN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 365.

PART II.

NEARLY a year went by. There would be nothing to interest you in the records of that season; it was only the old, old story of toil and suffering—both borne by my darling with a serene patience, which I was too worn and feeble to emulate. Nay, at times, her very fortitude rendered me more rebellious against destiny, more bitter and hard towards the man who had brought such trouble into her life.

We travelled, we worked, and my little girl's reputation increased so greatly, that at length a New York manager sent an agent out west, to pronounce judgment upon her abilities; and the verdict was so favorable, that she received the offer of an excellent engagement for the ensuing autumn; but she refused.

"Nothing of the kind can be thought of, at present," she said. "It is already spring. If I were to leave the company next October, it must break up—and what would become of one-half of our people? No, no; time enough to think of such an opening five years hence! I am very young, and I have a great deal to learn—it is much better for me to wait."

I had nothing to urge against her decision. I knew she was right, though naturally I hated to have her throw away the chance of speedy fame and fortune, which I felt confident the proposal held for her.

"But it is only a *chance*, uncle," she said, "and suppose I failed—where should I be then? I shouldn't deserve success, if I began by doing a wrong to others. Besides, I'm ever so much happier with the dear old company, than I should be blazing into a star of the first magnitude among strangers."

Of course all our companions knew of the offer, and the elderly people had begun to think with a shiver of what was to become of them, in case Fanny accepted it—and could any sane creature expect her to refuse? You can imagine how the whole troop felt, when her decision was announced. They had loved her fondly enough before, but after that I am afraid the excitable creatures' feeling towards her was idolatry rather than affection, and I must admit that silly old Flummery set them the example. We went to fulfil an engagement in a large, southwestern city. When we had played there a fortnight, we were all in a great state of excitement, over a benefit my girl was to take—a luxury in which she seldom indulged, having a habit of giving up her turn to some one of the oldest members of our flock. Fanny and I were sitting in my bedroom one afternoon. On the next night but two the important event was to come off; a great many seats had already been secured; and we were anticipating a brilliant triumph.

I had managed to take cold. I was growing a useless cumberer of the ground, oh, so fast! and was obliged to nurse myself a little for fear I might not be able to play on *the* evening, which would have been a disappointment difficult to support, both to my darling and to me.

So, after our early dinner, I lay down on my bed, and Fanny sat beside me, reading a new novel, aloud; for—if I must admit another of my weaknesses—I have been, all my life, an insatiable devourer of romances.

We were interrupted by a tremendous knock at the door, and before either of us could speak, the woman with whom we lodged dashed in upon us. She usually contrived to be in a terrible state of excitement about something, but on this occasion her bustle and hurry were so great, that her entrance really made one think of a whirlwind.

"Lands sake, Miss Moccasin!" she exclaimed, breathlessly, handing Fanny a card. "Mercy on us, you *have* got a visitor, this time, and no mistake! Such a topping madam—rigged out as if store-clothes was to be had for the asking! And the parlor down stairs all t'other end up, for we're cleanin'—and she in an awful to do to see you—and alone. She was most partic'lar—alone!"

Fanny looked at the card, grew a little pale, but said, calmly:

"Show the lady up stairs, into my uncle's sitting-room, if you please."

As the woman disappeared (having knocked over two chairs before she accomplished her exit), Fanny held the bit of pasteboard, which smelled like a perfumer's shop, so that I could read the name engraved thereon:

MRS. HOWARD MIDDLETON OAKFORD.

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"His mother!" I exclaimed.

"His mother, I suppose," she repeated, very quietly.

A score of wi'd, disconnected thoughts flashed through my mind, and before I knew what I was saying, I cried out.

"Oh, my darling, if it should be good news!"

I could have bitten my tongue out as soon as the words were uttered, so angry was I with my own folly. Fanny only shook her head, and smiled. Ah, I can fancy that brave men, who fall in battle, might wear a smile like that which crossed her lips, as she bent forward and kissed my cheek.

I got off the bed, almost unconsciously. Suddenly my old legs began to tremble, and I dropped into the nearest chair.

"Sit still, dear," Fanny said; "I will leave the door partly open—I want you to hear. Whatever brings her—whatever she has come to say, you must hear."

A dread seized me that this strange, unexpected visit would only be the bringing of fresh pain to my darling—some new blow that inexorable destiny meant to deal.

"I wouldn't see her!" I exclaimed. "Let her go away—let me tell her we want nobody of that name to intrude upon us!"

But the soft, caressing touch of Fanny's hand, on my forehead, calmed my absurd passion, in an instant. The perfect composure of her face made me a little ashamed, too, of the ebullition.

"What an old fool I am!" I ejaculated.

Fanny held up a warning finger. The door of my sitting-room, which led into the passage, opened noisily, and, in an instant, we heard our landlady shouting, as if through a ship's trumpet:

"Walk in, ma'am—walk right in! Oh, Miss Moccasin—*Miss* Moccasin, hurry up, do!"

Fanny moved forward, paused upon the threshold of the adjoining apartment, bowed to her visitor, and dismissed the landlady with a gesture of her hand. Being an actress, you would probably have said she was making a "point;" had she been a duchess, you would have styled her manner that of a great lady, "to her very finger-tips," as the French people say.

The woman disappeared, with a final squeak. Fanny walked slowly on, and confronted the stranger, who was standing in the centre of the room. I could see everything that passed reflected in a large mirror, which hung over my chimney, though I was completely concealed from view.

Fifty, perhaps, this visitor. She was dressed in the superlatively elegant fashion for which American women are world-famous. Her face was so skilfully made up, that, under her white veil, it would have looked positively youthful to a casual observer; but my actor's gaze went straight through paint and disguises, to the crowsfeet beneath the cold, cruel eyes, and to the pinched, worn lines about the haughty, discontented mouth. A handsome woman, in spite of her expression; of stately presence, too, notwithstanding her insolently arrogant bearing; but nothing in her countenance to remind one of the proud, eager face of her son, which had brought such trouble to my darling.

Fanny broke the silence by saying:

"You wished to see me, madam?"

"Miss Moccasin?" returned the visitor, in a questioning tone. I could see that she was trying to conceal a certain uneasiness, under an affectation of languid ease and superiority. "Miss Moccasin?"

"Mrs. Oakford," replied Fanny, again bowing. But there was no interrogation in her voice. It held a stern inflection, audible to my ears, which would have warned the guest, had she known my girl as I did, that it would be wise to ponder well every word she might have come to utter; and the instant I saw her, and heard her speak, I knew that the errand which brought her was neither an easy or pleasant matter.

"I have ventured to trespass upon your time," she continued, and her intonation grew softer and falser with each syllable. "You will excuse me, I trust, if the hour is ill-chosen—I know that in your line of life, time is valuable."

"I have no doubt the reason for your visit will be more than sufficient excuse," Fanny replied, suavely. "May I ask you to be seated?"

The lady sank languidly into the arm-chair, to which Fanny pointed, and my girl sat down opposite. As they were placed, Fanny's profile and the visitor's full face were visible to me.

The stranger smelled at a jewel-studded scent-bottle, with an air expressive of physical delicacy; then pretended to catch the chatelaine to which it was attached, in the lace that bordered her sleeve; and had to pause to extricate it. She tried hard to appear at once haughty, affable and insolent, but I was accustomed to stage tricks, and saw that she was glad of any pretence at occupation.

Fanny sat silent, waiting for her visitor to speak again, and after a second whiff of her vinaigrette, the latter continued:

"You know my name, of course."

"It was on your card," returned Fanny.

I think her perfect composure, so evidently unfeigned, irritated the woman, who said, sharply:

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"You knew that I was Charles Oakford's mother."

"I could not know it, until you told me—it seems almost impossible, even after your telling me so."

Fanny spoke in a slow, smooth voice.

The woman bridled and smiled. Positively, she was such an utter idiot, that she thought Fanny intended a compliment!

"Ah, many people say the same!" returned she, with a little, weak laugh; "but I am—I really am—that great, big boy's mother."

Fanny brought her out of her smiling complacency, by inquiring, with cold, ceremonious politeness:

"And may I ask to what I owe the honor of a visit from Mr. Charles Oakford's mother?"

The woman was angry again. She tried a second laugh, but her voice was very vicious, as she replied:

"Ah, you are a practical person, Miss—Moccasin! So am I—we shall get on admirably, I perceive! I came, hoping to find you such—so nice of you to put me at once at my ease!"

"If assuring you that I am very practical will have that effect, you may rest quite tranquil," said Fanny, smiling. "No doubt you are in haste. As you were kind enough to remember, my time is valuable, because I have to work; please tell me your business."

"Ah, now—how right I was! The very word you choose is exactly *the* word! So sensible—really charming!" sighed the visitor, and essayed her scent-bottle the third time. "Then I throw myself on your great—your very great, I am sure—practical sense! I go at once, as the French say, *au milieu*—but pardon—perhaps you do not understand that delicious language!"

"Enough," said Fanny, "to understand that you mean to tell me, clearly and without delay, the reason of this visit."

The girl was a thousand times the woman's match at every turn; and I could see that the latter felt it, and was furious.

"So I will," returned she, subduing her irritation, and trying to behave like a person whose nature was so open and frank, that concealment or roundabout speaking was beyond her powers. "I need only tell you that I know all about that little—what shall I call it?—tenderness—in California. Now, my *dear* Miss Moccasin, it was over, of course, long ago, where you were concerned—you are so eminently practical, I am sure of that—was never more than pastime, in fact. Dear me, as if you could be troubled remembering all the nonsense young men will talk to—to—in short—you understand!"

"Go on, if you please," said Fanny, as the woman paused.

"Over with him, too—ages ago—dear me, why should I not yield to my impulses, and be frank? You didn't want the poor fellow to suffer—no, no! You are a practical woman—not a flirt—and—and—"

"Thanks for your good opinion," said Fanny, as the other again left her sentence unfinished. "Still, you must pardon me for saying that I do not yet understand the motive of this interview."

"Over with you," pursued madam, smiling and nodding; "over with him, too! Well, the truth was, soon after his return from those out-of-the-way regions—(I am sure they are quite heavenly, Miss Moccasin!)—he fell in love with a young lady who had just been left my ward. Then he was ill; then we went Europe. Before that, he told me the story—asked the way out. Do you follow me, dear Miss Moccasin?"

"Perfectly," Fanny replied.

"Time and silence," said I; "my very words, I assure you! I declare, when I think of him, and look at you, I feel as if the speech had been inspired—really, I do! The matter ended of itself, for both of you. Ah, dreams and fancies, dreams and fancies—young men will have so many!"

"Still, I am puzzled," Fanny said, her voice as unmoved as ever. "This visit with which you have honored me—"

"Ha, ha! Practical—keeps me to the point—quite right—quite!" she hurried on, affecting to laugh. "The truth is—we don't know how—some ill-natured wretch told Julie—told my ward—gave a false coloring, in fact, to all that happened in California, and though she loves him, she will be certain there never was anything serious—as he swears—as there was not, of course—"

"And so?" for again the woman paused.

"And so, I come to you. Business providentially brought me here; I find you in the town. What is my duty? Plain. I throw myself on your generosity. You, dear Miss Moccasin, can comprehend my feelings. You, so gifted—really a marvel—I saw you play, last night, and was quite impressed, I do assure you—*quite!*"

"Still, in spite of my gifts, I must confess that it will be necessary for you to speak more plainly," returned Fanny. "You may do so, without hesitation—at least, I can assure you of that."

"You dear creature! So practical; so ingenuous!"

"Pardon," said Fanny, laughing; "not that last word; you forget I am an actress."

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"I declare, this visit will be an era!" cried her guest, laughing, too. "Why, I can speak as frankly as if we were sisters! I am all soul and—"

"Practical, however," suggested Fanny.

"Just so—and you the same."

"And the object of our interview?"

"Ah, yes; you bring me back! Well, poor boy, he is all soul, too—"

"But not practical," added Fanny.

"Ha, ha! Really, like a comedy; oh, you are a marvel!" simpered the woman, but all the same it was evident she began to be afraid again. She continued, desperately: "If you will write a little note, saying that you and Charles were mere acquaintances—just to content my ward, you perceive! It would be such a favor; my son would appreciate your kindness so much. Difficult for him to ask, of course; so when I wrote him you were here, he begged me to arrange the matter—do you see?"

"Perfectly," said Fanny, and now she smiled, and looked so sweet, that even a keener person than her guest might have been deceived.

"You *dear* creature!" the lady exclaimed, and laid her hand on Fanny's arm.

"Is that all?" asked Fanny, with a strange smile.

"Why—only—now, between ourselves, we may speak freely—"

"Having souls and being practical!"

"Perfect! How admirably you express it!" cried the other. "Now will you write the note? I need not suggest—I am sure you know just what I want."

"I think so," said Fanny, looking full in the speaker's face.

The woman gave another of her frightened shivers, then she added, still laughing, but with an undisguised menace in her voice:

"Do you know it is *such* a comfort to my feelings, (I have always been too sensitive; quite the bane of my life,) to find you just what you are—so charming, so straightforward, so clear-headed."

"You flatter me," said Fanny.

"No, no—believe me—no! With a different kind of person—coarser in mould, you know, than you and I—other influences might have been necessary."

"What?" Fanny asked.

"Oh, you can fancy!" sniffing her salts, smiling—with that menace in her voice repeated now in her cold, hard eyes. "I might, if you had been unlike your delightful self, have been forced to say quite harsh things; you can understand."

"Used threats," said Fanny.

"Oh, no—never! Only have reminded the person that it might not be quite safe for her to thwart—that is, to—"

"I understand. You would have reminded me that I, being a poor actress, and you a rich, influential woman, you could hurt me terribly, if I did not do what you desired."

"You put it so strongly; oh, you are so practical!" cooed the lady. "No, no, I *could* not have said it in that way. Still I might have been obliged to use a little coercion. I am rich—I am influential. Well, that is no matter; you are so perfectly delightful; you meet me so frankly; where were we?"

"You were speaking of a note you wished me to write."

"Just so! My dear young lady, I am so attracted towards you! Do you know, under other circumstances, I could almost regret that the little romance had died—ha, ha! died a natural death; but we must not murmur against the decrees of Providence."

The creature thought herself so sure of gaining her point, Fanny's manner had so completely deceived her, that, no doubt, in her triumphal exultation, she found it impossible to repress this last bit of insolence; but my girl bore it with a smile on her lips.

The woman put her hand into the pocket of her dress, and drew out an envelope. She laughed—she shivered, all in a breath; she went on speaking:

"What was I saying? Yes—both being practical. Now see!" (holding up the envelope.) "The question naturally rises in the mind of a practical person, on your part, why for nothing? Of course—and on mine, just as naturally, comes the answer—certainly not! *Dear* Miss Moccasin, I had such a presentiment that I should find you what you really are, the most delightful, most sensible girl in the world, that—that I made out this little checque to your order—three thousand dollars—"

She was interrupted by Fanny, who slowly rose, deliberately crossed the room, and rang the bell.

"My dear Miss Moccasin!" exclaimed the woman; but before she could add another word, the landlady opened the door.

"Show Mrs. Oakford down stairs," said Fanny, quietly.

For an instant, the visitor stood as if transfixed. Then she rose, and all the malice and wickedness of her nature broke out, in her suddenly haggard face and evil eyes.

"Of course, I'll help the lady!" cried the

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lodging-house woman, dancing wildly about. "Didn't notice she was lame nor nothin'. Lands sake, ma'am, take my arm! Is it rheumatiz? Oh, well, when a body gets on in life, it will come."

Slowly Fanny moved forward. Slowly the guest retreated before the gaze of those eyes, whose fires might have scorched her very soul, if she had possessed one. Near the door, Mrs. Oakford paused, gathered up a little desperate bravado, and hissed out:

"I will still give you time—"

"Show Mrs. Oakford down stairs," interrupted Fanny.

"Why, to be sure!" shrieked the landlady, dancing at her again. "Why, come right on, ma'am—they ain't steep. Is it your left limb, that's onsartin? Why, come right along."

The door closed upon the discomfited woman; Fanny passed at once into her own room.

I do not know if there are people to whom it will seem unnatural, but between Fanny and myself not a syllable was exchanged in regard to the occurrence; to me it would appear equally unnatural that we could have spoken of the intruder, and the insult she had brought in her shameless hands to offer my darling.

The next day passed—the second came; that evening was my Fanny's benefit. We were to play, for the first time during our engagement, the piece which she had written; it contained a capital part for me, written expressly to suit my abilities, such as they were, and I would not give up the idea of appearing, though I was obliged to take great care of myself, in the meantime, lest the slightest imprudence should increase my cold.

I did not leave the house, until it was time to go to the theatre, and once arrived, I went immediately to my dressing-room; there could be nothing for me to attend to, as Fanny had superintended the mounting of the play.

After I had completed my toilet, I sat down to rest. Now that I found leisure to notice, it appeared to me that the audience was very noisy and impatient, whereat I wondered a little, as it still lacked a full quarter of an hour before the time announced for the rising of the curtain. Then I heard the orchestra rung in, and a few minutes after, somebody knocked at my door. I supposed it was Fanny, come to make sure that I did not find myself tired in advance; but when I called out, "come in," Jem Duffy entered, instead of my little girl.

"Not dressed yet?" said I, seeing that he wore his ordinary costume. "Ah, you don't come in till the second act! And how are you, old Jem? I've not seen you for two days."

"Little Moccasin said you ought to keep perfectly quiet," he answered, "and anyway, I've not been quite well, either."

Now that I looked at him, I saw he was pale.

"Nothing serious, I hope," I said. "We must all do our best, to-night, for our little girl's sake. Higgins tells me there's a splendid house."

"Full to the doors," returned Jem.

I rubbed my hands together, and laughed; I can remember doing it, and remember how disturbed Jem's face grew, as he watched me, but for the moment, I paid no attention.

"She's a great favorite already," I continued; "but it's nothing, compared to what she will be, after they have seen her in this piece."

Jem made no answer—indeed, he had no opportunity, for just then, above the crash of the orchestra, rose such a din of stampings, hisses and cat-calls, that I was startled, and exclaimed:

"What a dreadful row they are making."

"They are," said Jem, and something in his voice warned me that the noise was not caused by simple impatience, as I had supposed.

"What's the matter?" I asked, still not really concerned. "There's been no election, nor anything of that sort."

"No," said Jim.

"Well, we can't have offended them in any way, so we have nothing to be anxious about—"

I could get no further; a fresh storm of stampings and hisses rose, louder and more dreadful than before.

"My God!" I heard Jem mutter.

I looked at him closer now; he was white to the very lips, and shaking from head to foot. The tumult *did* concern us—there was trouble at hand!

"What is it?" I cried. "Don't waste words—out with the whole—you know I can bear anything, except suspense!"

Jem tried to speak, but the words died in a sob. He fumbled in his pockets, pulled out two newspapers, unfolded them, one after another, and held them so I could read in turn the paragraphs to which he pointed.

"The first appeared yesterday; but this is the worst—that's in to-day's," I heard Jem saying.

The journals contained two most infamous attacks on my poor little Moccasin; an utterly false account of a quarrel she had caused between two men, in San Francisco; assertions that, owing to her conduct, we had been forced secretly to get away from there, in order to escape the vengeance of a righteously indignant population; a warning that no talent would enable such a woman to make herself tolerated by the virtuous public of the town; winding up with a declara-

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tion that the newspaper made this statement from a sense of duty—it was the organ of morality, and bound to open the eyes of its patrons to these terrible facts.

I stood dazed—stunned! It was plain enough from what quarter the blow had really come; that woman had fulfilled her threat!

Then I heard Jem speaking again:

"The house is packed—they mean to hiss her off."

"Why didn't you tell me, yesterday?" I asked.

"You see, that wasn't so bad; we didn't suppose any harm could come, and she wasn't playing, last night. It's some personal enemy; but who? They've stirred up all the rowdies of the town. There are plenty of respectable people got seats; but they'll just clear out, you know, if there's much row, and leave us to face it the best we can."

Here Jem broke down, and began to cry—his usual resource just at a time when tears became a special aggravation.

"Shut up your howling, you old fool!" I growled. "Where is Little Moccasin?" I asked.

"In her dressing-room—nobody has told her."

"Mind that nobody does! By the Lord, if she hears a word, till after the play, I'll break up the company, to-morrow morning, and leave you all to starve!" and away I dashed.

"What are you going to do?" called Jem.

"Come on, and you'll see," I answered.

I rushed away down the stage. Our people were scattered about, pale and frightened—some of the women crying. Everybody turned towards me as I appeared.

"Up with the curtain!" I ordered.

Slowly the great drop lifted, disclosing the crowded house. People in the boxes and dress-circle had already begun to depart; they paused as the curtain rose. The noise stopped gradually; the orchestra ceased playing. The silence grew complete, as I walked on down to the foot-lights, and confronted the rows of eager, expectant faces.

I had no idea what I meant to say. A sudden fright came over me. Then the opening of the door of one of the stage-boxes made me glance in that direction; a party of people had just entered—that woman, Mrs. Oakford, was taking the principal seat.

My head stopped whirling.

I began to speak. At first, there were a few hisses; but I went on resolutely; they died quickly. I don't know what words I used. I told them what Miss Moccasin was to us; what she had been, from the days when, in her childhood, her talents were brought to our aid. I described her as she was, the guardian angel of a lot of hard-working people. I told it as briefly and as forcibly as I could, giving the real account of the trouble in San Francisco; of the sympathy and admiration she had received there—facts which could easily be verified; then I cried:

"Will you let a girl like this be hissed? Is there a man with a heart in his bosom—a woman who has a mother or daughter—but will be on her side?"

When I finished, the pit rose like one man, and such a shout for Miss Moccasin, as went up to the roof, you never heard, unless you have seen a crowd bent on mischief suddenly turned from its purpose, and determined to make an idol of the person it was ready, a moment before, to tear in pieces.

The people caught sight of the editor of the newspaper, as he was trying to slink out of the house. I must use an expressive Californianism to describe just what happened—the smooth, even rush of the pit: "They went for him!" He gained the stage, and we hid him. I went out a second time to tell the audience that the paragraphs had been inserted without his knowledge—that he had been absent. I think it was a lie, but good Lord, I didn't want to see the miserable creature killed! Then I said:

"Will you have us play for you, or will you take back your money at the doors?"

Such a shout as went up again! it was like the roar of the ocean in a storm. I glanced towards the box where that infamous woman sat. I saw her crouching at the back in violent hysterics, and her companion too much terrified in watching the house, to help her. This neglect, and the fright she had undergone, would be exactly the sort of punishment she could feel. I must say that I was gratified.

I hurried away. The first person I met behind the scenes was Fanny.

"Oh, my God!" I exclaimed. "You heard?"

"Hush!" she answered, smiling, her great eyes ablaze with courage and strength. I caught her in my arms; she kissed me, pushed me gently away, and added: "Ring up the curtain, uncle. Little Moccasin is ready!"

The opening scene discovered us both upon the stage. Whether I spoke an audible word, for the first ten minutes, I think very doubtful; but oh, how her voice rang out! how she looked!

I need not bother you with the plot of the piece. Oddly enough, in a way, it suited the case we were in. In the introductory scene, emissaries came to the heroine, to offer her money to give up the proofs of her mother's mar-

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riage, with the oldest son of a noble family. The parents were dead; the girl in the midst of hunger and want. If she would only relinquish certain papers—save the proud old French family from the possibility of the truth becoming known—she should be made rich. She refused the offer; drove out the messengers, who roused the village against her, as an impostor and a shameless woman.

No matter how my girl had filled her part, on that eventful night, she would have received applause. But she played like an inspired creature—she inspired the rest of us. There were moments when she made that house still as death; you might almost have heard a pin drop! Positively, once, when a footlight, turned too high, caused the glass to break with a sharp crack, a shiver went through the whole audience! I am not afraid to say it—I believe that, in the history of the stage, there never was anything more marvellous seen, than the sympathy of the audience and the passion of the actors. Long before the play was over, Mrs. Oakford had disappeared. As soon as she had recovered sufficiently, after my speech, she had slunk, with her companion, from the house. She had come in triumph: she departed in defeat. Never was a Nemesis more perfect or more deserved.

When the play had ended, and we were ready to go home, we found the city firemen outside the stage-door with a carriage, and half the population gathered there, too. They put my girl into the barouche in spite of herself, and when she called pleadingly to me, they placed me beside her; and they dragged us through the principal streets of the town, shouting and hurrahing like so many madmen.

We reached our lodgings; I tried to speak some words of thanks for my darling, but I choked and broke down; and when she found I could not finish, she stood up in the carriage, and leaned her hand on my shoulder; and this was what she said:

"If I had a thousand hearts, and they could all speak at once, they could not express what my heart feels, so I can only say to you, in the words of the immortal Master,

> "'Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks:
> And yet I thank you.'"

Then she stepped out of the carriage, and entered the house, and I followed. After another triple shout, which seemed to shake the very walls, the crowd dispersed.

We mounted the stairs, without exchanging a syllable. She was sobbing now as unrestrainedly as I. We entered our sitting-room. Up from the sofa started a woman, and in another instant, Charles Oakford's mother was kneeling at my darling's feet.

"Have mercy on me—have mercy!" she groaned. "He has come—my son—he came into the theatre! He will be here—I got away, to see you first—oh, if you tell him, he will curse me—and I love him—my boy—my boy!"

"Please to get up," Fanny said; "don't be afraid."

"Oh, you don't know—he has brought such news!" sobbed the wretched creature. "How could I tell, or dream—oh—oh!" At this instant the outer door-bell rang, sharply. "He has come!" she shrieked. "Wait. Save me! What I told you was a lie. He loves you—I wanted to separate you—I did it all—forgive me—forgive me!"

"Hush, hush!" said Fanny, and as she spoke, raised the suppliant, drew her on into my bedroom, and shut her in there, adding, "Do not be afraid; you have no reason."

Another moment, and the passage door opened, and Charles Oakford stood before us.

He looked—well, if a three days' corpse could come to life, I think it might look as he did! Fanny caught my hand; we stood quite still, gazing at him. He did not stop for either excuse or salutation; he said, abruptly, in a slow, difficult voice, keeping his eyes fastened upon my darling:

"I reached here, an hour ago—I witnessed the close of your triumph—I come to bring you another. Your name is Livingston—your father was my mother's cousin, and the fortune, which my mother has believed hers, belongs to you, as his heiress. I hope you are content, and I beg to offer you my congratulations."

He staggered back against the wall, and stood silent.

"Not content yet," Fanny answered, dropping my hand, and moving a step forward. "Not yet! Why did you wait for a year, to bring, or send—this news, or any other?"

"Did you think I would write, after you sent me that dreadful telegram—telling me all was over; that you would never see me again? I went to Europe, loving you—I came back, loving you! Nothing but the discovery I have made would bring me here. Now, before we part forever, I have a right to ask you why you brought this ruin on my life—why—"

"Be still," Fanny interrupted. "Do not dare to doubt me now, or life will not be long enough to hold your regret."

She turned away, and entered the bedroom. Oakford flung himself into a chair, and covered his face with his hands. He had travelled days

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and nights, without rest or sleep, and this meeting had exhausted his last strength.

I heard Fanny address the mother. I heard the latter's answer:

"Don't betray me—don't betray me!" she moaned.

"Take care, or you will betray yourself," Fanny said. "Go to him—tell him it was all some wicked fabrication—that you had been to see me, and we had reached an explanation."

Then she led the trembling woman into the room.

"My boy, my boy!" Mrs. Oakford groaned.

"Mother!" cried Charles, in amazement. "You here!"

"Wait—I couldn't tell you, in the theatre—I had seen Fanny; she never sent that telegram; she loves you—"

"We wanted to give you a surprise," I added, as her voice failed

"A surprise," the miserable woman echoed, and slipped slowly forward into her son's arms—she had fainted away.

Charles had at once recognized the picture I had showed him in California. A fac-simile of the miniature was in his mother's possession—the portrait of her cousin, Lawrence Livingston, who had perished in the steamboat disaster, of which I had told Charles, adding that Fanny's father was one of the victims.

Oakford's long illness, and necessary absence, had prevented his following up the clue, until the last few weeks; but he had discovered all the proofs, even to the evidence of the clergyman, lately returned from China, after an absence of many years, who had performed the marriage ceremony.

Livingston, unjustly suspected by his uncle of treachery in regard to money matters, had left home, dropped his family name, and hidden himself so carefully, that no trace of him could be found. The uncle died only a few days after learning Lawrence's whereabouts; but he had, sometime before, become convinced of his nephew's innocence, and had made a will in his favor, the fortune reverting to Mrs. Oakford only because Lawrence was supposed to have left no heirs.

Happy people are seldom suspicious. It was easy enough to keep Charles from suspecting that his mother had intercepted his and Fanny's letters, and caused the telegram to be sent in my girl's name.

The young couple were married within a month. Not long after, Mrs. Oakford married, also—a foreigner, twenty years younger than herself, who believed the fortune still hers. She lives in Italy, and Fanny makes her an allowance, so large that she would be a rich woman yet, if her handsome husband had not a perfect insanity for gambling, though they tell me that, otherwise, he is sufficiently kind to her.

The company is dispersed. Every creature that belonged to it is doing well. Fanny provides for those who are too old or infirm to pursue their profession. I live in the beautiful country-house where the husband and wife spend the greater portion of each year, and I think I am the happiest old man alive.

And Charles and Fanny? Ah, well, life is one long honey-moon to them, thank God!

A BOON.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

THE mortals cry out ceaselessly for blessings,
Yea! night and day I hear their prayers arise;
To you, oh, gods, they lift up hands beseeching—
The whole round earth is shuddering with their sighs.

They cry for wealth, for fame, for hollow glory;
For youth, that left them long ago forlorn.
They cry for all of love's sweet, madd'ning story;
And you, oh, gods, look down on them with scorn.

With tears and prayers they send up their petitions,
These mortals, grovelling in the earth's foul dust;
These mortals with pure faces, and souls blackened
With all the sins of living and of lust.

And I, oh, gods! the least of all the mortals,
Send up one prayer, one hopeless, bitter prayer,
At morn, and noon, and night I kneel and whisper
My one petition to the mocking air:

The power of forgetting—gods eternal!
I ask no other boon of your grim hands;
I care not if I starve, low in the gutter,
While wealth is over all the summer lands.

Nor care I if my limbs are bare to heaven,
To howling winds that sweep me, bitter, by;
So I but have the power of forgetting;
No other boon I crave beneath the sky.

Forget thro' the brief remnant of existence,
The days of love and song, and moon and wine;
Aye, days I curse now in my black despairing,
With curses rising to the gods divine.

Oh, gods eternal! gods of the immortals,
Grant me to touch this one boon's blissful goal,
And take all else that makes life worth the living,
And leave me destitute; then take my soul.

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THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.

BY ELLA WHEELER

Old Doctor Wainweather's granddaughter had come home to Ravenwood.

When August Percy, youngest son, and heir of the Percy pride and wealth, entered the parlor with this bit of news, there was a general exclamation.

"You don't mean it!" cried Mère Percy. "Why, I thought the old doctor had sworn never to hear her name spoken."

"Is she pretty?" questioned Miss Imogene Percy, leaning gracefully back in her fauteuil, and wondering, in her secret heart, if her laurels were to be disputed with her.

"Is she stylish?" queried Miss Kate Percy, twirling her handsome rings.

"I wonder if she is accomplished," mused the youngest and last of the Misses Percy, as she arranged her music on the grand piano.

"Not at all pretty, and not at all stylish," answered August, nonchalantly, "if I may judge from the glimpse I had of her. As for her accomplishments, I can't say. But I fancy she'll not be much of an addition to select society, here."

The three young ladies breathed a simultaneous sigh of relief. Harold Percy, sitting just outside the open window, smoking and reading, laid down his book, and leaned across the window-sill, his pale, handsome face, and fine, square shoulders appearing like a bust, sculptured in bas-relief.

"I do not agree with you, August," he said. "I think Miss Wainweather very pretty, and the rare sweetness of her face and manner would denote a rare mind. I see no reason why she should not be a valuable addition to society, here."

"Why, Harold, when did you see her?" asked August. "She only came this morning."

"I happened to be at the depot, and was fortunate enough to render her some little service, before Dr. Wainweather arrived. I liked her appearance very much."

"You must call upon her very soon, girls," said Mère Percy. "Her grandfather is a highly intellectual man—he was a friend, I am told, of Agassez—a personal friend. And I have always thought it a pity that there were no young people at Ravenwood. The grounds are so lovely."

"I suppose he is very rich, too," added Kate. "And she will probably be his heiress. She is the only one of the race left, I am told. Yes, we must call, as soon as it is allowable."

Years and years ago, before Styletown existed, and when Ravenwood, with its lawns, and trees, and massive stone mansion, was the most imposing residence for miles and miles, Dr. Wainweather's only son and child had won his father's displeasure, by abandoning the pursuits of science for those of pleasure, and by marrying for love, while at college, and dying a few years thereafter. Dr. Wainweather had planned out a very different career for his son, who was to have remained with him at Ravenwood, after he had finished his college years, pursue the sciences, and perfect the work which he himself would not live long enough to finish.

Accordingly, he never forgave the girl, whom his son had seen fit to love and marry, and always regarded her as the murderer of his only child. When she wrote to him that Robert was dead, and that his child—his little baby girl, Berta—longed to look upon her grandfather's face, he wrote back to her: "But for you, my son would be living. Your child is nothing to me—I wish never to see her!"

So the widow had remained in her distant western home, until she died, a few years later, and then little Berta was left to the care of her maternal grandfather and two maiden aunts. With them she had grown to womanhood; her only companions the village rector and his wife, who taught her all they knew. In the rector's well-stored library, Berta laid the foundation of a solid education; while she retained the remarkable purity and sweetness of disposition, which nature had given her as a dower.

It was just twenty years after the death of his son, that, sitting in his library, alone, with his head bowed upon his hands, old Dr. Wainweather read and re-read this note.

Milltown, Del., July —, 1874.

Dr. Wainweather:

An epidemic of a fatal character has recently swept over our village, and the aged grandparent, and two aunts of your granddaughter, Miss Berta Wainweather, have all been victims. This leaves her homeless, and alone. She is very dear to us, and I and my wife will gladly take her to our home and heart, if it is your desire. But as you are her only surviving relative, we

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feel it our duty to inform you first, and we await your reply. The young lady has a sufficient competence to support her, in the modest manner she is accustomed to.

Very Respectfully,

JAMES WINTHROP, D. D.

The old man lifted his bowed head, after long thought.

"No, no," he said. "No. My son's daughter must not be dependent upon aliens for a home. It would be a stain upon the name of Wainweather. So long as she lived with her mother's people, well and good. She was as much theirs as mine. But she shall not be left to strangers."

So the next mail from Styletown carried a brief, but courteous, note to the rector, requesting that the young lady might be sent, or brought, at once to Ravenwood, where her home would be, in future. A week later, Dr. Wainweather, for the first time in years, went to the depot at Styletown; and a little figure in black flew into his arms, and nearly took his breath away by kissing him, on both cheeks, right in the presence of all the multitude of people. It was forty years since a kiss had fallen on his face. And this girl? Why had his dead wife risen out of her grave to look at him with those soft, beseeching eyes?

He watched her, all that day and the next, as she moved about the spacious rooms at Ravenwood, with a strange feeling at his heart. No woman but his old housekeeper, and his gardener's wife, had trod upon those floors for forty years. How strange it seemed to see her there; to have her nestle on a stool at his feet, as he sat in his library; to feel her soft kiss, morning and evening. In forty-eight hours she had won her way to the inmost centre of his heart.

Not many days elapsed, before the Misses Percy called. In rustling silk, and cumbersome trains, they swept across the polished, ashen floors of Ravenwood, and waited in the quaintly, but richly, furnished parlor, while the old housekeeper, Harriet, carried their dainty cards to her young mistress. Berta came in, at once, a tiny little creature, looking even smaller than she was. In her short, black dress, and low-coiled hair, she presented a striking contrast to the Paris-robed ladies who awaited her. But all unabashed, and with her sweetly natural grace of manner, she received them, and thanked them for their kind invitations to their home, and their wishes for a continued acquaintance.

"I have never had any friends of my own age," she said. "I think I shall be very happy here, among such pleasant people. I had feared I should be homesick for the ones I have lost, and those I have left; but already I feel at home, and happy. Come often, and see me."

They bowed themselves away, and Berta ran back to her grandfather.

"And so you have had some callers, my pet," said the old man, who held the world in general, and the Percys in particular, in no very high esteem. "How did you like them?"

Berta looked up, smiling, into his face. "I liked them very much, grandfather. It is so easy to like people. I don't understand how any one can have enemies. I think those young ladies are *lovely*, all of them, and I wanted to tell them so, and to kiss them; but of course I didn't —so soon. I shall, sometime. Oh, it is splendid, grandfather, to have companions of your own age! I never had a girl friend yet—and I have longed for one."

Dr. Wainweather sighed. Too well he knew the usual result of girl-friendship; but how could he poison this white and healthy young mind with doubts and suspicions? He only said: "Little one, I want you to be happy as a bird, here, and you must feel free to go and come, and invite your friends whenever you see fit. I am an old man, who cares little for the world, and who knows nothing of the usages of society. But you will make friends, and you will learn the ways of the world, and all I ask is that you may be happy, and content. You will need some new dresses, by and by, dear, and you must buy whatever you want. I desire my little girl to look as nice as any of them."

That evening, in the bosom of the Percy family, Berta Wainweather was discussed and dissected.

"I confess," said Miss Imogene, complacently adjusting her blonde frizzes, with her dainty finger-tips, "that, after what Harold said of her, I was terribly disappointed. I did suppose there was not one person by the name of Percy devoid —utterly devoid of taste. But Harold certainly must be, if he calls Berta Wainweather pretty. She has not one pretty feature, unless it may be her eyes—and they are not large or noticeable."

"And she is too small to *ever* be stylish, under any circumstances," added Kate. "Her figure is that of a child's, and she was dressed very plainly, and has no air about her."

"That was my impression of her," quoth August, languidly.

But Harold's clear-cut voice broke in upon the discussion, here.

"It was not her features, form, or clothes that impressed me," he said, quietly. "It was the uncommon sweetness of her expression, and her perfectly natural manners, which are a woman's chief charm, but which are so hard to find in

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these days. She has a *thinking* face, if I may use such a phrase, and is more than a butterfly of fashion." And Harold lit his cigar, and strolled into the garden.

"How touchy Harold is about that girl," said Helen, the musical one, petulantly. "One would think he was already in love with her. Really, mamma, hadn't we better take her up and cultivate her? She has a pleasant way with her, and there is nothing about her to be ashamed of. She is an heiress, too."

So, in family conclave, Berta's fate was decided. She was to be "taken up" by the Percys, which would be a signal for all Styletown "society" to recognize her. And so the Masons, and the Peysons, and the Greysons called; and while poor little Berta was telling her grandfather what kind, and beautiful, and lovable ladies they all were who came to see her, these kind and lovable creatures were deciding among themselves, that, though it was worth their while, perhaps, to patronize Dr. Wainweather's heiress, she was really a very plain girl, with no knowledge of society, and no "style."

Berta received their overtures of friendship, without an idea that she was being patronized. I wish I could make you see this girl, as she was, in all the rare simplicity and beauty of her character. Her great heart was full of warm sympathies and expansive affections. The whole world to her was an Eden; men and women were angels. Sorrow slipped from her, not because she could not suffer keenly, but because, in the bountiful richness of her nature, in her wonderful capacity for enjoyment, she found so much to be grateful and happy for, that she forgot to grieve. She believed all men and women to be as true, as kind, as sincere as herself; and she supposed the ladies of Styletown came to see her, and asked her to their homes, because they liked her, as she did them.

The Percys made a pleasant tea-party, and invited her there. In the evening, the gentlemen came, and refreshments were served on the moonlit lawn. Berta had abandoned her mourning, at the request of Dr. Wainweather, who held that the custom was barbaric, and in bad taste. She was robed all in white, her dress quite simply made; and she wore no ornament, but a single scarlet flower. Her low-coiled hair gave her pale, small face a classic grace, peculiarly its own. She was one of those women whose every movement is a caress. Her every glance bespoke the tenderness that dwelt in her heart for all God's humanity. About her hung that subtle magnetism which always attracts; she drew people to her, without being conscious of it herself.

Young Greyson vied with young Peyson in attentions, that evening; and Père Percy himself found a wonderful interest in the girl's conversation. Harold Percy stood aloof, and watched it all, with a silent, grave face. He read Berta as he would read a rare and wondrously beautiful poem; and his heart ached for her.

She was walking down the garden, leaning upon the arm of young Greyson. Imogene Percy, who supposed Greyson to be a victim to her charms, walked just ahead, with young Peyson, who, it must be confessed, turned oftener than politeness permitted, to address a remark to Berta. The quartette passed by Harold, where he sat, in the shadow of an elm tree. As they passed, a silver comb fell at his feet. Glancing up, he saw, with confusion, that his sister's heavy coil of hair was dropping, and in another second, would fall at the feet of Berta and Greyson. He comprehended the mortification of such an accident at once; but before the braid had detached itself from the little coil upon her head, Berta had dropped the arm of her companion, and gently placing her hand on the braid, and holding it in position, said, quietly:

"Your hair is falling out of coil, Miss Percy; allow me to arrange it for you; it will take but a second. Mr. Greyson, be kind enough to hand me that comb, at your feet. There, it looks nicer even than before. Do you know, I have a knack for hairdressing? I dearly love to arrange a beautiful head of hair. I think it is my one talent."

It was a little thing, but it seemed a great deal to Harold.

"Not one girl in a score would have done that for another," he mused. "My sisters would not. To save one of their own sex a mortification, is not in their line."

Berta, on another occasion, displayed her talent, by dressing Imogene's hair for a party. Clasping her hands, and laughing in childish delight, over the effect she had produced, she cried:

"Now, you are perfectly beautiful, and it makes my heart glad just to look at you." Then, when the girls went down stairs, she said to Harold, "I think there is nothing in all the wide world, Mr. Percy, so beautiful as a beautiful woman. You must be very happy to have three such lovely sisters; they seem to me like three blush-roses on one stem."

Harold smiled. "It is unusual to hear a lady speak so enthusiastically of her own sex," he said. "You are a pleasing exception."

She looked up, wonderingly "No, I do not

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think I am," she said. "It is only that I speak more freely—and am more demonstrative than most women. I suppose all women admire beauty, and enjoy it, just as much as I do, though they may say less about it. But I have seen so few people, you known—it—is all new to me."

"Poor child," thought Harold, and well he might. She had yet to learn her own sex, through bitter knowledge and experience. How bitter he did not dream. If he had, he would have taken her in his arms, then and there, and sheltered her from the whole world, with his mighty love. Already he had acknowledged to himself that he loved this girl. "But she is an heiress," he said, mentally. "She will have many suitors—she must learn to know people, somewhat, and the world, before she can understand herself. I will not speak yet—it would hardly be honorable—I will bide my time."

It was a great surprise to the Percys, to find the girl they had "taken up" through pity, become, in a few short months, the pet and favorite of all Styletown. Berta was not one to carry people by storm, at first sight, as did the stately Imogene and her sisters, with their splendid wardrobes, and fine figures, and brilliant complexions. While, as they had expressed it, "there was nothing about Berta to be ashamed of," they had never, for one moment, dreamed that she could become a favorite, or win admiration. She had neither beauty, style, or accomplishments, they told themselves. To be sure, she had developed a marvellous taste in dress, since she came into Styletown society, and she showed a wonderful knack for putting on the right colors, and making a picture of herself. But she was so small, that she seemed rather a prettily attired child, they said, than a stylish woman. She was so pale, too; not a bit of brilliancy about her; and no beauty but her soft, dark eyes. And yet, the Misses Percy, and the Misses Greyson, and Peyson, and Mason, were all compelled to see that she was steadily growing in favor in Styletown. Young men were glad to be her escort; no pleasure party was deemed complete without her; and old men made a pet of her in their homes, and showed her marked attention and courtesy abroad. Old ladies, too, loved her. Even young ladies, who were her rivals, could not but acknowledge her sweetness and unselfishness, and felt, in her presence, the subtle attraction she unconsciously exerted over all.

As for Berta, her rich heart blossomed out, like some tropic flower in the genial rays of summer.

She had no thought of conquest. I doubt if she knew the society meaning of the word. Old men, and young men, and old ladies, were alike to her. She was drawn to them all, because they were human, because they liked her, and were kind to her. But she loved, with ideal devotion, the fair companions of her own sex; and by a thousand nameless acts, of thoughtful attentions, of clinging caresses, and words of tenderness, she tried to make them understand the fulness of her heart, and was happy in believing she succeeded.

"Grandfather," she said, one night, curling down at his feet, in her favorite position, "I think I am the happiest girl in the whole, wide world. Such a good home, such a dear grandfather, and so many, many kind, lovely people, who like me. Oh, I love the whole world! I wish it were all in one big, old *grandfather*, that I could take in my arms, and kiss—like this."

The old man drew the bright head to his breast, and stroked it tenderly. "Dear little girl," he said. "You make me think better of a world I had grown to distrust and dislike. You make me forgive it all the wrongs it has done me, by your happy trust and confidence. But it would be a bad world, indeed, if it could be unkind to my little one."

Poor old man, poor little girl, they did not know of the envy, so bitter, that it was almost hate, that agitated the breast of more than one woman, in Styletown, that very hour. Envy, that was fast growing into malice, and only awaited an opportunity to fasten its poison-fangs upon its victim.

It was early twilight of a summer day, when young Burr Greyson came up the gravel walk at Ravenwood, to escort Berta to the village church, where a choir festival was to be held. Berta met him, shawled and gloved, and took his arm, with the bright, cordial smile that was one of her chief charms. They walked slowly down the avenue, and were approaching the street, when the young man caught her hand, and drew her gently back, under the shadow of one of Ravenwood's great oak trees.

"Berta," he began, impetuously, "I cannot live through this evening, and see you surrounded by your admirers, until I know my fate. I love you, Berta—I want you to be my wife. Tell me, yes or no, before we go to church. Whatever you answer, it will be easier to bear that this uncertainty. Will you marry me, Berta?"

"Oh, Burr!" cried Berta, in genuine sorrow and surprise. "I am so sorry, indeed I am! I like you so much. Yes, I *do* love you, Burr;

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but it is just as I love your father and your mother!"

"And you can't be my wife—"

"No, Burr. Indeed, I have never dreamed of such a thing. Don't think of it any more—but let us be the same good friends."

Through the gathering dusk, she saw his face grow pale, and his mouth quiver with pain. "Oh, Berta!" he cried, and his voice shook with emotion.

A great wave of tender pity swept over Berta's kind heart. She never once thought that she had made a conquest—that she had refused a "splendid offer," or that she had triumphed over another woman. She only realized that she had given pain to a dear friend. Her heart ached with its fulness of sorrow.

"I am so sorry, Burr," she cried. "I like you so much—you have been so good to me! Let us forget all about it, and be happy. Oh, don't look so white and sad, dear Burr, I can't bear it." And with a little irrepressible sob, she put her arms about his neck, as a repentant child might have done, and kissed him softly on the brow.

"Now we are good friends, Burr," she said, "and you are happy again, and we will go to the church. Come."

They passed slowly and silently down the street, and neither one had seen the figure that passed just before them, in the gloaming.

Young Peyson hovered at Berta's side, that evening, and played the gallant with great devotion. He asked her for a flower from her bouquet, and begged her to fasten it in his button-hole. August Percy, watching the two, with that hypercritical smile, so like his sisters, leaned down, and whispered in Burr Greyson's ear: "One would hardly suppose the fair Berta had so recently bestowed her tender caresses upon another, to see her smile upon Peyson, eh, old boy?"

Greyson flushed hotly. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"Only that I happened to be passing the great oak, by Ravenwood, at twilight—rather an exposed place for flirtations, Burr."

It was an embarrassing position for any young man to be placed in. Yet had Burr possessed true nobility of soul, he would have frankly told the truth; he would have said that what Percy saw was the pure act of a tender heart, prompted by pity for the wound she had just given.

So would Harold Percy have spoken. But not so, Burr Greyson. He felt ashamed to confess he had been rejected, and so turned away, with an embarrassed laugh, and said nothing.

That night, Imogene Percy, who was feeling bitter over Greyson's indifference, and young Peyson's devotion to Berta, questioned August, concerning his whispered conversation with Burr. "I saw you look at Berta, and whisper to him," she said, "and he colored up strangely. What did you say?"

In his indolent fashion, August told her, not caring what effect the story had upon her.

Imogene went to her room, her heart aflame with bitter fury. "So that is the way she wins favor with the gentlemen," she cried. "By kisses and caresses! Well, I think it time she was taught a lesson."

She did not pause to analyze her own feelings, and discover whether the certain loss of Greyson was at the bottom of her righteous indignation. She only knew that she had an imprudent act of Berta's, whereon to rest her displeasure; and she did not rest, until she had accomplished a beginning with her sisters. The rest was sure to follow.

A week later, Dr. Wainweather found his little Berta sitting, with bowed head, and tear-wet eyes, on her favorite seat, by his library table. She had just come in from a picnic party, whither she had gone, in gay spirits.

He leaned over her, and caressed her brown hair. "Are you ill, little one, or only tired?" he queried, tenderly.

"Oh, grandfather," cried Berta, breaking into tears, "I am so unhappy! In some way, I have offended the Percy girls, and many others; for, to-day, at the picnic, hardly one of them would speak to me. I do not know what I have done, grandfather; but I must have done them some great wrong, without knowing it. I feel as if my heart would break."

Dr. Wainweather sighed. "You cannot have done anything wrong, my dear," he said; "but they may have misunderstood you in some way. It is only a cloud, dear, and will blow over. They cannot be angry at my pet long. I would ask them what I had done, were I you, and have it all cleared up."

There was to be a choir meeting, the following evening, at the church. Berta decided to go early, and as soon as the Percy girls arrived, to have a quiet talk with them. She went as soon as the church was open, and finding nobody yet arrived, curled herself up in a cushioned pew, to await the others. But worn out with grief and excitement, she fell asleep, and slept she knew not how long. She was aroused by a murmur of voices, directly above her, in the gallery.

She started up, wide awake, at the sound of her own name. It was Imogene Percy who was speaking.

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"Berta Wainweather has defied the proprieties long enough, girls," she was saying, "and I think we are just right in showing her our displeasure. I have, for a long time, been disgusted with her actions, and I cannot keep silent any longer."

"I don't think we ought to keep silent," added Helen Mason. "Why, I have never spoken of it before; but really, when she has been at our house, I have blushed for her. She would sit on a little stool, by father's chair, and talk with him for an hour, scarcely looking at mother or me. Father thought she was a wonderfully cute little creature, and made a perfect goose of himself, in the way he petted her. I told mother I did not think it looked well, but I never spoke of it before."

"Because she is Dr. Wainweather's granddaughter, she thinks she can do whatever she pleases," chimed in Carrie Greyson. "Any other girl, who acted as she does, would have been condemned, long ago. She thought she was going to capture brother Burr, because he is a great catch, but she found herself mistaken."

"A girl needn't expect to win any young man by kissing him in public," sneered Imogene. "Your brother is the last man to be pleased with such freedom."

"The only reason she ever made such a fuss over us girls, was because she wanted to blind our eyes to her doings," declared Kate Percy. "I think she is just as deceitful as she can be, and if she isn't worse than that, I'm mistaken."

"I think we are justified in believing the worst that can be said," Imogene put in, decisively.

"She is not one bit pretty; her complexion is miserable, and her form horrid; and I have always thought it strange she should have so many—followers. But after her actions in the garden, with Burr, I begin to understand. Young men will be young men, you know, and we can't blame them for a girl's folly."

They were so interested in their discussion, that not one of them saw a slender figure steal from the cushioned pew below, and glide down the aisle, and out at the church door. They were disappointed, when the evening wore away, and Berta did not appear. They had hoped to make her feel their concentrated displeasure, that evening, and had decided to give her the cut direct.

But the following day, they were somewhat startled at the intelligence that Berta Wainweather lay ill of a burning fever. For many days and nights, her life hung by a thread; and all the time she talked wildly of many things, calling upon Imogene and her sisters not to be so cruel, and begging her grandfather to take her away.

The old man scarcely left her bedside, and Harriet, the housekeeper, watched with him. There were daily inquiries at the door for the sufferer, but the physician forbade all callers. But, by and by, the delirium passed, and the little sufferer lay, white and weak, but perfectly rational, upon the pillows. Then the old doctor bent down, and kissed her, with tears of joy in his dim eyes, as he whispered:

"Thank God, you are out of danger, my darling! You must keep very quiet, and you will soon be well."

She looked up at him with solemn, dark eyes. "Grandfather," she said, "I shall never get well. I am weak, and almost spent, and nothing could save me, but a great effort upon my own part, to rally strength and courage. That I cannot make—for I do not want to get well. I have lived long enough, grandfather. I have found out what a terrible world it is; I have lived to lose faith in everybody—everybody but *you:* if I were to get well, I should be bitter, suspicious, doubtful of all the world. No, I do not want to live!"

Then she told him the whole story, told it with failing breath, with bitter, falling tears.

"I did not know such cruel people could live in this fair world, grandfather," she said, pitifully. "I had loved these girls so dearly—so dearly. I thought I should go insane, when I heard the dreadful things they said of me; things which I believe I would have flown at any one, and beat with my hands, who had dared speak them of my girls—my dear girls, grandfather, whom I would have defended with my life. There is nothing in the wide world I would not have done for them. I loved them so. I was glad of all that made them happy, and so sad if one of them had a sorrow. But yet they said those cruel things—said them as if they were glad to say them, grandfather. And now, no matter how long I lived, I could never trust or believe in the love of any woman again. And I might grow to be like them, grandfather. I might become just as wicked and full of cruelty, if I lived."

But she did not live. The fever came on again, that night, and in the early dawn she lay white and still, and at rest.

After she had been robed by careful hands, and laid in the rich casket, to await the last honors, a bevy of her old companions, forgetting, in the sudden surprise of death, all envy and ill-will, came, slowly and sadly, through the silent

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halls, to take a farewell view of their former friend and *protégé*. Softly they entered the dimly-lighted room, and were approaching the casket, when an old man, kneeling before it, lifted his head and saw them. He rose up with a quickness and agility that startled them, for he had been a decrepit man for many years. His face was deathly pale, and his eyes blazed.

"Stop!" he cried, raising his long, thin hand, with a warning gesture. "Do not dare profane that white saint yonder, by one glance even. At your door lies her death! You killed her! Because she was guilty of the unpardonable sin of pleasing, because she acted from the pure impulses of a perfectly natural heart, and therefore won the love of all who could appreciate the good, the true, the beautiful, you hated her, and hunted her to her death. She heard all you said of her in the church, that day, and it killed her. But I would, ten thousand times, rather see her lying there before me, dead, than to see her living, and like any of you. How dared you point the finger of scorn at my white-souled darling? Go—leave her! You pollute the presence of her sinless clay. Thank God, she lies there, safe from the contaminating influence of such as you. Go—and take with you my curse—the bitter curse of an old man, upon the verge of the grave."

Trembling and afraid, they turned in silence to go—and confronted Harold Percy! He had entered unperceived, in time to hear all the words of the old man. He looked, white and cold, into the scared faces of his sisters and their companions. "Go," he repeated. "Go, before I add *my* curse to his! This has been a revelation to me. Go out of the presence of your victim, and leave me!"

Then he turned to Berta's grandfather, who had fallen forward, upon his face. He called help, and had the old man conveyed to his bed, from which he never rose. In a few days, he rested by the side of his darling.

Estranged from his family, Harold Percy lives a solitary life. When asked why he does not marry, he answers: "I loved an angel once, and she was slain by women; women whom the world holds up, to-day, as models of virtue. My heart is bitter and hard toward the whole sex. My life is consecrated to the memory of one, whose only sin was that of pleasing, and outshining others by the light of her beautiful soul."

THE SUNBEAM AND THE DEWDROP.

BY MATTHEW SUTTILL.

A little drop of dew,
One early morn in May,
Began to dance and glitter,
With a golden, sunny ray.
It said, I am far brighter
Than little drops of rain,
And come unseen and lighter,
And give nobody pain.
The roses and the lillies—
Yes, and the violets, too,
Are ever waiting, silent,
For the refreshing dew.
I fall as did the manna,
In the wilderness of old;
My voice it is as gentle
As love that's never told.
The sunshine in the morning
Comes laughing o'er the hills,
To seek me in the valleys,
Where night myself distills,
And then I'm changed to ether,
And no longer sparkling lie,
But rise up as mysterious
As ever to the eye.
No eye can see me falling,
No eye can see me rise,
And yet I'm ever moving
Where light and darkness lies.

WE MEET, AND WE PART.

BY HELEN A. RAINS.

We meet, and we part; smiles and tear-drops together
Are strangely commingled to checker our way,
As sunshine and shadow, in changeable weather,
Will follow each other like children at play.

We meet; and the heart, in its first gush of gladness,
Enlivens the cheek and illumines the eye;
We part; and the face wears expressions of sadness,
Which deepen in tears as we whisper "good-bye."

We meet, and we part; but it is not forever!
Tho' changes are working continu'ly here,
There brightens a land where they "meet ne'er to sever,"
How blessed to gain an inheritance there!

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WHAT WAS DONE WITH DORA.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"WHAT is to be done about Dora?" asked Mr. Cheney, speaking to his wife, as the carriage in which they sat drove out through the cemetery gate. They had come over from a neighboring city to attend the funeral of Mr. Cheney's sister, and were to go back in a late afternoon train.

The expression that came into Mrs. Cheney's face showed that the question was a surprise. It had not occurred to her that they had anything to do with looking after the dead sister's child. She was with her father's friends, and would, of course, remain with them.

"About Dora? I don't understand you." The brows of Mrs. Cheney contracted slightly.

Now, this Dora was a fairy-like little creature, six years old, whom neither Mr. or Mrs. Cheney had seen, until this day. The fact was, the sister had married a man that, for some good reasons, and some bad ones, Mr. Cheney did not like, and as she had gone to live in a distant city, the brother had grown indifferent towards her. He had only seen her three times since her marriage, and on the last of these occasions, his eyes looked only on the pale, still face, out of which the light of life had gone forever.

"Father and mother are both dead," said Mr. Cheney, a troubled feeling in his voice.

"But she is with her father's friends, and they are able enough to take care of her."

"She's a lovely child," remarked Mr. Cheney.

"Is she? I didn't notice her particularly," returned his wife, with chilling indifference.

Mr. Cheney said no more, and there was silence between the husband and wife, all the way, as the carriage bore them back to the hotel at which they were staying.

"We are going home in the five o'clock train," said Mrs. Cheney, when they were in their room.

"I don't know about that," was answered.

"You don't! Why, John, I thought this was understood."

"So it was. But—"

"What?" There was just a shade of alarm in the voice of Mrs. Cheney, as she looked at her husband.

"I've changed my mind," he answered, with a grave firmness that his wife understood. "I must know something about what they are going to do with Dora, before I return home. She's my sister's child." Mr. Cheney's voice lost its steadiness. "And," he added, after a pause in which to recover his wavering self-command, "so like her mother, when she made the sunshine of our house, many, many years ago, that it seemed, when I saw her, to-day, as if my little pet of that long ago time had come back to me."

"But we can't take her, John," said Mrs. Cheney, with rising excitement, yet speaking in a tone of hard decision. "And I want that settled at once. We have no children of our own, and I don't mean to make my house a nursery for other people's."

"I didn't say anything about taking her," returned Mr. Cheney; "and it will be time enough to object, when the proposition comes."

The tone and spirit of his wife was so unfeeling, that it angered him a little, and he betrayed this anger in speech, as well as manner.

Neither spoke again for a considerable time.

"Will you go with me?" asked Mr. Cheney, at length.

"With you, where?"

"To see about this child?"

"No. She is nothing to me."

"As you like, my dear. My duty is plain, and I'm going to do it."

"Do what?" The alarmed look came back into the eyes of Mrs. Cheney. She knew her husband's resolute will and decision of character.

"See what is to be done with Dora, now that her mother is dead."

"Very well. Go, and see about it."

And he did go. Mr. Cheney had not liked the look of things in the house where his sister died, nor the faces of the people he had seen there. Contrasting them with the tender and beautiful child, she seemed like a dove among birds of prey. He could not get this impression out of his mind, and it was confirmed when he returned to the house, out of which, a little while before, he had followed the mortal remains of that sister. As he stood at the door, he heard, between the moans and sobs of a child, the hard, unfeeling voice of a woman.

"Come now! You've got to stop all this. Your mother's dead, and crying isn't going to bring her back."

But the moaning and sobbing went on.

"Didn't I tell you to stop!" The voice pitched itself to an angry key.

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Mr. Cheney rang the bell, with a nervous jerk. The door was opened by a thin-faced woman, who fixed on him a pair of cold, blue, enquiring eyes. She did not, at first, recognize him.

"Mr. Cheney," he said, introducing himself.

Instantly the hard expression died out of the woman's face.

"Walk in, sir. I didn't remember you," she returned, moving back, that he might enter. Her aspect and manner had changed rapidly.

Mr. Cheney followed her into the house, the woman stepping quickly, and showing considerable excitement.

"Take a chair, sir."

Mr. Cheney seated himself in the small, dingy parlor into which he was ushered, the woman dropping into a chair near him.

"You are the aunt of my sister's orphan child, little Dora?"

"Yes, sir." The cold, hard manner of the woman was coming back.

"What about Dora?"

"That's just the question, sir. Somebody's got to take care of her; and we've all had trouble and expense enough, as it is."

The querulous, rattling voice, the knit brow, the cold, unsympathetic eyes, and the thin lips, that drew back hard upon the teeth, were enough for Mr. Cheney. His decision came without debate.

"Where is the child?" he asked.

"Dora," called the woman. "Dora. Here's your uncle Cheney. He wants to see you."

A movement was heard in the next room, and then the beautiful child Mr. Cheney had seen in the morning, her large eyes red and swollen, stood in the door, and looked at him, wistfully and wonderingly. He held out his hands to her, and she came forward slowly, reading his face with a child's unerring intuition. As soon as she was in reach of him, Mr. Cheney caught her in his arms, and after kissing her, drew her tightly to his bosom. A sudden rush of tender feelings had overpowered him. He had not meant to be anything but kind in his manner towards Dora; but his heart was weaker than he had imagined, and it had betrayed him.

As for the child, she was already starving for love, though only three days had passed since her mother died. Was it strange that a wild rapture seized her; that she clung to the neck of her uncle, crying out and sobbing so passionately, that he feared her overstrained nerves would break into spasms?

"Would you like to go home with me, Dora?" asked Mr. Cheney, after the child had grown quiet.

She drew his head down, and kissing him, answered, in a whisper, "Yes." He looked into her sweet blue eyes—his sister's eyes—and his heart was captive to the child.

"Shall she go with me?" Mr. Cheney looked at the woman, who sat in a grim silence, watching them.

"I have no objection," she replied.

"Will anyone object?"

"No, sir. We've all got enough of our own to look after. You can take her, if you want her, and welcome."

"A good riddance," was on the woman's tongue; but, in very decency, she kept it back. But Mr. Cheney heard it as plainly spoken to his inner ear, as if the words had come to him orally.

"My dear," said Mr. Cheney to his wife, when he returned to the hotel, "I'm going to take that child away from here."

A startled look came into Mrs. Cheney's eyes. The color deepened on her face.

"And then what are you going to do?"

"One thing at a time," was the firmly spoken answer. "I've heard it said, and I think it's true, that if we do what we see to be right, to-day, we shall not be in doubt as to our duty, when to-morrow comes. To-day, my duty is clear, and I have decided to do it. I cannot leave my sister's child with these people. Dora must go back with us."

"To our own home?"

"It is large enough to hold her for a day, or a week, or a month, if need be, until we can decide what will be best to do with her."

Mr. Cheney saw his wife's disapprobation in her face.

"There will be no necessity for your keeping her, my dear, if you don't wish to do so."

"I shall not wish to do so; you may settle that in your mind."

"All right. Let the morrow take care for the things of itself. To-day's duty is what most concerns us. I told them to have the child ready for me, at six this evening, when I shall call for her."

"Why this evening? We can't go back, until to-morrow. It will be time enough to get her in the morning."

"I wish to go in one of the early trains."

"But where is she to sleep? There's only one bed in our room."

"Oh! as for that," returned Mr. Cheney, smiling. "We can have a cot brought into the room. Where there's a will there's always a way, my dear."

Mrs. Cheney knew that when her husband was really in earnest, he generally had his way;

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and it was plain to her that he was thoroughly in earnest now.

"I have nothing more to say, John. You must do as you think best. Only, one thing is settled. In that I put my foot down. The child is not to be adopted into our family."

"Of course not; unless you should desire it."

"As I certainly shall not," was the positive reply.

Mr. Cheney went for Dora, at the time appointed, and his wife waited for his return in no very satisfactory state of feeling. It was not in her to be unkind to a child; but she was selfish, as we all are in our degree, and self-indulgent. There were years in which she had longed for a child of her own. But that desire had passed away, and her mind had acquired a dull sort of content, as the days moved on, and her almost aimless life lost itself in a little world, where the voice of duty was so low, that it rarely, if ever, reached the ears of self-denial. Taste and order were supreme in her home, and she had come to enjoy the silence that reigned with taste and order through all its luxurious chambers. To have this disturbed by a child, and that child not her own—to have her selfish ease broken up, as it must be—could not be thought of by Mrs. Cheney, for a moment.

She was sitting in no very pleasant frame of mind, when the door of her room was pushed softly open, and a child, with large, wondering eyes, moved a step or two inside, looking at her timidly. Her golden hair fell in ripples about her neck and shoulders, and made a frame for the face, which was of uncommon loveliness.

Thinking her beautiful visitor the child of some guest at the hotel, Mrs. Cheney held out her hands, and smiled a winning smile.

"Come in," she said.

The child came forward slowly, not turning her eyes an instant from Mrs. Cheney's face. Something in those eyes stirred the woman's heart strangely. Over their wonderful beauty she saw a veil of grief and sadness.

As the child came close to her, she drew an arm about her, and kissed her in a loving way; and as she did so, she saw tears come into the beautiful eyes; and felt the hand she was holding tremble.

"Are you lost, dear?" asked Mrs. Cheney. It crossed her mind that the child had strayed from her mother's room, and was not able to find the way back.

"No, ma'am." There was a sorrowful tone in the voice, and it touched the heart of Mrs. Cheney.

"Where is your mother?" she enquired.

"My mother is dead," sobbed the child; and a low, wailing cry, that she was unable to repress, filled the chamber.

"Dead? Dead? My poor child!" broke from the lips of Mrs. Cheney. "My poor, poor child!"

And she lifted her to her lap, and drew her head against her bosom. As she felt the pressure of that head, a flood of pity and tenderness rushed through her soul. The child nestled closer. Then there came a yearning towards her. The mother-love, that lies latent in the heart of every woman, stirred with a sweet emotion.

"What is your name, dear?" asked Mrs. Cheney.

"Dora."

The arms that held the child so closely against this woman's heart relaxed suddenly.

"Dora!" There was a thrill of sharp surprise in Mrs. Cheney's voice, as she pushed the child from her, almost passionately, and held her at a distance, looking searchingly into her face.

"Dora Dean?" The question was in a husky whisper.

"Yes, ma'am. It's Dora Dean."

The child's voice, tremulous and frightened, went away down into Mrs. Cheney's heart, and stirred its sluggish depths more deeply than they had ever been stirred before. All that was truly woman in her awoke into life. All the repressed tenderness of years revealed itself.

"My poor motherless little one!" she cried, as she drew the child back again, and held her in a close embrace.

The door opened, and Mr. Cheney came in. A glance told him the truth. He put his arms around his wife and the beautiful little girl, who was lying upon her bosom, and said, with an emotion he could not conceal:

"God will make it all up to you, my dear: full measure, pressed down, and running over!"

Mrs. Cheney lifted her face to her husband, as he stood over her. There was a softer, sweeter expression in her eyes than he had seen there for a long while. She was crowned with a rare beauty. All the cold, hard shadows, which had been gathering over her countenance, were gone, and tender lights touched it everywhere.

"God bless you for this, my darling!" he could not help exclaiming, as he bent over and kissed her, with a lover-like fervor to which for, oh, so long a time! her heart had been a stranger.

An hour or two later, as Mr. and Mrs. Cheney stood looking upon the pure face of the child, out of which the angel of sleep had taken every

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line of sorrow, the sphere of innocence by which she was surrounded penetrated their souls, and filled them with a peace that was inexpressible.

And so the question of "What was to be done with Dora" had settled itself; and this, long before it came up in the debate, towards which both Mr. and Mrs. Cheney were already beginning to look, with feelings of no small anxiety. They had left their home with troubled feelings—a home into which no light strong enough to dispel the still shadows that haunted it everywhere could find an entrance—they returned to it, bearing back a sunbeam, that brightened every chamber, and set to music love's chorded instruments, that had been silent in their hearts for many years.

HEART'S EASE.

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

Katrina, to the country town,
Walked slowly, as one sent;
Her road-mate wore o'er cheek and brow
The sunshine of content,
And walked as one whose feet were spurred
By impulse all their own.
One voice was like a gurgling spring,
One had a sullen tone.

One maid let a sweet merriment—
A gleaming, golden thread,
Run through and brighten each quaint word,
That quietly she said.
She told of ripened fruit she bore
To the old country town,
And that her head by its great weight,
In no wise was cast down.

The dear "home mother" grew a flower,
A tender, heart-shaped thing,
That, laid upon her load at morn,
Forbade the dust to cling.
Made the sun-lances, harmlessly,
The burdened head to smite,
And brought her to the vine-clad porch,
With lightsome feet at night.

Katrina, to the country town,
Walked slowly, as one sent;
Beneath her load, her heart of hearts
With murmuring thoughts was bent.
The other maiden's voice was full
Of sweetness as a breeze,
As laughingly she said her plant
Was only the "Heart's Ease."

The blue-eyed violet its spell
To all her journey lent,
The dear "home mother" quaintly called
The blossom "heart's content."
With smiles like broken gleams of light,
Running her sweet lips o'er,
She said the humble flower might spring
At any cottage door.

Katrina lifted up her eyes,
And laughed as maidens will,
Half merrily, and half ashamed,
Yet at her heart's dark sill,
She felt some subtle perfume steal,
From out the hidden flower,
We trust she won and wore its grace,
And toiled beneath its power.

ALONE.

BY CARRIE F. L. WHEELER.

Oh! Love, I walk the wood *alone*;
Alone I walk the russet meadow;
The sumach's crimson glory burns,
In balmy deeps of violet shadow.
Within the ash-tree's sombre heart,
Warm, purple fires begin to smoulder;
The woodbine trails a scarf of flame,
Across the pine tree's dusky shoulder.

High up among the poplar boughs,
Bright leaves like flakes of sunshine twinkle,
And sparks of fire, and drops of wine,
The leafy tents of maples sprinkle.

Among the golden ferns, the brook
Slips silver-shod, with murmurs tender,
But, love, the tears that from my heart
Rise fast, blot out the landscape's splendor.

'Twas but one little year ago—
All in the misty, mellow weather,
We walked the fading meadow-land,
And radiant forest-aisles together;
You promised you would be my bride,
When next the autumn leaves were burning;
To-day you sleep, the bride of Death,
Beyond the reach of mortal yearning.

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THE TRAGEDY OF TREVYLAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XV.

WHERE many events are crowded into a few hours, it is impossible to arrange them in the telling with exact regard to time. That night, when Delia Fitch was hidden among the rocks, watching that little craft put out to sea, and while old Winters was sitting in front of his own door, now and then glancing up from his work on the nets, for he still kept the retreating smack in sight, and watched her progress as he worked, a strange man came suddenly round a corner of the building, and halted abruptly, just where his tall form shut out the sea-view, and left the old fisherman in shadow. Winters looked up from his net, and moved his hand impatiently.

"Step aside, my man, wherever you may come from, and let me have the light a bit longer while it is red on the sea; for a prettier thing never was than yon craft, as it sails away, with a cargo such as boat never carried before. Let it round the point safely; then you and I will pass to business, if it is that which brings you here."

The stranger drew back, as he was ordered, and leaning against the building, shaded his eyes with a large, brown hand, and, following the fisherman's eager glance, also looked out to sea.

"It is a pretty craft," he said, in a low voice, "and seems to be well manœuvred, so far as one can see."

"Aye, that it is sure to be!" answered Winters, still keeping his eyes on the boat. There is no hand at the cove that can handle her like that. See, see how like a gull she sweeps around the point; wait a minute, and we shall see her wings spread on the other side."

While Winters was speaking, so completely absorbed by the boat, that he took no heed of his visitor, that person had unswung a field-glass from his shoulder, and held it to his eyes.

"Hah!"

The old man looked up as this exclamation broke from his visitor, and a gleam of swift anxiety came to his eyes, as he saw the lifted glass and keen seaman-like air of the person who held it.

"What is amiss, that you cry out? My eyes are old, but she seems to be sailing well. Tell me if that glass gives you more than I can see."

"It gives me a clear view of one man in the boat that I have seen before."

"Seen before? of course—few men, within fifty miles hereabout, could fail to know Lord Colgate, when they see him."

"Then it *is* Lord Colgate."

"Why, man, who else should it be, since the old earl has been dead well nigh a month, as all England knows."

"Yes, I had heard," answered the stranger, lowering his glass, and casting his eyes downward, till they met those of the old man, searching his face with the keen, doubtful look of a person questioning some far-off memory.

What the old fisherman saw was a tall, powerfully built man, broad-chested and sinewy, with a face that hot suns and fierce storms had embrowned, without hardening the kindly expression of the mouth, or quenching one ray of the honest eyes, that met his with a smile, that was directly lost in a quiver of mist that might have melted to tears in a less powerful man.

"Who—who are you?" faltered the old man, pushing the net from his knees, and struggling to his feet.

Before the stranger could speak, Winters had parted the full, silken beard that flowed down upon his breast, with two quivering old hands, and was peering closely into his face.

"Father!"

The old man uttered one cry, between a sob and a shout, threw up both arms, and fell upon his son's breast.

"My son—my son. Now, my God, I am ready to go. The boy has been in my arms again. From over the seas he has come, that I might look upon his face, before I die."

A great sob heaved the bosom on which the old man had thrown himself. The powerful head of the son bent down, and lay tenderly against that of the father, whose sparse locks scattered gleams of silver over the thick, flowing beard, on which his withered cheek, now quivering, and wet with tears, was pressed.

Thus, for a while, the two stood in a close embrace. Then the strong arms of the younger man relaxed; the fisherman stood up, turning

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away his face, ashamed of the moisture that filled his eyes.

"You see I am getting old, my lad. Old and childish; that must be, when I fall a-crying; but, oh, John, I never thought to look on that face again, so long as I lived, and the joy of it broke me down!"

"The joy of it should make you younger by ten years, father," answered John Winters, drawing his own well-browned hand across his eyes. "And so it has, father; or you have carried your age more bravely than any old man I ever knew. I should have known you anywhere."

"Would you now?" questioned the old man, and a faint laugh broke from him. "Well, it does no harm to flatter the old man a bit. He likes it. Only, while he has been going down one side of the hill, you, my lad, have been coming up the other. And a mighty brave man you are, standing before me now. Six feet high, if an inch, and with a beard upon your face, such as the picture people in the Bible give to the Patriarchs; but for the eyes, and the voice, and —I cannot tell what it is; but this I know, my son, who was lost, is found again, and is talking with me here, in front of his old home."

John Winters looked around him, curiously. On the humble cottage, that the old fisherman still looked upon as his especial domicile, and the new building, with its verandah, and pretty garden, that had almost crowded the old home out of sight.

"I shouldn't have known the place," he said, thoughtfully.

"No. They have changed things above a bit."

There was silence for a moment; for between those two lay a subject both shrunk from, and each waited for the other to begin. John Winters seated himself on a bench, and taking up the net his father had been mending, fell to examining its meshes closely. The old man placed himself on the edge of the bench, and fixing his eyes on the ground, waited.

"Is *she* changed. Like the place?"

This question was put quietly, and almost under the man's breath, and just as quietly the fisherman answered it.

"No, John. For that woman to have changed much, was not to be expected. The comely lass has grown into a fine woman; what else could anyone think of?"

"And the child? Is that living?"

"Living, and almost as tall as you are, John. A brave, noble lad, with a heart like guinea gold, and a face—"

"Well?"

"Like that of his father, twenty years ago."

John Winters drew a deep breath."

"I am glad of that," he said, earnestly. Then, still speaking low, and under his breath, he put another question.

"And Huldah—where is she now?"

"In yonder," answered the old man, pointing to the modern cottage.

"Here?"

"This has been her home, always; nothing has changed since you left us, only as time changes all, for better or worse."

"But there have been great changes up yonder," said John, waving his hand toward the castle. "I heard of the old earl's death, on the day I reached England; but for that, I should have been on the ocean again."

"And the old father unaware of your ever being in your own land," said the old man, shaking his head sadly. "That has been the hardest part of it."

"But it was in our compact."

"I know—I know. Still it was hard on an old man, who had but one son in the world."

A sad, bitter smile came over John Winters' face. Perhaps he remembered greater loneliness, and a more lasting wrench of the affections. Sea watches in storms and tidal waves, that seemed hurling him from the face of the earth; long, weary nights in his hammock, where no one could remark that his eyes were more full of tears than sleep. He was a brave man—grand, even in his power of self-abnegation; but such men may sometimes feel the great sadness of self-pity, even when their noblest work is accomplished.

"But Huldah—in all these years she has been a daughter to you?" he said, at length. "That thought always gave me comfort. Surely she fell short in nothing."

"Fell short! Our Huldah? That she could never do. No, no; if the lass drove away my son, she gave me more than the loving kindness of a daughter. I have no complaint to make of Huldah!"

"Come in," said John Winters, rising. "I have other things to ask, before the boat we saw putting out from the harbor comes back, for it may be that I shall go away again, without making myself known to any one."

The old man gathered up the net in his arms, and was about to carry it in; but John took the load from him.

"What have you to do with these things?" he said, rather impatiently. "There should have been no need of the old toil after I went. Why is it kept up?"

"Why is it kept up, John? Do you want the

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old father to eat idle bread, or did you think he consented to part with his only son in order to gain an easy life? No, no, lad; I have not missed a day's work since you went away. We Winters have our bit of pride, as well as the Stamfords. There is not money enough in all Trevylan to buy the love we give the family—or power enough to limit our duty; but we sell neither one nor the other."

John Winters grasped the withered hand, half-extended in the eagerness of speaking, dropped it, gathered the net in his arms, and, thus encumbered, entered his father's room.

"Everything is as I left it. This does, indeed, seem like coming home," he said, looking around the singular apartment, whose walls were covered with model boats, mats of coral, great shells that still retained, or seemed to retain, the sounds of the sea in their rosy depths, submarine fans spread out like coarse lace work, and all the curious things that sailors brought home from their far-off voyages, before the romance of ships was broken down and leveled by steam.

Over the mantel-piece, in this room, was a fully rigged ship, with all its sails furled, and its beautiful network of cordage perfect as that of a man-of-war; not a tiny rope was out of place; the bulwarks were carved to miniature perfection. Indeed, it was a complete ship, in everything but its size. Above this, a pair of oars, cut from the teak-wood of some strange land, were crossed, and over them a cutlass, a pair of antique pistols, and a ponderous chronometer held the place of honor.

All these objects John Winters had seen, and marveled at greatly, in his boyhood, and many a time, during his wanderings he had thought of them with homesick longing, as things that he might never see again; but now they were before him, a part of his old life, and while gazing upon them, he felt a swelling of the heart that made him afraid to speak, for awhile lest there should be a sound of tears in his voice.

It was among these curious things that the old man and his son sat down, and conversed with great earnestness of the past. When they arose, and came into the open air again, the sunset had deepened into dusk, and Huldah Winters stood upon the porch, looking out to sea.

The woman took no heed of the persons who approached her; but hearing footsteps, said, in a grave, anxious way, still shading her eyes with one hand:

"Father, it is getting late, and I can no where find the boat. It has been long out of sight."

The old man had been too much occupied during the last hour to notice that the night was indeed softly stealing upon them. He, therefore, looked seaward, with sudden interest.

"Yes," he said, withdrawing his gaze from the deeply purpling waters. "The smack should have been in by this time; but she is in safe hands, never fear."

While his father was speaking, John Winters stood somewhat in the background, gazing in Huldah's face with an earestness so intent, that she felt it through all the anxiety that disturbed her. All at once, her hand dropped, and she turned, facing him. For one moment, not a word was spoken, nor a movement made, but her eyes widened, and a look of startled wonder filled them. Slowly, and as if moving against her own knowledge, she drew nearer to him, and her lips moved.

"John—John Winters," came through them, in a whisper.

"Huldah."

The woman drew one deep breath, and held out her hand.

"Have you come to us from the dead, John Winters?"

"I have come from beyond the sea, and make myself known to you, because news of the old earl's death reached me, and I thought that there might be need of help that no one could give so well."

Huldah answered the firm grasp of his hand with a force that thrilled the strong man from head to foot.

"As of old, thoughtful and kind to everyone but yourself," she said, in a voice that shook with emotion.

John Winters made a gesture, as if her words disturbed him.

"There is no kindness in a simple duty. The dear, old father has often told us that. He alone has been really kind."

"Kind beyond anything," answered Huldah.

"Nay, nay," broke in the old man, lifting his shoulders, as if to fling off these praises. "A man whose father and forefathers were born on the Trevylan estate so for back, that they fought for the land, before they learned how to till it, has only one thing to consider before all others: the honor of the old house—the pleasure of its lord. What this lad has been to our new earl, I was to the one who is dead. In serving one, both were served. It is not often that a poor fisherman is given a chance like that which came to us, and for that we should give thanks, not expect praise."

Huldah smiled, and tears swelled into her eyes; but that instant, a noise came up from the shore that startled her mind back to its old

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anxiety. She stepped to the edge of the terrace, and looked down. A boat, with its sails flapping loosely, was being hauled up to the beach by a group of fishermen, among whom was much confusion and loud talking.

"It is the White Witch," she said, turning deathly pale, in the dusk. "Belus, Keath—oh, Father of mercies, none of those who went out are there!"

Even while speaking, the woman leaped down the terrace, had rushed along the pathway, toward the beach. She had forgotten everything but the great terror that possessed her.

John Winters saw her movement with surprise.

"What is it? Where is she going?" he questioned of his father.

"Lord Colgate, our lad, Keath—Lord Belus, too. They went out in her. The boat is there, but I see nothing of them."

The old man was out of breath, before half this sentence was ended; for John had only caught the first words, when he also threw himself over the terrace, and was gone.

"God help and preserve us," prayed the old fisherman, as he stumbled down the path, regardless of rheumatic joints, or the uncertain foothold. "Ah, me, it is something terrible! Never have I heard such a wail come from Huldah's lips before."

No one observed when the stranger or old Winters came upon the beach; for a crowd had gathered there, men, women and children, some weeping and wringing their hands, others talking at random, and a few young men questioning each other wildly about what was to be done.

After that one sharp wail, Huldah had pushed her way into the centre of this group, and her questions were sharp and clear, each coming with a gasp of the breath.

"Adrift you found it? Where?"

"At the mouth of the ravine, just where the river comes in, below the caves."

"Drifting—no one in it?"

"No one in it, mistress."

"Who saw it come in?"

"No one. Some were counting the day's catch. The rest were at supper."

Then John Winters stood in the midst of the group, and his voice rang loud and clear over the general tumult.

"Bring out a boat—your stanchest. Let four of your best oarsmen go with me. They are most likely on some island or rock, with the tide swelling around them. That's right. The rest of you get out lanterns, light torches, search the shore between this and the cliffs—every inch of it. Still another party summon the coast-guards."

No one asked who gave these orders, or took thought that a stranger directed them. He spoke with knowledge and authority. That was enough. Before he had done speaking, a boat was hauled up to the sands, and the four men were ready. One moment, Winters paused before Huldah, and then leaped into the boat.

"Do not despair," he said. "If he is alive, we will find him."

One clasp of their hands, then he was gone, and Huldah stood, dumb and helpless, watching him with her wild eyes, as if he were taking her soul with him.

"Now, my men, for the shore," cried a young fisherman, who had been left behind. "The boat was found in the mouth of the river, near its outflow from the park. Most likely they put ashore there, and are now safe at the castle. It isn't like Keath, to moor his boat carelessly, but he may have done it, for once, don't you see."

A great sob broke from Huldah, as she turned upon the young man who advanced this hope.

"At the castle! God bless you, Gregory, for thinking of that! What is more likely? He was tired; the ravine was nearest to the castle. Of course, they have all gone up to Trevylan, not thinking what awful thoughts might come to us, here. Father, father, you will go with these; see, they are all coming with the lanterns and torches, like a funeral. Such things frighten one; but it will not be for long. I will go to the castle, and be coming back with good news, before you get half way to the cliffs; but keep on searching. Do not lose a minute!"

Her voice rang back from the footpaths, as she mounted the hill, turning, now and then, to make sure that the lights were moving. Once on the terrace, she paused a moment, and looked out to sea, where the shadow of a boat was just defined by one unsteady light, that rose and dipped with the waves like a floating star.

"God guide them," she prayed, turning toward her darkened home; "and oh, God! grant that I find them first. Delia—Delia Fitch!"

There was no answer. Alas! pretty Delia would never hear that voice again.

"She has gone with the rest. I did not see her in the crowd—but then how could I see anyone?" she murmured, thinking tenderly of the girl. "Poor child, she will be terribly frightened!"

All this Huldah thought as she went into a little outhouse, and came forth with a bridle in her hand. Then, with another anxious glance along the coast, she climbed to the level ground, and there, in a bit of pasture, fenced off for his

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own use, found an old pony, that Keath had learned to ride upon, now rather older than himself. With the meek submission which age generally brings to all earthly creatures, the petted animal bent his head for the bit, and when Huldah leaped upon his back, bore her off with a speed that would have astonished her at any other time, but now, when her heart was aching with suspense, it seemed as if the poor creature crept under her with vicious slowness.

Along the coast road, through the great entrance to the park, and among the lonely shadows cast downward by its giant trees, she made her way, growing more and more heavy-hearted as she went. To her the stillness of the night was terrible, and when that was broken by the wail of a dog, that came solemnly up from the wilderness, a cry of absolute dismay broke from her.

Thus, pale as death, and wild with apprehension, the woman had presented herself before Lady Colgate, only to be repulsed, and sent away to that other scene, where Lord Belus almost trampled the form of that dead girl under the hoofs of his horse.

Then it was that a sickness like that of death came over the woman; for, with unreasoning intuition, she felt the terrible dread of some evil that was winding itself around her son, added to the certainty that Lord Colgate had met with something worse than death, and that the poor child at her feet was in some way involved in the mystery of his disappearance.

"If any of you have a hatchet or knives, cut some branches from the ravine, weave them into a bier, and let us take this poor child to some more sacred place."

It was John Winters that spoke in the solemnity of the moment, for his boat's crew had come up the ravine, and now stood among the crowd that had gathered solemnly around the dead girl.

CHAPTER XVI.

A MOURNFUL procession passed down that coast road, blackening the highway with shadows, and moving in silence, save that the slow tramp of feet was answered, mournfully, by the sweep of broken waves against the rocks, and the still more dismal wail of night winds among the cavernous hollows, with which they were honeycombed.

A few torches were still aflame, and these gave a lurid aspect to the scene; for the moon, that had risen goldenly, was now submerged with clouds, thus leaving the sea in inky darkness, moaning, as it seemed, over the fate of that dead girl.

At length, the procession turned down to the cove, breaking up along its various paths, till the little valley was black with moving shadows. Then came the wail of women and children; for that rustic bier was set down, reverently, on the terrace, in front of old Winters' cottage, and all who had known the girl, but a few hours before, so winsome and beautiful, might look upon her now; for the moon had struggled out from an embankment of black clouds, and its pale light fell gently down upon the terrace, turning its dew into a mist of silver, which seemed to enwrap the dead. Lord Belus had followed this weird train of mourners, slowly, still riding his horse, and keeping in the background; for the beast was restive, and might imperil the crowd of women and children that thronged the road. Thus he was left on the eminence, looking upon the silent mourners, as they wound down into the hollow, and gathered in a black cloud around old Winters' cottage. No one could see his face then; but he curbed his horse fiercely back, when the moon came out, as if the sight was more than he cared to look upon, and thus brought his dark face to the sea. Then a shudder passed through him, and he half wheeled the hunter around—but back again, in an instant—forcing the beast to stand still while he surveyed the whole scene, clenching his teeth, and holding the bridle with a fierce grip, as he took in the sombre funeral, and the broad, half-lighted sea at his feet, defying his own terror. Then he slowly wheeled his horse, and came face to face with the retainers who had followed him from Trevylan, and were silently regarding his movements.

"There has been foul work here," he said. "That much we have learned; but the worst may not yet have appeared. We come out in search of Lord Colgate, and find a dead girl. What connection there is between his absence and her death no one can tell. It is a pity, for she was a bright little lass; but even her death should not keep us from our search. Who among you saw the boat after she left the harbor?"

Lord Belus asked the question with a keen look at the men, reining his horse in nervously, as he waited for an answer.

"None of us saw it, my lord," answered one of the men. "We can see sails come and go from the castle, but not to make out one sail from another."

"Still, some of you may have been on the cliffs—"

"No, my lord; but here come the coast guards. They may have seen her."

He was right: the sound of hoofs and the jingle of arms was heard on the highway. Lord Belus rode forward to meet the four horsemen, who were approaching at a sharp trot. The

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leader, on recognizing Lord Belus, touched his hat.

"You are welcome, gentlemen," said the young man. "We have great need of you. Our tenants, down yonder, are waiting to clamor out their grief over one of their own people, instead of searching earth and sea for the master of Trevylan. But you will give us efficient help."

The captain touched his hat a second time.

"We got a message that the earl was missing, and came at once."

"Thank you. I expected as much," answered the young man, accepting the idea, as if he had really sent the message.

"Has nothing been heard?"

"No. The villagers were out, and a search begun; but a young girl of the cove has been found dead in the park, and that has drawn them off—a few people may be down among the rocks, but nothing has been discovered of my brother."

"A young girl found dead in the park—not murdered?" questioned the captain.

"No, I dare say not. Some keeper's sweetheart, perhaps, who missed a rendezvous, and fell into the pool, or flung herself in, when he failed to meet her. Who knows?"

"That is sad."

"But we have not time to think of that. The whole village has occupied itself with her, while my brother is missing, and may have met with a worse fate.

Here one of the men from the castle rode up.

"My lord, they have not given up the search. You can hear voices and see lights among the rocks—a woman's voice. I hear that the fishermen have only waited to place that poor child in a safe place. Shall we join them?"

"Yes, yes. The captain here will lead you. I must gallop to the castle, inform my mother that every thing is being done—for she is in sad distress—and then join you again. This way."

The man wheeled his horse close to that of his master, and bent his head, while Belus whispered, impressively:

"Not a word of my suspicion; but keep Keath Winters well in sight. He may attempt to leave the village. See that he has no opportunity."

"Keath Winters, my lord? I am to watch him?"

"You are to watch everyone; most of all the man who was last seen with my brother. Go, now; the guard is waiting."

The man rode off, and then Lord Belus turned his horse toward home; but evidently with some reluctance. As he was crossing the bridge under which the river emptied itself in the ravine, a man came swiftly up the hollow, and seized his horse by the bridle.

"Lord Belus, what does this mean. I am here for an explanation, and will have it."

"You?" said Belus, reversing his whip, and leaning forward, as he raised it. "You ask explanations of me! You!"

"Yes, I. Some terrible thing has been done."

"I do not doubt that, Keath Winters."

"A young creature murdered."

"You *know* that?" Till now, I thought it might be accident; but what is she, compared to your benefactor, the good man whose safety you were entrusted with. It is Lord Colgate you must answer for; after that, the girl you cast away."

"Belus, Belus, are you a man or a fiend, to jest on a subject like this?" cried Keath, white with mingled horror and resentment.

"A little of both you may find me, if your hand is not loosened from my horse's bit. Is it not enough that you have put one of our house out of the way? Remember, I am the last of the line, and have no idea of following the earl, wherever you may have put him. But I have always been your friend, Keath, and will prove it, by a word of advice. Do not trouble yourself to return to the village, when we part, but make for the nearest station, or, better still, get aboard some outward bound vessel, and leave the country. It will save a world of trouble; for if Lord Colgate does not appear, to-morrow, you will be under arrest.'

"I under arrest!"

"For murdering a peer of England; to say nothing of this poor girl, whose life has paid the forfeit of her love for you. Oh, you carried the farce off well before Lord Colgate, and I was fool enough to forgive a blow, because of my pity for your jealous passion for the girl?"

Keath Winters sallied back, as if he had received a blow. His grip upon the bridle had been firm as iron; but it gave way now. Upon his face came a look of slowly increasing horror, and he stood there, motionless and dumb, in the moonlight.

"I see, you begin to understand how serious all this is. I am glad of that; for, upon my soul, I wish you no harm, Keath. If I said anything to cast suspicion on you, when we came so suddenly upon the girl, it was wrung from me by surprise, and I dare say, no one took heed of my words."

Still Keath Winters stood in the road, like a stone monument planted there.

"You will not move; you give no answer, when I offer to help you, and every moment

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lost will tell against your life. I repeat it to you, Keath Winters, the greatest wish that I have now, is to save you from the fate that is sure to close around you, if you are found here after daylight, to-morrow morning."

Lord Belus spoke hurriedly, and with warning emphasis. All that was fierce or scoffing in his previous manner was swept away. There was even a tone of entreaty in his voice, and his face, as he bent it toward the young man, who had so lately been his friend, was pale with excitement.

"You do not speak—you will not speak. Fool, fool! do you know how little time there is?" he cried out, with passionate vehemence. "I point to the way of escape; here is gold, uncounted, but enough to take you across the ocean. Once there, send to me, and you shall have abundance, as long as you live. When we were boys together, I promised to befriend you, always. That promise I wish to redeem. Take the gold, and flee."

"Never," answered the young man, breaking out from the horror that had locked his senses for awhile, and with a sweep of his arm he dashed the bag, heavy with gold, from the eager hand that held it out, whence it fell with a crash to the ground.

"Keath Winters, are you mad? I tell you that there is no other way open to you on earth," cried Lord Belus, throwing himself from the saddle, and lifting the gold from the dust of the road. "To-morrow, even I cannot help you. Take it—take it, for your mother's sake."

Keath thrust the bag from him with both hands. The passionate entreaty with which its acceptance was urged, only deepened the horrible loathing that he felt for the pleader.

"No," he said, firmly. "I will neither touch your money or leave the place."

"But your mother?"

"My mother," answered Keath, and now his eyes lighted up with sudden inspiration. "My mother would not recognize a coward as her son. She believes in a God—a just God—and so do I. Above all things, she will have need of me."

"But there is another—Stella Winchester. Would you have her name dragged through all the horrors of a murder trial?"

When that name was mentioned, Keath sallied back, and a faint moan broke from him. Belus saw his advantage, and pressed it earnestly.

"You have had the audacity to think she loves you."

"No, no. Who dares to say that?"

"You have been found with her more than once, walking in the park, like equals. Reflect, while you can, that every act of your life—every moment of the last few months will be spread before the world."

Keath put up his hands, as if to ward off a blow, that he had lost all courage to repel, and Lord Belus went on, still more earnestly.

"This girl, Delia Fitch, saw you with the young lady in my mother's pavilion, her hand in yours, her lips offered for your kisses.'

"No, no; she did not see that."

"I say she did; for I met her when the jealous tears were hot in her eyes. I witnessed all that had maddened her. You know best if it was this that drove the poor thing to commit suicide, or if it was a part of your plan to put one sweetheart out of the way, while you enticed another from her high place. All that I know is that the girl is dead, who was alive and in full health when the sun went down this evening."

"Oh, my God, this is terrible!" moaned Keath.

"And to-morrow," Lord Belus went on, "there will be an inquest, when you and I must be sworn; for she was seen going about the beach when the boat put off, almost on the very spot where I was assailed with blows, for a careless bit of gallantry. I say to you again, Keath Winters, if you would not, with your own hands, cast Stella Winchester into the loathsome vortex of a public scandal, take my offer, and go!"

Was it strange that Keath Winters hesitated, or that his mind was, for some moments, swayed to and fro with painful uncertainty? Is it strange that his limbs shook, and that great beads of moisture stood on his pale forehead? The gulf that lay before him seemed too deep and awful for human power to scan; but the soul in that young bosom was brave, though the body trembled. After a brief silence, during which Lord Belus stood breathless, with the money still half held out, the young man conquered the chaos of thought, that had confused him, and once more put the gold aside.

"No," he said, in a firm, almost solemn voice. "To save my mother, or this lady, from one pang of shame, I would become an exile forever—nay, perish where I stand, thankful that my poor life had saved them from even a suspicion of disgrace; but safety has never yet been purchased by falsehood. To debase myself would give them greater pain than any evil that can befall me here. They will know that I am innocent, no matter how darkly the crime that has been committed may be woven into my life. While there are three souls on earth that know me innocent, no temptation shall persuade me to appear guilty."

"You are resolved. You know the danger,

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but are ready to defy it," said Lord Belus, allowing the hand, with its load of gold, to drop slowly downward, while his eyes shone with sinister light, and his features were locked like iron. "When the worst comes, remember, Keath Winters, that I did my best to save you"

"I shall remember that, from mercy or calculation, you hesitated to take the last step of a terrible crime; but I shall also remember that there is a just God in heaven, to whom innocent men may appeal, when all else fails them."

This was said with so much solemnity, that Lord Belus felt a thrill as of shooting ice pass through him. But he cast it off, with a loud, harsh laugh, mounted his horse, and rode away.

After going a few furlongs, the young man wheeled his horse, and came slowly back.

"I will not leave you so, Keath Winters; to let you remain here would be murder; for no power on earth can save you. I tell you this—I who know—if Colgate is not found to-morrow, you are a doomed man. Once more, will you take this, and go?"

"No, I remain here."

"Then your fate be on your own head."

With these words, Belus wheeled his horse, and rode swiftly away.

Keath Winters did not move, but watched the man, as he was swept through the clouded moonlight, almost expecting that some bolt from heaven would smite him dead from his horse; for in a chaotic fashion, he understood all the horrors that surrounded him. Still, he could not force his honest nature to accept the horror as it had been presented to him. How could he, even with such proofs of treachery, believe in a crime that grasped so much, dared so much, and was so far-reaching in its object? For the first time in his life, he was placed suddenly, and without preparation, face to face with a sin of such appalling magnitude, that even his imagination rejected it. Only a few hours ago, he had parted from his benefactor, with cheerful smiles, and had spoken a careless word of greeting to Delia Fitch, as she passed him on the beach. Still, had he not seen her lying dead upon the turf, only a few feet from where he stood? He knew that Lord Colgate would never be found. Is it strange that all these events, crowded into a few brief hours, should paralyze belief? That they should appear to him like some dream, through which a demon had ridden rough shod, in the form of his old playmate?

Was it true—could it be true—that he had seen that girl, who seemed to him as a child yet, carried away to his mother's house, upon the green branches of a litter, a dead thing, that must be buried out of sight? How had she died? In what way had the dark-winged spirit overtaken her, in the very bud and bloom of her girlhood? Only that afternoon, he had noticed how fair and beautiful she was, hovering around the beach at a distance, to watch the boat put off. Where had she gone, after that? What impulse or influence had led her up the old avenue, into the wilderness, where the men had found her drifting, like another broken flower, among the water-lilies?

Worst of all—more terrible than all—what had happened to Lord Colgate? In what way could his disappearance have been connected with the death of this young girl? One had gone far out there, upon the water; the other in an opposite direction, which led her into the depths of the Wilderness. Could one evil purpose have dealt treacherously with them both? It was in vain the young man asked these disjointed questions of himself. For the first time in his life, a great trouble had overtaken him, with the force, and almost the swiftness, of lightning. He was unprepared for the shock by any previous experience, and it was more than he could bear. In one hour, two beings whose lives had been so interwoven with his, had been swept into eternity; the poor girl who had loved him, and the one man on earth whom he worshiped from the very depths of his being. This supreme loss was enough to paralyze his strength; but in addition to this, a great moral pit had all at once yawned at his feet, and he stood upon the brink, stunned.

If this young man had been kept free from trouble, so, also, had the knowledge of great sin never been allowed to approach him. Such annoyances as come with the daily life of the boy and man, had been encountered bravely. He had always been ready for a struggle for the weak against the strong, because that was his nature; but no real idea of human treachery and deliberate crime had ever even fastened itself on him.

How, then, could he all at once believe that his old playmate and friend could, in a few hours, become the fiend he had declared himself?

Staggering away from the road, he went reeling like a drunken man, down among the rocks, and in an agony of distress, fell down upon the very spot where Delia had watched the boat put out to sea, when it left the harbor. There, with his face prone to the earth, and his hands clutching the coarse tufts of grass that shot up from the crevices, he lay, racked with pain, moaning over his loss, and shuddering under the black cloud of treachery that overwhelmed him.

Once or twice, he heard a sound among the rocks, and lifted his head to listen; for it seemed to his disordered mind that above the slow moan-

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ing of the sea, a voice came to him—the kind, sweet voice of his benefactor, pleading for help.

No. It was only the waves rolling in the cavernous hollows of the rocks. Even the men who had been searching them had moved down the coast, disheartened.

Restless in his misery, the young man sat upright, at last, looked despairingly around, and turning his haggard face to the moon, which came out clear just then, and made a strange, wild picture of him, as he sat there.

What was that in his hand? Not the coarse grass that he had grasped in that unconscious agony, but something that rustled softly, and gleamed red, as he held it up to the moonlight.

What was it? Only a knot of scarlet ribbon, with a rosebud, that his grasp had crushed, woven in it—a fanciful little ornament enough, but it had the power to unlock the hands of steel that seemed girded over his chest, and set the anguish of his heart free.

"It is hers—it is hers," he said, and a great rush of tears broke his voice, as he looked down on the scarlet thing that lay in his palm. "She was here. She must have been here; for this was on her breast, when she passed me. Poor lass—poor little Delia; and she is dead."

The sadness of his voice died off, after awhile; but his eyes were so full of tears, that he could hardly see the knot of ribbon in his hand. They were merciful tears, that softened the anguish that was racking away his strength with dangerous force.

As he sat there, desolate, and worn out with grief, a little boy came creeping down the rocks, with timid hesitation, as if the very shadows frightened him, and passed close to the young man, evidently unconscious that he, too, was not a fragment of the rocks piled so blackly around him. Creeping softly toward a bush near by, the little lad drew a basket from under its branches, and was about to fly, when Keath moved.

The child turned, saw his figure, clad in the fisherman's dress, out of which the red shirt gleamed, and with a shrill cry of alarm, fled up the rocks. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

A WOMAN'S REASON.

BY E. S. HOPKINS.

It was love-compelling June,
With the cricket's shrill bassoon
Piping loud;
And the moon, a merry maid,
Waltzing down the checkered shade,
With a cloud.

She was standing at the stile,
And the moonlight, all the while
She was there,
Like the sunshine in the moss,
Got all tangled in the floss
Of her hair.

In the midnight of her eyes
Glowed the sudden, glad surprise
Of first love;
While, in waves of red and white,
Hope and fear, with jealous might,
Fiercely strove.

Suddenly, the air grew still,
And the distant whippoorwill
Frightened her;
And she crept up very close,
Blushing like a blowing rose,
For her fear.

Then the moon waltzed out of sight,
And a voice, as of the night,
Said, "Beware;"
For the quiet was so deep,
That a butterfly could sleep
In the air.

Every dimple was in tune,
With a smile about the moon,
As it fled;
And a roguish terror played
With her eyelids, as the shade
Overspread.

And from out the jessamine,
Through the spicy eglantine,
Twisted thick,
Just awakened from a dream,
Came the hum-bird's wrathy scream,
"Do it quick."

Life till then was incomplete.
Heavens! what delicious, sweet,
Rosy lips;
All the lightning of a storm
Tingled, laughing, to my warm
Finger-tips.

And a June bug buzzing near,
Or else something, said, "You dear,"
Very low;
"Why do you," chimed in a frog,
Courting some one in the bog,
"Love me so?"

And I think she thought 'twas I;
For two hands crept into my
Clumsy paws,
And the little mischief said,
Roguishly, "You naughty Fred,
Just because."

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ARALIN.

BY ARTHUR HAY.

It was a hot day, and Harry had five miles yet to go, before he could reach Aralin. He walked leisurely along, stopping, occasionally, beneath some friendly tree, which grew by the wayside, invited by its cool shade to rest. By and by, he entered a thick woods, where the tall trees interlocked their branches over the road, and completely shut off the hot rays of the sun.

"How cool and delightful," thought Harry. "If I can find a spring, I will remain in these woods the rest of the afternoon."

Presently, the sound of running water fell upon his ears, and a little farther on, he reached a stream, which came tumbling down the hillside, over the rocks, and, passing beneath the road, was lost in the river in the valley on the other side. A little foot-path led up the hill, beside the brook. Harry drank of the cool, clear water, and then went up the path, tempted by the delicious, dense shade. Soon he came to a large rock, from under which the waters gushed forth. He threw himself down on a mossy bank, beside the spring, and taking a book from his pocket, opened it, and laid it before him. But he could not read. He lay listening to the water, as it bubbled up, and fell over the rocks, to the song of the birds in the trees over his head, and then gradually fell asleep. He slept long and soundly. When he awoke, the loveliest sight he had ever beheld, was before his eyes. A young girl sat on the other side of the spring, with a pencil in her hand, evidently making a sketch of him. On one side of her was a boy, about ten years of age, who looked as though he might be her brother; on the other side lay a large dog. She was looking down on her work, when he opened his eyes, and did not see that he had awoke. He gazed at her only for a moment; then closed his eyes again, before she looked up; for he feared she would go away, if she knew that he was awake. He did not dare look at her again, but lay still, thinking of the beautiful face. He had not seen her eyes, but thought they must be brown, like her hair, which fell in soft, wavy masses on her shoulders, and glistened when the sunlight fell upon it. He thought he had never seen such a well-shaped face; such a soft, white complexion; or such rosy lips; and he had noticed how small and white was the hand, which held the pencil. Presently, he heard a slight rustle, as though she rose to leave; then the light tread of departing footsteps. He opened his eyes. Yes! she was going down the hill, her small, light figure all motion and grace. And soon she was out of sight.

Harry lay for a few minutes; then sprang up, and ran down the path; but when he reached the road, she was out of sight, and he reached Aralin without overtaking her. Here he found his way to the only hotel that the place afforded, and obtained lodgings. He had intended to remain for a few days, as there were places of interest in the vicinity, which he wished to visit; but he had already found more to attract him there than he had expected, and which tempted him to continue longer.

After supper, when he was talking to the landlord's son, he was thinking of the beautiful girl he had seen in the woods. To pave the way to inquiring about her, he began to talk about her dog.

"There are several fine dogs in town," said Jack. "We have one, which we claim to be the best; Squire Newton claims the same thing for his, and so does Plain Aralin."

"Plain Aralin," said Harry. "Who is she? I thought the village was Aralin Plain."

"So it is," answered Jack, laughing. "Plain Aralin is an old maid, who lives here. We change the order of the words, so as to distinguish her from the town."

"And is she plain?" asked Harry. "I think the town very pretty, what I saw of it coming in."

"Very plain in her face, but she dresses gay enough. The boys sometimes call her Ginseng. I think Pepper would suit her better, she is so very smart, or, what amounts to about the same thing, she thinks she is. There is a riddle nobody can answer; it is, whether the town was named after her, or she was named after the town."

"I should like to see her," said Harry. "Perhaps I might decide the question," he added, laughing.

"Well, if you can, you shall have for a prize the prettiest and best girl in Aralin Plain. But if you fail, you must carry off Plain Aralin."

Harry felt that the prize must be the lady he had seen in the woods. So he answered, lightly:

"I will take the prize you offer, if I succeed.

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But surely failure will be enough, without taking Plain Aralin."

"Perhaps it will. I will release you from that condition. This very night," he said, "you can have a chance to answer the question, and choose the girl. There is to be a sociable at Mrs. Brown's: they will all be there, and I will take you. My introduction will be enough."

They had been at the sociable a few minutes, and Mrs. Brown had just turned from Harry to welcome some new arrival, when Jack touched his arm.

"Come—I will introduce you to Miss Stone," he said.

"Who is she?" asked Harry.

"Why, Aralin Stone, Plain Aralin."

"Oh, yes!" said Harry, laughing. "I did not know who you meant by Miss Stone."

Plain Aralin certainly deserved the name, Harry thought. She might have been a little under forty; but she tried to pass herself as not more than twenty-five, at most. She was dressed in the gayest style, powdered and painted. Harry talked with her for some time; but he could not keep his eyes from the door; he was wondering if the lady of the woods was never coming. He looked in vain. But directly Jack came up, and whispered in his ear:

"Now for your reward."

Harry followed, and was led up to a lady standing near. It was the one he sought. She raised her large brown eyes to his, then dropped them in an instant; while the blood burned on her cheeks. Evidently she recognized him. He was hardly less confused than she. Jack saw it, and, wondering what it meant, came to their rescue.

"Tell Miss Newton your solution of the riddle, and," he added, with a mischievous look at Harry, "the reward I offered you." Then he left them.

"What is the riddle, Mr. Lamer?" she asked.

"Something about Plain Aralin," he answered.

"Oh, yes! have you seen her?" she said, laughing. "They do bother that poor woman almost to death. Have you decided which is the older, she or the town?"

"How old is the town?"

"It celebrated its centennial, seven years ago."

Harry looked up in pretended amazement. "How could you all be perplexed by such a simple riddle as that? It is very plain—the town was named after Miss Stone."

"For shame, Mr. Lamer! How can you be so cruel? Now, what is the reward Jack offered?"

"I would rather not tell that now. I will tell you sometime."

"I should like to know now."

"Please excuse me. I cannot tell that."

"I have a good deal of curiosity. But I will excuse you, if you promise me one thing."

"I promise; what is it?"

"That you will not tell any one else what you told me. It would hurt Aralin's feelings very much if she should hear it; and some one would be sure to tell her."

"I will answer the question the other way. Would that please her, if she should hear it?"

"Yes, very much."

"Jack may refuse to give me the reward if I give him that answer; but I intend to get it, whether he is willing or not."

"You will tell me what it is, when you get it."

"Yes," said Harry. Then they talked on of other things. Harry was entranced. He found her to be as intelligent as she was beautiful. He knew not how rapidly the time passed by, till she rose to go.

"May I call to-morrow?" he asked, as he bid her good-night.

"I shall be pleased to see you," she answered.

"Well, what is your decision?" asked Jack, as he and Harry met on the hotel steps, after the sociable.

"How could you be so absurd?" said Harry. "The town was nearly four score and ten when Miss Aralin was christened."

Jack broke out in a laugh. "Emma Newton told you to say that. She always talks up for Ginseng."

The next afternoon found Harry sitting in Squire Newton's parlor. He should have been away among the mountains, visiting a beautiful waterfall, as he had intended; but that, he thought, could be seen at some future day; perhaps with the company he most delighted to be in. The bright, brown eyes that looked upon him, the night before, had completed the conquest of his heart, which had been first touched when he saw her at the spring.

They were talking about books and authors. Harry was a writer himself, and Emma found to her delight that she remembered reading some of his writings in the magazines. She acknowledged that she had commenced to write. Would Mr. Lamer be so kind as to look over her article, and see if their was any merit in it? He would be delighted to do so. Emma brought out her manuscript, and also a portfolio containing sketches.

"I am illustrating my article," she said, "or rather, I am writing about my sketches."

"You are an artist then?" he said.

"Hardly that," she answered. "I can only

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sketch a little. There are so many beautiful places around here, that I determined to let them be known to the world. So I have sketched them, and wrote about them. Now do you think they are worth publishing?"

They looked over the drawings together, and Harry read what she had written.

"Yes. Almost any magazine would be pleased to get the article. The sketches are very fine. I could not desire better."

Emma's eyes sparkled. "You really think them good enough to be published? I was so afraid I could not do it well enough."

"Yes. When will you finish it?"

"I thought to have it done in two or three weeks."

"I am going back to the city in about a month, and will take it with me, if you wish it."

"Oh, will you be so kind?"

The sketch of the spring was not among them. Harry wondered if she intended to put that in with the rest; but he said nothing about it.

"You have not got the Falls of Aralin here?" he said.

"Have you heard of them?" she asked; with a look of disappointment.

"Yes. I came here principally to see them. And yesterday afternoon, on my way here, I stopped in a most lovely place by a spring, in the woods. Aralin is to be envied."

He saw that she blushed slightly, as she asked:

"Did you come on the road from Uptown?"

"Yes."

"I know the place. I must have that in my article, too."

When Harry had left, Emma brought out a sketch of a young man, lying by a spring.

"It will never do to put this with the others, now," she said to herself; "and it is the best one I have. I wish he had not stopped here, but—"

The blood rushed up to her face, even to her hair, dying it a bright red. She put her hand to her burning cheek.

"What nonsense," she exclaimed, and tore the sketch into bits. Ah! Emma, that burning blush told more than your words.

They had agreed to go together to the falls, the next day. Emma's brother was to go with them, but the squire took him with him to a neighboring town, so they started off alone, with the dog following. It was two miles to the falls. They were obliged to walk, as a wagon could not get within a mile and a-half of the falls. When they reached the lower fall, Emma sat down upon a rock, and spread her portfolio.

"I will stay here, and work," she said to Harry. "You can go up the falls, and look at them."

"Do you not wish to go up, too?" he asked.

"No, I have been up there a great many times; and if I should climb up there now, I would be too tired to draw, when I got back."

Harry went off, alone. Beautiful as the falls were, he was thinking more of her whom he left behind than of them. He climbed to the top, and stood above the first fall. Looking down the valley, far beneath him, he could see the little figure seated on the rock. Presently, she looked up, and, seeing him, waved her hankerchief. He returned the salute, and shouted to her with all his might, but his voice was drowned in the roar of the waters. He soon began to descend, and when he reached the place where she was sitting, he threw himself down on the bank of the stream, by her side. After tumbling over the last fall, the waters went solidly down the valley, in a deep channel.

"Are they not beautiful?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered. "What a pleasant place this is! I feel as if I could lie here forever."

But he lay there, watching her pencil, as it flew over the paper. Presently she said:

"I can't draw at all, to-day. I don't know what is the matter with me. I have ruined this sketch." As she spoke, she tore it up, and threw it in the stream.

The drawing had been good, till he came beside her. They sat in silence, for some time; Emma looking up the falls; Harry was looking at her, and wondering what was in her thoughts. Presently she sprung up.

"Oh, do look at that pretty flower! I must have it," she said, pointing towards a flower that grew on the bank of the stream, close down to the water's edge. As she reached out to pluck it, the treacherous stone she stood on gave way, and she fell into the stream. Harry and the dog followed her. The current was so strong, that Harry could do nothing in it, but was swept down the stream. The dog struggled bravely, and succeeded in grasping Emma. With great effort, he brought her near the shore, where she could reach a small tree, and pull herself up on the bank. A little lower down, the dog effected a landing. They now ran down the stream after Harry.

Harry was tossed along on the foaming water, nearly a quarter of a mile, where he struck against a limb, which hung over the water. He seized this, and it stopped his course. By its aid he reached the bank, and started up the stream, where he soon met Emma. Both were unhurt, and they were soon laughing over the drenching they had got, as they hurried homeward.

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"Good old Tip," said Harry. "I envy you; you rescued the lady."

"If I get into the water again," said Emma, "please leave it to Tip to take care of me. Don't risk your life. You might have been drowned."

Before they reached the village, they parted, so as not to be seen drenched together, and got home unobserved.

The last week of Harry's vacation soon came. He had only one more day to stay. As he was leaving Emma, that night, he asked:

"Will you go with me to the spring, on the Uptown road, to-morrow morning? There is something that I wish very much to tell you."

"Yes, I will go," she said, turning her face from him, to conceal her blushes. Did she divine what it was he had to tell her? He saw the blush. It was a good omen, he thought. So he bid her good-night with a happy heart.

The next morning, they stood by the spring. Emma was leaning against the rock overhanging it, looking down at the water, as it bubbled up at her feet. Harry stood beside her. Neither spoke for a long time. Then Harry took her hand and held it in his own. She did not attempt to withdraw it.

"Emma," he said.

She looked up in his face, smiling.

"Emma, I love you!"

She looked down into the water again. There was a bright light in her eyes, but she made no answer.

"Emma, I love you," he repeated. "Can you care for me?"

She looked up into his face, while the tears started to her eyes.

"Yes," she answered, as he drew her to him, and kissed her sweet lips.

"It seems but yesterday," said Harry, at last, "since I first saw you by this spring."

She started from him, exclaiming:

"Were you not asleep that day?"

"I was at first, but awoke before you left. What have you done with the sketch? Won't you show it to me?"

"I have destroyed it."

"Did you intend to put me in the paper, with the rest?"

"Yes! If you had not stopped here, I should have done so. But when I knew you, I was afraid to let you see it, and tore it up. It was the best sketch I had."

"Then you must have been sorry to destroy it."

"I was. I said I wished you had gone on."

"Do you wish so now?"

"No," she answered, looking up at him, and smiling. "Why did you not tell me before that you saw me?"

"I thought I would wait. I said to myself, that night at the sociable, that there should come a time like this, if it lay in my power to bring it about, and that then I would tell you."

As they were returning home, they met Plain Aralin. She knew by their happy looks what had happened. She turned to look after them as they passed by.

"Well, people will be such fools," she said; but she sighed, as she turned to go on.

That afternoon, Jack asked Harry if he had won the prize that he had offered him, when he first came.

"Jack," he said, as he took his hand, "you refused to give me the prize, but I harbor no ill-feeling against you. You shall be my best man."

"So I will," said Jack.

Harry was to leave early the next morning. That night, as he and Emma stood by the gate, just before bidding each other good-by, she asked him:

"Harry, have you won that prize, that Jack refused to give you, because you did not answer the question as he wished?"

"Yes," said Harry.

"What is it?"

"The prettiest and best girl in Aralin Plain."

BLUE.

BY MILTON H. MARBLE.

"Or all the colors 'neath the skies,
Which one is fairest to thy eyes?"

"I've thought it o'er, and tell you true,
My favorite of all is blue!"

"Your reason, sweetheart, give to me,
Why blue so fair to you should be?"

"'Tis not because the clear, broad sea
Is blue, that it is fair to me;

"Nor yet because the violet
Is blue, that thus my mind is set;

"And yet you cannot guess, you say,
Why I this color choose to-day.

"Look in the glass, my sweet, and view
The answer in thy eyes of blue!"

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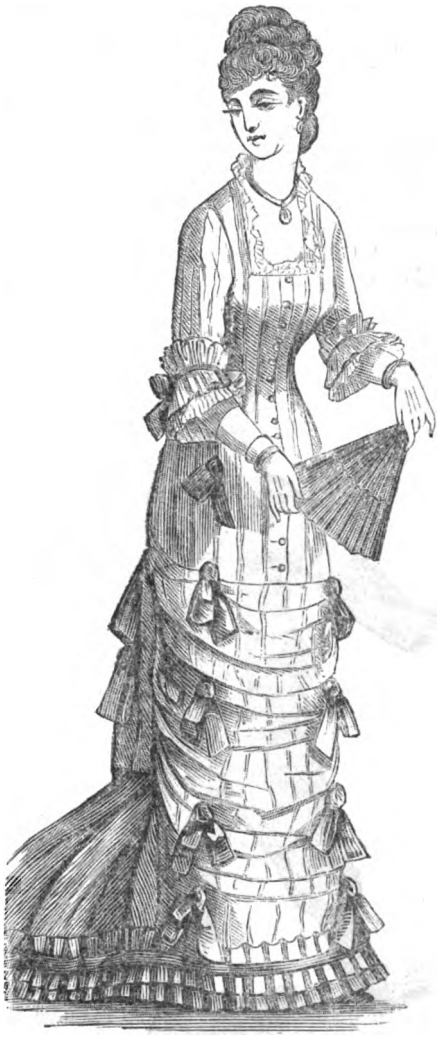
EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, a walking costume of one of the pretty zephyr cloths. These, (the French or domestic ginghams), will be very much

No. 1.

worn as morning-costumes for the street, during the warm season, and for country wear. This design has, first, a short skirt, rather full-trimmed, with one knife-plaited flounce, headed by either a bordering of the chintz, or three rows of white braid, or narrow Hamburg insertion, stitched



No. 2.

down as borders. The tunic is the turned up washer-woman style for the front, while the back is arranged by taking a length of from three to

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four yards of the material, divide in the centre, and begin the lay from four to six plaits, meeting in the centre, for the middle of the back of the tunic, then turn the cloth on both sides towards the middle of the back, when it is plaited again in a bunch, and then it is reversed again, and brought up to the waist. After it is arranged, then trim so the braids or borders may come upon the right side. This design will only do for such material, having neither wrong or right sides, like the zephyr cloths and ginghams. The basque is pointed in the back and straight across the front. A little scarf mantilla may be worn or not with this costume. Trim it to match the skirt, adding a row of torchon lace for the upper border, where it turns over. Coat sleeves with cuffs of plaiting and lace to match. From fourteen to sixteen yards of material.

No. 2 is a dinner or house-dress of striped gauze or muslin, over silk or Silesia, of any pale shade of color. The princess-dress, which fastens below the waist with silk buttons, is ornamented at each side with bows of narrow ribbon

No. 3.

to match, or else contrasting. The edge is bordered with a double plaiting separated by a band of silk or ribbon in the centre. The back is pouffed considerably, and ornamented with large bows in long loops, or else flat ones of the Alsatian style. Cut square in the neck, or Y-shape. Elbow sleeves terminating with double plaitings to match the skirt, tied in the centre with narrow ribbons. Fifteen to seventeen yards of material. One piece of ribbon for bows, etc.

No. 3, a little boy of six to ten years, with knickerbocker pants, and a double-breasted jacket, simply stitched, and trimmed with large bone buttons. This suit is of linen or flannel.

No. 4.

No. 4 is a linen costume, of prune-color,

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streaked with cowslip, yellow and red. Under-skirt bordered with a gathered flounce, crossed with a checked galloon, or else the bordering of the chintz or linen. Under this is a muslin bala-yeuse, princess polonaise, trimmed to correspond; fastened in front, beneath a piped buttoned band, matching the one around the cuffs and sailor-collar. A muslin frilling finishes the slightly square neck. A waistband and buckle is used for the waist; from this belt the dress-holder is suspended by a prune silk cord. Twelve to fourteen yards.

No. 5.

No. 5, a little girl of six to eight years, with a simple, useful dress, made with a blouse and skirt. The skirt has a gather ruffle, and the blouse is ornamented by a bordering of the chintz, or several rows of Marseilles braid. This blouse is cut loose from the shoulders, and is belted in at the waist by a sash of the material trimmed at the ends to match the skirt. For the seaside or cool mornings in the country, make of navy-blue flannel, trimmed with white braid.

No. 6, a costume for a little girl of three to four years, of white corded piqué, cut in the

No. 6.

princess form, with a kilt-plaiting at the back, edged with a Hamburg trimming. Collar and cuffs to match. A wide sash of silk or ribbon is tied in a loose knot, with ends fringed at the back.

No. 7.

No. 7, of cambric and plaid piqué; we give the back view, showing the plastroon, and how it is buttoned on. The front is exactly like it. The dress itself buttons under the front plastroon. These plastroons, pockets and cuffs are all made of the cambric. A pointed collar in embroidery is worn with the costume. This may be made of gray and dark blue linen. Gray for the dress proper and the blue for the trimmings.

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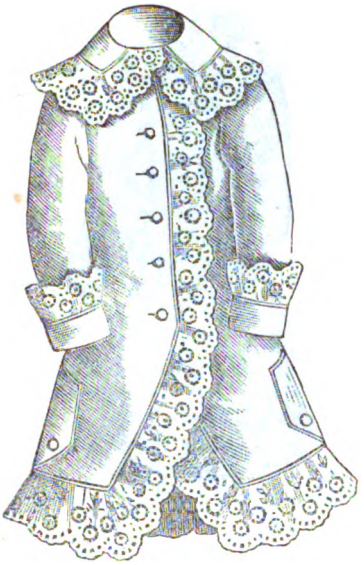
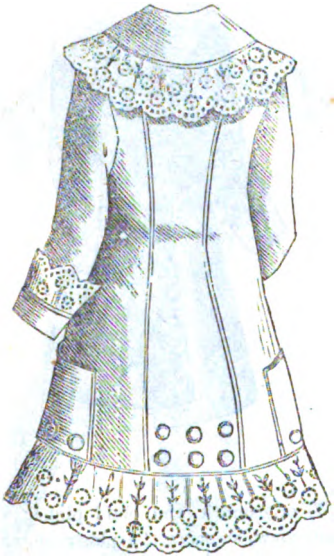


No. 8—A.

The back and front of another paletot, suitable for either girl or boy of three years or under, is of white piqué, and trimmed with Hamburg flouncing wheel pattern. See 8, A and B.

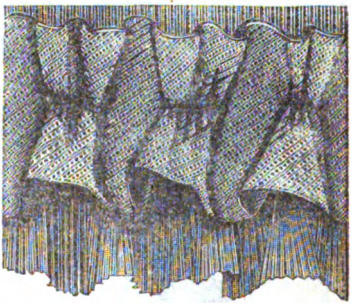


No. 8—B.

No. 9. We give one of the new pannier dresses, a dinner toilet, the very latest from Paris. The basquine with pannier is of black silk, fastened with pearl buttons. The revers and collar are lined with pink silk. The ribbons fastening the

No. 9.

sleeves are also watered. The skirt is piped with pink.



No. 10.

No. 10, a design for making trimmings for the skirts of dresses.

Patterns of these Every-Day dresses, or for the costumes in our colored fashion plate, or for our Children's dresses, paletot, etc., may be had on application by letter enclosing price of pattern, of Mrs. M. A. Jones, Importer and Designer of Paper Patterns, No. 26 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Jones will also supply a new Chart, with all the latest improvements thoroughly taught. Price, $5.00.

In sending for patterns, always send the number of inches around the bust, length of sleeve and around the waist. If for a child, name the age. Children's suits, 25 cents; basque patterns, 25 cents; over-dress, etc., 25 cents. Remember that all these are late Paris patterns, and not the second-rate costumes offered elsewhere.

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SARATOGA PELERINE: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, here, an illustration of a new style Pelerine, to be called the Saratoga. One half of the pattern, full size, is given in our SUPPLEMENT, folded in the number. The dotted line shows where the pattern turns over. The Pelerine should be made of the same material as the dress, for which it forms a part, making the complete costume.

The SUPPLEMENT also contains a design for a pillow-case sham, and a large-sized alphabet for marking; for descriptions of which see elsewhere, under the proper head.

DESIGN FOR BLOTTING BOOK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give, printed in colors, a new design for a blotting-book case. It is exceedingly effective with the outline flowers and the spiders in the corners, embroidered in Japanese gold thread on black satin, and the spider webs executed in white silk, with long drawn stemstitch. Similar arrangements of spider webs look equally well as panels for small cabinets. The design can be used, therefore, for that purpose also, if wished.

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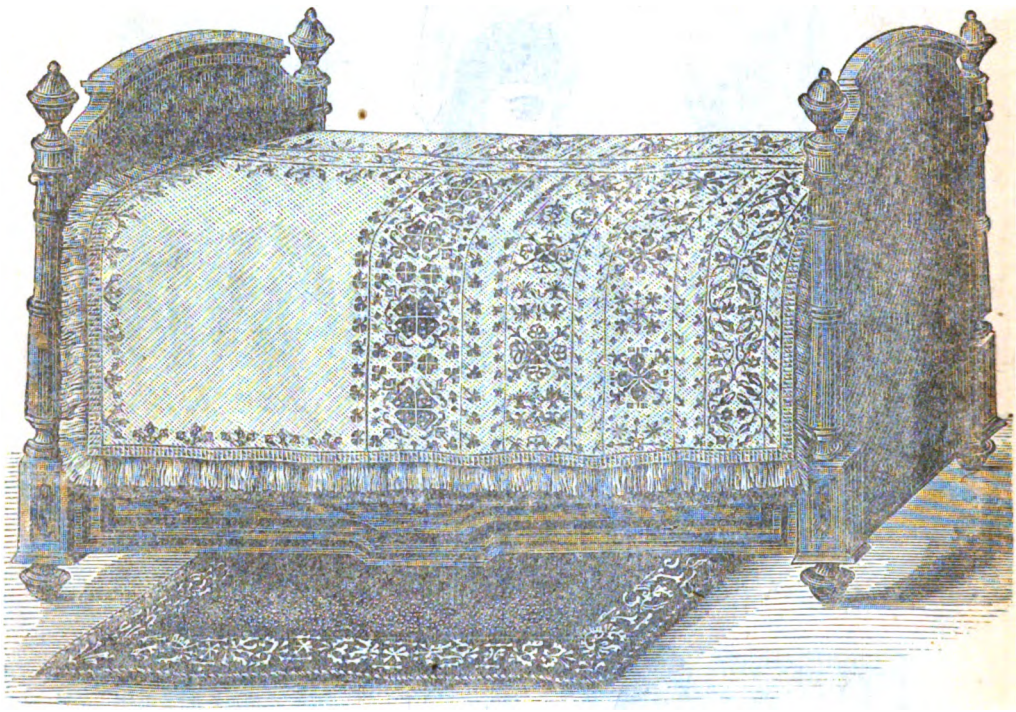
COUNTERPANE IN CROSS-STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The whole of the work is in the ordinary cross-stitch, or Berlin wool stitch. The counterpane may be worked on linen canvas, with the stripes joined, and the joints may be hidden by working the patterns over them. Some coarse, wide linen sheeting, or fine, wide cotton sheeting, would be very suitable for the purpose. This is a revival of antique work, of which many beautiful specimens were exhibited a few years ago at the South Kensington Museum, London, lent by members of the aristocracy, consisting mostly of bed-hangings and coverlets, worked on white linen with red, blue and yellow silk; but the fashion was most generally to use but one color only. Any material that is wide enough, and the color of which will suit the room for which it is intended, is suitable for the counterpane.

If any difficulty is experienced in counting the threads of such a material, canvas may be put over it, worked through, and the threads drawn out when the work is finished, as in any ordinary worsted or Berlin work.

Crewel, the *colored* darning-cotton, used for children's stockings, or marking filoselle, may be used to work the design in, according to the taste of the worker.

In the front of the number, on two opposite pages, we give the details of this beautiful counterpane.

No. 1, represents half the lower stripe next the foot of the bed; No. 2, the upper stripe; No. 3, the one next it; Nos. 4 and 5, alternately, are sections for the designs for the next stripe; Nos. 6 and 7, form the border and centre stripe. The fringe is formed of the foundation, frayed out, and colored threads are sewn into it at equal distances. The counterpane can be made of any size. The best plan is to begin the work from the centre on each side, so as to make the pattern match in the centre.

The mat beside the bedstead may be worked to correspond; cloth of a suitable color would look well, and firmness could be given to it by lining it.

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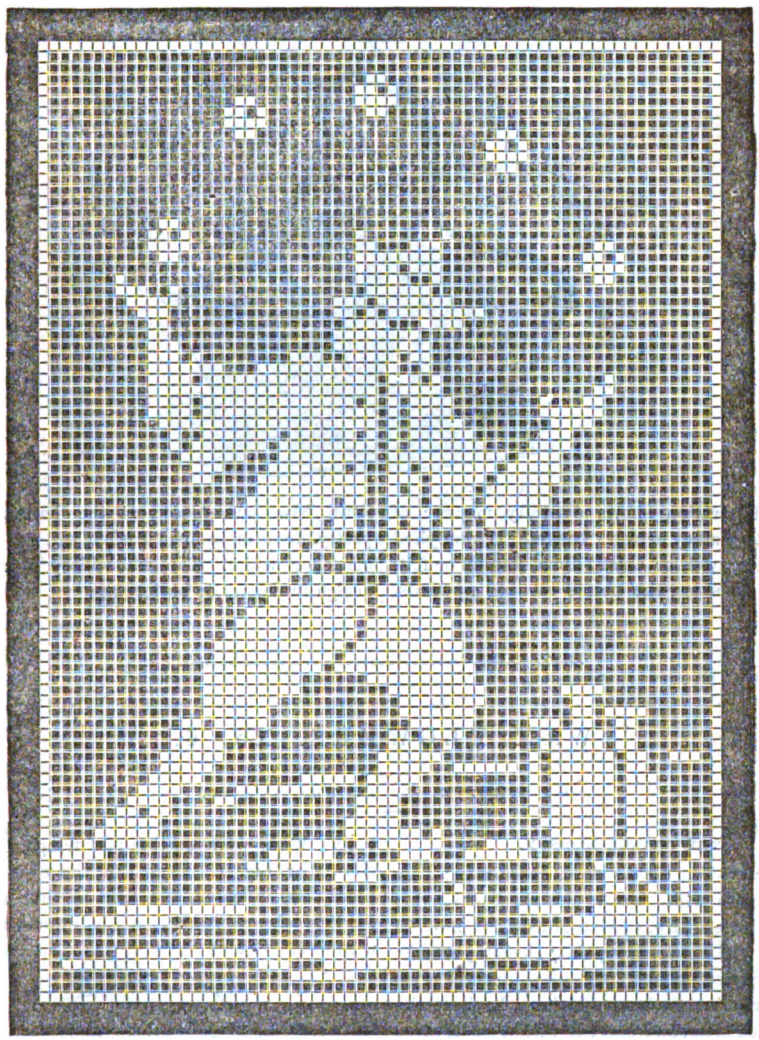
TIDY IN CROCHET OR ON JAVA CANVAS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



PILLOW-CASE SHAM. (SEE SUPPLEMENT.)

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, by request, on our SUPPLEMENT, a braiding design for pillow and sheet sham, full size. For the sheet, use the corners; and repeat the design from * to * for the centre of the sheet. Use star braid on linen for the shams.

We also give, on the SUPPLEMENT, an alphabet for marking, large size. We are constantly asked for initials or monograms of this size; but to give all is impossible, so we give an alphabet, in order that ladies may select their initials.

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KEY OR WORK BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This illustration shows a pretty manner of ornamenting a key or work basket. A vandyked border in crewel, or crash, linen, flannel or felt, encircles the sides, the points turning upwards. Satin bows are placed at the handles. Any pretty straw or bamboo basket will do, either in black or white. The embroidery is a simple design in daisies or buttercups.

WAX FLOWERS. No 6.

BY MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON.

THE ORANGE BLOSSOM.

Materials.—Two sheets dark green wax; four sheets double white wax; one sheet of single; one spool green wire, (which is used for all fine flowers); one bottle dry paint, (lemon yellow); one orange leaf-mould. Cut of your spool wire pieces three inches long. Make a hook at the end of each stem, and cover it with a small piece of your green wax, rolled into a little ball. On

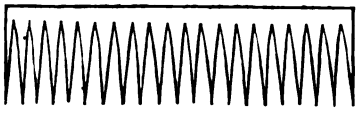

Fig. 1.

the inside of the orange blossom, you will always see the little, green orange. Now fold one of your sheets of single wax double, and cut some pieces an eighth of an inch wide, and one inch long. With your cutting-pin fringe them, as shown by Fig. 1. Then dip the edge of each piece, first in water, and then in the dry paint, for this purpose pouring a small quantity out in a saucer. Cut of the white wax twelve pieces,

Fig. 2.

the size and shape of Fig. 2. Roll, so that the rounding point will turn back a little. First arrange your fringed pieces on the stem, with the straight part wrapped around the bottom of the small, green ball. Then put, for each blossom, four pieces like Fig. 2. One, and then another, opposite, until you have the four. Finish the blossom with a small calyx of green wax, and mould your leaves as before described. Wind all your stems neatly with narrow strips of green wax.

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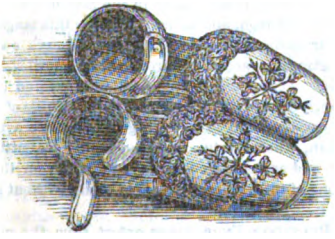
HANDKERCHIEF POCKET OR PURSE.

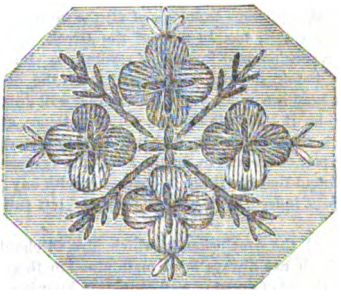
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This little purse or pocket is in Russian embroidery, and can be made on kid, leather, velvet, or satin; and both sides are alike. The material must be lined with muslin, before it is embroidered. Different colored silks are used for the embroidery, and the centre piece is of a contrasting or else a lighter shade of the same color, appliquéd on, and then embroidered. If required for a purse, this will be full size; if for a pocket, it must be enlarged, according to the size that is desired. A steel clasp is added for either purse or pocket.

INFANT'S SHOES, WITH DETAIL OF EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER





These shoes are worked on white cloth, and lined with blue flannel. We give the pattern, in detail, also. The flowers are done in shades of blue silk.

The fronts of the shoes are trimmed with a fine ruching of blue silk, in imitation of feather trimming, and the straps are stitched with blue, and fastened with blue buttons.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Common Sense About the "Fashions."—An effort has been made, recently, in London, by certain artistic and literary persons, to revolutionize the "fashions," by substituting the ancient Greek costume for that worn at present. On this absurd proposition, Mrs. Oliphant, the popular novelist, has lately commented, with singular good sense. She shows, very clearly, that the change, for many reasons, is quite impossible. She also maintains, that, as there is no possibility of any revolution in dress, it is well to consider the possibilities of what we have. The fashion of close-fitting dresses, it is very plain, must have sprung first from special adaptation to the needs of the climate: and it has held sway through all secondary changes; while the long skirt falling to the feet, the original garment of all Northern women, is in itself one of the most reasonable and beautiful dresses that can be imagined. That it has been swelled out like a balloon, at one time, and more recently, tightened to "a single trouser," does not interfere with the general principle of the garment. The princess dress, the fashion of the day, could not be more agreeable and graceful in line. When made too tight, it is, of course, absurd; but this is the fault of the wearer, or of the maker, not of the design. The fashionable vagary of the day, the tightly tied-in skirt, which renders locomotion difficult, not only prevents the dress from being beautiful, but is objectionable on other accounts. But we must not be unjust; much uncomfortable appearance is appearance only, as Mrs. Oliphant affirms; and the sashes and drapery, tied in under the knees, seem to embarrass action much more than they do, and are really ugly rather than uncomfortable.

Now the true province of art in dress is to educate the eye to the full ugliness of all such seeming bonds, so that women may refrain from emphasizing those bonds, as many do, by outlines of what is called art-needlework, among other things. "As for the long skirt indoors, it is not a thing which ever will be abolished, in our opinion," says Mrs. Oliphant; "it is graceful and dignified in itself; it belongs to the fundamental idea of women's apparel, and possesses all the practical and symbolical qualities which are necessary to a noble and fine ideal of dress." Finally, she concludes, that, "it is far easier to rail at *la mode*, and accuse that capricious influence of all the insanities under the skies; easier, too, to talk of the Greek clyton, and imagine a causless and impossible revolution. But neither of these heroic devices will at all meet the difficulty; whereas, here is a much humbler one that will do so, if we choose to try it. A little trouble, a little patience, and good sense, where needs must, perhaps; (for the moment,) a vigorous pair of scissors to cut the knot of a ligature, and it will be found that the thing is done—not with any flourish of trumpets, indeed, or in a heroic manner, but sufficiently and well."

In a word, the conclusion to which Mrs. Oliphant comes is that which has always been maintained in these pages; it is, that the art of dressing well consists in knowing the prevailing fashions, and adapting them to your particular style. What suits one will not always look beautiful on another. There should be discrimination, the result of a cultivated taste. To deviate from the prevailing *mode* entirely is, on the other hand, a grave blunder; for anything odd makes a lady a laughing-stock, and to dress quite out of the fashion is, therefore, to be avoided.

A Word About Aprons.—School-room aprons in brown holland are made with pockets, a bib, and shoulder straps to cross and fasten at the back; red or white braid. House-keepers' aprons are made long and turned up to form a deep pocket; this pocket is stitched in the centre, and so forms *two* pockets. One small pocket is placed in the centre above the deep ones, just where a pocket is on an ordinary apron. Colored braid should be stitched on. These are often called laidies' maids' aprons, and also ladies' gardening aprons, and are most useful. White muslin ones for morning house wear are very fashionable now, with a bib. They are generally made in spotted or figured muslin, with a deep hem all round, and a frill of patent Valenciennes lace. They are about thirty inches long and thirty inches wide, are gathered into a band, and have two square pockets. The bib is made separately, and sewn on, so that it can be removed at will. It is wider at the top than at the waist, and should be six inches high and about eight at the top, all edged with lace. As these aprons are wide, and require to be kept back well, wide strings of muslin or ribbon are sewn half-way down, and these tie over the dress. Sometimes the dress is arranged in a sort of little puff at the back, and the strings keep it up by means of a guarded pin, and tie below. These aprons can be made in silk (black satin with black lace being particularly fashionable just now), brocade (also much worn, often for five o'clock tea), or in white, thick, cross-bar muslin, or brown holland. Then there are lawn-tennis holland and crash aprons, with embroidered flowers on them, which are always popular. Those in navy-blue sheeting, with cornflowers, poppies, and corn worked on in crewels, are most effective. They are about ten or twelve inches long, and about eight or nine deep, and are made in the form of a large envelope, without the flap. They have a band attached to them, about one and a-half inches wide, which passes loosely round the waist, and buttons on one side. Gentlemen use them much, and they can be varied and made very attractive. No lining is required. They are quickly made, and can be merely bound with braid. Smaller muslin aprons, with a plaiting of pale blue or pink satin ribbon, about four inches wide, covered with a flounce of lace same width, look very pretty.

"Always the Authority."—The Rutland (Me.) Opinion says, "The finest fashion plate in the May magazines is furnished by Peterson, and no lady who has this magazine will appear dressed out of taste or fashion through any lack of an opportunity to acquaint herself with a knowledge of what is proper. Accompanying the brilliantly colored plates are full descriptions of the costumes with full details of the manner of construction. The Spring fashions are a matter of discussion, wherever two or three ladies are gathered together; and as Peterson is always authority on these matters, none of them should try to get along without it."

Our Beautiful Engravings extort, from the newspaper press, the verdict of surpassing all others. The truth is no other periodical gives steel engravings any longer, or steel engravings, at least, of any cost or merit. The steel engraving, in this number, is worth alone the price of the number.

Our "Work-Table."—The Salem (Mass.) Gazette says, "The Work-Day Department of 'Peterson' is alone worth the subscription price."

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A Good Time to Subscribe.—A new volume begins with the next number, affording a good chance to subscribe, especially to those who do not wish back numbers. The universal testimony of the newspapers, is that no other magazine of its kind gives so much, for so little money, as "Peterson." *We charge but two dollars, when others not so good, charge three, or more.* We can still, however, supply back numbers from January, by which subscribers get the earlier chapters of Mrs. Stephens' thrilling novelet, "The Tragedy of Trevylan," and the whole of Mrs. Austin's powerful novelet, "It Never Did Run Smooth."

Additions to clubs may be made, also, at any time during the year, at the price paid by the rest of the club. When enough additional subscribers are sent, to make up a second club, the person sending them will become entitled to a second premium. Always notify us, however, when such a second club is completed. But see the Prospectus.

We Don't Guarantee Advertisements.—In the recent number of this magazine there appeared an advertisement of the Royal Manufacturing Company. We inserted the advertisement in good faith. The company has since failed, and we have received several complaints on the subject. We beg to repeat what we said in our last number, and what we supposed everybody understood, viz.: that *newspaper and magazine publishers never guarantee advertisements.* So far as *we* are concerned, we insert no advertisement that we have the slightest suspicion about. Sometimes, however, dealers have become bankrupt, and sometimes, even where there is no failure, the articles miscarry, or the articles themselves are not what was expected. Now, all we profess to do is to give the advertiser a chance to tell his story to our readers. The insertion of his advertisement must not be considered a proof that *we* endorse the advertiser's promises. On this subject, the reader must judge for himself or herself.

Back Numbers of this Magazine can be had of all newsdealers, or of the publisher. In case the newsdealers should happen to be out of them, or should say they were out of print, write to us, enclosing the price, and the back number, or numbers, will be forwarded, postage free, by return of mail.

"Excels All Previous."—The Mifflintown (Pa.) Register says, of our last number, that it surpasses every previous one, and adds that it "far excels all other like works in quality."

Our Colored Patterns.—Another superb colored pattern, from an original design, in this number. Where else do you get such beautiful and useful colored patterns for the Work-Table?

"It is Surprising how Peterson," says the Osage (Iowa) Press, "can afford so good a magazine for the price. We cannot see how any lady can get along without Peterson."

"Than Ever Before."—The Fremont (O.) Journal says, "Peterson's Magazine, in its seventy-fifth volume, is more vigorous and thriving than ever before."

Affection for Others, and theirs for us, is, after all, the real sunshine of life. Nothing is troublesome that we do for those we love, because we do it willingly.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Castle Hohenwald. A Romance. After the German of Adolph Streckfuss. By Mrs. A. L. Wister. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—The good judgment with which Mrs. Wister selects the stories she translates is not less remarkable than the skill with which she translates them. "Castle Hohenwald" is by the author of "Too Rich," a tale which we have already noticed in these pages; but this will be much more popular, and, in fact, deserves to be. The heroine, Celia von Hohenwald, is one of those fresh and charming creatures, which occur only too rarely in fiction. Without being exaggerated, she is both original and fascinating; she is innocent, yet impulsive; full of character, yet wholly feminine. The story is essentially German, and very properly called a romance; for the novel, in the true sense, hardly exists in German literature.

"Airy Fairy Lilian." By the author of "Phyllis," "Molly Bawn," etc. 1 *vol. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—Under this somewhat fanciful title, we have a novel of much more than ordinary merit. "Phyllis," and especially "Molly Bawn," were fresh and sparkling, quite above the ordinary stale, thin fictions, recently so common; and "Airy Fairy Lilian" is, in many respects, better than either of them. For one thing, the authoress has acquired more skill in her craft, and this without losing the originality which made her so charming; and though the heroine of the present story is hardly as fascinating as "Molly Bawn," in other respects we have an improvement. The type and paper of the volume are unexceptionable, and this is a great matter, when so many novels are printed so wretchedly, and in such fine type. Saving money, at the expense of the eye-sight, is after all, "penny-wise and pound-foolish."

Woman's Wrong. By Mrs. Eiloart. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is another of that excellent "Dollar Series," the cheapest one of its kind and quality. The author is favorably known for her "St. Bede's," "The Curate's Discipline," etc., etc.; but the present story is altogether her best; and it has, moreover, a lofty aim. The novel, in fact, is an exposition, under the guise of fiction, of the gross injustice, which the law often deals out to a wife and mother, in enabling a cruel and vindictive husband to take from her the custody of her child. The tale, now before us, that sets this forth, is worked out with great power and originality. The volume is a handsome octavo, elegantly bound in cloth and gilt.

Healthy Houses. By Fleming Jenkins, F. R. S. Adapted to American Conditions by George E. Waring, Jr. 1 *vol.*, 24*mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—Whoever is about to build a house, whoever is about even to rent one, should get this little treatise. Proper drainage is beginning, at last, to be considered necessary for the simplest dwelling; for without it, diptheria and typhoid fever, to say nothing of milder diseases, will reign rampant. Six illustrations make the understanding of the letter-press more easy.

The First Violin. By Jessie Forthergill. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Henry Holt & Co.*—There is an originality about this story, which is quite refreshing, after the trite plots and re-hash of characters, which most recent fictions have displayed. The novel is, really, the best of the year. It has already passed through three editions in London, where it first appeared. The volume is very neatly printed in good, legible type.

Elfora Of The Susquehanna. A Poem. By C. Harlow, M. D. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—The author, in a preface, informs his readers that this poem was written, excepting a few verses, more than forty years ago. It shows alike the fervor of youth, and the critical judgment of age, and we take pleasure in calling public attention to it.

Designs In Outline In Art-Needlework. Second Series. By Lucretia P. Hale. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: S. W. Tilton & Co.*—In our May number, we noticed the first series of these designs, and we can only say now, that the second is quite as valuable as its predecessor. The designs are full-size. The "Cornflower," for a cushion, is particularly elegant.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"PETERSON" AHEAD OF ALL.—That this magazine gives more for the money, and of a better quality, than any other, is the universal testimony of the press. Every month, we receive hundreds of notices to that effect. Says the Clinton (Ind.) Herald, "The last number is a magnificent one; its stories and fashion plates cannot be excelled." Says the Le Roy (Ill.) Enterprise, "Stands at the head of magazines of its class, and grows in merit and popularity with each issue. At the low price at which it is issued, no well-regulated family should think of doing without it." The Bath Co. (Ky.) Reporter says, "To call it handsome, hardly does justice to it; it is more than that; it is complete in every department, fashion plate, stories, receipts, patterns, etc." The Frankford (Pa.) Gazette says, "A superb number; the book improves with each issue." The Warsaw (N. Y.) Democrat says, "The monthly Supplement is alone worth double the subscription price." Finally, the Williamsport (Pa.) Banner condenses the opinions of all, by saying, "*Peterson's is, by far, the best as well as the cheapest ladies' magazine ever published.*"

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson" has had, for more than twenty years a circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia.

HEARTS ARE CAPTURED by a beautiful complexion. All women know this, and if nature has denied it to them, it can be acquired by using Laird's "Bloom of Youth." Sold by every druggist in the United States.

THE CATALOGUE OF GOOD, yet cheap novels, published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, is unrivalled. Send for it, and select your summer reading.

WOULD YOU PLEASE your wife, or sweetheart? Subscribe for "Peterson." You can do nothing she would like better.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. VI.—GARDEN PLANTS, CONCLUDED.

XXIX.—*Amaranthus Hypochondriacus:* From *a* and *maraim*, not to fade, or unfading, and *anthos*, flower; Prince's Feather. An annual plant, supposed to have been derived from tropical America; growing spontaneously to a limited extent in the Middle States, and cultivated in many of our gardens, on account of its deep-red colored flowers, in densely crowded spikes.

This species of *amaranth* belongs to a family of very homely weeds, two or three of which are pests in gardens, unless the hoe is freely and continuously used. Thus, as in the family circle, we may have one *bright* flower, far superior to the others. Its leaves are possessed of some astringency, and may be used when a mild astringent is needed. It can, however, be dispensed with in domestic medicine.

XXX.—*Aquilegia Vulgaris*—Colombine. From *Aquila*, an eagle, the spurs of the flowers somewhat resembling an eagle's claw. An annual plant, indigenous to Europe, but sometimes cultivated in our gardens as an unique ornamental flower. It loves rocky, hill-side places. The whole plant has a disagreeable odor, and an unpleasant, bitterish taste. The entire plant has been used as a diuretic and diaphoretic: in jaundice, small-pox, scurvy; and externally as a vulnerary. Being of the order Ranunculaceæ, most of which possess rather dangerous properties, it is both imprudent and unnecessary for mothers to use it for any purpose.

XXXI.—*Cynara Scolymus*—Garden Artichoke. Derived from the Greek, Kuōn, Kunos, a dog: the spines resembling dogs' teeth. It is indigenous in the south of Europe, also, but cultivated in our gardens as a culinary vegetable. The plant affords a good yellow dye or color. The leaves in infusion are diuretic, and have been used with advantage in dropsical cases, as well as in rheumatic and neuralgic affections. If nothing else can be obtained by mothers, the use of this plant will, at least, do no harm, till more active remedies can be procured, or a physician obtained.

XXXII.—*Hyssopus*—Hyssop; a native of Europe, likewise, but cultivated like *basil, thyme*, etc., for culinary purposes, or as a pot-herb. It is an agreeable aromatic, both in odor and in taste, when infused. This is a *labiate* plant, and is perennial; with violet-colored, small flowers, arranged in *half* verticillated, terminal, leafy spikes. It is a warm, gentle stimulant, and like the labiate plants generally, (the mints, etc.,) is used as a diaphoretic in hot infusion in colds, chronic catarrhs, etc., especially by old people, and those debilitated. It has no advantages over several plants previously enumerated.

XXXIII.—*Portulacca Oleracea*—Pot-herb, Portulacca, or *Common Purslane*. A very frequent plant, which every gardener knows full well. It is very tenacious of life, and a vigorous grower. Pigs are very fond of its succulent stems, and some people boil them with meat, and eat them as greens. The plant possesses diuretic properties, is recommended for scurvy and in urinary complaints.

XXXIV.—*Capsella Bursa-Pastoris*—Shepherd's Purse. A cruciferous plant, to be seen growing everywhere, in fields, by the roadsides, and in gardens.

The plant is bitter and pungent to the taste; somewhat astringent, and has been used with benefit in hæmaturia and other hemorrhages. It is considered anti-scorbutic and has been administered in humoral asthma, dropsy, etc. In rheumatism, the fresh herb, well-bruised, has been applied to the parts with relief. This concludes the consideration of garden plants. We will next treat of the most useful plants generally to be seen about the farm.

MANAGEMENT OF INFANTS.

BEDDING AND BED-ROOMS.—For the first twelve or eighteen months, at least, baby is expected to share his parent's bedroom. He should have a cradle or little crib, and be accustomed to lie in it as soon after birth as possible; it is not healthy for him to lie in the "big bed" with grown people, so therefore he should be accustomed, for part of the night at least, to sleep by himself.

Of course, when he is very young, and the weather is very cold, especially if he is delicate, he must have a little grace given him, it is so hard to keep him warm enough, but as he grows older, or the weather warmer, he should be familiarized to his crib.

When the mother retires to rest, she should make it an *invariable* practice to spend a few minutes, in making baby comfortable, no matter whether he is quiet and seemingly comfortable or not. Baby should be attended to, directly the mother goes in the room; let there be one routine which he will expect, and he will follow it cheerfully. He should be taken out of bed, and have everything clean and dry put upon him. If he is young enough to be nursed frequently, give him his supper; he will then feel quite comfortable, and will be ready to go to bed again; his natural sleepiness will prevent him from caring or knowing whether his quarters are the ones he prefers or not. He will probably cry for "more" in an hour or two, and then it will be quite time enough for him to have his "cuddling" in mother's bed.

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Some children (they are few, we fear,) are put to bed, and sleep quietly all night through; others, from colic, coming teeth, etc., pass many weary, restless nights; of course it is not these exceptional cases that we are writing, but of the baby in ordinary health; if well fed, and dry, and sufficiently warm, the mother may be sure that she has done all she could to make the baby comfortable, and that some childish ailment is the cause of his restlessness, if he is restless; but mothers who wilfully let their children lie in a state of discomfort, need not wonder at the disturbed nights they have—and deserve them.

Baby must lie *warm*, but the coverings should not press too heavily upon him; his blankets should be large enough to "tuck in" in cold weather, for the cold air creeps in under loose bed-clothes; a light, down quilt is an excellent covering for him. Let him lie as flatly-horizontal as possible, his pillow being raised but a little bit above the rest of the bed.

As soon as baby has outgrown his cradle, a larger crib or cot should be procured for him. Brass cribs are now much used, as being cleanlier; but if those of wood are purchased, they should be of hard wood. Too much care cannot be taken to keep a child's bed clean and healthy.

For the bedding, it is an excellent plan to take a square of waterproof, or gum cloth, half a yard square, and three or four rather larger squares of blanket, cut from a good, old blanket that is no longer useful for a large bed, if such can be had. These are to be put under baby at napping times. They are easily washed, and easily dried. A fresh square can be used each time he is put to bed, thus keeping the latter clean and sweet. If the edges are cat-stitched, they make quite neat little articles of bedding. They save the pretty, fine cradle blankets, and are not at all unsightly; indeed, they need not be seen, as they are intended to be placed exactly where baby most requires them; this simple, cleanly precaution, will save much unnecessary labor. Of course, the rubber cloth is laid directly on the crib-sheet, with the square of blanket over it, so that if accidents occur, they are removed, and the sheet still left clean. These two articles should not remain in the crib, except when needed for use. Some mothers always keep a piece of rubber cloth next to the mattress, to make sure that it will be well protected.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers.☜

No. 17.—MORRIS BOARD.

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OUTSIDE SQUARE: *Top*—Alterable. *Bottom*—Of the same weight. *Left*—A term of days. *Right*—A stenographer.

INSIDE SQUARE: *Top*—A plant. *Bottom*—To wink. *Left*—Censure. *Right*—To exterminate.

CENTRAL SQUARE: *Top*—A numeral. *Bottom*—Farewell. *Left*—A track. *Right*—A bird.

DIAGONALS: *Top, left*—Stop. *Top, right*—Show. *Bottom, left*—A thrust. *Bottom, right*—To perform.

Providence, R. I. TWILL.

No. 18.—HIDDEN AUTHORS.

1. Would you dye Robert's coat green?
2. I caught a crab beside the seaside.
3. One sou they gave the poor, and only one.
4. "Go along, old Smith!" the driver cried.
5. John, son of Mr. Smith, is dead.
6. "Oh, ram, say, where are you going?" asked a fox.
7. The birds chatter to Nellie all day long.

Lyme Centre, N. H. MISS KITTIE M. BLISS.

No. 19.—INCOMPLETE DIAMOND.

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Add a complete word-square, and make a complete diamond.

Boston, Mass. GAZELLE.

No. 20.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in pear, but not in fruit.
My second is in dress, but not in suit.
My third is in color, but not in dye.
My fourth is in mine, but not in my.
My fifth is in come, but not in go.
My sixth is in parade, but not in show.
My seventh is in sentence, but not in word.
My whole is the name of a web-footed bird.

Mount Sterling, Ky. M. C. M.

Answers Next Month.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

No. 12.

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No. 13

Arabian Nights.

No. 14.

Ray, Fay, L. Raphael.

No. 15.

16	3	2	13
5	10	11	8
9	6	7	12
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No. 16.

1. Heart, heat. 2. Busy, buy. 3. Bray, bay. 4. Dance, dace. 5. Hotly, holy.

To Correspondents.

Once more we ask correspondents to send no puzzles or answers on postal cards.

We are daily in receipt of letters not fully prepaid, thus compelling us to pay double postage. In future, we shall receive no letters on which the postage is deficient.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

DESSERTS.

Sauce for Velvet Pudding.—The yolks of two eggs, one cup of white sugar, one tablespoonful of butter. Beat the eggs and all the other ingredients well, and add one cup of boiling milk. Then place it over the fire, and let it come to a boiling heat. Flavor with vanilla.

PRESERVES, JELLIES AND JAMS.

Fruits for Preserving should be gathered in very dry weather, and should be as free from dust as possible. The usual proportion of sugar is one pound to every pound of fruit, but this quantity makes the jam too sweet for most tastes, and a lesser quantity will be found sufficient, if the fruit be well boiled before the sugar is added. Copper or brass preserving pans are the best kind to use, but they require a great deal of care to keep clean. Jams should be kept in a dry, cool place; and, if properly made, will only require a small round of white paper, laid quite close, and to be tied down to exclude air and dust. If there be the least damp in the closet, dip the white paper in brandy, tie them down as before, and look to them every two or three months. Boil them afresh on the least appearance of mouldiness or mildew.

Currant Jelly.—Mash your fruit with a wooden spoon, and squeeze the juice through your jelly bag. To every pint of juice allow a pound of white sugar. When the sugar is dissolved, add a piece of isinglass, dissolved in warm water to clarify the jelly. A quarter of an ounce of isinglass to five pints of juice will be sufficient. Boil and skim it till a jelly is formed; then take it off the fire and put it in glasses while warm. The next day put brandy paper over them, and paste them.

Black currant jelly is made in the same way, only it requires but three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pint of juice.

Strawberry Jelly.—Stem the strawberries, put them in a pan, and with a wooden spoon or potato-masher rub them fine. Put a sieve over a pan, and inside of the sieve spread a piece of thin muslin; strain the juice through this, and to a pint add one pound of sugar, with a quarter of an ounce of isinglass, dissolved in water, to every five pounds of sugar. When the sugar is dissolved, set the kettle over the fire and boil it till it is to a jelly. Pour it into glasses while it is warm, and paste them when cold.

Strawberry or Barberry Jam.—Take ripe, not over ripe, strawberries, pick them, and to every pound allow one pound of loaf sugar and quarter pint of currant juice; pound the sugar, pour the currant juice upon it. Boil the strawberries for twenty minutes, stirring well with a wooden spoon. Add the sugar and currant juice, and boil together—on a trivet or hot plate—for half an hour, carefully removing with a silver spoon all the scum as it rises.

Strawberries Preserved Whole.—Allow one pound and a-quarter of sugar, and the same proportion of currant juice, to every pound of fruit. Take a sixth part of the strawberries, mash, and then boil them with the sugar and juice till the sugar be quite melted; add the other strawberries, stir very carefully so as not to break them. Boil for half an hour, skimming carefully all the time.

Green Gooseberries, To Bottle.—Top and tail the gooseberries, and then fill wide-mouthed bottles, shaking them down till no more can be put in; then tie down with damp (not wet) bladder, and place the bottles, surrounded by hay, in a boiler of cold water, over a slow fire; let them simmer till reduced about one third, then take the boiler off the fire, and let the bottles remain in it till quite cold.

Cherry Jam.—Take picked and carefully sorted cherries, and to every pound allow one-half pound to three-quarters pound of sugar, according to taste and the dampness of the season; stone the fruit, and boil carefully, stirring for half an hour, then add the sugar, boil and skim for another half hour, and just before it is done, add some of the blanched and split kernels or a few drops of ratafia.

Cherry Jam.—This is better when made of fine morella cherries. Wash the cherries, and put them on to stew with a gill of water to a pound of fruit. When perfectly tender, pass them through a colander to extract the stones. To a pound of the pulp add a pound of sugar, when the sugar is dissolved put it over the fire, and boil it to a smooth paste.

Green Gooseberry Jam.—Allow one pound of loaf sugar to every pound of picked fruit. Boil the sugar to candy height—or five minutes after it is thoroughly dissolved—skimming carefully, then add the gooseberries, and boil them for three-quarters of an hour, stirring with a wooden spoon all the time.

Red Gooseberry Jam.—Take the rough, hairy gooseberries, and to every pound of picked fruit allow three-quarters pound of loaf sugar. Boil the gooseberries with a little water or red currant juice, stirring well for one hour; add the sugar, and boil again for forty minutes, skimming and stirring all the time.

Pineapple Jelly is made on the same principle as any other sweet jelly, only the syrup is boiled with the pineapple cut in slices for a short time, when it is strained, and poured into a saucepan, to boil again before putting into the jelly bag.

Strawberry Jam.—Put together equal weights of fruit and sugar, mash all well, put it into a preserving kettle, and boil it about twenty minutes. While it is warm put it in jars, and paste it when cold.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

Fig. I.—Walking-Dress of Black Grenadine, Made Over Black Silk; the skirt is trimmed with black silk at the bottom, beneath which a narrow knife-plaiting of green silk is seen; the deep basque is also trimmed with black silk; the whole dress is ornamented with bows of green and pink ribbon. Black chip bonnet, trimmed with pink roses, and green ribbon.

Fig. II.—House-Dress of Blue Lawn, for A Young Lady; the front of the skirt is laid in kilt-plaits; the bottom is ruffled; the basque is cut in deep points in front over a vest, and not so deep in the back; the sleeves are three-quarters long, and the whole is ornamented with white embroidery.

Fig. III.—Evening-Dress of White Albatross, or Fine French Bunting; the bottom of the skirt is trimmed with flounces of the material, with loops of ribbon interspersed;

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above the upper flounce is a quilting of pink ribbon; the front of the dress is trimmed with alternate folds of pink silk and Albatross, and is edged with a full ruching of pinked silk; these folds meet high up at the back, and fall in two ends on the skirt; the waist is a deep cuirass-basque, cut square in front, and trimmed with lace.

FIG. IV.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF MAIZE-COLORED AND WHITE STRIPED GRENADINE; the skirt is made long, and is trimmed with maize-colored silk and black lace; the mantilla is trimmed to correspond. Straw bonnet, trimmed with maize-colored ribbon and poppies.

FIG. V.—HOUSE-DRESS OF LIGHT BLUE AND WHITE STRIPED ORGANDY; one side of the front of the skirt is trimmed with alternate ruffles of plain, blue and of white organdy; the plain, blue organdy also forms a knife-plaited ruffle around the bottom of the train; the left side of the front of the skirt is simply gathered; a blue organdy vest is worn with the basque-waist, and the dress is trimmed with white embroidered edge, and bows of blue and red ribbon.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS OF LIGHT BLUE PERCALE, WORN OVER A DARK BLUE PERCALE; the under-skirt has a deep, box-plaited ruffle; the over-dress is a rather loose-fitting polonaise, belted at the waist, and fastened diagonally from the waist down; the yoke, (which is only simulated,) the trimming on the skirt and sleeves is of the dark blue percale, with a light blue percale ruffle.

FIG. VII.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF LIGHT GREEN AND WHITE STRIPED LAWN; the bottom of the skirt is a broad bias ruffle of the lawn; the skirt, mantilla and sleeves are trimmed with bands of flounced lawn and torchon, or Breton lace.

FIG. VIII.—DINNER-DRESS OF LIGHT VIOLET SILK, made with a train and finished around the bottom with a knife-plaited ruffle; the over-dress, collar and cuffs are of a thick, violet grenadine of a much darker shade; the bottom of the grenadine dress is trimmed with two rows of silk fringe to match in color.

FIG. IX.—MORNING-DRESS OF WHITE NAINSOOK, trimmed with two ruffles and a row of embroidery around the bottom. The very long jacket is trimmed with an embroidered ruffle around the bottom, and a very broad band of English embroidery down the front; the sleeves and collar are also trimmed with embroidery.

FIG. X.—WALKING-DRESS, MADE OF GRAY BUNTING, for a young girl; full in the skirt at the back, but plain in front; the deep jacket is plaited back and front, and confined at the waist by a gray silk sash, tied at the side, at the back.

FIG. XI.—HOUSE-DRESS OF BLACK GAUZE; the sleeves are short, with two deep ruffles of the gauze, with white organdy ruffles below; the scarf fichu is rather large, is made of soft India muslin, and trimmed with Valenciennes lace.

GENERAL REMARKS.—In addition to our many other fashions, we give also a fichu, suitable to wear with a dinner-dress, or an evening-dress; it is made of Spanish blonde, and is trimmed with Spanish blonde lace; the short sleeves are trimmed with the same lace; the ends of the fichu are long and tie on the skirt at the back; the second fichu can also be worn with a dinner or evening-dress, but is more suitable for an older person, as it is made of Irish guipure lace; this fichu ties in front. The hat is of white straw, and quite coarse; in the front of the crown is a bow of pale blue ribbon; the brim is lined with black velvet, and trimmed with ruby-red roses mixed with grass. The other bonnet is of Tuscan straw, which is quite yellow; it is trimmed with gold-colored satin ribbon, and a bow of straw braid at the back. The new style of dressing the hair is very simple, but is only suited to youthful faces, and to those who have very beautifully-shaped heads; the hair is drawn loosely back, and a waved fringe falls over the forehead; at the back, the hair is arranged in a loose torsade, and fastened with a shell comb.

The Pompadour patterns of many colored flowers on white, light-colored or black grounds are the newest style, but as we said last month, are not as becoming as materials of one color; these dresses also require to be made in the newer style, with *panniers*, or in something of the Dolly Varden style, so very popular several years ago. *Panniers* are gradually being more popular, but as yet are by no means exclusively worn; the polonaise and tight-clinging dress is too becoming to many figures to be easily abandoned. But it is almost impossible to say what is the fashion at present, so much depends on the individual taste, which may be modified by a few general rules. The pannier is also growing larger on the hips, and is brought higher up at the back; this style is particularly handsome for tall, slender persons, on an evening or trained dress. Some of the imported French dresses have the *panniers* lined with thin crinoline to make them stand out more. The waists of dresses must, of course, follow the shape of the skirts somewhat, and with the pannier, the waist has only a small basque at the sides and back, if the pannier is worn high up. Some basque waists are cut very long and full, and are then caught back in plaits, rather high in the middle of the back, thus forming panniers.

But the waists of dresses are of an endless variety; some are heart-shaped in front, some square, with others vests are worn; some have deep basques, some have coat-shaped backs, and some are made to be worn with belts only; all depends on the individual fancy. For batiste, linen, organdy or lawn dresses, a waist with some fulness is generally preferred, though many think them not as dressy as the more regularly made basques.

The Scarf Mantle seems to be most popular for summer wear, and it is very generally made of the material of the dress, though many think that black silk or lace mantles are preferable, as they do not become "stringy," as a thinner material would do.

Bonnets are of as many styles as there are tastes; some are quite large, with a poke front; others small, of the cottage shape; and some are very much trimmed, whilst some of the most stylish have but little trimming.

The Hair is gradually growing more simple in its manner of arrangement; less false hair is worn, and it is usually dressed lower at the back. Though this is not always becoming.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF BLUE AND WHITE CHECKED GINGHAM; it is half tight-fitting, and is finished with a deep plaiting, piped at both edges with a blue cambric; there is a double row of buttons to the waist; the pockets, cuffs, and revers over the chest, are of the plain, blue cambric.

FIG. II.—YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS OF GRAY CHINTZ; there is a plaiting of the chintz around the bottom of the skirt, and a band of plain, light blue chintz, trimmed with braid, crosses the front of the skirt; the blouse-bodice has a yoke, and is confined around the waist by a band and buckle; the large, double collar and cuffs are of the plain, light blue chintz, trimmed with braid; the back of the skirt falls in three puffs. We have seen Indienne red used in the place of the blue chintz, and the effect was charming. Grey hat, and feathers, the brim lined with blue.

FIG. III.—YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS OF PINK AND WHITE STRIPED CAMBRIC; the skirt has a plaiting ornamented with torchon lace and insertion; loose polonaise, buttoned down the front, and confined by a waistband; the open neck of the bodice and the half-short sleeves are trimmed with torchon lace. White straw hat, trimmed with pink silk and brown wing.

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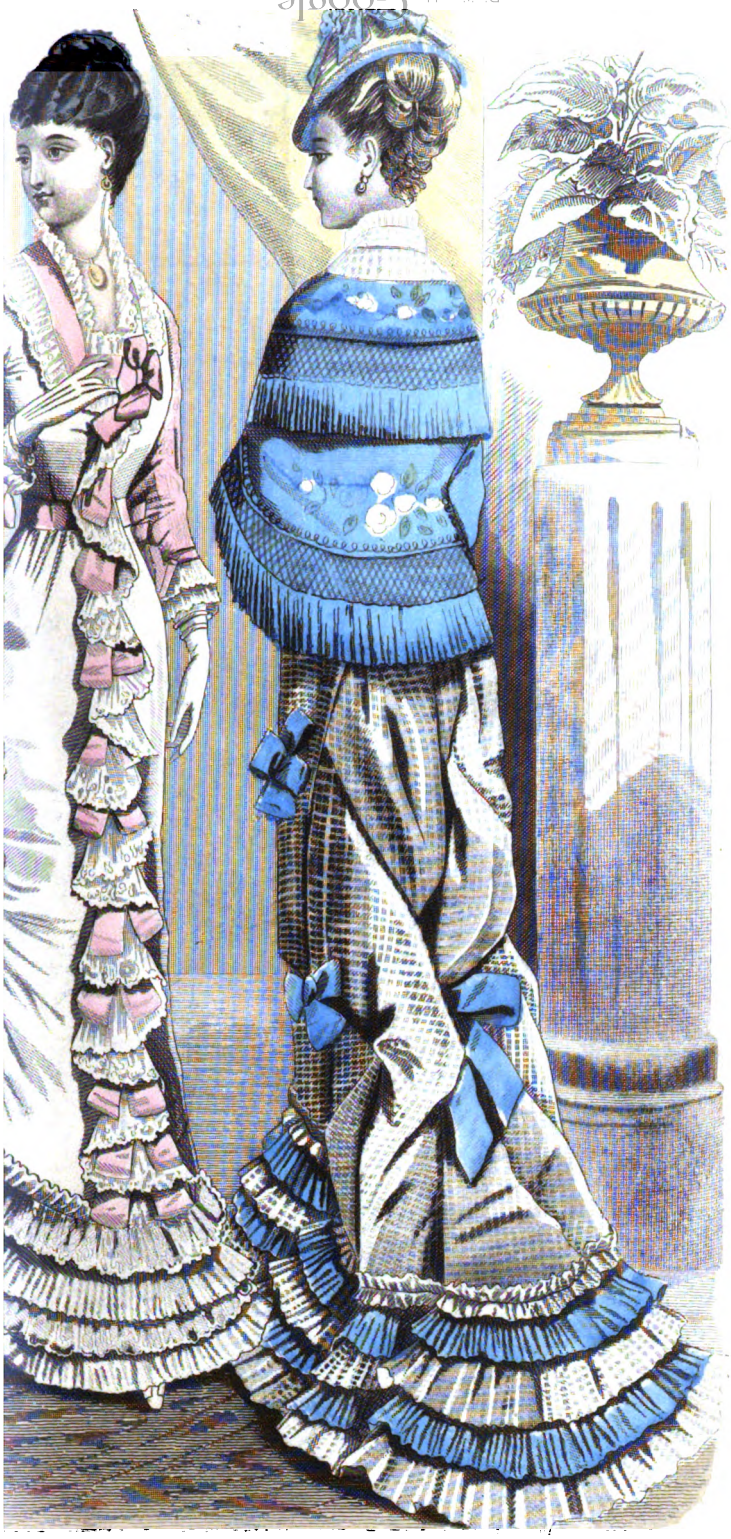

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"SHE WAS LYING ON THE SOFA." [*See the Story "A Question of Honor."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JULY.

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EVENING-DRESS. NEW STYLE HAT

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WALKING-DRESS. NEW STYLE HAT.

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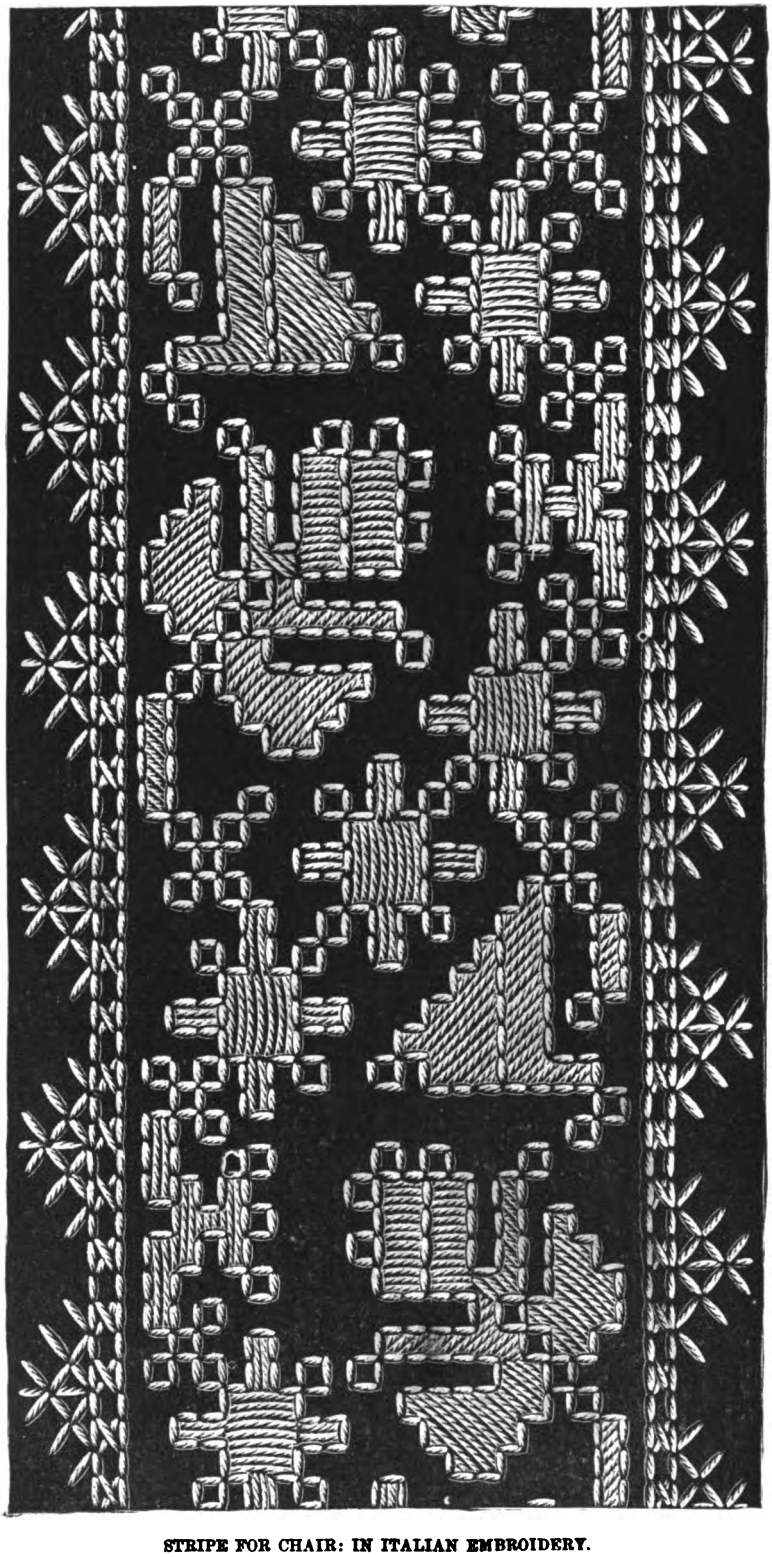

STRIPE FOR CHAIR: IN ITALIAN EMBROIDERY.

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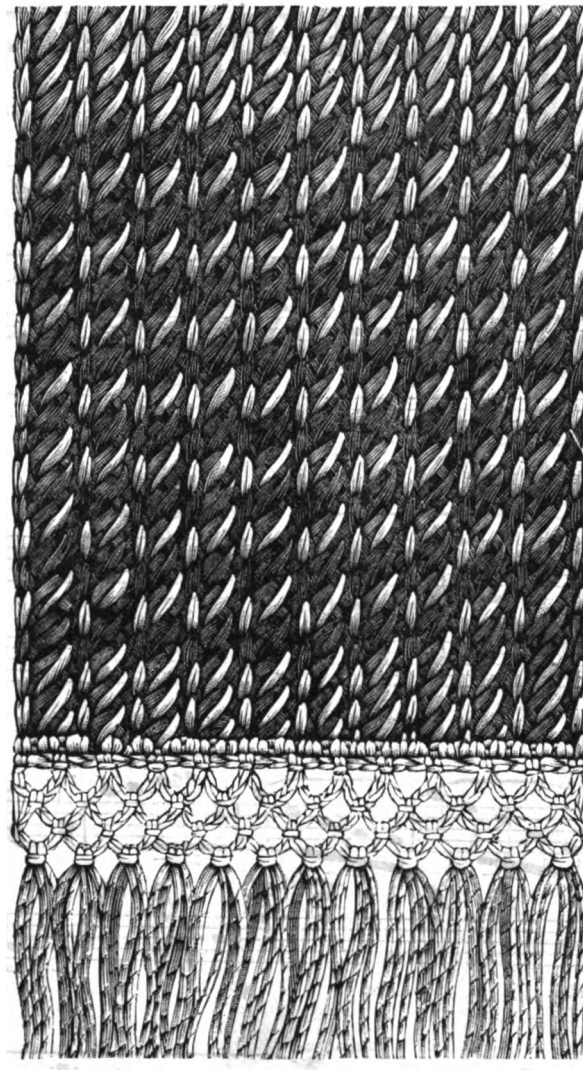

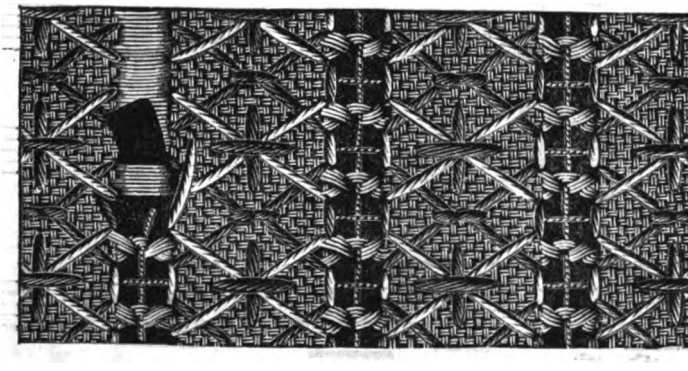

KNITTED SCARF. EMBROIDERED SLIPPER, WITH DETAIL OF PATTERN.

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TYROLIENNE WALTZ.

THE SYLPHS. No. 2. *F. SPINDLER. Op. 93.*

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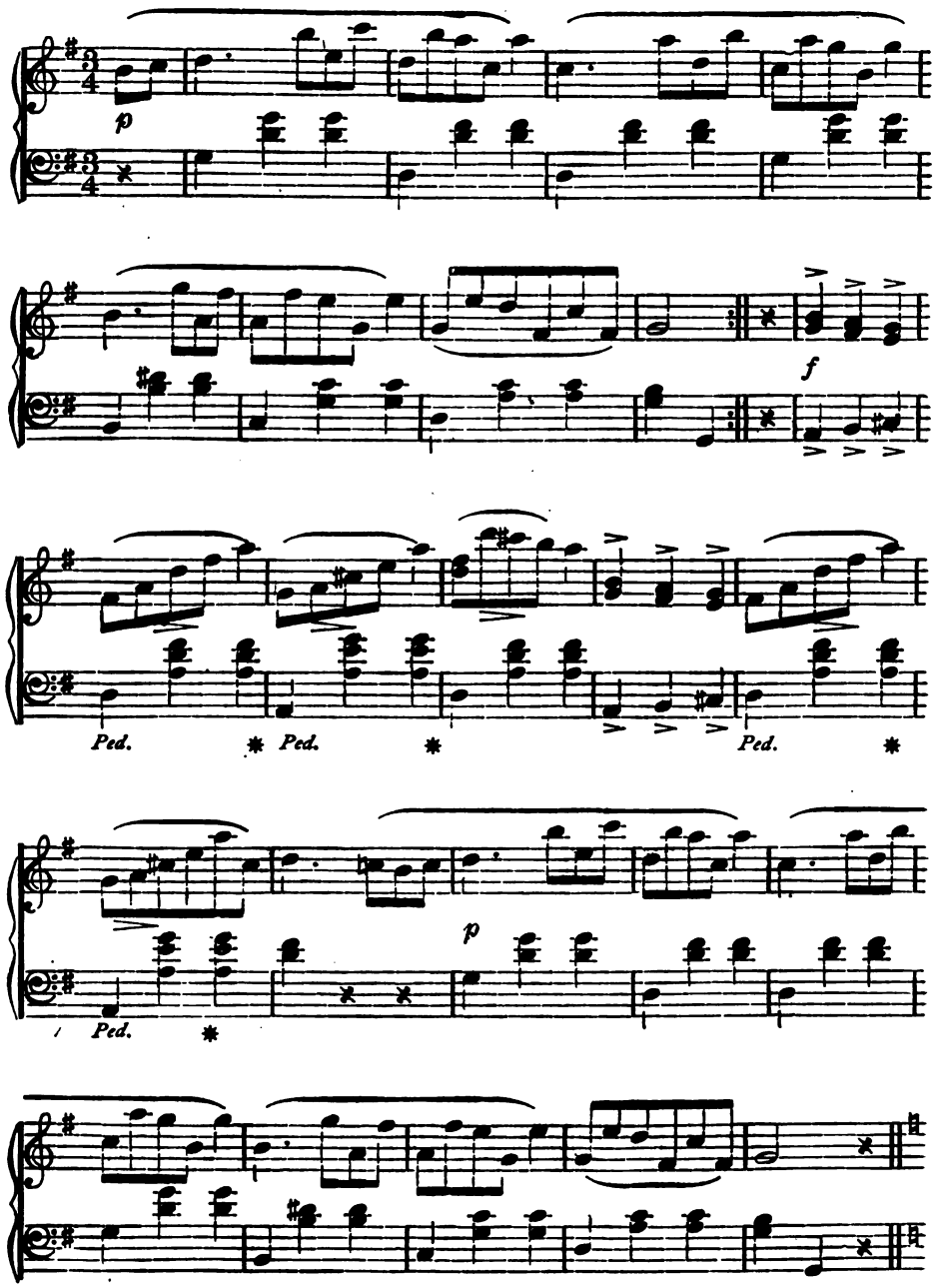

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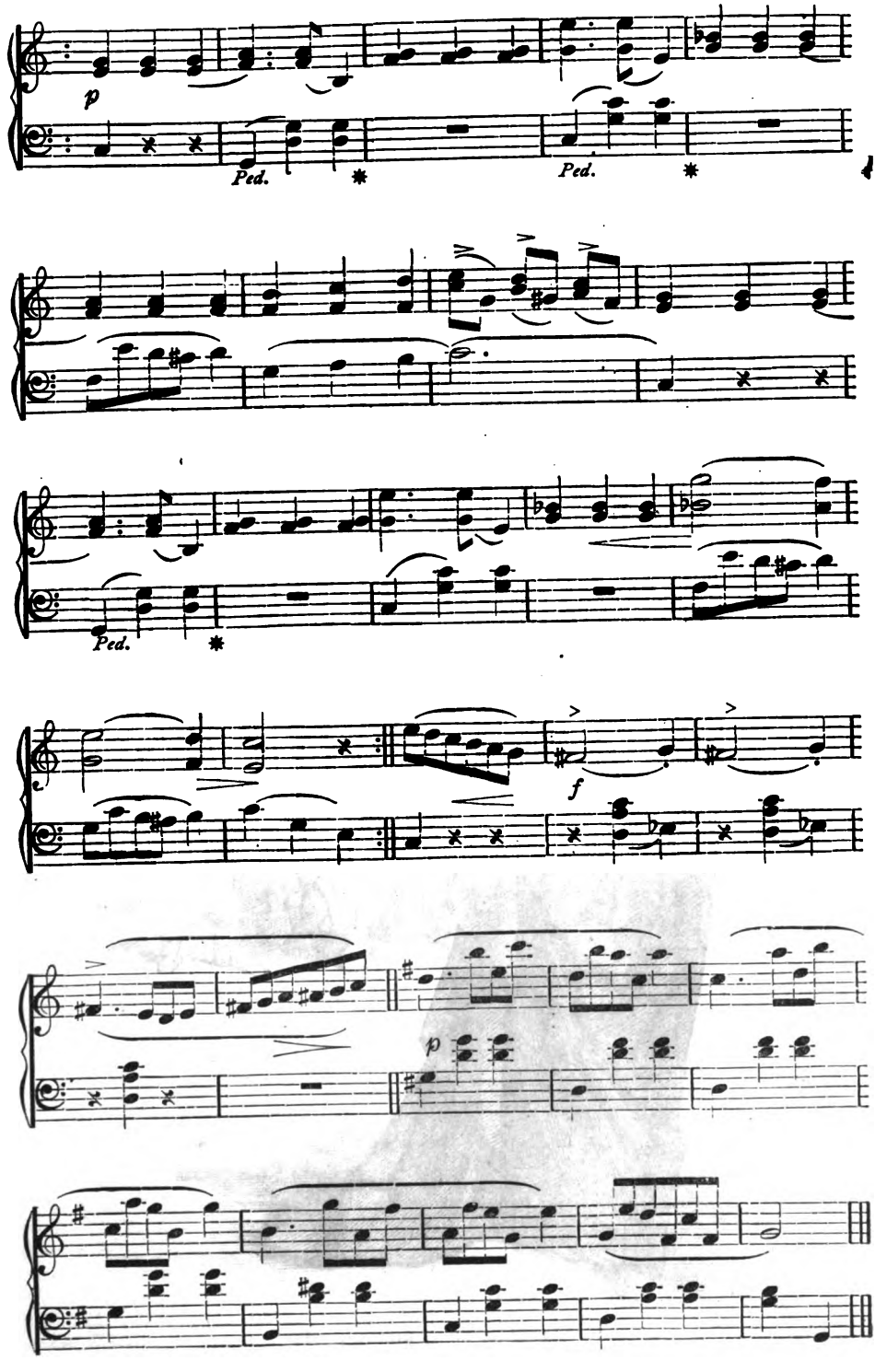

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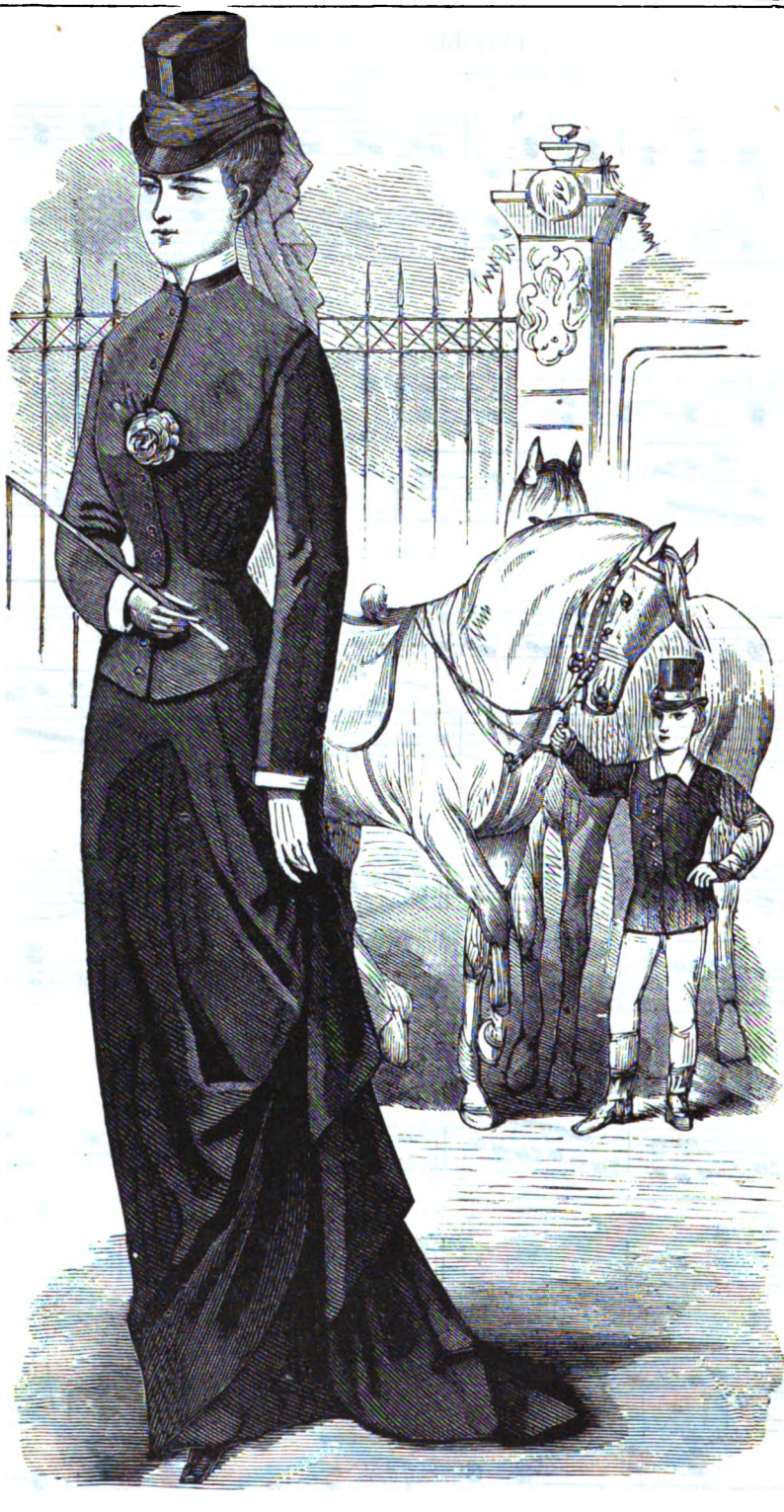

LATEST STYLE OF RIDING-HABIT.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXVI. PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1879. No. 1.

A QUESTION OF HONOR.

BY PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

A MOURNFUL, restless wind; dead leaves huddled together upon the ground; a few birds singing disconsolately; an avenue of pines, dark and mysterious; and over all the gray, sad light of a late autumn evening. With the hopeless heavens above her, and the dried leaves under her feet, stood a young girl. She was clad in gray, and the color harmonized with the sombre hues around her. When she moved, the sound of her dress, sweeping over the leaves, was hardly distinguishable from the noise made by the wind in the branches. She was leaning against one of the tall tree trunks. When she raised her head, you could see a look of intense mental suffering in the beautiful, dark eyes. It was a look neither of defiance nor of resignation; but of dull, hopeless endurance. She was evidently lost in a deep reverie, which was cut short, however, by a man's voice calling her name, in a low, distinct tone:

"Agnes!"

She started; but mechanically extended her hand. The man took it, and drew it within his arm, and they commenced pacing up and down.

"I ought to have staid away, I suppose," he said, gloomily; "but I wanted to see you, once more. It was selfish, I know; but—I wanted it."

The girl turned, and looked at him, and then she said, in an anxious tone:

"You look worn. Are you ill, Harold?"

"No, not ill," he answered; "only harassed."

But his face, in the dim half-light, looked terribly pale and careworn. He looked as a gambler might, who out of a large fortune has staked and lost his last shilling.

"We shall have rain, soon," he observed, presently; "had we not better go in-doors? Imprudent as ever, I see—you have nothing round your shoulders."

These last words were uttered in a tone of infinite tenderness; yet, as she heard them, as if she had been suddenly hurt, great tears dulled the girl's eyes, and gathered and quivered on her long lashes. Her companion seemed not to notice them, but he drew her toward the house. Already, as they went swiftly up the garden, the rain began to fall, and the wind met them in cold, wet gusts, and swept by them, to roar and revel in the avenue of dark pines they had just quitted. They entered the drawing-room by an open French window.

"Will you sit down?" asked Agnes.

"No," he answered, impetuously. "Let us go once more to the old, dear room—your own place."

So they left the drawing-room, with its handsome, unsympathetic furniture, its cold-looking, flowing white curtains, and traversed long, silent, dim passages, till they reached a remote corner of the old house, where a winding staircase led to a low-roofed, oak-panelled room, known, by courtesy, as Miss Desborough's boudoir; though, in reality, it more resembled a small library. Book-shelves rose all about it, yet besides these, there was not much furniture in the quaint, simple room. A writing-table stood near the window, and at one end was a harmonium, nearly always open. On one side of the fire-place was a velvet-covered couch, and on the other a carved arm-chair, of old English oak, well-piled with crimson cushions. There were few girlish knick-nacks anywhere; but the few pictures on the walls were well-chosen.

"I am glad to see that Mrs. Brook takes good care of you, still," the man said, as they met, on entering, the scent and sight of a freshly kindled wood-fire. "No, don't ring for lights, please," noticing her hand upon the bell. "If you don't mind, this firelight is so much pleasanter. Sit down, won't you, in your old place on the sofa."

He shut the door; and, so doing, roused the echoes, which clamored an instant, and then ceased in the distance. He sat down in a chair opposite Agnes, and for a few moments there was

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silence, save for the low crackling of the fire. At length, he said, in a constrained, unnatural-sounding voice:

"Well, are you glad to see me?"

She answered, her words coming with difficulty:

"How can I be glad?"

"Are you sorry, then?"

"How can I be sorry?"

"I came," he went on, rising, and resting his arms upon the mantel-piece, "because to-morrow is my wedding-day."

A hardly audible "Yes"—was her only answer; but a wave of in-born agony swept over her face, leaving it bleached as by excess of bodily pain. After a pause, he continued, still keeping his eyes away from her:

"Since it is to be done, 'tis best done quickly. I don't want you to think me worse than I am. You know how I have loved you. I told you of my love, in the spring; but you held me off, and seemed to play with me. Did you feel too certain of me, or not certain enough of yourself, to give me a decided answer? Which ever it was, I got sick of suspense. I am easily depressed, perhaps. I said to myself that I would find rest, somewhere; and it was in that mood that, in an evil hour, I turned to your friend. At first, I truly meant only to flirt with her. I think I had some vague idea of revenging myself on the sex. But soon I saw that she had taken me seriously, and that, with all her innocent heart, she loved me. I was not bad enough to turn from her, then; though I began, just then, to see the pain in your eyes. She had lived her life hitherto for others, with no thought or hope of anything for herself; and now a great, new joy seemed to kindle her whole nature. I *could* not break her pure heart; could I, Agnes? To-morrow, she will be my wife. I did not feel sure of your love, until I was her promised husband, and then it was too late. And now—I wish I were going to my grave."

He had spoken quickly, like a man who was hurried on by some impulse against his own intention. Agnes kept silent, meanwhile, her long, slender hands clasping and unclasping each other, as they lay upon her lap.

"I have said all I had to say," he resumed, "and it is not well for me to stay longer. Good-bye."

Her lips rather formed than uttered her farewell. She gave him her hand, without rising; and as he closed the door, the echoes woke, and clamored, and died in the distance. Outside the room, worn out by the stress of emotion through which he had passed, he leaned heavily against the wall. He felt a strange temptation to linger. There was the room in which he had hoped and despaired; there had he taken that mad, fatal resolve which had severed him from the woman he loved. He must have been lost in these bitter recollections for several minutes, when he became aware of a sweet, familiar sound—Agnes was playing on her harmonium; but in the long, deep-drawn cadences there was no soul, to-night. She was playing mechanically. It was like a musician playing in his sleep. Then, abruptly, the music ceased, and he fancied he heard a cry as of one in pain. It is only the wind, he thought; yet he lingered, and listened. The wind came sweeping round the house, and he heard the crackling of the wood-fire from within. Then he thought he heard a sound like a low, suppressed sob. He could hold out no longer.

He went back into the room; and, as again the door closed behind him, the echoes woke, and clamored, as if in reproach, and died away in the distance.

She was lying on the sofa, with her face buried in the cushions, her beautiful body shaken by long, passionate sobs.

"My darling," he cried, falling beside her on his knees, raising her in his arms, and turning her face toward him by force, "are you ill?"

"Why have you come back?" she moaned. "Why did you not leave me alone with my misery?"

"The punishment falls on both of us," he answered; "let us bear it together."

"No," she cried, almost fiercely, pushing him from her, and looking at him with eyes wherein tears had turned to fire. "No, it does *not* fall on both of us. It falls upon me, and upon me only. You have ceased to love me. If you had still cared for me, you could not have left me as you did, just now."

"Agnes," he said, bitterly, "have I gone through the pains of death for your sake, just to be reproached by you?"

Then, as she thought that this might have been the night before her own wedding, had things been other than they were, a keen pang of unjust hate against that other woman, her so innocent rival, shot through her heart. She cried out, passionately:

"Oh, Harold, consider what you are about to do. It is not too late yet. Oh, my dearest love, know how I love you! Can you make a woman happy not loving her? Will you ruin three lives?"

And he answered, very slowly:

"Yes, I *can* make her happy. She is happy now. She has missed nothing in me. I have had so much suffering in my life, that I know

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how to conceal it. You, yourself, just now thought me unmoved and cold."

"And you mean to waste and ruin my life—to strike dead my youth? And I am *so* young."

He let go her hands—poor, slender, quivering hands. He rose, and stood a little way from her, and then he said, in a strange, hollow voice:

"Agnes, if *you* won't help me, what shall I do? There is no way of escape. I have done wrong things enough in my life; but I have never broken my word, or forfeited my honor. That woman loves me; and I sought her love. I owe her a debt which I dare not refuse to pay. Shall the woman *I* love, and who loves me, make me, for the first time, break faith with my honor?"

The girl sat quite still. A great struggle seemed going on in her heart. She lifted her hands wearily to her head at last, and pushed back her heavy hair. She said, in a faint, low tone, as one spent by struggle:

"I suppose you are right, Harold; and I will try not to make things harder for you."

Again he fell on his knees beside her.

"Oh, my one, sweet love," he cried, "my only love, whatever comes, if we had only known!"

He buried his face in her lap; he kissed her hands, her dress, a cross which hung upon her breast. He seemed striving to compress, in these few last moments, all the demonstrations of love that might have belonged to a long life, lived out to the full. The waves had indeed gone over him, and left him spent and broken. There was something almost terrible in this outburst of the passionate love that had so long been kept under; this love which henceforth was to hunger and thirst through all his life; this poor, fettered love, striving to get free; this love which, having all in its grasp, yet renounced all at the inexorable call of honor! His arms were round her, her head upon his shoulder, and the darkness grew around them, as the light of the untended fire waned. They remained thus for nearly an hour, when Harold pressed her a little closer to him. She shuddered, knowing what that meant. Then he unwound his arms, and they both rose. For a moment they stood apart; then they came blindly together, and, for the first time, that night, their lips met and clove in one long, strenuous kiss. Then they parted, and desecrated the silence by no word. Then the door closed once more behind him, and the echoes, which action of his should never again waken, clamored a last, melancholy farewell.

She stood in the centre of the room, where they had kissed each other—a woman turned, it almost seemed, to stone. For her the end of joy, which means much the same thing as the end of life, had come.

They had given up all life held of brightness to their idea of honor. One may easily question if that idea were just—if marriage be ever justified by any motive of duty or pity—anything short of the uttermost love—but, for the sake of what they conceived to be right, they had given all they possessed, to the uttermost farthing. Which shall one pity most—the woman, left alone in the haunted room, where she had foregone what would have been the supreme happiness of her life; or the man, going home alone, through the windy darkness, to face the beginning of a new life, to work out his salvation in obedience to what he conceived to be the law of honor?

In his thirty-eighth year Harold Gordon died, and after that a strange, new friendship sprang up between his wife, Mary, and Agnes—the woman he had married, and the woman he had loved. But soon the changes of life separated them,

"For Mary took another mate,
But Agnes lived unwedded till her death."

FAITHLESS.

BY CARRIE F. L. WHEELER.

Over peaks of rosy snow,
Dies the sunset's crimson glow;
Wide, and white, and still below,
Stretch the frozen meadows.
All the woods are blossomed with
Radiant, waxen flowers:
Silver ferns and wreathes of pearls
Fill their crystal bowers.
Pitching dusky, purple tents
In the vales and hollows,
Where no more the cascade calls,
Or the brooklet follows,
And where lost winds come and go;
Creeping silently and slow,
Steal the twilight shadows.

'Tis the same world, Geraldine,
That we loved in. Woods were green,
Fresh, and sweet, and bright between
Rolled the grassy meadows;
Down the shady lane we walked,
Ah! what glances tender,
With pretended shyness flashed
From your eyes' dark splendor;
Ah! how passionate the vows,
By those red lips spoken!
False your eyes, your lips, your heart—
All their pledges broken.
Life has lost its summer sheen,
And my sad heart, Geraldine,
Faints 'mid snows and shadows.

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A SUMMER'S AMUSEMENT.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

ONE sultry August, about six years ago, two young men left the Piedmont Air-line Railway, at Spartansburgh; and hiring a couple of stout mules, started on an exploring tour up through the mountains of northern Georgia. They spent a week in the shadow of Mount Yonah; and then began to weary of the adventure.

"As for game, that's all humbug," said Schoeppel, who was a stout, florid young fellow, with aggressive moustachios, and a suspicious black eye. "That's humbug. I hadn't much faith in it, when Pettit told us of it. And as for the magnificence of the scenery, it's fine enough. But what can *I* do with cloud effects and gloomy precipices? I'm wasting time, here. So are you, for that matter."

The men both called themselves artists, in New York. Schoeppel was a painter of "bits"—a fence corner, with a pair of fighting cocks; a mossy stone, and bulbous toad upon it squatted in the sun, etc., etc. The misty peaks, and shelving abysses of these mountains, impressed him as badly-done—as coarse, big daubs; a kind of scene painting, in a word.

Deems, his companion, a thin, sedate man, the elder of the two, was ostensibly a figure painter; but he really earned his living by designing the "funny pictures" for one of the weekly illustrated papers. You have, no doubt, laughed at his absurd sketches, many a time.

"I like it here, Schoeppel," he said, in a peculiar, lazy, low voice. "Don't let's go to the towns, just yet."

"Why, you've not made a character sketch in a week."

"No; but I like to be outside of the shop, for awhile."

They jogged on in silence, for awhile. Then Schoeppel began again, impatiently.

"Nobody in the North would believe there were such vast tracts, so near, yet given over to wlid beasts. Hillo! There is a farm that looks a little like civilization. But did you ever see such absolute torpor?"

They pulled up their mules on the brow of the hill, looking down into the valley. The Chattooga river, a bright, curiously sluggish stream, lay coiled through it; the hills that walled it in were draped with solid green of a dark unvaried tint. A large, unpainted, wooden house, closely hedged about with piggeries, cotton gin, and negro quarters, was set down in the middle of the valley. Dull patches of tobacco plant, and others, still red with the cotton bloom, stretching down to the river; while the multitudinous delicate, green spears of the rice fields showed through the water with which they had been flooded. There was a heavy, turbid quality in even the color of the landscape.

Deems pointed this out. "The trees lack the vivid variety of greens that they have with us. One might fancy the very sap had forgotten to stir in them."

They rode slowly down. A half-naked negro, hoeing corn in the river bottom, sat down on the fence to inspect them at his leisure; no other living being was in sight, except once, when the leaves under foot stirred, as a dull-colored, highland moccasin crept sluggishly across the path. Schoeppel pushed on, after that; but Deems loitered far behind him. He was not afraid of the snakes, and the singular silence and stupor of this valley was a new experience to him. Very different this from shop work. It was a keen and a rare enjoyment to find something which could *not* be converted into a sketch for the weekly.

It is true, there were familiar things about him, but they had put on a strange, unreal air. This vine grew over his porch at home, but here it flaunted thick, viscous leaves in his face, and its stems were enormous, black, snake-like trunks, distorted all along his path. The yucca, his frail, dainty, old favorite, reared itself here into a tree, hung with royal white bells, and weighting the air with heavy odor. But the thing seemed insolent to him. He could have thrust it back, as though it had been a human being, a modest woman grown vulgar. Deems had been ill before he left home; he was, perhaps, unusually impressible now, and nervous. When he reached the foot of the hill, Schoeppel was waiting for him. They went on, through the unbroken silence.

"There ought to be a Dr. Gourlay, somewhere in this country," said Schoeppel. "Pettit gave us letters to him. I'll ride on to this house, and see if they know anything about him. Wait for me here."

He turned off into the opening of the wagon-

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road, leading to the house. Deems dismounted, tied his bridle to the fence, and sat down to sketch the grotesque vine-trunks.

"I cannot shake off the impression that they are snakes, charmed to sleep," he said.

Schoeppel nodded. "The whole valley seems asleep. It's this hot, numbing air, I suppose. I wonder if any civilized human beings live here. No roads—no mails—no neighbors! The horrible monotony of it would drive me mad in a week."

He rode on to the house, and Deems began to sketch. Suddenly a woman rose from behind the pile of logs on which he sat, and came round in front of him. In New York, he would have promptly noted her queer sunbonnet and purple calico dress for use in caricature; but here he saw only her lean, sallow face, and large, liquid eyes. He was just in the condition to be startled and touched by them.

She stood, looking at his quick-moving fingers, with perfect quietude and self-possession. Her dress was that of a servant, but her manner was that of one who was long used to command and who had grown tired of it. Deems was the least self-possessed of the two.

"Are you sketching?" she said, at last.

It was a low voice; it pleased him. He was a connoisseur in voices.

"Yes."

"I never saw any one handle pencil or brush before," she said, with an awkward little bow, which seemed oddly pathetic to him. "I never saw a picture, except the colored lithographs, which the newspapers send out as premiums."

"That is hard measure, madam," stammered Deems. He had risen, and was standing with his hat in his hand. "But what do you want with pictures? You have this strange, wonderful landscape," glancing about him.

"You did not speak in that way just now," she retorted, with an angry flash of the eye. "You said the monotony would drive you mad."

"No, I did not say that. It was my friend."

"No matter. You feel it more than he," looking directly in his face. "Yet you have only been in the valley an hour."

As she spoke, she loosened the strings of the sunbonnet which she wore, and took it off. Deems had supposed her to be a middle-aged woman. He now found her to be young; her hair was of a pale brown, fine and abundant; it seemed to him to be oddly alive—sentient, as were her eyes. He did not notice the rest of her face or body.

"I often wonder," she said, "how long a woman, who had been out in the world, could bear this life: the solitude, the idleness, and—" again she looked directly in his face, "the horrible ignorance of it. No matter what our position, we are all ignorant together. What do I, for instance, know of books, or art, or the world of well-bred people? How can I know anything?"

George Deems tapped his sketch-book nervously. He was a very conventional, prudent fellow. He had lived in the house with women, in Flushing, for years, and never exchanged a word with them, beyond the news of the weather or of village gossips. Yet, in five minutes, this woman was baring her life to him. What woman in Flushing had ever looked at him with that strange directness? He felt a titillation of excitement, singularly agreeable.

"I scarcely credit your assertion, madam," he said. "Of yourself I can say nothing. But yonder is a man who, I am sure, is neither ignorant nor vulgar," nodding towards a spare man, coarsely dressed in butternut homespun, who came towards them, with Schoeppel. He wore a ragged, straw hat, but the head beneath it was nobly shaped, and the face was full of quiet humor and fine, delicate meanings.

"That is no boor," said Deems, energetically.

"Oh, no," she said, with a little laugh. "He is only a country doctor, learned in measles and lumbago. He has been shut up like myself in these hills, all his life, as in a gaol. *He* is willing to stay. It suits him."

Deems, eyeing her furtively, made a hasty sketch of her on his thumb-nail. Her unaccountable confidence touched him; but then what a capital figure she was for a caricature! Practice of his trade had become a second nature with him.

"That is my husband," she said. "That is Dr. Gourlay," and turning abruptly, she went to the house, by a side path.

Deems went forward to meet the man, feeling as if he had been detected in prowling through the doctor's closets. What right had the woman to open her secrets to him? He would leave this farm as soon as he could find his mule.

"Hello, Deems!" called Schoeppel. "We've struck ore at last! Here is Doctor Gourlay, and I have promised we will stay a week with him."

Deems protested, but the doctor, who had a peculiarly gentle, decisive manner, was urgent.

"I cannot let you go, gentlemen," he said. "Mr. Pettit wrote, promising us a visit from you. In justice to myself I shall claim it. Why you have no idea of the loneliness of this life we lead. It is three months since a white face, except our own, has been seen on the plantation. Besides, I must present you to Mistress Gourlay."

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"We shall be most happy," mumbled Schoeppel. But Deems was silent. He did not know why he could not frankly say to the doctor that he already had met his wife. An hour later, too, when he saw Mrs. Gourlay at the dinner-table, she received him as a stranger, and there was not a gleam on the young man's grave eye to remind her of her confidences in the lane. She had put on her best dress for the occasion. It was a faded, yellow silk, made years ago; she had twisted some cheap, black lace about her hair. The young artists found her picturesque and attractive; the more probably that she scarcely spoke. Her face was faded and weary; but her eyes, when she raised them, made it suddenly luminous with energy and passion.

Schoeppel jeered at her in his usual vulgar fashion, when he and Deems were alone. "The whole scene would have told in a farce," he said. "The dirty table-cloth, the ill-cooked, sloppy meal; the dumb woman, languidly picking a morsel, with the air of a captive queen; the forlorn children, tumbling about under foot; and that poor little man, still in love with his wife, anxiously watching every motion of her eyelash."

"And their guests laughing at them," added Deems, quietly. "Yes, it is a pitiful picture enough."

Schoeppel grunted, good-humoredly, "Bah! you can't snub me. What was that stage-whisper which the Captive Princess gave you, after dinner?"

"We discussed the cotton crop, I think," said Deems, coldly.

Schoeppel eyed him, shrewdly, a moment.

"Go on, George," he said, bursting into a coarse laugh. "We're a long way from home. I'll not spoil sport."

Deems replied, angrily. He had a vague feeling that he was, somehow, being entangled against his will. Yet, by whom? The "stage-whisper" had fully explained the poor lady's eccentricity, at their first meeting.

"You need not try to hide yourself from us," she had said, with awed, admiring eyes. "We know who you are. Mr. Pettit told us of your fame, of your great works."

"Poor child!" said Deems to himself, with a conscious laugh. "She has lived here, without congenial companionship, eating her own heart out, until a miserable draughtsman like me is a demi-god in her eyes. She was ready, as soon as she met me, to pour out her life-long trouble." Deems was not a vain man, but it was his first experience as a demi-god, and he found it decidedly pleasant. A few moments later, Dr. Gourlay found him, with his pipe, in the garden.

"The truth is, Mr. Deems," he said, presently, "I had a selfish motive in urging you to stay. I knew you through Mr. Pettit, and hoped for help and advice from you. My wife—" he hesitated.

"I shall be glad to help you or her," said Deems, gently. "Mrs. Gourlay—"

"Yes. She is a poetess. She really has surprising power, Mr. Deems. She writes in prose, also. Tales, essays, reveries. But I prefer her poems. We are so shut out of the world, you see. We know nothing of publishers. If you would look over her MSS., and give your candid opinion on her chances of success."

To whatever farm-house Deems went, he found aspiring artists, ready with their daubs for applause. But he had never been bored by aspiring authors before.

He smiled, complacently. "Art is my field, not literature," he answered. "But one has a general idea—I shall be delighted to look over Mrs. Gourlay's poems. She has the bearing of a woman of genius."

"Ah, you see that! I was quite sure you would," said the pleased little man. "She has these high, æsthetic tastes and longings, sir, which I am not able to gratify. Our income is small. I fear, at times, she is not quite happy in this valley. If she had fame, recognition from the world, she would find life very different."

"Very different," said Deems, hesitatingly.

"There she is, in the arbor," added the doctor. "She has her poems with her. If you will join her, I will go finish my pipe, with Mr. Schoeppel."

As Deems stepped up into the arbor, the woman's eager eyes turned on him, with a humble reverence. The vines of heavy summer roses clustered about her. Deems, strangely moved by her humility, his pulses beating faster than usual, pushed the roses back, and sat down beside her.

The next morning, Mr. Deems sent away a package of manuscript to a friend, who was an editor. "We shall hear from it inside of a week," he told the doctor. The young men then settled themselves quietly down, in the farm-house; Schoeppel going out daily hunting, with the doctor; while Deems painted, and Mrs. Gourlay talked or read to him. They found the arbor serve admirably as a studio. At the end of the fifth day, Schoeppel, coming in from a long tramp, discovered Deems painting Mrs. Gourlay in the habit of a nun. He laid on a touch here and a touch there, staring at her between, as calmly as though she had been a lay figure. But she was no lay figure. Her cheeks were warn and moist; her breath came

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uncertainly; she stole furtive, hurried glances at Deems' thin, ascetic face.

"George," called Schoeppel, sharply. "Come down, and look at this heron. You've worked enough, to-day."

Mrs. Gourlay took up her book, as the young men crossed the lawn to the game-bag.

"Painting her as Heloise, eh?" said Schoeppel. "Are you to be the companion picture? Abélard, eh?"

Deems stopped short. "What do you mean?" he said, half angrily.

"I mean that you're going too far, George. Gourlay is a gentleman, and your are eating his salt—"

"I never wronged him, by word or look," exclaimed Deems, his thin face growing scarlet.

"Not intentionally—"

"In no way. If you mean his wife, I am a friend of Mrs. Gourlay's, certainly. But our friendship has had a purely intellectual basis. The woman is lovely. I have allowed her to talk of herself and her hopes. I have been civil—kind, that is all."

"There's no need of working yourself into a rage," said Schoeppel, coolly. "You've made a mistake, I tell you. You might as well play with fire, as with a woman of that temperament. She not only fancies herself in love with you, but believes her love is returned. If you are quite honest in what you say, George, let us quit the place, to-morrow. I am bored to death with it."

"Agreed! I wish we had never stopped in it," said Deems, with energy. "There is the boy with the mail. It will bring an answer from the publisher. I cannot face Mrs. Gourlay after her disappointment."

"The poems have not merit, then?" said Schoeppel, in surprise.

"They are weak as water," emphatically. "But she is a good little soul."

He repeated to himself that she was a good little soul, when he was alone. There was a queer wrench at his heart, when he thought of leaving her. God forbid that he should wrong Gourlay! Yet no other woman had ever thought him a demi-god. There was a peculiar fine sympathy between them, certainly, which it was better not to put into words. He thrust the package of returned manuscripts into his pocket. He would leave it to be given to her, when he was gone. He told himself that he could not bear to wound this poor, lonely heart.

About half an hour later, Dr. Gourlay, with his guests, returned to the arbor. His wife sat, lost in a dreamy reverie, while Bill, the youngest boy, daubed Deems' chromes over his apron. Two years ago, Mrs. Gourlay's children wore the prettiest clothes of all the urchins at the county fair; but her aesthetic aspirations led her now to higher levels than considerations of bibs and petticoats: she wrote poetry, instead of making dresses.

"Our friends are going to leave us, to-morrow, Paula," said the doctor, with much discomposure. "It is a very sudden resolve—"

"Letters just received," stammered Schoeppel.

Deems offered no explanation. He gathered up his paints, looking at the woman's face, which grew deadly pale, and flushed red by turns, while her eyes followed him, with a terrified passion of entreaty.

"Mistress Gourlay will miss you sadly, Mr. Deems," said the doctor, mortified at her silence. "She seldom finds a friend so congenial. Is it not so, Paula?"

She gave a nervous laugh, but said nothing. Her eyes did not leave Deems' face. There was an agonized question in them, which he dared not face.

"And you have not finished the sketch of her, either. Very clever," pursued the proud husband, looking at it, through his bent hand. "But hardly delicate enough in contour, eh?"

"I will finish it, another time," hesitated Deems. "I hope, of course, to see Mrs. Gourlay again. Our friendship will not end here," glancing at her, furtively. What had he said? A torrent of joyous color swept over her face and bosom; her eyes flashed; her lips parted; then she started up, looking guiltily towards her husband.

"Come, Deems," said Schoeppel. "We must look up our traps, to-night, if we want to make an early start."

When they left her, Paula Gourlay sank down upon the bench, panting, trembling. He did not mean to part from her. He would take her with him, to share his fame; to taste the delight of that unknown world!

All the glittering pictures she had painted of it, (drawing her material from novels), rose before her. She would live among beautiful, gifted women, the queen of them all; poets and statesmen would crowd to her receptions; and beside her would always be this stanch brother of her soul! Vague remembrances of Corinne at the Capitol, of Recamier and Châteaubriand, floated through her hazy brain. Little Billy pulled her by the skirt. "Go away, child," she said, pushing him back, and shutting her eyes, with a shudder.

Just here, let us say that Paula Gourlay was neither a vicious, nor a weak woman, by nature.

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It was her head, not her heart, that was now temporarily insane. Two years ago, she was a faithful wife and mother; she was even noted, among the neighboring Georgian women, as an energetic housekeeper. But belief in her own genius had made her deaf and blind to house, child, and husband. The woman was literally driven mad by the idea of Fame; and George Deems came in an unlucky moment to personify that Fame

He saw her once again, that evening. As he was passing through a dark corridor, she came out of a recess, and laid a hot, shaking hand on his.

"I will not fail to meet you," she whispered. "Our friendship does not die to-night," and vanished.

"Poor little Paula!" he thought, as he packed his valise. "She's as mad as a March hare. Yet there is a strange sympathy between us! Perhaps we shall meet again, in some higher life—who can tell?" But he went to sleep, congratulating himself that she did not live in Flushing.

She betrayed no emotion at parting, the next day; stood at the gate, and waved her hand, with a radiant smile.

"What a queer, luminous look that woman has!" said Schoeppel, as they rode away. "You've not done with her yet, George."

"I never expect to see her again," said Deems, dryly. He did not think it necessary to mention their probable meeting in the next world, to Schoeppel.

"Luminous?" That was the right word to describe the face turned towards him, from under the scarlet honeysuckle. He thought the face would live forever, in his memory, with the scarlet flowers and drowsy valley for its background.

Dr. Gourlay was loth to part with his new friends. He rode with them a mile or two on their way. "When do you strike the railroad?" he asked, as he said good-bye.

"To-night. At Seneca city. We will stop to sketch, through the heat of the day," said Deems.

"I'll ride over, then, and see you off. My new mare will carry me there, easily."

He turned back, stopping at the house, a moment, before he began his daily round of visits through the hills. But Mrs. Gourlay, the negroes said, had mounted the old black, as soon as the visitors were out of sight, and ridden up stream.

"She has gone to her mother's," thought the doctor, with a perplexed look. "I wonder she left the children behind. It was not like Paula."

It was just before sunset, when the two travellers dismounted at the porch of the great pile of gaudily painted lumber which bore the name of Seneca City Hotel.

Deems set down his valise, and looked about him, with impatient disgust. Half-a-dozen loud-talking, red-faced men lounged in the bar-room; on the upper porch, a group of women, "summer boarders," sat, swinging to and fro on rocking chairs, waiting to see the train come in.

"How long must we wait here, Schoeppel?" he asked.

"More than an hour."

"I'll go inside, then."

He tramped, whistling as he went, up the rickety stairs, and opened the door of the great room, labelled Saloon Parlor. Inside was a flaring red carpet, a grand piano, gay, purplish chairs; and in the middle of the room, a sallow woman, in full Sunday attire; a skimped, yellow dress, and a bonnet, heaped with coarse artificial flowers, a carpet-bag on the floor beside her. Deems smiled at the absurd figure; then he stopped, suddenly.

"——Great God! Mrs. Gourlay!" he cried.

She held out her hands, beginning to cry.

"I have come to you," she said.

"Come? To me? For what purpose?"

His voice was hoarse and strident. He had lost control of it. This was not poor little Paula at the gate, the mysterious sympathy for him speaking through the luminous face. This tawdry, ridiculous creature! His cold, gray eyes glittered with horror and disgust.

"This is a very unexpected pleasure, madam," he said, with chilling emphasis. "You seem to be prepared for a journey."

A northern woman, being bilious and nervous, is apt, when struck a deadly blow, to sink under it, or make loud outcry. But there is a certain peculiarity of blood in her southern sister, which keeps her outwardly passive, in the supreme crises of life, however much she may suffer inwardly.

Mrs. Gourlay only grew a shade more sallow; she caught her breath quickly, and then said:

"I want to go out into the world. You said I would be famous. I thought you would be my friend—out there." She held out her hands; her eyes were full of unspoken, passionate entreaty.

The door opened, at this moment, and Schoeppel entered.

"The deuce!" he said, stopping abruptly.

"Yes. You see you were right, Schoeppel," said Deems, savagely. "She is here! You have mistaken me, Mrs. Gourlay. As for your chances of fame, you may gather them from this letter.

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The manuscripts, which came with it, I left them with your husband."

She pushed the letter back. "What does the editor say?" she whispered, her chin quivering.

"Wonders why I send him verses in which there is neither wit nor rhythm, nor even indications of a common education." Deems flung the words at her as if he were hurling stones at an ox, and then turned contemptuously to the window. He was a virtuous, even conventionally proper, man. Yet Gourlay would now believe him the abductor of his wife, and Schoeppel had a subject for his coarse jokes, for years to come. Verily, his innocent flirtation had cost him dear.

Schoeppel, however, was the kinder of the two. He muttered, "No need of such brutality, George," and going up to Mrs. Gourlay, he seated her gently. "Deems has painted things too much *couleur de rose* to you, madam," he said, "out in the world. The truth is, we are two poor artists, living cheaply, and working hard. Deems is apt to be sympathetic with women. His feeling for Mrs. Deems makes him tender with all of the sex."

"Is he married?" she staggered to her feet, with the words.

"Bless you, yes! As much married as—you are," with a keen emphasis. "Five hearty youngsters—"

The intelligence died out of the woman's eyes, as she stood staring into Deems' guilty face. For a moment, her features were those of one dead; then, with a supreme effort, she forced a ghastly smile upon them, and walking directly up to him, held out her hand, with an arch, playful nod.

"Why did you never happen to mention Mistress Deems to me? You northern men are cold blooded. My husband would not forget to speak of me for ten days."

As she spoke, the door opened, and the little doctor, frank, smiling, stood upon the threshold. "Ah, Paula!" he cried, delighted. "You knew I was coming, and planned this surprise. Well done, little girl. We will see our friends off, and ride home together."

The other men stood dumb and motionless. Dr. Gourlay glanced, surprised, from one to the other, and then went hastily up to his wife. "You are nervous, Paula," he said, looking tenderly into her face. "You have ridden too fast, and too hard—"

"Don't touch me. Go to them; let me be alone, a minute."

She stood, when he had gone, cold, panting, watching the noble, loving face, turned anxiously towards her. Great God, to think she would have given him up, for that dull clod! This old love, so familiar, that it had grown stale and hackneyed to her, suddenly opened before her a glimpse of heaven. If she had dreamed a wicked, passionate dream, she had wakened, and was her most sane and miserable self now.

"Philys," she said, coming up, suddenly, to her husband, "come out with me. I have a story to tell you."

"But our friends—" hesitating.

"They will not care to hear it," with a bitter laugh. "It is about the modern friendship of married people, and the end of it."

The doctor looked back, nodding cheerfully, as they went out; but his wife's eyes did not leave his face. "Come, come," she said. She had forgotten, in her haste to rejoin him, that there was anybody else in the world.

"And so your summer's amusement is over, George," said Schoeppel. "Did you write to Mrs. Deems, that you were coming home?"

"Yes. She will expect me on Tuesday."

AT THE FIRST.

BY ANNA F. BURNHAM.

I PRAY you, what is my life to me,
With the heart of it slipped away;
From darkened windows, who look to see?
Closed guest-rooms tempt none to stay.
Oh, my heart is empty as last year's nest!
My birdlings—art flown to the east or west.
Oh, my soul goes out on her desolate quest,
Like a child that hath missed its way,
Unknowing to go or stay.

Why tempt with smiles and wiles, like a child?
For I tell you the world is dead!
And I am a ghost—*do* ghosts grow wild,
When they have no tears to shed?
I have a few treasures—there! hold them tight—
These blackened rosebuds; 'twas yesternight
They gleamed 'mid the gold of her hair, as white
As her cheek, whence the rose is fled,
Or the lip that hath lost its red.

I must be patient and pray! Some day,
When my grief is grown old with me,
Perhaps I may bear then to hear you say,
"It is best!" God knows if it be!
But now, when my heart is fit to break,
Now, when it knows but to throb and ache,
Pity me, friends, for Christ's dear sake!
Leave me alone, I pray,
To wait for that better day—
To wait for that better day!

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TIRZAH ANN'S SUMMER TRIP.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

PART I.

TIRZAH ANN and Whitfield—Tirzah Ann is Josiah's darter, you know—make a likely couple, though I say it that shouldn't. Whitfield is indestrius, and she is equinomical, which makes things go well. But Tirzah Ann is dretful ambitious, and wants to do as other folks do, and so knowin' it is very genteel to go off in the summer for a rest, why she wanted to go off for a rest, too. And Whitfield bein' perfectly bound up in her, of course wanted to do jist what she wanted to. I thought it wus foolish in her. But I always had very deep and filisofical idees on these things.

Now, rests are as likely things as ever wus—so are changes. But I have said, and I say still, that I had ruther lay down to hum, as the poet saith, "on my own delightful feather bed," with a fan and newspaper, and take a rest, than dress up and travel off two or three hundred milds in search of it, through the burnin' sun, with achin' body, wet with presperation all over. It seems to me I could get more rest out of the former than out of the more latter course, and proceedin'.

Howsomever, everybody to their own mind.

Likewise with changes. I have said and I say still, that changes are likely and respectable, if you can get holt of 'em, but how can you?

Havin' such powerful and eloquent emotions as I have, such principles a-performin' inside of my mind, enjoyin' such idees and aspirations, and longings, and hopes, and joys, and despairs, and—everything, I s'pose that is what makes me think that what is goin' on 'round me—the outside of me—hain't of so much consequence. I seem to live inside of myself (as it were,) more than I do on the outside. And so it don't seem of much consequence what the lay of the land 'round me may happen to be, whether it is sort o' hilly and mountaneous, or more level like. Or whether steam-cars may be a-goin' by me (on the outside of me), or boats a-sailin' round me, or milk wagons.

You see, the real change—the real rest would have to be on the inside, and not on the outside. Nobody, no matter what their weight may be by the steelyards, can carry 'round such grand, hefty principles as I carry 'round, without gettin' tired, or enjoy the lofty hopes, and desires, and aspirations that I enjoy, and meditate on all the sad, and mysterious, and puzzlin' conundrums of the old world as I meditate on 'em, without gettin' fairly tuckered out. Great hearts enjoy greatly, and suffer greatly, and so, sometimes, when heart-tired and brain-weary, if I could quell down them lofty and soarin' emotions, and make 'em lay still for a spell, and shet up my heart like a buro draw, and hang up the key, and onscrew my head, and lay it onto the manteltry-piece, then I could go off and enjoy a change that would be truly refreshin' and delightful.

But as it is, from Janesville clear to Antipithies, the puzzlin' perplexities and contradictions, the woes and the cares of the old world, foller right on after us as tight as our shadders. Our pure and soarin' desires, our blind mistakes and deep despairs, our longings, strivings, memeries, heartaches, all the joys and burdens of a soul, has to be carried by us up the steepest mountains, or down into the lowest vallies. The same emotions that wus a-performin' inside of our minds down in the Yo Semety, will be a-performin' jist the same up on the Pyramids. The same questionin' eyes, sort o' glad, and sort o' sorrowful, that looked out over New York harber, will look out over the Bay of Naples, and then beyond 'em both, out into a deeper and more mysterious ocean, the boundless sea that lays beyond everything, and before everything, and 'round everything. That great, misty sea of the unknown, the past, the hereafter; tryin' to see what we hain't never seen, and wonderin' when we shall see it, and how, and where, and wherefore, and why? Tryin' to hear the murmur of the waves that we know are a-washin' up 'round us on every side, that nobody hain't never heard, but we know are there; tryin' to ketch a glimps of them shadowy sails that are floatin' in and out forevermore with a freight of immortal souls, bearin' 'em here and away. We know we have sailed on 'em once, and have got to agin, and can't ketch no glimpse on 'em, can't know nothin' about 'em; sealed baby lips—silent, dead lips never tellin' us nothin' about 'em. Each soul has got to embark, and sail out alone, out into the silence and the shadows, out into the mysterious Beyond.

Standin' as we do on the narrow, precarious ground of the present, the mortal, and them endless, eternal seas, a-beatin' 'round us, on every side of us, bottomless, shoreless, ageless, and we

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a not seein' either of 'em, under them awful, and lofty, and curius circumstances, what difference does it realy make to us whether we are a-settin' down or a standin' up; whether we are on a hill or in a valley; whether a lot of us have got together like aunts in a aunt hill, or whether we are more alone like storks or ostriges?

We can't get away from ourselves—can't get a real change nohow, unless we knock our heads in and make idiots and lunys of ourselves. Movin' our bodys round here and there is only a shadow of a change—a mockery. As if I should dress up my Josiah in a soldier coat, or baby clothes, there he is, inside of 'em, dear Josiah—no change in him, only a little difference in his outside circumstances.

This is a very deep and curius subject. I have talked eloquently on it, I know, and my readers know, and I could go on, and filosifize on it jest as eloquent and deep, fur hours and hours. But I have already episoded too fur, and to resoom, and continue on.

I told Tirzah Ann I thought it wus foolish in her to go off and rest, when they both, she and Whitfield, too, looked so awful rested now, and as bright as dollars. And that babe—well, it always wus the most beautiful child in the hull world, and the smartest child; but it does seem more as if it wus smarter than ever, and beautifuler.

You see, their yard is large and shady, and the little thing havin' got so it could run alone, would be out in the yard, a-playin' round, most all the time. It was dretful good for her, and she enjoyed it, and Tirzah Ann enjoyed it, too; for after she got her work done up, all she had to do was to set in the door, and watch that little, pretty thing a-playin' round, and bein' perfectly happy.

It wus a fair and lovely evenin', though very warm; my salaratus had nearly gi'n out, and I had made the last drawin' of tea for supper, and so, when I had got the dishes washed up, and Josiah had milked, he hitched up the old mare, and calm and serene in our two minds as the air of the evenin', we rode down to Janesville, to get these necessarys, and a little beefsteak for breakfast, and see the children.

We found that Thomas J. and Maggie had gone to tea to her folkses, that afternoon, but Tirzah Ann and Whitfield wus to home, and I don't want to see a prettier sight than I see, as we druv up.

There Tirzah Ann sat out on the portico, all dressed up in a cool, mull dress—it was one I bought for her, before she was married, but it wus washed and done up clean, and looked as good as new. It was pure white, with little bunches of blue forget-me-nots on it, and she had a bunch of the same posys in her hair and in the bosom of her frock, (there is a hull bed of 'em in the yard.) She is a master hand for dressin' up, and lookin' pretty, but at the same time, would be very equinomical, if she wus let alone. She looked the picture of health and enjoyment, plump and rosy, and happy as a queen. And she was a queen. Queen of her husband's heart, and settin' up on that pure and lofty throne of constant and deathless love, she looked first-rate, and felt so.

It had been a very warm day, really hot, and Whitfield, I s'pose, had come home kinder tired, so he had stretched himself out at full length on the grass, in front of the portico; and there he lay, with his hands clasped under his head, a-talkin' and laughin', and lookin' up into Tirzah Ann's face, as radiant and lovin' as if she was the sun, and he a sunflower. But that simily, though very poetical and figurative, don't half express the good looks, and health, and happiness on both their faces, as they looked at each other, and that babe, that most beautifulest of children, a-toddlin' round, first up to one, and then the other, with her bright eyes a-dancin', and her checks red as roses.

But the minute she ketched sight of her grandpa and me and the mare, she jest run down to the gate, as fast as her little legs could carry her, and I guess she got a pretty good kissin' from Josiah and me. And Whitfield and Tirzah Ann came hurryin' down to the gate, glad enough to see us, as they always be. Josiah, of course, had to take that beautiful child for a little ride, and Whitfield said he guessed he would go, too. So I got out, and went in, and as we sot there on the stoop, Tirzah Ann up and told me what she and Whitfield wus a-goin' to do. They wus agoin' away for a rest.

"Why," said I, "I hardly ever, in my hull life, see anybody look so rested as you do now, both on you. How, under the sun, can you be rested any more than you be now?"

"Well," she said, "it's so very genteel to go. Miss Skidmore is a-goin', and Miss Skidmore says nobody who made any pretensions to bein' genteel stayed to home durin' the heated term, no matter how cool the place wus they wus a-livin' in."

"What do they go for mostly?" says I, in a very cool way; for I didn't like the idee.

"Oh, for health and—"

But says I, interruptin' of her:

"Hain't you and Whitfield enjoyin' good health?"

"Never could be better health than we both

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have got," says she. "But," says she, "folks go for health and pleasure."

But says I:

"Hain't you a-takin' comfort here—solid comfort?"

"Yes," says she. "Nobody can be happier than Whitfield and I, every day of our life."

"Wall, then," says I, coolly, "you had better let well enough alone."

But says she:

"Folks go for a rest. Whitfield and I thought we would go for a rest."

"Rest from what?" says I. Says I, "don't you and Whitfield feel fresh and rested every mornin', ready to take up the laber of the day with a willin' heart?" Says I, "Do you either on you have any more work to do than is good for your health to do? Don't you find plenty of time for rest and recreation, every day as you go along?" Says I, "It is with health jist as it is with cleanin' house: I don't believe in lettin' things get all run down and nasty, and then, once a year, tear everything to pieces, and do up all the hull cleanin' of a year to once, and then let everything go agin for another year. No! I believe in keepin' things slick and comfortable day by day, and year by year. In business, have a daily mixture of cleanin' and comfort—in health, have a daily mixture of laber, recreation and rest." Says I, takin' breath,

"I mean for folks like you and Whitfield, who can do so. Of course, some have to work beyond their strength—let them take their rest and comfort when they can git it. Better take it once a year, like a box of pills, than not at all. But as for you and Whitfield, I say agin, in the words of the poet, 'Better let well enough alone.'"

But says she:

"I want to do as other folks do. I am bound to not let Miss Skidmore get the upper hand of me. I want to be genteel."

"Wall," says I, "if you are determined to foller them paths, Tirzah Ann, you mustn't come to your ma for advice. She knows nothin' about them pathways; she never walked in 'em."

"Miss Skidmore says," says she, "that all the aristocracy of Janesville will go away for the summer for a change, and I thought a change would do Whitfield and me good."

"A change!" says I, in low axents, a-lookin' round the charming, lovely prospect, the clean, cool cottage, with its open doors and windows, and white, ruffled curtains swayin' in the cool breeze; the green, velvet grass, the bright flower beds, the climbing, blossoming vines, the birds singing in the orchard, the blue lake layin' so calm and peaceful in the distance, shinin' over the green hills and forests, and the wide, cloudless sky bending above all like a benediction. "A change," says I, in low, tremblin' tones of emotion. "Eve wanted a change in Paradise, and she got it, too."

But, says Tirzah Ann, for my axents impressed her fearfully:

"Don't you believe in a change for the summer? Don't you think they are healthy?"

I didn't go onto the heights and depths of filosofy, on which I so many times had flew and doven; she had heard my soarin' idees on the subject time and time again; and eloquence, when it is as soarin' and lofty as mine, is dretful tuckerin', especially after doin' a hard day's work, so I merely said, tacklin' another side of the subject, says I:

"When anybody is a-bakin' up alive in crowded cities, when the hot sun is shinin' back on 'em from brick walls and stony roads, when all the air that comes to them comes hot and suffocatin', like a simon blowin' over a desert—to such, a change of body is sweet, and is truly healthy. But," says I, lookin' 'round agin on the cool and entrancin' beauty and freshness of the land and other scape, "to you whom Providence has placed in a Eden of beauty and bloom, I agin repeat the words of the poet: 'Better let well enough alone.'"

I could see by the looks of her face that I hadn't convinced her. But at that very minute, Josiah came back and hollered to me that he guessed we had better be a-goin' back, for he wus afraid the hens would get out, and get into the turnips; he had jist set out a new bed, and the hens wus bewitched to eat the tops off; we had shet 'em up, but felt it wus resky to not watch 'em.

So we started, but not before I told Whitfield my mind about their goin' off for a rest. I said but little, for Josiah wus hollerin', but what I did say wus very smart, and to the purpose. But if you'll believe it, after all my eloquent talk, and everything, the very next week they went off for the summer. They came to see us the day before they went, but their plans wus all laid (they wus goin' to the same place Skidmore and his wife went), and their tickets wus bought, so I didn't say nothin' more—what wus the use? Thinks's I, bought wit is the best, if you don't pay too much for it. They'll find out for themselves whether I wus in the right or not. But bad as I thought it wus goin' to be, little did I think it would be as bad as it wus, little did I think Tirzah Ann would be brought home on a bed, but she wus; and Whitfield walked with a cane, and had his arm in a sling. But as I told Josiah, "if anybody wus a mind to chase up

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pleasure so uncommon tight it wusn't no wonder if they got lamed by it.

Wall, the very next day after they got back from their trip, I went to see 'em, and Tirzah Ann told me all about it, all the sufferin's and hardships they had enjoyed on their rest, and pleasure exertion. There wasn't a dry eye in my head while I was a-listenin' to her, and lookin' into their feeble and used up lookin' faces. She and Whitfield wus poor as snails; I never see either of 'em in half so poor order before. They hadn't no ambition nor strength to work, they looked gloomy and morbid, their morals had got all run down, their best clothes wus all worn out. And that babe, I could have wept and cried to see how that little thing looked, jest as poor as a little snail, and pale as a little fantom. And, oh, how fearfully cross! It was dretful affectin' to me to see her so snappish. She reminded me so of her grandpa, in his fractious hours.

It wus a dretful affectin' scene to me, I told Tirzah Ann, says I, "Your mean and Whitfield's don't look no more like your old means than if they didn't belong to the same persons."

Tirzah Ann burst right out a-crying, and says she:

"Mother, one week's more rest would have tuckered me completely out; I should have died off."

I wiped my own spectacles, I was so affected, and says I, in choked up axents:

"You know I told you just how it would be; I told you you wus happy enough to home, and you hadn't better go off in search of rest or of pleasure."

But my feelin's are too much for me, even now when I think of it all, Tirzah Ann a-lyin' there, and I a-wipin' my spectacles. I must put off, to another time, tellin' what Tirzah Ann told me about that trip.

PRIMROSES.

BY MRS. R. BLOOMER.

The time was June; the place was by
A rustic garden gate;
A moonlight scene. Ah, well I know
The hour: it was not late;
For country girls, in the olden time,
Kept early hours—say, half-past eight.
We two stood by the garden gate,
Among the summer roses;
June's sweetest, fairest roses,
Primroses.
My love among the roses.

She watched the stars; I watched her face.
On which the moonlight fell;
Her face so bright, so saintly pure,
I cannot think to tell
Of aught so fair. Her brow was white
As a rain-washed lily-bell;
The bloom on her cheek—ah, well!
It rivaled the bloom of the roses,
The bloom of the scented roses,
Primroses:
The blush and the bloom of the roses.

Her bosom was white as the hawthorn bloom,
Her eyes like the violets blue,
And her loosely floating, nut-brown hair
Was wet with the falling dew.
For I kissed a long and wavy tress,
And I know 'twas wet with dew,
One small white hand was clasped in mine,
The other was filled with roses,
Pink as her palm were the roses.
Primroses.
Her palm like the leaves of the roses.

The air was full of sweets distilled
From the meadow's blossoming clover.
No lovelier trysting-place than this,
For shy little maiden and lover,
So there 'neath the summer stars we told
The olden story over,
'Mong the roses the story told over,
And we plighted our love 'mong the roses,
The glistening, dew-sprinkled roses,
Primroses;
The silent, the listening roses.

But that was ages and ages ago.
Through many a distant clime
I've wandered, since by her side I stood,
In manhood's pride and prime;
For life I count by events, not years.
I am old before my time—
Old from that hapless time
When I buried my love 'mong the roses,
When I made her a grave 'neath the roses,
Primroses.
A grave 'neath the blossoming roses.

Now where that white-walled cottage stood,
Is a wilderness of bloom,
And where once swung the garden gate,
Is the door to my darling's tomb.
And I never behold the blossoms pink:
But I think of her grave 'mong the roses;
My darling's rose-wreathed tomb,
Spread with the pink of the roses.
A pall of the leaves of the roses,
Primroses.
The fading and dying primroses.

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MISS DEFARGE.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

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CHAPTER I.

DESCENDING the staircase slowly, Miss Defarge glanced sharply about her, as she walked. Nothing escaped her eyes; the grandeur of proportion, the dilapidated yet once majestic ornamentation, the dust on the elaborate carvings of the black oak balustrades, the rust on the armor, the uncertain hanging of the pictures and trophies of the chase, the mouldy, neglected look of things in general, the shameful carelessness flaunting itself on every side; nothing, I think I may repeat, was lost upon the new arrival. She had even a glance of inspection for the park itself, when she passed the window upon the first landing; and this glance, which showed her neglect and waste again, caused her to shrug her shapely, young shoulders.

"The most miserable, broken-down, thriftless-looking place I have ever seen," she commented; "and I have seen many. It has the air of belonging to a race of outcasts."

A sound below attracting her attention, she turned her eyes downwards, and then half shrugged her shoulders again.

At the foot of the stairs, leaning against the newel-post, stood a boy of nine or ten years old, a handsome, stubborn-faced urchin, in an actually ragged suit of black velvet, who suspended his stringing of a bow to stare at her, as she approached.

"Are you the French girl?" he asked her, when she reached a lower step.

Terese Defarge answered his question with another, and put it rather sharply.

"Who are you?" she demanded.

He returned to his bow again, setting his knee against it, and replying with something of cavalierly disdain. It was evident that he was not accustomed to feminine decision.

"Hugh Dysart," said he.

But it became plain that he was not quite at ease, under the steady gaze he was favored with —the peculiar and significant gaze of the stranger's densely black eyes. He was obliged to look up, and speak again, in sheer self-defence.

"Are you the French girl?" he repeated.

Then matters were made somewhat clearer to him.

"I am Miss Defarge," said Terese. "And I am your governess. So you will be kind enough to speak to me respectfully."

His stare became one of sudden astonishment.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"If I stay here a month," said Terese Defarge, nodding at him in a style replete with meaning, "you will know."

She did not wait to hear his reply, but descended the last step, pushed him lightly aside, marched past him, and down the dirty hall, leaving him staring at her. The fact was, she had nearly lost her temper, and to lose control over herself was no joke with Terese Defarge; and knowing this, she was wise enough to hold herself in check, with a tight rein. Even as it was, her breath came quick, and she bit her lips with her strong, little, white teeth.

"The young cub!" she said to herself. "I could not have fancied it would be as bad as that. He is a fitting representative of the rest. And now for Lady Dysart."

She had never seen Lady Dysart, her engagement having been made entirely by letter, but she was not at all afraid of encountering her. Such a thing as timidity, as hesitancy, was entirely unknown to her. So her light summons upon the door of the room she was about to enter was quite a cool and steady one.

The apartment itself was as bad as the hall and staircase. Its proportions were as imposing, and its furnishings as dilapidated. Spindle-legged, gilded chairs, evidently brought from some other room, found a precarious existence among more massive articles. Embroidery and velvet were alike moth-eaten and threadbare. Everything was gloomy, grand and tarnished. Lady Dysart, who looked as grand, and gloomy, and tarnished as her surroundings, closed the volume of excellent sulphurous sermons she was reading, as the door opened, and half rose from the chair.

"Miss Defarge?" she said, with a peculiar, resigned air. "It is a relief to me to see you. Pray, take a seat, Miss Defarge."

She resumed her own, and leaning back in it, regarded Terese somewhat curiously. In fact, a less shrewd and practical person than this

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young woman might have found the scrutiny trying. It was indeed a little suggestive of the idea that her ladyship was wondering if she had not discovered a new species.

"You do not look very strong, Miss Defarge," she said, at last.

She glanced at the lithesome figure, and delicate hands and wrists, unusually delicate little hands they were, and wrists slender to a fault.

Terese Defarge glanced at them, also, and smiled.

"But I am strong," she answered. "I never had a day's illness in my life."

"And you are used to the management of children."

"No. But, for the last seven years, I think I may say I have managed a class of fifteen or twenty girls, who were few of them younger than myself."

"Seven years?"

"I am twenty-two, and I began young. I was what you call a pupil teacher, at first. The head of the establishment was my aunt—the lady who wrote to you, Mademoiselle Ducloux."

"You have not seen the children yet, of course."

"I met Master Hugh Dysart at the foot of the staircase," with a half smile.

Lady Dysart raised her eyebrows.

"If you can manage him, you are a wonderful creature," she said. "And the girls are almost as bad. They are thorough Dysarts, and the Dysarts are not an amiable race. I suppose I do not understand children. I gave them up, years ago. Sir Roderick can manage them, but he is never at home. He has a system of his own. He swears at them, and strikes them with his whip, and frightens them half to death. He manages his dogs and horses in the same way, and it seems to succeed in both cases. I can neither swear, nor beat them, and consequently, they behave themselves like young savages. How do you like your prospects, Miss Defarge?"

The black eyes smiled as usual, and the even little teeth showed themselves.

"I do not think I am afraid, if I am to be left to myself."

"You will certainly be left to yourself," was the reply. "I never interfere. Choose your own mode of controlling them, even if it is Sir Roderick's. I will even warn you that, as a mild course does not succeed with his dogs, it is scarcely likely to succeed with his children."

"And if I choose I may swear at them, and beat them?" jestingly.

Her ladyship scarcely seemed to regard the matter so lightly.

"If you make up your mind to beat them, I advise you to call in Roger—you would be likely to need assistance."

"Roger?" queried Terese. This was the first time she had heard of "Roger."

"He is their half brother. The first Lady Dysart died at his birth. I am the second, and I regard her as the more fortunate of the two. Her portrait is in one of the rooms—a girl of seventeen or eighteen, with a bird on her finger. Roger is like her, luckily."

"Luckily?" said Terese Defarge, in the quietest of voices.

Her ladyship's cold frankness seemed to know no reserve. She replied to the ghost of suggestion, without the least hesitancy.

"He is lucky in not being a Dysart. He is a headlong, passionate fellow, but his temper is all that hints at his drop of bad blood. I think, upon the whole, we are a little fond of each other—as might be. Poor Roger!" with a slight upraising of her shoulders.

Terese Defarge regarded her with overpowering curiosity and interest. The study of character was a mild mania with her, and here she found something to attract her.

"I shall not find Dysart Court dull, I think," she was remarking, mentally, "even if Sir Roderick does not come home. But Sir Roderick would add to the loveliness, I have no doubt."

Her interest in Sir Roderick grew as she had leisure to scrutinize his wife more closely. Her ladyship was, upon the whole, a person of majestic mould. A woman, black-browed, and physically strong, and yet it was evident that Sir Roderick had got the better of her. She looked gloomy, sullen and indifferent; as much of her beauty as was perishable had perished; her once rich dress was faded and out of date. Miss Defarge, who was but a fragile and small-framed creature, began to feel the least possible tinge of contempt for Lady Dysart's superior physique.

"He could not have brought *me* to tarnished silk and mended lace," she thought. "Has he beaten her, too, I wonder?"

She heard nothing of her other two charges. In an hour or so an old man, in frayed livery, brought in tea, with a scanty accompaniment of bread and butter; and setting it upon the table, withdrew. Lady Dysart sat down, and poured out a cup of the decoction for her companion, and one for herself.

"I hope you like tea," she remarked, in her tolerating voice. "If you do not, it will be the worse for you. On my part, I hate it, but it ap-

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pears upon the table with such regularity, that I begin to regard it as part of my fate."

The fact of the case was, that Miss Defarge hated it also, and added to this, she was absolutely hungry. Her journey had sharpened a naturally good appetite, and she had forgotten to provide herself with a luncheon; consequently, bad tea and indifferent bread and butter were hardly an agreeable prospect. She comforted herself like a stoic, however, making the best of the matter for the present, and having the hardihood to lay plans in secret for the future. If she remained in the house, she would alter its regulations, that was certain. It was evident that her ladyship did not condescend to interfere with anything, or anybody. A head, and a keen, fearless pair of eyes were needed. Sir Roderick might be reckless and improvident, and a poor man into the bargain; but with such an estate as this there need not be such bareness and mean economy. In truth, the far-sighted and business-like Terese decided that it was not economy at all, but a mixture of parsimony and extravagance. Born to rule, and accustomed to making her strength of will felt, she was not at all averse to the task before her. It would not be poor entertainment, she thought, to manœuvre boldly, until she held the reins of the household in her own hands, and tried what could be done.

Such prospects as these made even the tea bearable, and when it was over, she was almost in the frame of mind to begin work at once.

"If you will excuse me," she said to Lady Dysart, "I will take a stroll into the park. I have been in the habit of walking a great deal, and can hardly sleep without it."

"Go where you please, and when you please," said her ladyship. "In the house, or out of it. If you find anything to amuse you, all the better for you. I rarely ever leave my own room."

Plainly there was nothing to be feared from any interposition on the part of the mistress of the establishment. She took up her volume again, and bent her head slightly, in response to Miss Defarge's thanks.

"It is nothing," she said. "And I warn you there is nothing to be seen."

"I will find something," said Terese, half aloud. as she closed the door behind her. And she did. Instead of going out, she remained in the house, and explored the lower floor, and did not look for entertainment. She found the same forlorn aspect everywhere, and the same hints at past grandeur. Here and there she came upon various clues to the various hobbies or passions of dead and gone Dysarts. One little room, fancifully fitted up, and crowded with hideous or beautiful cups, and bowls, and ungainly jars, and vases, and gods, told of a perished whim for old china. Another apartment, with quaint, weak daubs hung upon the walls, and filling the ancient albums on its tottering tables, caused the girl to smile, in half derisive pity.

"Thought she had a talent for painting in water-colors, poor creature," she commented. "And nobody has had the generosity to stow them away, or lock up the place."

There had been Dysarts who were book-worms, also, for there was a library, deserted to dust, and darkness, and mould. The very air of it struck a chill into the visitor's frame. The entertaining-rooms, which had evidently entertained nobody, for many a dismal year, were almost as bad. Discovering the suite from which the spindle-legged, gilded chairs had been taken, Miss Defarge took the liberty of opening the closed shutters, and drawing aside the curtains.

CHAPTER II.

The light, streaming in, revealed much time-paled, amber satin, and time-darkened gilding, and then found its way to the only bright thing in the place—the youthful face of a girl, who, her head half turned over her shoulder, looked down from the wall at the intruder, with eyes whose blue matched the trailing corn-flowers in her hair. She was so bright and life-like a creature, indeed, that at sight of her, Terese Defarge drew a long breath.

"Ah!" she said, "there she is. And I think Lady Dysart was right, upon the whole. She *is* the more fortunate of the two."

It did not seem an inconsistent view to take of the case. The blue bird, perched upon the slender forefinger, really appeared the most fitting of companions for the blooming creature who caressed it. The bright eyes had known no tears; the rosy cheeks none of the pallor of sorrow, or pain; the whole picture was suggestive of a bit of summer sky, taking blue dress, and bird, and eyes, and flowers together.

There was the strongest possible contrast between the sweet, care-free face, and the dark, intense one upturned to its pictured fairness. Terese Defarge felt this contrast herself.

"What a tall, black creature she makes of me," she said, and turned away, half petulantly. She did not over-estimate her own attractions, but it was not pleasant to feel herself forced to under-estimate them, through mere force of contrast.

There was a great clatter in the hall, as she moved; the clatter of some noisy entrance; the headlong dash of dogs, heavy feet, the throwing

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down of several articles, the sound of a voice—that of a young man, who swore fluently at both dogs and down-throw. The dogs paid little attention, however, and dashed on through the opened door, to tumble over each other, in endeavoring to check their course, on finding themselves among the yellow satin and spindle-legged chairs and tables, in consequence of which defection from duty, the swearing drew nearer, and the swearer, following his animals, checked himself among the faded finery, as abruptly as they had done.

"The deuce!" he exclaimed, choicely, on seeing Terese; and then straightway bestowed a friendly kick upon the dogs, which sent them howling, out of the apartment.

"This," remarked Terese, with much mental composure and clearness of deduction, "this is 'Roger,' I suppose."

This being 'Roger," she found him a big, young man, with more than his share of height and muscle; and with sea-blue eyes, and rough, fair hair, and a kind of bashful brusqueness and swagger of manner.

"Oh, I see!" he broke out, at last, "it is the governess, Miss Defarge."

Terese made him a little bow, partly acquiescence, partly satire.

"Lady Dysart gave me permission to amuse myself," she said. "And I have been amusing myself."

He would evidently have been glad to escape, but saw no way of doing so. Accordingly, he said, "Ah!" shortly; and lounging up to the nearest sofa, flung himself heavily against its amber satin cushions. This, no doubt, by way of proving himself at ease, and equal to the occasion.

"Who opened the place for you?" he asked.

"I opened it myself," answered Terese. "It was only a matter of unclosing the shutters of one window, and drawing aside its curtains; and I had Lady Dysart's permission, as I tell you."

"Ah! you have mine, too, for the matter of that," he returned. "It is one of our ways here, at Dysart, not to wait for permission. It wouldn't pay for the waste of time. Every man for himself, you know, and the deuce take the hindmost."

"So I see," commented Terese, drily.

He laughed, a rough, embarrassed laugh.

"You've found that out already, have you?" he said. "And you only came here, this afternoon?"

"Only this afternoon," she answered. "I hope it speaks well for me."

He laughed again, not used to personal sarcasm, it was plain.

"Pretty well," he replied. "At any rate, it promises well for your future. You won't be disappointed."

"No," said Terese, "I do not think it is at all likely that I shall be disappointed."

"Have you seen the cubs?" he enquired next.

"One of them, Master Hugh, and I thought his manners might be improved."

"Do you think you can improve them?"

"I intend to try. If I find I cannot—" with significance. "Well, *that* would be a disappointment to me."

The young man's interest in her evidently increased, as he marked the look in her eye, and a certain terseness which showed itself in her tall, upright figure at the moment. It was suggested to his mind that she was fairly eager to begin the battle. And yet he could not help giving her a sly touch of discouragement.

"We have had half a score of governesses before," he said. "They have generally stayed a month at farthest. Master Hugh, in a tantrum, is not unlike Sir Roderick. He is scarcely to be restrained by a fear of consequences. And the peculiarities of the young ladies are such that mild people become hysterical under their influence."

"Wait until they make me hysterical," said Terese. "Wait."

It was really exciting to see her nod her head, and then throw it backward a little. Roger Dysart, who was a man of dogs and horses, was reminded of a certain fierce young thorough-bred he had once tried to break in, and who had ended the matter by half killing him and wholly killing herself. He had always regretted this fiery little animal beyond every other loss he had ever sustained, from boyhood upward, and his liking for her had been principally based, not upon her beauty and fine points, but upon the unconquerable spirit which had finally proved fatal to her.

"Wait," said Miss Defarge, "until they make *me* hysterical. Wait."

"You don't look like one of the hysterical sort," commented Dysart, bluntly.

There was so little attempt at self-concealment or young lady-like bashfulness about her, that he began to feel less ill at ease. He had either hated or laughed at previous governesses; but this one he did not dislike yet, and certainly could not ridicule. Heretofore, Lady Dysart had captured only sentimental, elderly young women, or middle-aged widows, or spinsters, who were afraid of him, and regarded him with horror. This was a new species, and fairly attracted him.

"Well," he remarked, "I think you know the worst of what is before you. I know lady Dysart

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has not glossed matters over, and since you have heard the worst, I should like to hear how you feel."

He was answered promptly enough:

"I feel—hungry."

"Hungry!" he repeated after her, and flushed to his forehead.

"I have had nothing substantial to eat since seven this morning, and now it is half-past six. Lady Dysart did not know that, of course; and tea and bread and butter—"

"Nothing but that beastly stuff," he exclaimed, springing from his seat, in an inconsistently hot temper. "What a set of infernal—"

Terese stopped him, in his headlong attempt to leave the room.

"Don't go and swear at them on my account," she said, "though I have not the least doubt they deserve it. But if I might have a trifle of supper in my room, before I go to bed, it would be anything but unacceptable."

He became calm as suddenly as he had grown hot. An idea seemed to come to him, which cooled his wrath.

"Upon the whole," he said, "it is likely enough that the poor beggars are not so much to blame, after all. I daresay they had nothing better to give you, until I came in. The tradespeople are justly rather afraid of the Court custom—but if you like game—"

"I like it better than anything else."

"Then your supper is safe, at least," he ended. "And you will have no need to be hungry, unless my gun fails me."

"Dull!" said Terese Defarge, when he had left the room, evidently with the intention of providing for her wants. "Dull! On the contrary, Dysart Court promises to prove the most entertaining place it has yet been my good fortune to visit. There is an actual suggestion of possible excitement about this."

CHAPTER III.

"It is not every one—in fact, I believe there are very few people who would like it," she wrote to a special correspondent, late that night; "but I must confess I do. I like the novelty—and—well, the inconsistency and incongruousness. I like to keep my brain at work, and have my hands full of some task, which is a little intricate and difficult. And Dysart Court, and Lady Dysart, and Sir Roderick, and his son, will not be easy to manage, I foresee. But you will see they will not beat me. If the state of affairs can be bettered, I intend to better it. The effort to do this will be my amusement, for some time to come. Dysart touches me. Her ladyship and the heir interest me; and Sir Roderick fires me with a sort of rage. I wish he would come home, that I might try an experiment or so. At present he is on the continent, gambling and drinking and misbehaving himself generally, as I believe is his custom. Have you ever heard anything of him, and is he not what I have heard you call 'a blackleg?'"

She had gathered these last items from the woman who brought her supper to her room, and who was frank to the verge of impudence.

"You may think things look bad enough now," she said, "but they're nothing to what they would be if Sir Roderick took a freak to come home drinking, and raging, and bringing the trades-people about to quarrel—and not a month's wages paid on the place."

"Where is Sir Roderick?" asked Terese, measuring the woman with her eyes.

"Who knows?" was the succinct answer. "Not many, that's certain, or there's plenty would be after him. He's on the continent somewhere, folks says; and that's where he always is, when there's money to be made in his way. Wherever he is, he is making his living, none too honest, off horses and cards. A nice one he is for a gentleman and a baronet."

Terese answered her with a polite little indifferent smile.

"Thank you for the supper," she said.

"It looks very nice. I do not think I shall want anything else, so you can go now." And thus put an end to confidences she did not care to encourage.

"The supper was Master Roger's orders," said the woman, growing sullen under the check. "It wouldn't have been in the larder but for him. There's not much in it at the most of times." And so took her departure.

It is a fact, with a significance of its own, and therefore worthy of mention, that in her relative's "select establishment," at Geneva, Terese Defarge was, upon the whole, a favorite. Pupils, who disliked, or were indifferent to her at the outset, almost invariably came over to her, before any great lapse of time. Little girls, who came from England, homesick and frightened, had a habit of drifting to her side, and apparently derived comfort from the mere circumstance of being permitted to exist within her immediate society. Sentimental young persons who, had been sent from home to be cured of follies, seized upon her, and poured forth their plaints in her ears; and sometimes, having asked advice from her, went so far as to take it in due course of time. Unruly pupils did battle with her, and being, usually to their great astonishment, worsted

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through some inexplicable cause, found it not so difficult or humiliating to be worsted as they had anticipated. There was not the slightest mystery about the antecedents of "Mademoiselle Terese," as she was called among them; yet the romantic ones derived great satisfaction from the cherishing of a mystery, which had existence solely in their own imagination. She had immense, dark eyes, she was an orphan, she dressed much in black, and there was a rumor that she was engaged to somebody, and this was quite enough material to build a mystery upon.

"She is like the heroine of a three-volumed novel," said one pretty little creature, who drew her mental sustenance from literature of that class, and of the order sensational. "Have you ever noticed how strong her wrists are? And as to her eyes, they are always widening, or contracting, or—or flashing; and people with that kind of eyes have nearly always done something. I cannot help believing she has Done Something."

But though I present her to you, as my heroine, I may as well admit, that, notwithstanding such portentious speculations as these, "Mademoiselle Terese" had nothing on her conscience whatever, her great eyes and strong little wrists to the contrary. She had lived as innocent and uneventful a life as the most unsophisticated country squire's daughter among them, though being of different metal, the results in her case had been different.

From six to fifteen, she had learned lessons, and eaten thick bread and butter, with the rest, and then having, at fifteen, been initiated into long skirts and authority, she had become her aunt's assistant, and had proved herself quite equal to the tasks set before her. Not that she had not had her little episodes and breaks into the rather dull routine of this demure life. People were apt to "take fancies to her," as I have already intimated. Her vacations were rarely spent at the school. Big girls, and even little ones, invited her to their houses. She went to different parts of England, to France, to Germany, and even to Italy, which suited her the best of all. And her visits were seldom uneventful ones, especially when there were masculine members in the family. Sometimes, indeed, they were so full of exciting incident, that she was not sorry when they came to a termination; and one of them, an English visit, ended, as might have been expected, with some confusion and entanglement. People might admire her in an abstract fashion, and might write her to spend her holidays at their houses, when Adela, or Rose, or Lotta were importunate; but they did not intend that their sons and heirs should fall madly in love with her, and make her rash, headstrong offers of their hearts and hands. This, I admit, that though the girl's conscience was quite clear of all sensational misdemeanors, she had had her little episode. Beyond this, no further explanation is necessary at present, save the trifling one that Mademoiselle Ducloux's retirement into private life had brought Terese to Dysart Court.

The material she found awaiting her in the schoolroom, the next morning, did not dismay her, notwithstanding its unpromising appearance. Master Hugh Dysart she had measured upon their first meeting; and the two girls were feminine copies of him; thin, black-eyed young savages, who stared at her, half in fear, half in defiance, from under their heavy, ill-kept manes. They were shamefully ill-dressed and neglected; they knew nothing, and were totally unused to any shadow of control. They even looked as if they were not well-fed, and though a keen perception might see in them a promise of future beauty, it was at present of a dark, meagre, and evil kind.

"The first thing I shall teach you," she said to them, "is to exercise your memories in one respect. You will remember that you are to obey *me—to obey me.*" And as she lightly rapped the table, at each of these last words, the stares of the young barbarians were of a kind a trifle quelled, and a trifle also uncomfortably comprehensive.

On her way down stairs, after the morning was over, she met Roger, who was going out, and he paused, with a half laugh.

"Well?" he remarked, suggestively.

"It is not ill yet," she answered. "I have neither beaten, nor sworn at them, and they will not quite forget what I have said to them."

"Wait a while," returned he, with another laugh.

"That was what I said to you, yesterday," she responded. "Wait."

In the afternoon, she made a new acquaintance. She had been strolling about the grounds, and returning, went into the room generally occupied by Lady Dysart. But Lady Dysart was not there. On her first entrance, she imagined the parlor entirely deserted, but a second later the sound of an unmistakable little feminine yawn attracted her attention to a capacious easy-chair, which stood with its back towards her, and upon whose carmine top there rested lazily a pair of the loveliest arms she had even seen in her life —arms which were plainly thrown above somebody's head, and so folded in a very height of indolence.

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They were such exquisite arms, indeed, that for a moment she could only stand, and look at them, regarding their large, white beauty with a species of wonder and admiration. Finally, however, some involuntary movement on her part disturbed their owner, who accordingly rose, without any unnecessary hurry, and turned round to confront her.

"Ah!" she said, with slow complacence. "I thought it must be Roger."

Certainly, she fairly fulfilled the promise the arms had given. She almost startled Terese with the grandeur of her curves, and the peculiarities of her style. She was, in fact, a creature of superb dimensions, and the long, white merino dress she wore, simply girded at the waist by a black velvet band, gave her quite a classical and goddess-like appearance. Otherwise, however, she was anything but a classical young lady. There was nothing severely correct about her. There was a bloom on her cheek, and a drowsiness in her heavenly-blue eyes, which suggested that she had been childishly fast asleep; her soft, loose, bright hair threatened to fall down ignominiously; in fact, altogether, she was a rather untidy and carelessly-attired beauty. And yet what a beauty she was!

"I thought it must be Roger," she repeated, half reproachfully, as if Roger's remissness might be Terese's fault. "I was waiting for him. He always keeps me waiting."

"Does he know you are here?" Terese asked her.

She settled down into her chair again, with an expression which might have been petulant on a different style of face, but which melted almost immediately into a slow, sweet, easy-going smile, as if she was not equal to the exertion of feeling out of humor.

"I don't know," she answered. "One never does know here. I told Jekyll to tell him, as soon as he came in, and I asked Hugh to look in the park."

"The park is rather a large place to look in," suggested Terese.

"Yes," quite unmovedly.

She let her eyes, which were of the blue of a convolvulus or a spring morning sky, rest upon Terese, with the greatest possible serenity, not seeming to trouble herself at all about her individuality.

"Won't you sit down?" she said, at last.

Terese sat down, and taking a piece of light work from her pocket, applied herself to it forthwith. She was curious, but content to wait patiently for further developments, feeling sure that this young lady would be no less frank than Lady Dysart, though her frankness would arise from very different causes.

And so results proved.

"How fast you work," she remarked, after the lapse of a few seconds.

"Yes," said Terese.

"Is it tiresome?"

"Not at all—the easiest thing in the world."

"It would be tiresome to me—work of any kind always is. I think," with a gently speculative air, "that, perhaps, I am lazy."

Terese laughed outright.

"It is just possible," she said.

"Yes," smiling, but evidently more out of good nature, pure and simple, than from any sense of the whimsical. "Sometimes I think I must be lazy, I hate trouble so. I hate it so, that it keeps me from quarreling with people, and insisting on my rights. I believe I would rather exist without any rights at all than have rows about them."

"You must be a very delightful person to live with," observed Terese.

"I think I ought to be," smiling again; "but I am not sure that I am. People are so different in their notions, you see. Now there is my sister Barbara, and I don't know why, but she reminds me of you, though she is no more like you than a stick is like a damask rose bush. Barbara is energetic. She is always working, or scolding somebody for not working, and she always knows what everybody ought to do. If I was one of her poor people, and *could* hate any one, I believe I should hate her. She is charitable, you know, and she does so despise everybody. I am sure there is not a worm that crawls that she does not respect more than she respects me."

This statement of agreeable facts was made with so much guileless composure of manner, that Terese was fairly astounded, and worked faster than ever.

"Who is she?" she was saying, inwardly. "Who can she belong to?"

She might have uttered the words aloud, for she received an indirect reply to them, the next moment.

"And there is Roger. I often say to him, when he is in one of his rages, particularly during warm weather, 'Cousin Roger, where is the use of getting into a fury, and making yourself hot. It only makes you hot, and ends in nothing else. *I* always try to keep as comfortable and cool as possible.' But he never listens, though he never flies into a fury at me, as he does at other people."

"You are Mr. Dysart's cousin?" suggested Terese.

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"Yes, from the parsonage, you know. I spend a great deal of time here, and always have done, though papa does not approve of Sir Roderick, of course. Nobody does, you know—nobody respectable."

"I have never seen Sir Roderick," said Terese.

"Roger is not at all like him," with just a hint of readiness to defend Roger from any possible accusation of such unfortunate resemblance. "Roger is very much nicer, though he is not exactly proper, either. He is rough, and passionate, and not polite; but I like him. I have always liked him, ever since we were children together."

She wandered on, in this careless, amiable fashion, for nearly an hour, revealing all sorts of state secrets, without a shade of hesitation, and looking so simply majestic and beautiful all the time, despite her almost childish inconsequence, that Terese found it impossible not to feel a negative liking for her. She talked about "the parsonage," and "Barbara," and "papa," and the "children," and more than all the rest, of "Roger," seemingly quite unconscious that she had given no hint of her name, and did not know her companion's. "But it will come out in the end," was Terese's inward comment, as she listened.

She had walked over to see Roger about her horse—one he himself had given her, sometime ago, she said.

"I want him to come, and look at her foot; something is wrong with it. And I dare say he will be a little cross about it. He always is when anything is the matter with her. He scolds, and says it is my fault, because I don't take care of her. I wish he would come."

But he did not come, and at last, she could wait no longer. Barbara would be angry, if she kept dinner waiting, or worse still, would not let dinner wait at all, and then everything would be cold. So she got up, and made search for her hat, which was at last discovered under a side-table, and which being a picturesque, unconventional affair, turned up at one side with a red rose, proved very becoming indeed.

"You will tell Roger about Kitty," she said to Terese. "Please do! It is her left hind foot. And you will come to see us, won't you? The parsonage is old and tumble-down, but it is not as dreary as the Court. I always think the sun is warmer there; and there are such nice corners to lounge in. Barbara says I am always lounging in the sun, like an Italian beggar. I have always thought," with a sweet-tempered smile, "that I should like to have been an Italian beggar. Good-afternoon."

But before the door had fairly closed upon her, she opened it again, and looked in, gracious, unruffled and inconsistently statuesque as ever.

"Ah!" she said. "I forgot to tell you that I am Elizabeth Dysart." And forthwith took her departure.

Terese was attracted to the window, to watch Miss Dysart out of sight, and very soon saw her taking a short cut across the park, the long folds of her white dress trailing over the grass, as if stains were impossible, or indifferent affairs, the setting sun shining on the bright, loose, untidy hair, the faint breeze causing her wide, open sleeves to flutter softly in a wing-like fashion.

"She might be a stray goddess," said Terese, "but surely she cannot be going far in that dress, unless, perhaps, the villagers are accustomed to the sight of young women, who look as if they had just left pedestals. Perhaps she will meet 'Roger,' and tell him about Kitty's left hind foot herself."

When Roger returned, however, it appeared that she had not met him. He came into the room, looking tired and out of temper, and his first glance about him showed him the big chair pushed out of its place, and on the floor near it a few pink petals, which had fallen from the goddess' belt.

"Some one has been here," he said, a little sharply. "Who was it?"

Terese looked up from her work to answer him, with the ghost of a smile.

"Your cousin," she answered, "Miss Elizabeth Dysart."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOR AN ALBUM: ACROSTICAL.

BY JENNIE JOY.

I had such royal guests to make my summers fleet:
LOVE and her gorgeous train—I barred my heart 'gainst more.
YOU knocked, you called, your voice was heavenly sweet,
As with shy glance you stood at my heart's door.

I opened it a little way in doubt; and lo!
LOVE moved upon her flower-disk'd seat to give you room.
THE others smiled assent—you entered: now I know
ANGELS find welcome ever, where Love has her home.

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A STORY OF THE "COMMUNE."

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

I.

It was the spring of 1871. The second siege of Paris had ended, the Commune had fallen, and the troops of Thiers, at last, were in full possession of the city. People who had fled from the mad slaughter, inaugurated by the insurgents, were everywhere returning to their homes. The arrests of the women who had fired houses with petroleum, the *Petroleuse*, as they were called, and of others outlawed by similar crimes, still went on. Not a day passed, but hundreds of these misguided offenders, caught, often red-handed, were deported to Cayenne. Short and speedy was the trial; often there was no trial at all. Sometimes, even innocent persons, found in suspected localities, shared the punishment of the guilty; for conquered and conquerors alike were, for the moment, crazed to madness, by the horrors of that hideous tragedy.

On a bright day, early in the morning, and quite soon after the siege was over, a plain brougham, drawn by one horse, drove rapidly in the direction of Belleville. At the corner of one of the principal streets, it drew up, and a woman, plainly attired, and closely veiled, alighted.

"Wait for me, here, Pierre," she said to the coachman. "If you were to go further, you might attract attention, which, in the present excited state of the people here, might lead to trouble. I can easily find the place."

The coachman shook his head, deprecatingly. He was an old family servant, who had known his present mistress from a child; besides, French servants are allowed a familiarity denied to English, or American, ones. He did not hesitate, therefore, to remonstrate.

"But is there no danger?" he said. "Suppose your rank is discovered—"

"There is no risk whatever," answered his mistress, interrupting him. "I am effectually disguised. No person, I am likely to meet here, would take me for a hated aristocrat. And I *must* find my dear old foster-mother, who is starving, with her daughter, I fear, in some one of these alleys."

The Marquise de Villeroy, at twenty-four, had been three years a widow. Born of an ancient but impoverished family, she had been married at eighteen, to a wealthy marquis, old enough to be her father. Generally, in France, these marriages *de convenance* are submitted to without a murmur; every girl, above the rank of a tradesman's daughter, expects them as a matter of course. Moreover, until her betrothal at least, she is mostly kept in a convent; sees nothing of the other sex outside of her own family; and has it impressed on her, from her earliest years, that this is the only proper method of forming a matrimonial alliance. Love, she is told, is immodest, until she becomes a wife. Her parents, it is inculcated on her, are the only suitable persons to select a husband for her. For a girl, thus educated, to wed, without affection, is quite a different thing from what it would be in the case of an English, or an American one.

Irene La Roche, for such was her maiden name, married, as she was told, and as she believed it to be her duty; but hers was one of the cases in which the marriage was entered on with a heavy heart. For Irene had not been brought up in the seclusion of a convent, but in her father's old château in Brittainy, her uncle, the *abbé*, being her principal instructor. She had for her fellow-student and playmate from childhood, her second cousin, the Vicomte Carnac. It is true that, after awhile, Henri went into the army; but his vacations were always spent at the château; for he was an orphan, and had no nearer relatives than the La Roches. Without being aware of it, the two young people fell in love. It was only when the marriage, which had been arranged for her, was announced to Irene, that she discovered the truth. Educated as she had been, she shrank from the discovery as from a crime; and though she submitted, suffered none the less. If the Vicomte had been at home, he would have saved her, for he nearly went mad with grief and despair, when he heard the news; but he was absent in Algiers with his regiment, and only received intelligence of the marriage, when it was too late.

Fortunately the old marquis did not live long. When Irene was twenty-one, he died, leaving no children. One of his last acts was to bequeath to his widow all the property, which was considerable, under his control. Perhaps he had, at last, begun to suspect the truth, and as an honorable man, wished to indemnify her, as far as he could, for what she had suffered. "You have been very good to me, my child," were al-

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most his last words, as he held her hand in his, "and have made the last years of an old man happy. God bless you, and send you a brighter lot, and—good-bye!" And so he died, chivalric to the last, like his far-away, Crusading ancestor, who had fallen at Damietta, when Saint Louis had to yield himself prisoner to the infidel.

The reader will guess the sequel. The cousins met again; the old intimacy was renewed; and they knew their hearts by this time. It was arranged that, at the end of two years' mourning, they should be married. But just as that period was about to expire, war was declared with Germany, and Henri was ordered, with his regiment, to the frontier. Then followed the siege of Paris by the Prussians; its surrender; the rising of the Commune; the second siege; and the capture of the city by the troops of Thiers.

During these terrible months, Irene had seen Henri only twice, the last time being just before the second fall of Paris. It had then been arranged that the marriage should occur soon after the city was taken. The vicomte, meantime, had resigned from the army, in order to be elected a member of the legislature. "I can be of more service to my country, now, as deputy than as a soldier," he said; and accordingly he had gone down to Brittany, to secure a seat, in the place of one vacated by the death of a member. The marquise, meantime, took up her residence in her hotel, in the Rue Honore, and began preparations for the wedding. Then it was that she bethought her to enquire after her foster-sister, who had become a *modiste*, and whom she now heard was starving, somewhere in Belleville. "I will seek her out," she said, "and give her work; poor Marie! and the dear foster-mother with her." With this noble purpose in view, she had assumed a plain dress, like that of an ordinary Parisian woman, as we have seen, and driven to Belleville, the headquarters, as our readers, doubtless, are aware, of the disaffected.

She was superlatively happy. Life, at last, was brilliant with sunshine. Youth, wealth and love all were hers. What more could she desire? "What good could not she and Henri do," she said to herself, "among their tenants in Brittany?" Her lot was so blessed, she wished blessedness for everyone. The dull quarter to which she had come, with its tall, forbidding-looking houses, appeared like a very paradise. She tripped on, with a step as light as at seventeen, and a heart that sang songs of silent thankfulness as she went. She did not even notice, in her happiness, how deserted the streets were, or that the few persons she met avoided her, skulking out of sight as if things of evil omen. She only woke from her half-ecstacy when she turned into the miserable side-street.

"This is it," she said, looking around. "Rue Tournelles, No. 9. Ah! here it is."

She advanced to the door, but was surprised to find no portress.

"It is on the fourth floor," she said, glancing up the steep staircase. "Strange that no one is about, whom I can question. I shall have to go up myself, to enquire."

She drew her skirts daintily about her, with a grace that would have betrayed her high-breeding, in spite of her plain dress, if any one familiar with courts had been there. Then she began quickly to ascend the stairs. She reached the fourth story, breathless.

But she knocked in vain, at the door of the room she sought. Looking around to see if any one could be found, she discerned an old woman, on the landing above, glaring down.

"They've been gone, these three days," said the woman, "and nobody knows where. What are you, or those like you, doing here?"

Before Irene could reply to this strange address, there came a sound of hurried feet on the stairs below, and a body of *gend'armes*, headed by an officer, filled each landing. In a moment more she heard the men knocking on the doors, and immediately after, as the knocking appeared to be disregarded, the crash of the doors followed. Then came shrieks and curses, as men and women were dragged forth. In the midst of this uproar, and while Irene was still contemplating the commotion, and wondering, in a sort of dazed way, what it could all mean, her own landing was invaded, and a heavy hand was laid on her shoulder.

"In the name of the law," said the sergeant.

The marquise drew herself haughtily away from the touch, all the blood of her proud ancestors surging up to her cheeks.

"What do you mean?" she cried. "Have a care whom you insult."

The officer laughed, scornfully. "Come, come, no airs," he said. "I mean to arrest you—"

"Arrest *me?*"

"Certainly. No fuss, now; but come quietly along." He put out his hand towards her again.

She drew back more haughtily, if possible, than before.

"Don't dare to touch me," she commanded. "Do you know who I am?"

The man's only answer was another laugh, that was accompanied by a look indescribably insolent.

"I am the Marquise de Villeroy," said Irene.

"See here," replied the officer. "That dodge won't do. Every *Petroleuse*, nearly, that we

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arrest now, calls herself a countess, or a duchess, to make us believe she's innocent. The trick is played out."

"A *Petroleuse!* Do you take me for one of those horrible incendiaries?"

"You play your part well," retorted the officer; "you have probably been an actress; but I tell you again, it won't do. We know that this house has been a regular den of Communists, men and women both, and the women worse than the men. We've trapped you all, at last."

"Good God," cried Irene, clasping her hands, and for the first time, realizing her peril, "I a Communist!"

But immediately she rallied. She came of a race that never flinched in face of danger.

"I demand to be taken before your superior officer, before some court; I demand to have witnesses sent for, in order to be identified; I appeal—"

"Come, come," cried the officer, losing all temper, and rudely seizing her by the shoulder, "we've had enough of this. If we took every *Petroleuse* before a court, the judges wouldn't get through, till the Day of Judgment. No, we make shorter and sharper work of them. Here, Jean, Roberte, take hold of her, one on each side, and bring her along, and make them all fall in. We'll march the gang, at once, to prison, and start them for the convict ships, to-morrow; that is, unless some of them are shot first."

II.

The old coachman waited for his mistress, hour after hour, but in vain. Noon struck; the afternoon waned away; the twilight came. Next, the street-lamps were lit, stretching, in a long line of light, down the broad avenue. Still the marquise did not come. It was impossible for him, meantime, to leave his horse. Continually, he accosted the passers-by with questions, but no one had seen the lady he described, or heard of her. Towards the middle of the afternoon, he was told that a raid had been made, in some streets near, and a large number of Communists arrested; but he did not connect this, in any way, with the disappearance of his mistress. The conclusion he finally came to was that she must have been waylaid, and murdered.

At last, long after dark, he abandoned his post, and returned to the Rue Honore, to consult his fellow-servants. But they were simple rustics like himself, who had come up to Paris, from the château, and knew nothing of the ways of the great city. Neither the butler, nor the cook, could give him any advice. All were equally bewildered.

"I ought to have refused to let her out of my sight," said the old coachman, with tears. "It is all my fault. I have known her since she was a baby on her mother's knee. Would that the vicomte was here!"

The mention of the vicomte suggested to the butler a gleam of hope. "Let us send for him," he said. "Yes," answered the cook, "write." "How little you know," replied the butler, pompously; "the telegraph is the thing; that is twice as quick." So the vicomte was telegraphed for. "But it will be two days before he can get here," said the butler; "alas, alas!"

Meantime, Irene, lost in a mob of prisoners, was being marched to the temporary jail provided for convicts. As the procession passed along the streets, it was joined by other captives, for the raid had been a thorough one, and before long, the numbers arrested reached a hundred and more. All ages, and both sexes, were huddled together in this motley crowd. There was the old hag, who had looked down on Irene from the fifth story; and there were young girls, hardly out of childhood, but still old in vice. There were gray-headed men, with faces besotted with drink; and youths just verging on manhood, but with the low, beetling brows of generations of inherited passion and crime. Among the misguided Communists, there were, perhaps, some who were actuated by noble ideas, however visionary; but there were none of these in that sad procession; for there, only the thief was seen, or the drunkard, or the assassin, in short, human nature in its lowest and most bestial state. The very contact with such characters brought up, as she had been, made Irene shudder with horror.

Arrived at the gloomy edifice, which had been set apart for a temporary jail, the prisoners were divided; the men being told off into one vast hall, the women into another. Before being thrust into this crowded and stifling apartment, Irene made another appeal for liberty. This time it was the jailer she addressed.

But that functionary, on hearing what she had to say, only shook his head. He did not look like a hard-hearted man, or an unjust one, and that was why Irene had addressed him, rather than the new officer in command. But the atrocities of the Communists had been so great, the horror of them was so universal, that, for the time, even the best men lost their balance, and were cruel and vindictive.

"But I am the Marquise de Villeroy," she urged. "You have only to send to my hotel, in the Rue St. Honore, and the servants will testify to it. Do not, I beseech you, thrust me in here, with these wretches."

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"*Ma foi!* She looks like a marquise, don't she?" cried a virago, who had overheard her, interposing, with arms a-kimbo. "It is the dress of an aristocrat," contemptuously, "is it not? I hate all aristocrats; but they do one thing well, at least; they dress richly; they don't go about masquerading in shop-girl's clothes."

"There, go away, and leave her alone," said the jailer, pushing the virago aside.

"You will send then?" began Irene. "You will ask—"

"No, I won't, and I haven't the time; it would be as much as my place was worth. But that's no reason why this she-devil should insult you."

"My friends will pay you handsomely. They will make you comfortable for life," breathlessly cried Irene, taking him by the sleeve. "In the name of the Holy Virgin, I implore—"

"Tut, tut," retorted the man, shaking her off, "don't talk nonsense. You look as if you could make me comfortable for life, don't you? The hag was right. Marquises don't dress like you. There! You force me to be rude."

He thrust her from him, shut the door, and double-locked it. Reeling backwards, Irene staggered against the virago, who stepped aside, and with a mocking curtesy, said:

"Madame le Marquise is drunk, she cannot keep her feet. Come here all, and look at madame."

They crowded around Irene, old and young, all in the guise of women, not one a woman at heart any longer. Her assertion of rank, repeated from one to another, was hailed with shouts of derision. No one believed her; but they hated her none the less; they hated her, the more, because she thus seemed to disown them. They hustled her here and there; they turned her around and around, "to see," as they said, "what an aristocrat looked like;" they curtesied before her, holding wide out their skirts, and stooping to the very ground, with satiric speech and laughter. "Will Madame le Marquise be served?" they cried. "Call Madame le Marquise's carriage?" "Ha! his majesty, the emperor," and at the name a howl of rage went up, "is waiting to give audience to Madame le Marquise."

Irene made no reply, in words, to these assaults. She held her hands up in front of her face to protect herself, and retreated to a corner. Think of her situation! Tenderly, luxuriously nurtured, and now beset by this vile crew. She heard coarse words whose meaning she did not understand even. The faces all around her were such only as are seen in nightmare dreams. She could think of nothing living so horrible, unless to be in a madhouse, and at the mercy of its frantic inmates.

The virago, who had first led the assault, had, meantime, seized Irene by the shoulder, to drag her from her corner. In doing this, the sleeve gave way, and through the rent, the delicate cambric of her under-garment was seen.

"Ah, ha!" cried the virago, "the truth is out, at last. She is some lady's maid, who has stolen the under-clothing of her mistress."

"Or worse," howled another, thrusting her finger at her, with a leer. "Some cast-off—"

All the pride of Irene's long-descended ancestry blazed up. She turned on this speaker a look of withering scorn. She could not have helped it, even if she had known that, the next instant, she would die for it.

"You needn't look at me, like that," shouted the woman, darting at Irene's face, with nails that were as large and sharp as the talons of a vulture. "I am an honest woman, I would have you know, and not some fine aristocrat's leman, like others. A pretty thing for you to look down on us! You are a traitor, and ought to die. Let us ourselves do justice on her," she cried, turning to the others. "*Liberté, egalité, fraternité.* Houp-la!"

"No, no," said the elder virago, interposing, with a sardonic laugh; "they'll save us the trouble, if we wait till to-morrow. We'll tell them what a *Petroleuse* she has been. Do you know, Madame le Marquise," with another mocking curtesy to her, "what they do with such as you?"

Irene, for answer, only shrank closer into her corner, and drew her torn dress together over her shoulder. If there had been a single heart there that had not long before been hardened into callousness, it would have been melted into pity.

"They do this," said the virago, pushing close up to Irene, who pressed herself flat against the wall, to avoid the hag. "They'll put you up against a wall, just as you have put yourself now, only with your face to it, for you'll not have the courage to look at them, and then the soldiers stand off a piece, and present their guns—so," imitating the levelling of muskets, "and ping—ping—all is over!"

Irene clasped her hands before her eyes, shudderingly, while the virago and her crew howled with delight. "Yes, my dainty little marquise," added her tormentor, with a last curtesy, "that's the way they'll fix you, to-morrow." And a roar of triumphant laughter echoed her words.

But the mob of raging women, infuriated, not

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less by their own peril, than by the serene and lofty pride of their victim, grew, at last, tired, and left Irene to herself. She crouched down in her corner, chilled with cold, hungry with long fasting, feeling degraded in spite of herself, by these vile associates, and began again to think of her situation.

Yes! it was not improbable that she would be shot, to-morrow, and without trial. She had heard of numerous such instances. Always, when caught red-handed, the Communists were thus shot. Often, even when not so caught, they were, on the accusation of accomplices or pretended witnesses, summarily executed in the same way. And here were these women, one and all, ready to swear against her! What hope of escape was there? "Oh! if only Henri knew —if only I could get word to him," she moaned, rocking herself to and fro; and she pressed her hands against her eyes, to keep back her tears, lest her tormentors should see her weakness.

Morning at last came. A scanty breakfast was served out to the prisoners. Irene could not eat, although faint with hunger. The coarse fare absolutely repelled her. The women were then told to file out through the door. An order has come for your deportation," said the turnkey, "and you are to march at once. Come, hurry up! What are you waiting for, you—you—"

"Oh, it's the marquise—Madame le Marquise," said the old virago, tauntingly, turning around. "I told her she was to be shot, for never was there such a *Petroleuse*, and she's waiting, you know, for the executioners."

"Get on with you, you old hag," said the jailer, thrusting the virago away. "Can't you let the woman alone? What, is she drunk? Has she had absinthe hidden on her person?"

For Irene was tottering, as if she would fall. She had, when the jailer first addressed her, started forward, with clasped hands, to make a last appeal to his humanity; but the virago had interrupted her; and now the words, not less than the inexorable manner of the custodian, convinced her that her prayer would be in vain. No wonder she staggered and was faint.

"Here, two of you women take her by the arm, one on each side; and stay, put her in the middle of the gang—so; and now forward, march!"

The terrible procession filed out. What with the ingrained brutality of all but Irene, and what with the night of suspense, which, in spite of their attempts at jest, had been one of terror, the women looked, one and all, like lost spirits, wild with rage and despair. They acted, too, as such.

They knew now their doom, and that there was no hope; and to many of them exile was even worse than death. Some tried to hide their emotions by singing songs of the Commune, wild, frantic melodies, with wilder words; some laughed, half idiotically; some cursed, yes! even though women; some danced, as if going to a festival. It was horrible. And Irene, half-fainting, and dragged, rather than led along, looked, with her soiled and torn dress, her scarred face, and her aspect of utter hopelessness, hardly less degraded and abhorrent than the rest.

The procession filled the middle of the street, files of soldiers walking on each side, and a strong guard preceding and following. It was so early, that few people were abroad, and those who were, turned shuddering away.

The fresh air, notwithstanding all she had suffered, and was still suffering, gradually revived Irene. At first, her eyes had been cast on the ground, in despair. Now, she lifted them, wearily, and looked around.

A church was directly in front, with a wide flight of steps leading up to its doorway, and just as the procession reached it, and was about to turn down a side-street, Irene became conscious of two gentlemen, who had taken refuge on the steps, to avoid the throng. One was a short, stout man, with spectacles; he was well advanced in years, and was talking earnestly. The other was tall and soldierly, still in the prime of early manhood, and was listening intently. This one —could it be? Yes! Oh, blessed sight, it was Henri!

Irene had thought him hundreds of miles away, down in Brittany. But here he was, only a few feet distant! God had answered her prayer. In a moment more she would be free. She had only to call, he had only to recognize her.

"Henri! Henri!" she cried.

As she spoke, she tried to break from the women who held her by either arm.

But amid the songs, and wild laughter, and mad shouts of the half-insane procession, her appeal was unheard. The vicomte continued to listen to his companion, and did not even lift his eyes.

"Henri! Henri!"

Her heart was in her throat, almost choking her; for now they were opposite the church steps, and still he had not heard her.

"Henri!"

Her voice rose to a scream.

Still the vicomte stood, without raising his eyes. He heard, in a dreamy sort of way, the tramp of the prisoners, and what seemed to him their demonical laughter; and with every instinct revolting at the scene, he studiously refrained from looking up.

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"Henri! Henri!"

The cry, hoarse with despair, cut sharp and high through the noises of the crowd. It had already attracted the attention of the nearest officer, and now, at this repetition of it, he rushed up, with drawn sword.

"Is that woman mad?" he cried. "We'll make short work of her," with an oath. "*Mon Dieu*, how she howls!"

"Henri! Henri! *Carnac!*"

Irene had torn herself loose: her bonnet having fallen off, her tresses were streaming wildly: her arms were extended frantically towards the church. To a stranger, who did not know her tragedy, she looked like some mad Moenad.

Tramp, tramp went the procession. That part, in which Irene was, had already passed the church, and had turned down the side-street. She was looking back, with outstretched arms, still frantically calling her lover's name, when the officer, pushing his way through the throng of prisoners, reached her, and put his hands roughly on her mouth to gag her.

"*Carnac! Carnac!*" she cried, with one, last despairing shriek, that rose to the very heavens.

Then the brutal hand of the officer was on her throat, and she knew that all hope was gone. Her lover had not once looked up.

She threw up her hands, gave a choked cry, and sank, senseless, on the ground.

III.

The great statesman, who had been conversing with the vicomte, was endeavoring to convince the latter, that a republic was the only thing, at present, possible for France. "You are a legitimist, by the traditions of your family," he said, "though not an impracticable one; and, therefore, I appeal to you. You can exercise great influence among the deputies, especially those from Brittany. It is for this I have beat up your quarters, as you would say in the army, early in the day; and have asked you to walk with me to the station, on your way to Versailles. But I shall have to stop, I'm afraid, till these prisoners have passed. Aren't their wild outcries terrible? One hardly knows whether most to pity or abhor the wretches."

"Abhor their principles and conduct, but pity them individually," said the vicomte. "Poor, deluded—"

He stopped, suddenly, and grasped his companion's arm. The end of the procession was, at that moment, wheeling around the corner. The steady tramp of the soldiery that brought up its rear, was already beginning to predominate over the songs, and laughter, and shrieks.

"Surely," cried the vicomte, "some one called, 'Henri?' And from the midst of that horrible mob."

"I heard some mad woman shriek," answered his companion. "But I couldn't make out what she said."

"No, the thing is impossible," continued the vicomte. "Yet—there again—and this time it is Carnac. Great God—"

As he spoke, he broke away.

"You will get into trouble," said his companion, following. "Fortunately, they know *me*."

Breathlessly, the vicomte dashed down the steps. Breathlessly he forced his way through the crowd, which had come to a sudden halt. "Some one has fainted," said one. "Some woman gone mad with despair," said a soldier, with a shrug. In a moment, the vicomte had gained the centre of the crowd, the soldiers making way, less for him than for the little man behind him, whom all seemed to know.

A moment more, and Irene's prostrate form was before him. He knew the slender, graceful figure; the delicate complexion; the high-bred features—notwithstanding the torn dress, the scarred face, the dishevelled hair.

"Great heavens," he cried, almost frantic, "what does this mean? Stand back. It is the Marquise de Villeroy, my betrothed."

As he spoke he stooped, and taking Irene's lifeless form in his arms, looked up, defiantly, at the officer.

The vicomte's emotion, his air of authority, his confirmation of Irene's statement, carried conviction to the crowd, which fell back. Even those vile wretches were awed.

Only the officer remained untouched. He began, pompously:

"I would have you know—"

But he never finished the sentence. The vicomte's companion had now reached Irene's side, and the moment the officer saw this new intruder, he fell back, abashed, taking off his cap.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried the great statesman, stooping over Irene, his voice shaking with horror, "it is the Marquise de Villeroy. How did she come here? What does it mean?"

He turned, sternly, to the officer. The latter cowered before him. "I—I—was only obeying orders," he stammered, "and we thought her—we were told—"

"Never mind what you thought, or were told," interrupted the intruder, sternly. "I will see to all that. Make way, there. Vicomte, follow me."

The vicomte bore his precious burden around the corner, and paused at the foot of the church steps. A cab was passing, and he hailed it.

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"Her hotel is but a short distance off," he said, hurriedly, "and it would be better to take her there, at once, where she can have her own maid. I think she is coming to, even now."

"Then I will go," answered the great statesman, "but I will send, this evening, to know how she is. Poor child!"

He bowed and left, and as he went down the broad avenue, he heard, from the side street, the tramp of the procession, which had again begun to move, and over all, the songs, and laughter, and curses, and horrible din.

The cab had hardly started, when Irene faintly opened her eyes. But she was still bewildered. She only recognized Henri in a confused way.

"It is over then," she whispered, clinging to him. "I am in heaven—and with you—oh! Henri—"

Then she fainted away again, this time with joy. She did not revive until they reached her hotel, and her cousin had carried her in, and laid her on a lounge, in her own salon. Here she heaved a deep sigh, and opened her eyes, and recognized them all, one by one—Henri kneeling beside her as he chafed her hands, her maid weeping over her, as she bathed Irene's forehead, and the old butler, standing a little way off, his gray head shaking, with emotion, as in palsy.

"What is it? Why do you all look so at me?" said Irene. "Ah, I remember. I have had a bad dream." She shivered, like one struck by a sudden chill, and glanced around, as if dreading to see horrible spectres.

"It is all over. It will never come again," said Henri, soothingly. "You are safe now. When you are rested, you can tell us all about it."

"Oh!" replied Irene, with another shiver, "the vile women, the loathsome words. Are you sure it will never come back?"

They quieted her at last. A physician had been sent for, and now arrived, and when he had given her a sleeping potion she sank into slumber, her hand close clasping that of Henri. They had proposed to carry her to her chamber; but she clung to that hand, as if, without it, there was no safety; and the medical man had said, "Best so, best so; let her sleep here, and holding to it: it will do her more good than all my pharmacy."

It was a long time before Irene recovered entirely from the shock of that awful day and night. But when she had become strong enough to bear the journey down to Brittany, and when she began to mix among the dependents she had known from childhood; when she walked in the woods where she had sought for wild-flowers as a girl; then the bloom came back again to her cheeks and the elasticity to her step.

The vicomte's election had been arranged sooner than he had expected; and he had hurried to Paris at once, arriving at dawn. He had first, however, to go to Versailles, before he could seek Irene. But for the accident of meeting her, they might never have seen each other again. Of course, he had received no telegram.

The marriage took place as originally arranged, and though the duties of the vicomte called him often to Versailles, and Irene always accompanied him, yet the chief part of her life has been spent in Brittany, where her wealth enables her to ameliorate the condition of scores of her father's people, and also to restore, in great measure, her ancestral home.

She has two sons and a daughter. The elder boy will inherit his father's title, and half the property, and the younger the château and dependencies of his mother. The daughter, though still only an infant, is, in the fond opinion of her doting parents, reserved for some exceptionally high and happy destiny in marriage; and we are quite sure she will deserve it, if she grows up to resemble Irene.

This is no fancy sketch. We literally "tell the tale as 'twas told to us," except that we have substituted fictitious names for real ones. Alas, it is only one of a hundred others that ended far more tragically, at that awful time. The world will never know half the horrors of THE COMMUNE.

MY LOVE.

BY MARY MIDDLEMORE.

NIGHTINGALE that singest,
Glad, blithe-hearted thing,
Flitting hither, thither,
In the summer weather,
On untiring wing,

Shouldst thou hear my darling's
Voice, so sweet, so low—
Hear her lightsome laughter?
Surely, ever after,
Envy thou wouldst know!

Rare red rose that reignest,
Queen of the parterre,
Half thy sweetness failest,
Half thy beauty palest,
When my love is near!

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ACROSS THE YEARS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

A YELLOW glory bathes the whole landscape. Every object is so completely permeated thereby, drowned therein, that even the twin cypresses, which keep guard down by the gates, look more like golden fountains than their ordinary solemn selves. It is Florence at her best.

Fields and woods quiver with an amber radiance. The stretch of highway is a band of dazzling light. The river in the mid distance is a halo. Miles beyond, appears a sweep of burnished roofs and glittering walls, with Giotto's tower and the vast dome of the cathedral rising in the centre; while on the height above, San Miniato's church seems floating in space, glorified, transfigured.

The great villa is still as an enchanted palace. The silence would be oppressive, were it not for the chime of the fountain in the court; and that resembles rather the echo of silver bells, ringing somewhere up in heaven, than any earthly sound. The very cicalas are dumb. The nightingales, that live in the wood at the back of the house, are voiceless, though as a rule they sing all day amid its twilight; but the glory has flooded even those shadowy recesses, hushed the nightingales, and astonished the faun, who watches there in his cold, white marble, with his finger on his laughing lips.

The ground floor of the villa is almost entirely given up to a vast entrance-hall, that is paved and lined with spotless marble, and adorned by marvellous frescoes that Filippino Lippi painted; a stately range of bluish-gray pillars on either side, giving the place a solemn, temple-like appearance, which is increased by statues of antique gods, whose stone semblances, carved by inspired hands, are left to us as memorials of a faith which the world has outgrown and forsaken.

The bronze doors are ajar. The gates of the court-yard are set wide, and frame in the picture of plain and river, and San Miniato's hill. Elinor Dane sits where she can look out across the landscape—sits motionless as the gods in their niches, or as if she were the priestess of the temple which they guard; sits and dreams, with open eyes, seeing the beauty and the present scene, yet engrossed by a vision more real than aught about. The old home across the seas—the old life—the old hopes and aims—ay, the old love, and its happiness, and the bitter pain—they have all come up and hold her fast in their thrall!

She is not given to such weakness, poet though she be. The sternest offspring of Common-sense and Common-place, who ever despised poetry, could not more carefully ignore such visionary folly than it is her habit to do.

She has everything this world can give, except the one thing, which could make her gifts worth possession. She is so beautiful, that many a man has made a pilgrimage to Dante's city, just to drive himself mad by the sight of that loveliness, which he had again and again sworn to his soul he would avoid forever. She is so famous, that fanciful young people, bringing their enthusiasm to be heightened by the Italian air, stray out to look at the house where she lives, with the same tender awe which stirs their souls when they gaze at the ancient palace, which is sanctified by the memory of England's greatest woman. She is so rich that society—that blindest, stupidest, most superstitious devotee—is eager to put its neck under her foot, and grins a ghastly smile, through its paint, in abject effort to ingratiate itself in her favor. She proves a very unsatisfactory deity. Society has difficulty to win so much as a glance, in answer to its prayers; but it is all the more devout, for that very reason. To be sure, it solaces itself for her indifference by gossip and scandal; but these do not interfere with its worship, any more than the habit, which the Neapolitans have of occasionally spattering Saint Januarius's statue with mud, weakens their cult for the priestly martyr.

All this Elinor Dane possesses, and yet is not happy. Many people would say that, having so much, she ought to be content; but all her beauty, her fame, her riches, only render the real want more apparent, just as a stained carpet would look still uglier in a gorgeously furnished room, than in a meagre chamber, or a weed more unsightly in a garden of beautiful flowers, than in a bare, arid field. Ah! she lacks something to fill her heart. Only love can do that, though we try all sorts of makeshifts to supply its place, from pleasure to duty, according to our natural tastes, or the necessities of our lives. But the pain and dreariness are not banished by either. Our eyes see them all the while, whether we feast with epicureans, or watch by the sick and needy; there they are to haunt us, like skeletons showing through the veil, under which we have tried to conceal their grim awfulness.

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What set Elinor dreaming of those old memories, from which, as a rule, she keeps her gaze so carefully averted? Ah, yes, she knows now! She has roused herself for an instant from her revery to recall its cause.

This morning she drove into Florence, and went to the Pitti Gallery, to spend an hour with her pictures. In the great room, where St. Mark sits wrapped in prophetic vision, while Del Sarto's Lucrezia watches him with a scornful smile on her cold, beautiful mouth, and the Women at the Sepulchre stand unconscious of both, Elinor came suddenly upon two young people straying about —two strangers—so occupied with each other, that they neither noticed her, nor the marvels they had come to study. Such a youthful, blest couple, wrapped in the opening loveliness of their bewildering dream, one needed only to glance in their faces to be sure of that! Their hearts had just spoken; there was neither earth, nor past, nor future visible to them; just heaven and they alone therein!

She watched them, at first with a sort of pleasure, then with pity, then pain. Then she took herself and her suffering away. It seemed wrong to let so black a shadow hover near their elysium, unconscious as they were of its presence.

She had seen enough, for one morning, ay! too much. So she returned sadly to her empty home; and for hours she has been seated in the entrance to her silent dwelling, gazing out upon the lovely scene, that has only made a background, against which the events of her past life have trooped slowly by, in weird, ghostly procession.

She sees the phantom of her childhood—the shy, morbid, visionary little creature, that lived like an alien beside her own father's hearth, as misplaced and unappreciated as a song-bird, dropped by accident in the nest of a family of chattering daws. Had there been any possibility of the father's ever attaching himself to this odd fledgling, the step-mother stands between and prevents it; she hated Elinor's mother, and she hates the dead woman's child, all the more because she is childless herself. Unnatural as it sounds, the one pleasant memory of those early days is connected with her father's death bed. During his final illness, he will have her beside him; partially wandering in his mind, as he is, he knows her; knows her even when he does not recognize the wretched wife, who, whatever her faults, at least loved him with the full passion of her fierce, untamed nature. She cannot come between them now; she has to stand aloof, and unheeded; "Amy's little one" is all the world to him; his last glance for her; his last words the utterance of her name.

After his death, life becomes somewhat more gracious to the child. Human nature is so full of inexplicable contradictions, that it would be idle to wonder how it could be so, but once a widow, the step-mother remembers that Elinor is the daughter of the man she adored, and the child possesses a certain attraction for her, though all the while she cannot forgive her for being "Amy's little one." But whether in a mood to love or hate, she torments her charge always, and is most exacting and unreasonable when a spasm of remorseful tenderness seizes her.

So childhood drifts on. When Elinor is eleven, Herbert North comes into her life, and from that time, its whole course changes—brave, handsome Herbert, five years older than herself, and so able to be her guide and counsellor as well as her friend. He and his half-brother, Leonard Dane, are relatives of Elinor's step-mother, and circumstances cause them to take up their residence in the neighborhood; but Leonard is already a dashing young man, who has no thoughts to waste upon children.

As she grows a little older, Elinor learns, in her fanciful way, to compare the effect of Herbert's companionship upon her existence to that of the sun upon a landscape hidden in mist. Whether against her own morbid temperament, or her step-mother's injustice, he is always Elinor's faithful ally; and the child's heart and soul develop and push on towards blossoming, like a flower that has been brought from darkness, and placed in the June light.

Such happy years follow! Even when Herbert's collegiate terms begin, there is no break; for they live so near the university town, that the pair meet daily. She positively owes her education to him, rather than to the governess whom Mrs. Seymour is shamed into employing: an expenditure which she finds it hard to pardon Elinor, as she grows parsimonious with the years.

But when the girl is sixteen, a change comes. A distant relative dies, and bequeathes Elinor a great fortune; and as the guardian appointed is a kind, sensible man, and well acquainted with Mrs. Seymour's peculiarities, he takes good care that Elinor's home shall be made a very different place from what it had been, while comforts and luxuries depended on her step-mother's whims.

And now her seventeenth birthday rises. Ah, that day! How she had looked forward to it; for it is to witness Herbert's return, after an absence of several weeks. It is the only time a separation has disturbed their peace, since the period when he first brought sunshine across her

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solitary path. Herbert is twenty-two now, a man in every sense of the word, firm and self-reliant, youthful as he is. And he had found a sudden need of all these qualities, for a blow had just fallen, which must change all his hopes and aims, as completely as if his past had been a dream.

His fortune had been in the keeping of an uncle, a rich and noted philanthropist, who had followed in the footsteps of so many of the prominent philanthropists of our day—employed charity and religion as a shield for villainy, and when he had ruined himself and his victims, put the crowning stroke to his wickedness by that most cowardly of crimes—suicide.

This is the tidings which Herbert brings, telling his story calmly, and Elinor listens, mute and frightened. His plans are already formed; he has obtained an opening in Australia, and he is going there, to follow up his fight with fortune; going at once; no merciful delay can be granted; on the morrow he must take his departure.

Elinor is brave enough, but her courage yields now.

"Herbert!" she cries, "Herbert!"

The despairing wail, in which her bursting heart finds utterance, causes him to forget all his wise resolutions, his determination to depart, and leave his secret unspoken. He folds her in his arms, and pours out the story, which sounds at once new and yet familiar—slight marvel since they have been living it for years!

"And you must go—you must?" she asks, at last. "Why I, at least, am rich—we had forgotten that—why should you leave me, Herbert?"

But that is impossible. She realizes that he is right, after he explains to her that they are too young to marry; that for him, at his age, to settle down, and live upon her fortune, would be a disgrace; no, he must go; and she must prove her true, brave self, and help his strength with her own.

Mrs. Seymour enters suddenly, and finds Elinor weeping in Herbert's embrace, and has difficulty to hide her angry astonishment.

"Margaret," cries Elinor, calling her step-mother, according to habit, by her christian name, "he is going away—Herbert is going—he is ruined!"

Then the dismal tale is told, and Margaret listens, concealing her satisfaction under a very pretty pretence of sympathy. She is content with anything that separates the young pair, and in her wisdom she receives, with apparent approval, the news of their engagement, and promises Herbert to take tender care of his treasure, till he can come back and claim her. Three years hence is the time they set—three years!

The day passes. The morrow comes. Margaret is very kind. She accompanies Elinor to the great city, so that the girl may see Herbert up to the moment of his sailing. Oh, that parting! It is over—Herbert is gone—and when Elinor wakens from her swoon, she is in the carriage driving homeward; Margaret's arms are about her; Margaret's voice is whispering comfort and hope; and all the while Margaret's crafty mind is forming the plot which shall make this parting eternal, so far as the word can be applied to earthly things.

It is spring, when this sorrow falls. Before many weeks, Leonard Dane returns from his European wanderings, and condescends to pay a visit at the Hermitage. He is now a man nearly thirty, vicious, wicked, almost as completely wrecked in purse by his evil courses as he is in heart and mind; but smooth, plausible, able to act any part that interest may dictate, and handsomer even than Herbert, with his melancholy smile, and his great, luminous, dark eyes, that might have belonged to a poet.

Besides her dead husband, this cousin is the one human creature Margaret has ever loved. She knows him thoroughly—knows what his life has been; but by a strange ingenious perversity, she pities, instead of blaming, and she means to carry the purpose she formed when Elinor blossomed into an heiress; she means him to become the master of this innocent girl and her fortune.

Months come and go! In the lonely waiting of her life, Elinor finds Leonard Dane's brotherly companionship the pleasantest, most unfailing solace. Margaret is kind, too. Letters reach the girl from Herbert, and time speeds on. They are going to Europe. Herbert approves of the plan, for he trusts his brother and their cousin, as implicitly as Elinor has learned to do.

So Elinor's eighteenth birthday arrives, and finds her in Paris. Leonard is there, too; his gifts are waiting for her when she wakes, this morning. She is anxious and troubled; it is some time since she has received letters from Herbert; but one will come to-day; she is certain of that. So she keeps herself cheerful, and after Margaret has been in to greet her, and bring presents and loving wishes, she sits down to write to her lover.

How long she remains dreaming and writing she never knows. Margaret is in the room again. Leonard is there, also. She has only to look in their faces, to know that her birthday has been smitten by some awful curse.

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"Herbert is dead!" she cries.

"Not dead, but married," they tell her. They show her the announcement in a newspaper. Leonard produces a letter, which he has received from a friend, giving the details of Herbert's marriage with a wealthy heiress in Australia.

Elinor lives—that is so great a wonder to her, at first! She lives. She cannot even be ill. Her intense pride nerves her, and she teaches her soul to say that she despises her false lover—nay, she had never loved the man himself—only an ideal to whom she had given his name and likeness.

A fortnight drags past. Margaret goes to Dresden, to visit a friend, and Elinor remains in Paris. Her old governess is still with her, and Leonard Dane remains also. It is only a week later that a telegram comes from Margaret—she is very ill—Elinor must hasten to her at once—there is no time to lose—any day may be her last. There is barely time to make hurried preparations, and catch the night train. That very morning, Miss Liscom, the ex-governess, has sprained her ankle, and cannot stir from her sofa; Elinor's Normandy maid has been granted a holiday to visit her relatives; there is no one to take charge of the girl on her journey, except Leonard Dane. Whether she is violating any rule of convenance, in accepting this escort, Elinor is too confused and troubled to think; and Miss Liscom appears perfectly satisfied with the arrangement.

So, that evening, they start on their journey, which lasts the night and the next day. It seems that Margaret is at a country house, miles distant; there is a long drive to be taken on a dark, stormy evening. They reach a little hamlet; some accident has happened to one of the horses; there are no others to be got; it appears, too, that the coachman has mistaken the route, and brought them a league out of their way. So they have to spend the night at the village inn, and Elinor is so exhausted, that even the next morning Leonard declares she must still rest, as he has sent a telegram to Margaret, and received an answer to say that she is better.

But they reach their destination at last. They find Margaret in bed, but much less ill than Elinor expected, able indeed to sit up among her pillows, and indulge in violent hysterics; to upbraid Leonard, weep over Elinor, and protest that this unheard of journey, under his escort, will blast her darling's reputation forever.

Then Leonard tells the story of his love. He had never meant to do so. But he must speak now, since he has unintentionally brought trouble upon her; at least she must give him the right to watch over and guard her.

It all comes about very quickly. She is more dead than alive; she hardly knew what to do. But there is one gleam of light, shining through the chaos of her misery. Leonard loves her—needs her; let her make some use, therefore, of her broken life!

So she is a bride. Leonard Dane is her husband. Some months have gone—how many she does not try to count; she endeavors to live only day by day, neither to look back, or forward, for already she has learned that the peace and rest, which were promised, are not to be hers.

They are established, for the winter, in a villa on the Rivièra, within easy reach of Monaco; for Elinor finds that she has married a gamester, and begins to have warnings that this is only one, amid myriad vices, of which he is the slave.

Margaret is with them; kind and gentle sometimes; at others capricious and fretful; but whatever her mood, always afraid of Leonard. Elinor can see that. She is afraid, she who never feared any human being!

Elinor is seated alone in her garden, one beautiful afternoon. The house stands on a bold promontory, hanging out over the sea. Elinor has wandered down to the terrace, which was shaded by fragrant lemon trees; a wealth of oleanders and graceful palms about; in front, the sweep of gorgeous tinted waters; above, the clear, sapphire sky, that looks, oh! so far off, with a single strong-winged bird floating slowly away into its heavenly brightness.

She hears a step—hears her name uttered; turns, and sees Herbert North, standing before her. Herbert, stern and terrible as an avenging angel about to pronounce sentence upon her, for some unknown weakness or sin.

How dares he come? How dares he thrust his cowardice, his falsehood, athwart the chill monotony of her life? She is so torn by conflicting emotions—a vague wonder that he should have the hardihood to gaze at her with such menacing reproof, chief among them—that she cannot even speak, and bid him go as she wishes to do—cannot so much as lift her hand in sign of scornful dismissal, any more than if her limbs were made of lead.

Then his voice rings out, while his angry, disdainful eyes search, like a flame, through the mortal coldness, which freezes her very soul.

"I would not believe it—the letter came, but I would not believe," he says, slowly, and every word smites, like a knife, upon her heart. "I said I would come—I have made the journey—just to look in your face, in order that I might believe—I can now!"

He pauses, but she cannot speak—cannot stir.

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After an instant which is like an age, she hears his voice again:

"I do not curse you. Maybe God will not. But you have cursed yourself! Never a word to prepare me. The news of your marriage, written by him, too, at your request, because you were on the eve of a journey and busy! There you sit. Are you dumb? No matter, I can believe now—I can believe! And I was waiting—working—hoping—for you—always for you—oh, the fools we men are! Not a thought, day or night, that was not yours. As soon a doubt of God and heaven as of you. And then the end came! You flung the story of your falsehood down upon me, and had no fear of ghost or judgment, oh, you—woman—there is no other word can serve to name your weakness and your crime!"

She hears. She comprehends that the letter, the newspaper announcement, were both false. But she cannot speak. As he turns away, she sinks slowly back in her chair; an insensibility, like that of death, envelopes her senses in its night. When she comes to herself, she is lying on the bed, in her room, and Margaret is hanging over her, in helpless terror. Leonard is there, too. She recollects everything. She rises, pushes Margaret back, and stands before her husband.

"It was a lie," she says, in a cold, still voice. "Herbert was not married, and you knew it."

He bursts out laughing.

"All stratagems are fair in love and war," he says. "My dear, you are my wife—I'd advise you not to forget it."

"From this moment, I will never see your face again," she says. "No power can compel me to do that!"

He laughs, though his features work and distort with a fiendish rage.

"Elinor, don't make him angry!" shrieks Margaret.

"Be quiet," he says. "Listen, you, my wife! You will neither go away, or try to keep your money out of my reach. If you do, I will bring lasting infamy on your father's name—your mother's, too—for he had a wife living when he married her."

"It is true, Elinor—he has the proofs!" moans Margaret.

"I will believe neither of you," answers Elinor. "Your proofs are forged, like those you brought me of Herbert's marriage! You cannot frighten me. You have had a child to deal with until now. But from to-day you have a woman, and a desperate one, too!"

And Leonard laughs still, while through the echo of his terrible merriment Margaret shrieks in agony:

"It is true, true! Elinor—your father—your father! It was to save his memory, that I consented to deceive you. Oh, as you hope for mercy hereafter, help to save it now!"

"I do not believe," she replies, steadily; but she does; for there is truth in Margaret's face! She believes even before they show her the letters, the legal documents, which she knows could not have been forged.

After this, Elinor's life is a blank, for many weeks. But memory and strength come slowly back. Even yet she cannot die. She is so young, so strong, she cannot die.

"I could have walked through hell, that day, and never flinched," once wrote Elizabeth Browning; and beginning with her recovery, for five whole years, Elinor walks on in such an awful pilgrimage, as the poet pictured herself able to endure for perhaps an hour.

There is nothing spared her—nothing! Neither his kisses, or loving words, when he chooses thus to torment her, any more than the evidences of his most repulsive vices, when their thrall is upon him. She lives, and in the world, too. The power that is within her wakes, and she gives her books to the public, and grows famous. Her very beauty seems daily to increase; and between his love and hate, the wretch who is her master, is little better than a madman.

Five years go by. She is twenty-three—and then the end comes, as suddenly as the plunge into torment. Leonard Dane rides a steeple-chase; is thrown from his horse; is brought home to die. The injury is to the spine. He will linger for a day and night, perhaps, the physician says, suffering no pain. His mind is perfectly clear; but if he were already stiff and cold, the end could not be more certain.

Perhaps he has been mad, during these years. Elinor tries to think so, as she sits beside him; for he tells her that he has sent Herbert the true story of their marriage. "I didn't want to," he says. "If I had strength, I think I'd kill you now, and take you with me. But I had to let him know the truth!"

The hours go on. She watches by his bed. There is no fear, perhaps no penitence even, unless the pitiful utterance of her name might be thought to show such.

"Poor Nell, poor Nell!" he says, sometimes, studying her face, with his dim, glazed eyes.

He says it, at the last, just as day is breaking. The eyes, that are fastened so wistfully on her, brightens anew; a half smile softens the drawn mouth.

"Poor Nell!" he whispers again.

Then the light dies out of his face, and his soul has gone away to its own place.

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Margaret enters a convent, and fasts, and prays, and scourges herself, and tries, by material penance, to find a little peace for her mind. And Elinor hopes she may attain it; so there is an end of her.

The truth reaches Herbert, too late. He has really married now; married, out of pity, a helpless young orphan, whose heart he has unwittingly won; so there is an end, too.

And the years go on—go on! A second fortune is left to Elinor, far greater than that which Leonard dissipated. Her fame grows. Even her beauty seems more perfect. The years, the years! She is eight-and-twenty now—eight-and-twenty.

So here she has sat, and watched the phantoms of her youth flit past. She rouses herself now to a consciousness that she has wasted hours in this unprofitable employment. The sun is setting. Its last rays make a golden halo in the vestibule. Where she crouches, the shadows already lie heavily.

"Dear God," she whispers, "at least, I have lived to be able to say, 'Thy will be done'—life is not all a waste so!"

She rises. As she turns to mount the stairs, a voice calls, through the stillness:

"Elinor, Elinor!"

She looks back.

There, in the flood of golden light, stands Herbert. His arms outstretched.

She is dizzy and faint. But even in this, first instant, she realizes that "old things have passed away, all things are new," as said the Apostle. Death is past—lo! the resurrection.

And as he folds her to his heart, in wordless happiness, the nightingales burst out in jubilant chant. The last, sunset glory fades, and through the great casement, at the back, the new moon looks in. The fountain sings. The scented wind whispers its rejoicing. And there the two long parted ones stand together.

"For God, who doeth all things in His season, doeth all things well!"

SWEETHEART.

BY EMILY BROWNE POWELL.

A TINY songstress on a swaying bough,
Joyous with life in the soft breath of May,
Sang, cheerily and clear, this morning through,
A song I've heard her trilling many a day:
"Sweetheart! sweetheart!"

Not only 'mid the soft and fragrant breeze,
Blowing across the roses of the spring,
But while the fierce March storm-wind shook the trees,
With silvery note unfaltering did she sing,
"Sweetheart! sweetheart!"

Tho' oft I ask what Fortune doth provide?
Or buildeth she her nest by cot or hall?
She only turns her dainty head aside,
And sings as if the one word answered all:
"Sweetheart! sweetheart!"

Thus ever sings my heart, thou clear-voiced bird,
In unison with thee, the whole day long;
Tho' the hushed lips may utter ne'er a word,
Yet with each pulse-beat thrills thy tender song:
"Sweetheart! sweetheart!"

Amid these spring days of exceeding peace,
And through the far, dim length of coming years,
Within my soul thy song shall never cease,
But still sing on through joy, or care, or tears:
"Sweetheart! sweetheart!"

AN "OLD FASHIONED FLOWER."

BY E. MILLER CONKLIN.

SWEET "Summer's Farewell!" The name is so quaint,
The rose-purple blossom so daintily trim;
It oddly reminds of some maidenly saint,
Demure and yet merry, and pretty, and prim!
Some Huldah, Roxanna, or Hester so fair,
Bright, busy and cheerful, yet modest and grave;
A Mary for loving, a Martha for care,
Fit either the storm or the sunshine to brave.

At many a homestead, by window and door,
It shares with the roses and lilacs a place;
The gray-haired, they love it, who planted of yore,
The old-fashioned bud the new garden to grace;
And father and mother pause by them, full oft,
With slow steps and feeble, once steady and strong;
And dim eyes grow brighter, stern glances grow soft;
The Present fades out, while old memories throng.

A glance at the flower, a waft of perfume,
Hath power the pleasant old times to recall!
Old friends who were dear ones, old homes where its blooms
Made fragrant the garden, the parlor, the hall!
It brightened the bridal, breathed hope on the dead,
Brought cheer to sick chambers, and gladdened the gay.
'Twas blooming and sweet, when the summer was sped,
For grandmamma's vases, or maiden's bouquet.

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THE TRAGEDY OF TREVYLAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XVI.

UNTIL long after midnight, the search along that coast, from the cliff to the cove, was kept up; but without avail. The guard was earnest in the search, and the fishermen refused to go home or take rest until all hope left them. Then, one by one, they dropped off, wearily, and gave up the search—all but three. Old Winters had pushed a little skiff from the cove, and, pulling the oars himself, was searching the coast from the water. In and out, through the intricacy of the caverns, he forced his way, lighting the blackness with a single torch, and calling out till his voice was hoarse with unanswered shouts.

Up among the rocks John Winters kept his unyielding search, and there, also, Huldah wandered—sometimes alone, sometimes leading groups of her old friends, till at last they gave up hopelessly, and she was left among those dark cavernous places quite alone, fighting with despair. Another, too, wandered drearily up and down the rugged coast, striving to master the horror that had seized upon him with a suddenness that threatened his reason.

This was the young man, Keath Winters—but so changed, so smitten down in his strength, that even the eyes of his own mother wandered over his face in that vague light, without recognizing it. But only at first. After a moment she knew her son, and throwing out her arms, fell upon his bosom.

"Oh, Keath, my son, my son! Where did you leave him? Will he never be found?"

"Never!" answered the young man, in a hoarse voice, so deep and solemn that the woman drew herself away from him, smitten by a new shock.

"Never! Oh, Keath—you say this?"

"God help us, mother! what else can I say?"

"You were with him. Oh, Keath, we trusted in you so! Yet you are safe—and he? Boy—boy, where did you leave him? Answer me—answer me!"

"Mother, I left him on the beach."

"Thank God, then he is safe!"

"Safe! Yes, I thought it was safe to let him have the helm when he wished it, and go out as he did. There was no need of more than one to manage the craft, and he was so pleased to steer her himself; still I—I should have known the danger, but my heart was full of other things. Oh, mother, mother, will you—will God himself ever forgive me that I gave him up to die?"

"Gave him up to die? and you standing here alive?" cried the woman, recoiling from his outstretched hands.

"Don't, mother, don't; for more than the bitterness of death is on me now. Before this hour to-morrow I shall not have a friend in the world, if you turn from me."

"If I turn from you! Am I not your mother?"

"I know, I know—as he was my comforter! But for all that, I left him to die."

"Left him to die—and saved yourself?"

The unhappy young man shrunk away from that look of horror, and covered his face with both hands.

"Yes, mother, when I left him sitting there, with his hand on the helm, so confident and trusting, it was murder, but how should I know that? Even now, when I have looked on that boyish face, and heard the demon within him speak out, I cannot believe it. One's mind cannot strain to so great a horror."

"Keath, Keath—my poor boy. You are wild—you talk at random. The terrors of this night have driven you mad."

"Mad," he repeated, looking at her with piteous wistfulness in his eyes. "Ah, if it were only so! But no, no, did I not stand face to face with his murderer up yonder. No, mother, I am not mad!"

The woman looked at him, earnestly; for there was a faint light breaking through the gray of the east, and she could see that a wild gleam of hope shot across the pallor of his features.

A look of tender compassion came into her eyes.

"It must be—it must be! Your hands are hot with fever—your eyes are full of terrible sadness—poor boy, my poor boy! When daylight breaks you will talk less wildly. Come, now, set down here, and let the cool wind from the water blow over you."

The gentle mother would have drawn her son to a seat upon one of the rocks over which the turf had grown, but he resisted her weakly, saying:

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"But if I am mad—really mad, where is he? Where is Lord Colgate. Tell me that?"

"Oh, my son, I cannot tell you."

"They have searched for him all night, and have not found him, is that true, mother?"

"Yes—God help us! all night. Yet we have no trace of him, since you can tell us nothing."

"Since I can tell you nothing—oh, mother. How can I? Even you will not believe it. I cannot believe it myself, but this I know—Lord Colgate is dead."

Huldah dropped his hand, and cried out:

"My son—my son, have mercy."

"Dead—dead! Deep down in the bottom of the sea—more than that, mother, they will prove that I did it."

"No—no," exclaimed the shuddering woman, with a cry of anguish that failed to break into his wild speech, for he went on without heeding it.

"I, who loved him as no son ever loved his own father—who cannot remember a time when my heart did not leap at the sight of him, who would have given the last drop of blood in my veins to save him—still I left him to meet death as he could, so gentle, so helpless, too. Why, mother, the last look that he gave me was a smile."

"Oh, Keath, Keath, this wild talk is killing me," exclaimed Huldah, now thoroughly impressed with the idea that this great trouble had effected her son's mind. "You cannot know what you are saying—come home with me, and rest. Come, dear, there may be news waiting."

The young man shook his head.

"No, mother, the air is cool here. They will question me, and I cannot bear that, yet. Besides, did they not carry her—I mean our Delia—down yonder? I saw her lying dead under the hoofs of his horse."

"I know—I know. That, with the rest, was enough to drive any one mad, but you shall not see her. You shall see no one but the old grandfather. Come, now!"

"Not yet—not yet. I must think. Leave me alone, mother."

"Leave him to me?" said the low, quiet voice of John Winters, who had heard the last words as he came around the shoulder of a broken rock, close by—"as for yourself, let me entreat you to go home at once, and, if you can, get some sleep. I will not leave the young man till he is ready to come to you."

Huldah turned her eyes on the man with a look of relief.

"Yes," she said, "I will leave him with you. In a little while you will bring him to me."

Keath did not seem to be aware that his mother was gone, until a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a voice, full of calm, kindly interest, fell upon his ear; for that strange battle of thought was still going on in his mind.

"Now," said the stranger, seating himself by the young man, "now that your mother is gone, and can no longer be pained by what you have to say, let us talk this matter over. She will tell you that I am a safe friend. My first wish is to find some news of the earl—"

"The earl—you mean Lord Colgate—there is no use in seeking for him; I tell you he is dead."

"You know this."

"Know it, yes, if one can ever believe the voice or read the face of a friend."

This was a wild answer; but the man, who listened, did not at once accept it as the reply of a madman. No one, as yet, had been able to obtain any account of the accident that had undoubtedly befallen the boat in which Lord Colgate had sailed out of the harbor. This young man might be bewildered—nay, driven temporarily insane by the disaster that had followed; but he was the only person from whom the facts could be obtained. And John Winters did not despair of getting at the truth, when the present excitement had passed away. For a long time he sat by Keath in silence, searching that pale, troubled face, with eyes so full of tenderness that they must have effected the youth, in spite of his terrible preoccupation; for he looked up at last, met the whole force of that pose, and spoke almost quietly.

"She will not believe it. How can I make any one believe that I killed him without being guilty."

"No one—least of all, your mother, will never believe that you are guilty of anything," was the soothing reply. "The worst that any one can suppose is that Lord Colgate perished by an accident."

"An accident? No, it was not that."

"Not an accident?"

"No. Accidents do not require preparation, craft, double treason. The man who saw Lord Colgate last knows that it was murder."

"Murder!"

"Yes. I stood face to face with him last night, and saw murder in every feature, even before he spoke. He did not care to conceal from me that it was a murder. How could he, when he challenged me before all the tenants to give an account of Lord Colgate, proclaiming the lie, aloud, that I was the person who went out with him in the fishing smack, while poor Delia

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Fitch was lying dead almost beneath the hoofs of his horse. It was a weird picture. Another man would have shrunk from the first glance of that sadly pretty face, but he looked down upon it without flinching, though he had pretended to love the child."

"Then you did not go out with Lord Colgate?"

"No! God forgive me."

"Where did you leave him?"

"In the boat. I think that, in his kindness, he saw that I wished to go elsewhere, and pretended that he had a fancy to take the helm, that I might be dispensed with. So just as she was putting out I leaped ashore."

The young man gave these particulars with some degree of calmness, but when he finished drops of perspiration stood thickly on his forehead, and his hand shook as he swept them off.

"And this other man went with him," said John Winters. "Was he an experienced man. One of the cove people?"

"One of the cove people! Oh, I wish it had been. No; the person who went out with Lord Colgate, the last human being that ever saw him, was Lord Belus, his half-brother."

John Winters gave a sudden start, and a strange, swift light came into his eyes; but his voice gave no indication of excitement when he spoke.

"You mean the younger son of—of the old earl?"

"Yes."

"A half-brother, by the last marriage. The youth who followed on horseback, when that poor child was carried home, last night."

"You saw him then. You heard what he said," questioned Keath, looking earnestly at the man for the first time.

"Yes, I saw him, and recognized the family features. But with them a look—but no matter about that. I heard the young man when he questioned you, regarding the missing earl."

"And wondered that I could not answer?"

"I wondered at everything that happened last night, and can make nothing out clearly yet; except that there is great trouble and some mystery."

"Yes, it is a mystery. I did not think such depth of crime could exist in this world. I can only fathom it as men look down an abyss, so deep that nothing but blackness can be seen; but this I know: Lord Colgate is dead, and it is fated that I shall be accused of his murder. Can you imagine anything more horrible? Why he was the best friend—the grandest patron that ever a poor fellow had. Boy and man, I have never had anything but kindness from him. What was I better than other poor fisher's boys that his magnificence should have almost made a gentleman of me?"

"Perhaps," said the stranger, "he may have known your father."

The stranger's voice trembled a little, and, though the lids drooped over his eyes, a faint flush stole around them.

"That may be true, of course it must be true; for what was I more than any other lad at the cove, that my lord should have taken me up for especial kindness. But my father was only a fisherman, like the rest, until he took service at the castle, and became the young lord's attendant, and went with him into the world almost like a friend, as I have been, till now, with Lord Belus. Yes, I dare say it was for my father's sake that this earl was so kind to me."

"But your mother—was there nothing due to her?"

Keath looked at the stranger in surprise.

"Ah, I remember; my mother was here, and you seemed to know her—that was why it became easy to talk with you. Yes, my mother was a favorite and sort of companion for the first countess—Lord Colgate's mother—and was often up in London with her, while my father was in the young lord's service. Oh, yes, he was sure to be kind to her for his own mother's sake, but he is dead, and who will be strong enough to defend her from this awful trouble?

John Winters made no direct answer, but sat for a long time, with his face bent downward, lost in profound thought. Keath did not observe this; for the moment he ceased speaking, the terrible anxiety that preyed upon him came back, and he forgot everything else. After awhile John aroused himself and said, abruptly:

"And this young man is the next heir of Trevylan?"

"He is even now the master of Trevylan; for Lord Colgate will never be seen again alive," was the low, dejected answer.

John arose to his feet.

"Come," he said, "the dawn is breaking, and this may be a hard day to face. Go home—go home, my lad, and do not despair of help if the thing you dread should happen."

Keath looked at his new friend with wistful sadness. The trouble upon him was so great that the strong, healthful confidence of the man was a support to him.

"I will go home; for they will need me there," he said; "as for the help you speak of, it must come from heaven, if at all, for the only powerful friend I had is taken from me."

John Winters laid his large, brown hand on

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the young man's shoulder; the tenderness of a woman shone in his eyes, as he bent them on that young face, and in his very touch there was a caress.

"Do not doubt that you will find friends—God always sends them in our need. Keep true to yourself, and face whatever fate has for you like a man. Now, good-day."

"Good-day. Are you going then? I was almost believing that I had found one of the friends that was to come to me from God."

John Winters smiled, and answered, gently:

"It may be so."

"Shall I never see you again?"

"Yes, we shall meet—never doubt that."

The two grasped hands as they spoke, and parted; the one walked hurriedly toward the cove, the other turned his face toward the castle, walking slow and thoughtfully.

CHAPTER XVIII.

John Winters entered Trevylan Park by the old gate, through which Delia Fitch had gone to her death. The crowd had left it open, the night before, and he passed through without hindrance, but not without a painful swelling of the heart. He kept along the brink of the river, being well acquainted with the grounds, especially that portion in the neighborhood of the wilderness, where he had gone bird-nesting as a boy. There he recognized the grand old trees, one by one, with a vague heartache. Under one he had sheltered himself, while tempting the small fish swimming up and down the stream, with the earth-worm writhing on the bent pin that served him for a hook. That splendid elm, towering above the cedars, he had climbed almost to the rook's nest, that swayed like an old basket, crushed and storm-beaten, among its topmost boughs. Even the blasted tree, with its gaunt arms stretching out from the trunk like a cross, was recognized in the distance, with a sort of weird satisfaction. Slowly, and with a feeling of deepened sadness, he kept along the path, wondering that years had left so little change there.

When he came to the pool, where Delia Fitch had perished, his heart was very heavy with thoughts of the poor girl's death, and her white face seemed looking up at him through the water, as he gazed down upon it. He had never seen her, living, but the dead beauty of her face haunted him, even through all the causes for anxiety that beset his thoughts. Indeed it mingled with and became a part of them. Had he not heard it whispered in the crowd the night before, that this orphan girl had loved the young man he had just parted with on the rocks, and that this love had, in some way, led to her death?

The dawn had broadened now; a soft rose-color melted from the east, and after that came arrowy gleams of sunshine, shooting through the trees, and touching the waters, here and there. How beautiful was the wilderness all around him. The long rushes and spear-like flags, that grew close down to the pool, were heavy with the dew that pointed every one of them with drops more brilliant than diamonds. The branches overhead were quivering with dewy brightness; birds were singing among them, and squirrels were running to and fro up the crowded limbs. The soft, sweet buzz of insect life was all around him, and one by one, he saw the water-lilies unfold their white chalices to be filled with sunshine, as if that young soul had not drifted from among them into the vastness of eternity.

Nowhere was the least trace of struggle to be seen, save that a little way down, where the pool narrowed itself to a stream, once more the green lily pods were dragged and torn up by the roots, the red-brown of their underleaf turned upwards, while some of the buds swayed, unopened, on their twisted or broken stalks—killed in their first blossoming, as the human flower had been.

John Winters turned his face another way. The very beauty of the scene was painful to him. The blasted tree stretching its gaunt limbs like a cross over his head was more in unison with his feelings. It was there the dog had stood, that night, howling forth his misery, and calling for help. He knew this by the broken twigs and patches of uprooted moss at his feet, which the faithful animal had torn up in his agony of howling.

In the loneliness of that spot, John Winters lingered, thinking over what he had heard, and striving to arrange some plan of helpfulness in his mind. At last, he left the old tree, against which he had been leaning, sought the broken traces of the ancient avenue, and pursued it till he reached the foot of the eminence which was crowned by the old castle. Here he came upon a low, stone building, so overrun with ivy and wild creeping vines, that little beyond the gray stones of the chimney, and a small window here and there could be seen of the building.

"No change here," muttered John Winters. "I might have gone away yesterday. I wonder if he has aged like my father. Ah, how sad it is to see them all white haired, and with shoulders rounded, under the burdens they once carried so lightly! I suppose Markham will be like the rest: worn out with a long life of work. Ah, there he is!"

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Spite of his many causes for sadness, John Winters smiled, and his eyes brightened, when he saw the old keeper through the open door. He was sitting at his breakfast-table, by which a young boy was stood, with a trencher of food before him, as he had stood many a time, when visiting the head keeper long ago.

When the shadow of Winters' tall form darkened the door, Markham looked that way, drawing his bushy brows together, as if frowning could aid his sight; while the boy stopped eating, and stood with the fork half-way between the plate and his lips, which fell apart, as if a spasm of dread had seized upon him.

"Good-morning, sir," said the old man, after satisfying himself that a stranger stood upon his threshold. "Who is it you may be seeking?"

Winters stepped across the threshold, and entered the little kitchen, with a bend of the head, made necessary by the low door.

"I am in search of the head keeper," he answered, fixing his eyes upon the old man, and lifting the hat from his head, as if to invite scrutiny.

"Well, you haven't far to go, my man; for I am head keeper as yet, though it is not safe to say how long it will be before the place is open, now that the tomb down yonder may be opened again. Maybe that is what brings you to Trevylan."

"No, I have not thought of that. Still it is employment that I am after, and I thought that you might take me in as under keeper. I know something of the business."

"Aye—aye, I shouldn't wonder. Every man that can drive a cart, or fire at a hay cock, thinks himself fit to be keeper, in these days."

"But I really do know something of woodcraft, as you were used to call it."

"As I used to call it! Why, man, where did ye get that, and how came ye to know what an old man may have picked up from the forefathers that have lived on the estate, from father to son, ever sin' the masters of Trevylan changed their swineherds to forresters?"

John Winters smiled, and put back his hair with a careless sweep of the hand. It was an old habit of his boyhood, but Markham did not recognize it.

"It is not strange that any one who comes within a day's ride of Trevylan should learn something of the manners and sayings of its head keeper, for he is almost as well known as the masters he has served," he said.

"The masters he has outlived to his sorrow," broke in the old man, clasping his rugged hands on the table, and bowing his face over them.

"Then you, like so many others, believe that the new earl is lost," said Winters, touched by the old man's despondency.

Markham shook his head to and fro very sadly.

"Nay. The people have been out the whole night, and no one finds a trace of him. What can be thought of it?"

Here the little lad, who had eaten nothing since the stranger came in, dropped his fork on the table, and crept out of the room. The old man did not seem to heed him, but lifted his heavy eyes to Winters.

"You want me to give you a place here, and yesterday I could have found it in my mind to think of it; for I am getting beyond my work, and want a sizable, strong man, who can lead the others, but I misdoubt me that the true line is run out, and the people up at the castle will turn the oud servants off the place, or let them die on it like the horses and dogs, while they put new fangled upstarts in their places. I, and my father, and my father's father, have been keepers so long that I cannot count back to the first of them; but if the sad news is true, and the master never comes back, the Christmas that is to be will find a new man under this roof. But it doesn't matter—it doesn't matter, for they cannot help me lying down yonder, outside of where the oud famiely are waiting; and you, lad, my great grandson, is all that will be left of us. So you see it doesn't much matter if I stay here, or am carried down yonder."

John Winters listened till his heart swelled, and his fine eyes became moist. In past years he had taken his first shot under this man's stern tuition, and loved him for many a kindly act that had given happiness to his young life.

"Do not give way," he said, bowing forward, and taking the old man's hand with a touch that seemed to awaken some vague memory in his mind. "All this may not happen."

The old man leaned forward also, and looked kindly at his visitor from under those heavy eyebrows.

"You speak as if there might be news. Have they found him? Did you come to tell that to the oud man?"

"No, Markham, I have no news of the earl, and I much fear that none will come; but I do think that the things you fear will not happen. The people up at the castle never will be permitted to scatter the old servants, or bring destruction on the place."

"Not be permitted? Who is there to help it, with the young man Belus for master, and yon' woman, the new widder, at the head?"

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"You and I must do something to help."

"You and I! Man—man, what are ye talking of?"

"Yon' woman would trample me down like dirt under her feet; as for you—but tell me who you may be; one of her own people, mayhap, for there is too much foreign speech on yer tongue for a native of these parts."

"Yet I was born on the estate."

"Born at Trevylan?"

"Yes, at Trevylan. Down at the cove, yonder. Will you not remember me now, godfather?"

"Godfather! Nay—nay, I never was godfather to but one lad, in my life, and he—a brave young fellow as ever lived—was lost at sea."

"No, Markham, he was not lost at sea!"

The old man stood up, shaded his eyes, and searched the face he had failed to remember up to that moment. Then a look of slow recognition came into his eyes. He lifted one withered hand to the younger man's shoulder, and began to laugh.

"So you are John Winters! Well, well."

"Yes, Markham, I am the lad you remember, and one who has never forgotten your kindness in the olden times."

"But does your father know?"

"Yes, and one other—Huldah."

"Why, lad, that is your wife!"

Winters did not seem to hear, but went on.

"You three—but no other person must know of my coming, or who I am. Can I trust you for that?"

"Nay, lad, I am to be trusted for anything that the Father knows of; but it was a sad bit of nonsense to come to the old man, as if it was work that ye wanted, and he in such trouble."

"But it is nothing like nonsense. I am in dead earnest, and one way or another, must get a place at Trevylan. I thought you could help me in this—because of your love for the family."

"But there is no family now. The young lord up yonder is puffed up above anything going, with his mother's conceit. He has the comely face of a Stamford, but the blood is turned to naught in his veins. I tell you, lad, it will be sorry times for both servants and tenants when that woman rules in the castle and her son is left to run the estates to ruin. They thought nothing of the crooked-back lord, as they called him a'most to his face; but it was only he that stood atween Trevylan and this woman, who had neither the birth nor fine breeding that should mate with a Stamford."

"Still, godfather, I have a reason for wishing to remain on the estate, and quite unknown. This will be easy. If you, my earliest and best friend, did not know me, there is little danger that any one else will—least of all, the people up yonder; for neither the lady nor her son has ever seen me. Even my own father was at a loss. Years and years at sea have changed me so much."

"More than years has done it," muttered the old keeper, regarding the manly, sometimes almost stern face opposite to him; then he added with a little hesitation: "There is summot here I cannot make out fairly, but the Winters were ever honest and staunch to the family. Why should I suspicion one of them now?"

The old man uttered these thoughts more loudly than he was conscious of, and John Winters heard them, with some degree of anxiety.

"I cannot stay down at the cove. The presence of a stranger there would excite curiosity, and some of the older men might have troublesome memories," he said, in explanation.

"But why not come out at once, claim your wife and son like a straightforward man, and take up with the old life? It is an honest calling."

Winters deliberated for a moment before he answered this blunt question. Then he promptly made up his mind to trust the old keeper with such portions of his plan as related to himself.

"I did come home," he said, "with full hopes of claiming my place among you; for my father is old, and I am his only son; but the events of last night have changed all this. My master, Lord Colgate, is, beyond doubt, lost—it may be murdered. Innocent men will be charged with the carelessness or crime, by which he was taken off. Even now it is given out that the young man, Keath Winters—"

"Your own son!"

John Winters lifted his hand suddenly.

"We must not speak of that. If I am to help him—and I greatly fear he will need help—it must be as a stranger; for only as such can I get access to Trevylan, under its new master."

"Ah, now I begin to see. You are right, man. If they knew that you had once been in favor with the earl that is gone, they would misdoubt. Yes. It is only new men who will find place here now—make sure of that."

"This is my reason for asking your silence and your help."

"Aye—aye. Now that I understand, you shall have both, right heartily. Your fisher lad was a rare, prime favorite with the earl, and for that they will misdoubt him, and maybe hunt him down; for some one must be brought to blame, and it may be hard to tell who was with

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the poor master lost, so you are wise to be on the watch."

"In order to be of use, you must give me both confidence and shelter under your own roof."

The old keeper shook his head despondently.

"The roof may be taken from over my own head before half the year is gone. I am an oud man, and that will be reason enough for a new head keeper of the lady's own choosing; but while I have a roof ye shall have a corner under it; as for a keeper's place, I have the right of choosing yet, and there is one lacking."

"Then let it seem to be made; but no wages, understand, only the work and freedom of the place."

"That is easy enough. There is a bit of a room in the loft, where a bed can be put."

"Or where I can swing my hammock, and be no trouble to any one, but rather a help, as you shall find me."

The old man nodded his head, with evident satisfaction. Then rising, he went to a cupboard and brought out a plate, and knife, and fork.

"I forgot that ye were out all night, among the rocks, with nothing to eat! Cut a crust from the loaf, and do not spare the fish, it is fresh from the water."

John Winters drew his chair close to the table, and helped himself to the wholesome, but rudely served, fare that was upon it. He had a long day before him, and required both strength, and time for reflection.

Once or twice, while he was eating, the small lad came stealthily up to the door, and looked in, then stole away, as if afraid to enter while the stranger remained. His breakfast had been abandoned, half-eaten, but the newcomer had frightened away his appetite, and he lingered restlessly in the thick undergrowth, wondering, in his panic-stricken mind, what could have brought that tall stranger to his grandfather's cottage; for he was a reticent, sensitive child, upon whom a great burden had been laid, and given to meek, silent thought, as children reared with old people are apt to be.

CHAPTER XIX.

When Lord Belus left Keath Winters, in the highway, he rode furiously on, till the castle hove in sight. Then he checked his horse, from whose strained mouth the foam was dropping, in front of the entrance gate, and, lifting the hat from his head, allowed the wind to blow over it. The moon was shining lightly upon him as he sat there motionless, struggling with thoughts that seemed to burn into his brain, like absolute fire. During full ten minutes he sat thus, horse and rider throwing down their united shadow, on the road, that seemed carved out of lead. The iron gate was open, and on each side of it two couchant lions, cut in granite, formed part of the silent picture; for they seemed as much alive as the horse and rider.

All at once there came gliding between these stone creatures a tall woman, shrouded in a shawl of rich oriental colors, that fell to the bottom of her garments and covered her head, like a hood.

Lord Belus knew his mother, and shut his teeth hard. He was angry that she should have come upon him thus unawares. The bag of gold was still grasped in one hand with the bridle. He drew it out of sight, and replacing his hat, rode a step forward and stopped again, for the lady stood directly in the way.

"Have they found him? Is he alive? tell me the truth, Belus, the awful truth, if I must ever hear it. What has been found?"

"Nothing," answered the young man. "Nothing worse than your madness in coming here so late at night with that look in your eyes."

"Nothing! Then he is dead?"

A low but terrible laugh broke from the man.

"Dead! Why do you ask the question as if you doubted it? Have you not longed for his death—prayed for it, if you ever pray at all? Then why do you waylay me with the question. Yes—yes, Colgate is dead. You and I will never again admire his shadow on the grass, as we did one night, you remember, unless—unless ghosts can be persuaded to throw shadows."

The woman stepped back, and looked down upon the earth, shuddering, as if she dreaded to see the shadow she had reviled on the grass.

"How will this be accounted for," she said, leaning against one of the stone lions, for the awful certainty had made her faint.

"The young man, Keath Winters, must account for it, to-morrow, the best way he can, for he was the man who took Colgate to his death. I was here, with you, at the time."

The woman sprang to her feet.

"Belus, you have done this. You have—"

"Given you a long lease of the castle yonder, and taken possession of my own; for as surely as you stand there, I am now Earl of Colgate."

"But how—?"

"These are questions that no one will ask of me. I was intending to go out with Colgate—had been with him more than once lately, with Keath to help manage the boat, but this time, my brother had a fancy to take the helm. Perhaps I doubted if he was strong enough, and that stimulated the wish. We were alone upon the beach, with him at the helm; there was no need of so many; one

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leaped ashore; the other put out to sea, and came back alone—that is all!"

Lady Colgate uttered a faint moan.

"And that other," she said, in a whisper.

"Why do you ask? I was at home with you, half an hour after the boat sailed, that you can swear to, you know. You remember, well, that we were busy until it was time to dress for dinner, examining papers that my father left in your charge. No one of these points can have escaped you—"

The woman would have fallen, but that she put forth her hand, grasping the mane of his horse.

"Come down," she said, in a low, strained voice. "Come down from the saddle. I can never get back to the castle without help."

The young man dismounted at once, drew the bridle over one arm, and passed the other about the lady's waist. She was shaking from head to foot, and her teeth chattered, as if with cold.

"Why do you tremble so, mother? Is not this the thing you have wanted?"

"But not in this way. Ah, Belus, not with blood upon your hands."

"Why, how many title deeds would hold in England, if they had not at some time been won by the blood—not of one man, but of many. Think of this, and console yourself. It is only a change of time and names. One was called bravery, the other murder; but, so long as there was no law strong enough to reach either, where lies the difference? We only end where the first noble Stamford commenced. Was there ever one, among the proudest of them, who did not glory in the bloodshed that wrested this estate from its first owner?"

The lady did not answer. She was faint with dread, and had no power to follow this cold-hearted reasoning. At last, she said,

"But the young man, this Keath?"

"Why should you care for the son of a woman you have always honored with your hatred."

"But now I could pity her. He is an only son, and she loves him."

"But he will not save himself. Like you, I was fool enough to be sorry for him, and gave him a chance for escape and absolute safety, but he would not accept it. See, I had gold with me, and forced it upon him, but he flung it from him. If he will dare fate, let him meet it if he can."

"But he knows!"

"That could not well be helped; but all the rest was taken care of. You see, mother, that while you raved and upbraided me, I acted. Did you really think that hound could fall upon me with a blow, and go on quietly living after that? He had supplanted me with Colgate, made audacious love to the woman I will marry, almost before my face, and given me a blow in the presence of his—"

Here the young man broke down, almost with a groan.

Nothing more passed between these two as they approached the castle, where lights were still burning, and an air of commotion prevailed.

On the terrace, in front of the new building, Stella Winchester was walking back and forth, in great excitement; she had come out to meet a company of the retainers, who had come in after a fruitless search along the coast, and was struck cold by the news they brought. Every hour it became more and more certain that the master of that noble mansion would never return.

When Stella saw Lady Colgate leaning so heavily on her son's arm, she went toward her, holding out both hands.

"She is ill. She is worn out with anxiety," said Lord Belus, hurrying forward. "This has been a terrible night for us all."

It was a terrible night; for no one in that mansion slept for a moment; men were coming and going till the first break of day. The dawn found two persons pacing up and down the terrace, sometimes creeping slowly among the marble vases, then again, crossing each other in gloomy silence, and again standing mute and still against the stone balustrades, looking out upon the distant sea, as if there was something in its creeping mists that fascinated them.

This was the mother and the son who, from that hour, were never seen to look steadily in each other's faces again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TOGETHER.

BY ALICE A. M'FARLAND.

ENTREAT me not to leave thee, dearest love,
Though tempests roar.
E'en though the way is dark; and distant, too,
The longed-for shore.

Could I return, oh! love, e'en if I wished,
From following thee?
I could not, for a tie more strong than death
Binds thee to me.

And where thou goest, dearest, I will go,
In coming years;
Whether the way is gay and light with smiles,
Or dark with tears.

And when, at last, the great destroyer, Death,
Shall claim his own,
Through the Dark Valley, with thee, I shall go,
Oh! not alone.

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PHEMIE'S DIAMONDS.

BY ANNIE ROBERTSON NOXON.

PHEMIE, as the beauty of the family, had been indulged and allowed to have her own way.

"If Euphemia demanded the north star, I verily believe papa would straightway begin building a ladder," said Nettie, who was, at certain seasons, obliged to undergo the indignity of wearing her beautiful sister's cast-off finery.

Now there had been a question of sending one of the girls to aunt Charlotte's, for the August season at Rye Beach; and everybody knew beforehand that it would end just as it did—in Euphemia's getting a gorgeous outfit, with a whole room full of silks and laces, which Nettie's skilful little fingers were to transform, with the help of Miss Ruggles, into a ravishing wardrobe for the spoiled beauty.

Phemie's mother noticed the fever in pale, little Nettie's flushed cheeks, and with perhaps a slight twinge of conscience, both the injustice of this setting up a shrine for one child, and cramping the bright young life of another.

"Don't fret, Nettie," she said, soothingly. "Your time will come, by and by. Your sister is older, and it is to be expected she should receive a little more attention. I don't think you lack for anything, and your father would be very grieved to hear that you had accused him of partiality. He does the best he can for us all."

"So he does, you kind, patient, little soul," said Nettie, tumbling the crisp white mull of Phemie's first ball dress in a heap, and giving her mother a penitential squeeze.

Nettie was fond of Phemie. Who would not be? For Phemie was very beautiful, with wavy, yellow hair, and sea-blue eyes.

"How lovely she will be," thought this second Cinderella, while she watched the flying thread, and dreamed sweet dreams of Phemie's triumphs.

"I shan't need this blue silk, Nettie," said Phemie, patronizingly, as she overlooked Nettie packing her trunks. "It will do nicely for you, with one new flounce, and this grenadine *Watteau* you may have also."

"Thank you," said good, little Nettie, going on with her packing, without looking up, however.

"There, how nicely you have got everything in," said Phemie, when the packing was finished. "I am sure I never could have accomplished it half so well."

She continued, after a moment:

"What a helpless girl I am! I shall be lost without you, Nettie; and shall never, in the world, get up my back hair!"

It was very lonely without Phemie at the farm house; and Nettie sat under the old apple tree, counting the daisies in the tall orchard grass, at sunset, and thinking of the foamy waves and the throbbing music. But, most of all, she thought of Phemie, radiant in blue silk and pearls, waltzing away the happy hours.

"It is all like a dream of enchantment," wrote Phemie, in her lady-like hand. "How I wish you could be here, darling, and could see how many are already at the feet of your spoiled Euphemia."

Now the dream was ended, and Phemie was at home again, a trifle taller, and more queenly, with the added charm of being "engaged."

Nettie was ready to fall down and worship Phemie, and almost hated herself for ever having said spiteful things of her. Phemie would soon be lost to her forever!

Aunt Charlotte had taken charge of the wedding *trousseau*, as Mr. Eldreth's family—Mr. Eldreth was the gentleman Phemie was to marry—was extremely aristocratic, and she dreaded their criticism. She had written so many letters, in this strain, that Phemie's mamma and Nettie began insensibly to have a sort of horror of Mr. Eldreth, and dreaded his advent among them.

Euphemia laughed softly, and said,

"The idea of any one's fearing Charlie!"

"But we are such plain people, my darling," said Nettie, wondering if Perry's lotion would, if rigorously applied to herself, remove those horrid freckles before *he* came. Who ever heard of a girl, with black hair and big, brown eyes, having freckles on the nose? Now, if she had horrid molasses-colored hair, like poor Miss Ruggles, the mantua-maker, it would not be so odd.

She mildly ventured on this important topic, while combing out Phemie's golden locks, one evening, over the snowy shoulders, which were without spot or blemish.

"Pshaw, child!" answered Phemie, good-naturedly. "Don't be absurd. Charlie, I dare say, will never see one of your freckles. He won't care so long as I haven't any."

Cruel Euphemia! Did she ever think, in after years, of that thoughtless speech?

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Meantime, there had been a mysterious interview, between Euphemia and her father, in reference to his bridal present.

"Now that Charlotte has saved me the expense of those flim-flams, dearie," said her father, "I don't know what I shall do for my share towards fitting out my darling."

"Oh, you precious old dear!" cried Phemie. "Would you really and truly give me what I want?" And Phemie patted and squeezed him.

"But you will be frightened, I know," said Phemie. "Shall I whisper?"

"Yes, if you like."

Down came the rosy mouth, and it must be confessed that the poor old gentleman, when he heard the whisper, paled a little.

"Diamonds, my pet," he cried.

"Yes!" replied Phemie, nothing abashed. The ice being once broken, she was brave enough. "Beautiful, big, flashing diamonds. Ah! they are not so horridly, awfully high, papa. Lots of girls, no richer than I am, wear them. And I am to be married, you know. And oh, I love them so! It has been the dream of my life."

"Well, darling, we shall see," said the doting old soul, kissing the sweet lips gravely.

The whole household was appalled when this new freak of Phemie's became known.

"Good gracious, father," said her mother, "you would never think of such a piece of extravagance?" And though equally the slave of the spoiled beauty, she turned pale at the thought.

Nevertheless, the diamonds were offered up as a sacrifice, in their crimson-velvet case, fairly striking Nettie dumb in silent adoration.

Phemie sat up half the night, watching the effect of the diamonds in her bedroom mirror; while Nettie said her prayers, and fell asleep. And Phemie's cruel destiny stood by, mocking the foolish girl.

For when Charlie Eldreth came, and saw the freckles, lo! he liked them. There is nothing so perverse as the human heart, you will say. But there was no perverseness here. Charlie realized, when he saw Nettie, there were no cosmetics here. Nettie Saylor was at least real flesh and blood; and—her currant tarts were delicious.

Hence it came to pass, that, after awhile, Phemie played and sang to unheeding ears. The aristocratic Mr. Eldreth, with dreamy eyes, gazed through the open window, to where two little, brown hands were feeding a flock of garrulous pigeons, and he wondered how he could ever have loved anybody but this bewitching Cinderella. Phemie was beautiful—as a portrait may be, in a gilt frame—but how could she stand the wear and tear of every-day life?

Phemie, at last, realized it all. And now she showed out of what brave stuff she was made. If her heart ached, no one knew it. If she wept the first bitter tears of her life, it was long after Nettie's eyes were closed in slumber.

"Nettie has made many sacrifices for me," she said, at last. "Shall I be less womanly? No, let her be happy, whatever comes to me."

Phemie was capable, you see, of a great sacrifice, which none rightly appreciated except her father, who wept for her.

So, one evening, she sought out Eldreth. She sought him out, we say, advisedly; for he no longer concealed his partiality for Nettie; in fact, he was always with her. But, at last, she caught him alone.

A glad light stole into his eyes, unconsciously to himself, as he heard what she said.

"And you are sure of what you say, Phemie?"

"Quite sure," she replied, in her coldest tones. "It was a summer's romance, from which I have awakened, and I beg you will release me."

An hour afterwards, Eldreth and Nettie, walking under the harvest moon, told their love openly, while Euphemia, with swollen eyes, and a broken heart, carried the glittering diamonds, which now she could not bear to gaze upon, and placing them on Nettie's table, left these lines:

"These are my gifts to you, darling sister. Sometimes, when you wear them, think of her who loved you better than herself. EUPHEMIA."

THE COMING OF SPRING.

BY MILTON H. MARBLE.

I CAN hear her welcome footsteps,
As she comes to bless the earth;
With her hands so full of flowers,
And her days so full of mirth;
On the far-off southern hill-slope,
She is journeying along.
You can hear the golden echo
Of her merry music-song.

Hold your ear down to the bosom
Of old Mother Earth: "Ho, ho!
We have only lain here sleeping
Underneath the virgin snow.
We are coming, coming, coming,
With the aid of sun and showers."
Then I know it is the voices
Of the beautiful bright flowers.

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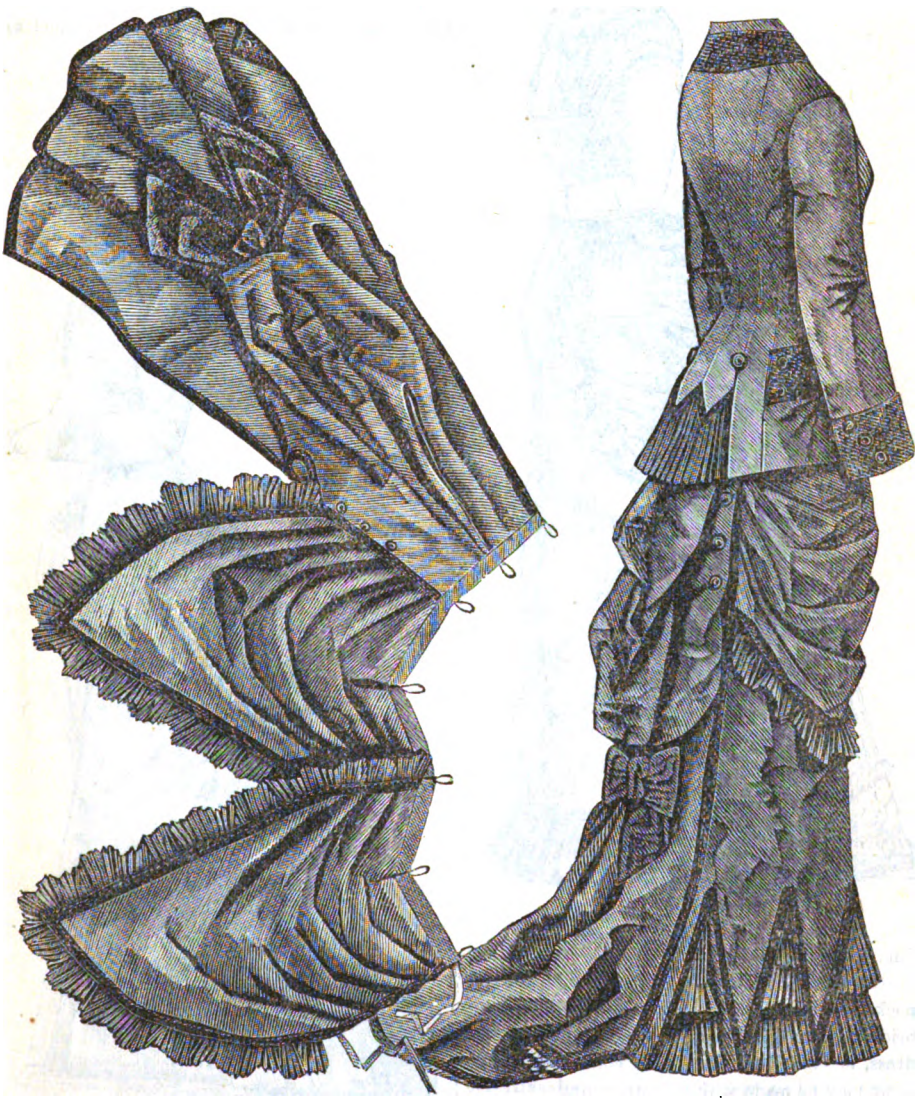
EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, (No. 1) this month, a costume of percale, made with tunic and paniers; the design for the latter we give in detail, showing how it is to be made and put together, which will be readily understood. Our model has first a foundation for the front and side gores of the skirt, on to which



No. 1.

two knife-plaitings are arranged. Over this the material is placed, cut out in deep vandykes. Then the tunic and paniers are made and adjusted to this under foundation; trimmed to correspond, with knife-plaitings on the front, and the back of the short demi-train is simply bound. The

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looping is arranged by strings underneath. The basque is cut straight in front, and the back is cut in two vandykes, half-way below the waist

No. 2.

line, where it is filled in with fine knife-plaitings to correspond with the skirt. Cuffs, collars, pockets, bindings, are all in a solid colored cambric, to correspond with the other part of the dress, or else of a contrasting color. This costume may be made with a short, round skirt for walking, and the tunic adjusted all the same. For the latter, make the trimming for the bottom of the skirt, the same all around, and the back of the tunic shorter. Fourteen to fifteen yards of material.

No. 2 is an evening-dress with paniers, made of soft India mull muslin, over either pale blue or pink silk, or Silesia. The colored under-skirt has a plaited flounce, six inches deep; then the over-skirt is arranged upon the foundation across the front and sides quite full, being gathered down the front and in two side seams, which fulness is drawn up at the back; this is edged with a plaited frill at the bottom. The paniers open in front, and the fulness is gathered up at back and sides, as may be seen, ending in the back breadth, which is looped and trimmed to

No. 3.

match. A rose quilling of silk heads the plaited frill. The basque bodice is cut in a long point, exactly in front, and then squared off at the

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sides; the back is also cut in a point which is bowed down over the panier at the back. Very short puffed sleeves. The trimming on the bodice is of the rose quilling, and is a continuation of that on the panier. Twelve to fourteen yards of mull muslin. Three to four yards of silk for quilling.

No. 3 is a simple white bunting, trimmed with black velvet. The plaited flounce is put upon a foundation, and the polonaise is cut in the princess style, buttoned down the front with velvet buttons, looped at the sides, and fastened with

No. 4.

the same, slightly puffed at the back. Velvet ribbon one and a-half inches wide is used for the band upon the polonaise. The cuffs and collar are cut out of bias velvet, in pieces to fit. Eighteen to twenty yards of bunting.

No. 4 is a lawn dress, in a simple and effective style. There is first a skirt with a short demi-train; on this is a box-plaited, or gathered flounce, one-quarter yard deep, edged with Torchon or Breton lace. The tunic is cut like a princess polonaise, and opens in front, half-way down the skirt, where a fan-plaiting is inserted. The fulness at the back of the tunic is plaited in a fan at the bottom of the tunic, and sewed to a foundation piece which extends to the waist—which is from nine to twelve inches wide, according to the size of the wearer; on this foundation the back garniture is arranged, which consists of three plaited flounces, filling up the back to the basque.

No. 5.

These flounces are all edged with the lace to correspond. A deep corsage basque, simply corded on the edge. The front is trimmed with rows of insertion and lace, forming a square. Collar and cuffs to match. This will be a very pretty design for a dotted muslin, over colored Silesia. Breton and Torchon laces are very much used for trimming all muslin dresses. Bobbinet footing two

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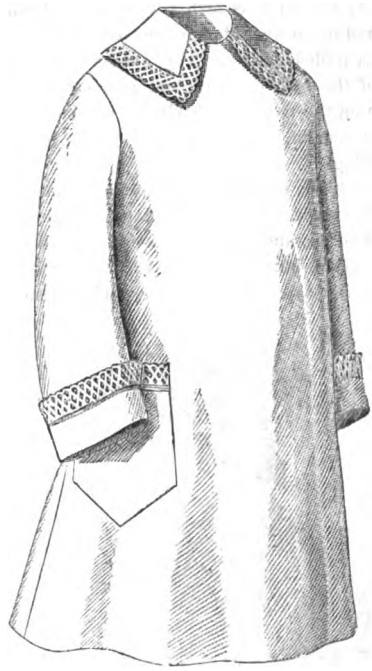
inches deep, put on in fine knife-plaiting, is also very effective, and a very inexpensive trimming for these dresses. Fifteen to sixteen yards of lawn; eighteen to twenty yards of lace; three yards of insertion.

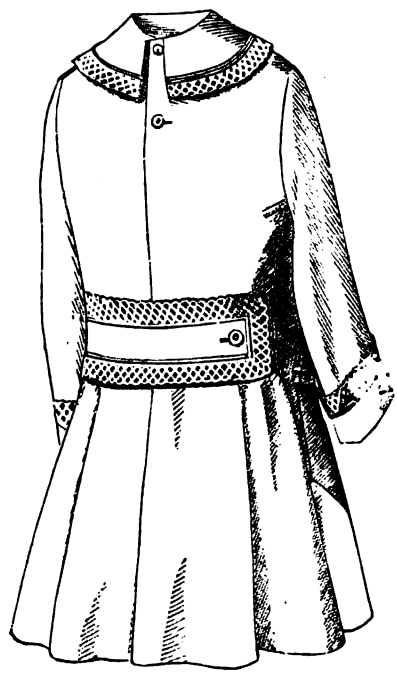
No. 5 is for a young miss of twelve or fourteen. We have, first, a kilted skirt from the waist. Over this is a simple tunic opening on the left side and without other draping. A striped vest, and over that a coat-jacket. This is a good model for *de bégé*, bunting, flannel, or any of the light-textured material, suitable for the mountains or seaside. A white piqué vest may be substituted for the striped one, or it is well to have two vests —a dark and light one—to vary the costume. Fourteen to sixteen yards of material

No. 6.

No. 6 is for a girl of six years, a piqué costume, trimmed with a wide, Hamburg flounce upon the edge of the skirt. The same is put upon the front plain; also the cuffs are formed of it. For the deep collar a narrower one is used. The collar is square at the back. A wide sash is slipped under the trimming in front, where it is left unsewed. This keeps the sash from slipping up. Bows to match trim the sleeves and make the cravat.



No. 7—A.



No. 7—B.

For a boy of three to five years, we give a blouse, back and front, (No. 7) of blue and gray linen, trimmed with worsted braid, black, white

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or crimson. The blouse buttons at the back and has a collar pointed back and front. Pocket and cuffs trimmed to correspond. This will be found useful for the hot season, without a dress, and for the winter to put over the suit for protection.

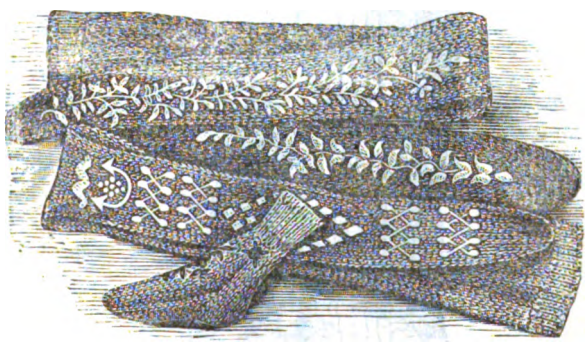
For a little girl of two to four years, we have a

No. 8—A.

No. 8—B.

model cut in the princess shape, made of washing material, and trimmed with Hamburg insertion and edging. We give the back and front, (No. 8, A and B) showing different styles of trimming.

We close with an engraving of late styles of embroidered stockings.



BABY'S BOOT. (SEE SUPPLEMENT.)

BY EMILY H. MAY.

On the Supplement, folded in with this number, will be found an engraving of a Baby's Boot, and also patterns, full size, of the four pieces of which it is made.

The boot is of white flannel or cashmere. The toe is braided, for which we give the design full size. The full size pattern consists of four pieces:

No. 1.—Half of Upper.
No. 2.—Flaps to Button Over.
No. 3.—Sole.
No. 4.—Toe.

The pieces are all lettered, and it will easily be seen how to put it together. This pattern will be very useful to young mothers.

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DRESS, WITH YOKE BODICE. (WITH SUPPLEMENT.)

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, here, an engraving of a new style of washing-dress, with a yoke bodice. Folded in, with this number, is a SUPPLEMENT, containing full-size patterns, by which to cut it out, viz.:

No. I.—HALF OF FRONT OF BODY.

No. I*.—HALF OF FRONT OF YOKE.

No. II.—HALF OF BACK OF BODY.

No. II*.—HALF OF BACK OF YOKE.

No. III.—SLEEVE.

This style of bodice is very fashionable for washing fabrics, and for slight figures. Our pattern consists of five pieces, as above. The front of the body No. I. is plaited or gathered into the front of the yoke No. I.*; and the back of the

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body No. II. is plaited or gathered into the back of the yoke No. II.*, the front piece being longer than the back; there should be no fulness under the arm, either back or front.

The yoke is trimmed with white embroidery, likewise the edge of the basque; the trimming is laid on the sleeve to simulate a cuff; the tunic is in the same style.

We give, also, on the SUPPLEMENT, full-size patterns for cutting out a BABY'S BOOT, for the description of which see under the proper head, a very useful affair.

WAX FLOWERS. No. 7.

BY MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON.

THE SWEET PEA.

Materials.—One package very light rose-pink wax, one large-headed cutting-pin, green spool wire, cut in lengths two inches long, with one stem cut five inches long for the centre or main part of the spray. Make a hook at the end of each stem, cover it with a small piece of the pink wax moulded in an oval form. Now cut twenty-four pieces the size and shape of Fig. 1.

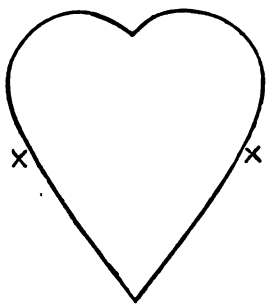

Fig. 1.

Crease a dent through the middle, and roll so that the edges marked by a cross will turn backwards. Now cut twenty-four pieces the size and shape of Fig. 2.

Roll these pieces so that they will be cupped almost double, and place them on the stem, so as to form the centre of the sweet pea. (A spray of

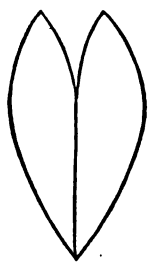

Fig. 2.

artificial or natural sweet pea will aid you very much in the arrangement of this flower). Then put on your outside pieces, so that the curves on each side will turn outwards. Finish off the calyx with a small pointed piece of light green wax. Twist the stems together, four or five in a cluster, and then attach to the main stem. The sweet pea may be made in pure white, and is very nice for wreaths or crosses.

SCARF, IN KNITTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, a design for a knitted scarf, very stylish and useful. The materials are: eight ply Berlin wool or four ply fleecy, selecting any two colors that contrast for the ends, the centre being made with one of the colors only; two knitting pins, No. 8 Bell gauge. Cast on with the wool seventy-four stitches, that is three stitches for each pattern, and two over for the edge stitches.—First row. Bring the wool in front of the pin in the right hand, then turn the wool quite round the pin, so as to bring it in the front again, and purl two stitches together; *the wool will now be in the front; turn it round the pin so as to bring it in the front again, pass the needle down the next stitch, and take it off without knitting it; then purl the next two stitches together, and repeat from * to the end of the row.—Second. Bring the wool in front of the pin, and turn it round as before, then purl two stitches together: * turn the wool round the pin, bringing it in the front; then slip the next stitch, thus—put the pin down at the back of the stitch, and, bringing the pin in the front, take off the front part of the stitch without knitting it—this stitch slipped is a long loop; then purl the two next stitches together, and repeat from * to the end of the row. All the rows are the same as the second. Knit six rows of each color alternately for about one-quarter of a yard, then, working the same stitch, but only one of the wools, knit

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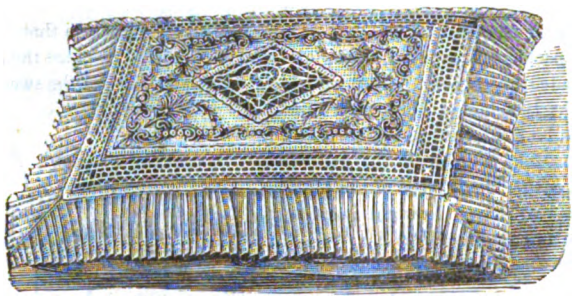
about one yard, and make the other end to correspond with the beginning. Cast off.

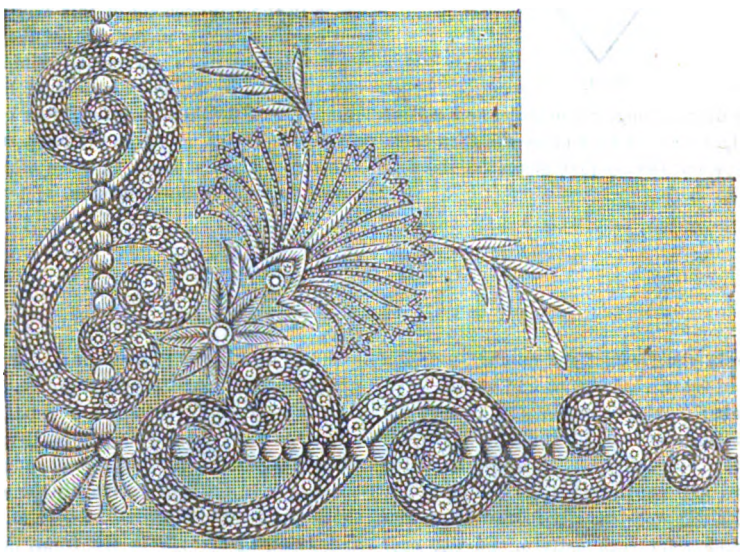
The Edge: Use the same color as the centre, and Walker's Uncotopic needle, No. 1. Crochet on the edge of the knitting a row of five chain and one plain, then two rows more the same, working the plain stitch in the five chain of the preceding row. For the fringe, cut the wool in lengths of about eight inches, and loop them into the last row of crochet.

EMBROIDERED CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Cushion of blue satin, with cover of fine Swiss muslin. The cover has in the centre a square of guipure, (we have given many designs for such.) This square is sewn on to the muslin with buttonhole-stitch, and the muslin is cut away from beneath the work. The embroidery for the corners is worked upon the muslin, in overcast, plain and purse-stitch. The border is of guipure insertion, and the cover is edged by a pleated frill of cambric, edged with lace. The frill is sewed on by vandykes in buttonhole-stitch, and the muslin is cut away from beneath the insertion to correspond with the centre piece. We give the design in full-size for the corner piece.



BORDERS FOR RUGS, TOWELS, ETC., ETC

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, printed in colors, we give four designs (all on the same page,) for working borders for rugs, toilette sets, ends of towels, etc., etc. This work is now very fashionable, and is done in cross-stitch on Java canvas, linen duck, or other suitable materials.

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CHAIR, IN ITALIAN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, here, a design for a chair cover in Italian embroidery; and in the front of the number give details of the pattern. This cover is made of felt. The band is of straight felt. The color may be either dark blue, red or maroon, for the back and seat, and the border of another material, or of the same, if preferred, richly embroidered, and finished off on the lower edge with a worsted fringe, of the same colors. It is worked with coarse embroidery silks, in stitches following the design. The oblique points forming the lozenge-shape pattern brings out the centre to advantage. It is executed by the aid of transparent canvas, on which the stitches are counted; some are cross-stitches and some are side ones, as may be seen. Between the fringe and the border a simple pattern of stars is worked upon the felt, making a pretty finish; also pointed stitches join the border to the seat. This is repeated, where the border joins the back. The rungs of the chair are covered by this same simple design, worked upon bands of the felt, wide enough to cover the rungs. After working tack them on with small upholstery tacks. However it is not necessary to cover the rungs; it is optional.

DRESSING SLIPPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a new pattern for a lady's dressing-slipper. The foundation of the slipper is of Java canvas; it consists of drawn threads, which are interlaced, and through which black ribbon velvet is drawn. The remainder of the design may be worked with Berlin wool or filoselle, according to taste, three colors or shades are needed. The front is lined with cashmere or flannel, and is sewn to a cork sole, padded and lined. A ruching of ribbon, silk cord and tassels ornament the front. This is an unusually pretty slipper.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Our "Steel" Engravings.—A cotemporary says that "oil painting is the highest department in art, and that, next in order, is the steel plate. No other style of reproduction," it adds, "can compare with it in its grade of excellence." As "Peterson" is almost the only magazine that gives steel engravings—others that pretend to do so, using lithographs, or wood-cuts printed on plate paper—this is the highest testimony that can be given to the superiority of our illustrations.

To show how expensive these steel engravings are, we propose, this month, to give our readers an insight into the processes required to produce such plates. In the first place, the designer furnishes the subject to be engraved, usually an oil painting. This design is then engraved on a highly polished plate of steel, which is about an eighth of an inch thick. The highest portions of the engraved plate produce the lights, and the deepest engraved parts the shadows or dark portions in the picture. This, it will be seen, is the reverse of type-printing. The steel plate is warmed over a furnace, to facilitate the management of ink when spread upon it. A very fine and thick ink is rolled over and into the engraved portions with a hand-roller, which is passed and repassed over the plate many times. The ink is then removed from the surface portions of the plate, first by the use of cloths, after which the naked hand more perfectly wipes the ink from the surface—some time being spent in thus polishing the plate, so that it may produce the desired grades of light, so that if brilliant they shall be mellow, and harmonize with its rich and expressive darker portions.

The plate is now removed from the furnace and placed upon the press made expressly for this kind of printing. A thick sheet of paper that has been made damp for many hours is laid over the polished plate, and is passed through the press, receiving a powerful pressure. The wet sheet with its pictured impression is carefully lifted from the plate, dried between mill boards, dry-pressed, and prepared for market,—the whole process requiring a number of days of skilful management. The warming, inking, wiping, polishing of plate, etc., must be repeated in printing each picture. No steam power or mechanical invention lifts the sheet from the press—all must be done by hand-work.

Our subscribers can now understand something of the slow and costly process by which our steel engravings are produced. Thirty of our large premium plates are as many as two men can work off in a day. The smaller plates in the magazine, such as "Who Speaks First," in this number, can be printed faster. Our fashion plates are also printed from steel, and afterwards *colored by hand*. "Peterson" is the only magazine that gives plates of this kind.

If a Lady has a Cousin visiting her, a gentleman, it is quite proper for her to take him to call, with her, on her friends, and so introduce him. When a lady is introduced to a gentleman, she is the proper one to bow first, on meeting in the street afterwards: she thus reserves the right to decline further acquaintance, if she prefers it.

"No Other Can Fill."—The Peekskill (N. Y.) Democrat says of this magazine, that it "occupies a place in the household that no other publication can satisfactorily fill, both by its stock of the latest Parisian fashions, and by its serials, short sketches, and editorials. The last number is superior to any previously issued in all respects."

A Cottage Water-Filter.—Those who cannot afford to buy a filter may easily make one. Stuff a piece of sponge in the hole of a flower-pot, place above this a layer of pebbles, then a layer of coarse sand, and above this a layer of pounded charcoal, three or four inches in depth. Another layer of pebbles should be placed above the charcoal, to prevent it from being stirred up when the water is poured in. The contents of the flower-pot should be occasionally renewed. But by a small addition to this a cottage-filter may be made, which, for practical use, is quite equal to the most expensive filter of corresponding size. It consists of two flower-pots, one above the other, the lower one fitted with a sponge and filtering layers, above described, and the upper one with a sponge only. The upper pot should be the largest, and if the lower one is strong the upper one may stand on it, or a piece of wood with a hole to receive the upper pot may rest on the brim of the lower one. The two pots thus arranged are placed upon a three-legged stool with a hole in it, through which the projecting part of the lower sponge passes, and the water drops into a jug placed below. The upper pot serves as a reservoir, and the sponge stops the coarser impurities, and thus the filtering layers of the lower one may be used for two or three years, without being renewed, if the upper sponge be occasionally cleaned. Care must be taken to wedge in the upper sponge tightly enough to prevent the water passing through the upper pot more rapidly than it can filter through the lower one.

The Fashion Editors of this magazine—we, the literary editors, may remark—aim at something higher than others. They are not mere mechanical dressmakers, nor do they go to such for patterns: they look at dressing from a higher point of view, and seek to elevate it to an art. Hence, they select only the designs of the greatest *modistes*, such as Worth, Pingot, etc., etc. These they furnish in such numbers and variety that every lady can find something suitable, not only for her particular style, but also in price. Elsewhere, only second-rate, or even third-rate designs are given, generally those of dealers who seek thus to get rid of their goods. In fact, most of the so-called "fashion" books are merely advertising sheets for parties interested in selling dry goods, dresses, bonnets, etc., etc. In no true sense are they guides in fashion. If you wish to get unbiassed accounts of the real fashions, you must come to "Peterson."

"First in the Country."—The Sharon (Pa.) Herald says: "The last number of 'Peterson,' not only fully sustains the expectations formed of it at the beginning of the year, but contains new features that will be a happy surprise to its numerous readers and the general public. In the beauty of its engravings, fashion plates, and other illustrations, the high standard of literary excellence, the variety and quantity of its contents, 'Peterson's' is pre-eminently the first of the ladies' books published in this country."

"The Tragedy of Trevylan."—The Sherman (Mich.) Pioneer says of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens' novelet, now running through this magazine, "it is intensely interesting," and the newspaper press, universally, echoes this opinion. The chapters, yet to come, deepen in interest.

An Angry Word is easily spoken, but hard to recall, and always bitterly repented of, if spoken to one we love.

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A Good Time to Subscribe.—A new volume begins with this number, affording the right time to subscribe. The universal testimony of the newspapers, is that no other magazine of its kind gives so much, for so little money, as "Peterson." Says the Salem (Mass.) Gazette, for example: "The fashion plates and patterns are all that any lady could ask for, while the reading matter is suited to all tastes. Peterson's is most emphatically the 'ladies' magazine,' and those who have not yet subscribed for it should do so at once." We can still supply back numbers from January inclusive, to all who wish to begin with the January number. But subscribers may begin with any number they choose.

To clubs our prices are especially tempting. Thus, at $1.62½ each, we send four copies for one year, and an extra copy as premium, to the person getting up the club; or five copies, at $1.60 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of "Christ Blessing Little Children," as premiums; all postage free. Or six copies, at $1.50 each, and an extra copy as premium for getting up the club; or seven copies, at $1.50 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of "Christ Blessing Little Children," as premiums: all postage free. Or we will send, instead of "Christ Blessing Little Children," any other of our premium plates, if preferred, or either the "Gems of Art," or the "Pictorial Annual."

The Necessity of Ventilation.—Many persons complain of always getting up tired in the morning. This is very often due to defective ventilation of the bedroom, or from using an undue amount of warm bed-clothes and bedding. Feather beds are too soft and yielding, and partially envelope the sleeper, thus producing profuse perspiration. The habit of lying too much under blankets is also very pernicious by reason of the carbonic acid thrown off by the sleeper being respired. Again, it is a common error to suppose that by simply opening a window a little at the top, a room can be ventilated. People forget that for proper ventilation there must be an inlet and outlet for the air. In bedrooms there is often neither, and if there is a fireplace, it is generally closed up. Again, it is a mistake to suppose that foul air goes to the top of a room. Certainly the heated air goes to the top, but the chief impurity, the carbonic acid, falls to the bottom. There is nothing so efficacious in removing the lower strata of air as the ordinary open fireplace, especially if there is a fire burning. No method of ventilation has yet been discovered half so efficacious.

Crystallized Flowers.—A simple method of covering fresh flowers with alum crystallization is as follows: Make baskets of pliable copper wire, and wrap them with gauze. Into these tie to the bottom violets, ferns, geranium leaves, chrysanthemums—in fact, any flowers except full-blown roses—and sink them in a solution of alum of one pound to the gallon of water, after the solution has cooled, as their colors will then be preserved in their original beauty, and the crystallized alum will hold faster than when from a hot solution. When you have a light covering of distinct crystals that cover completely the articles, remove carefully, and allow them to drain for twelve hours.

Back Numbers of this Magazine can be had of all newsdealers, or of the publisher. In case the newsdealers should happen to be out of them, write to us, enclosing the price, and the back number, or numbers, will be forwarded, postage free, by return of mail. Back numbers of 1879, 1878, and 1877 can always be supplied.

"Rare Literary Merit."—The Salisbury (Md.) Advertiser says: "The last number of 'Peterson' opens with a thrilling story, and is followed by 'Little Moccassin' and others of rare literary merit. If you want a good, highly moral, and meritorious magazine for your family, send for it."

Patterns of our Every-Day dresses, or for the costumes in our colored fashion plate, or for our Children's dresses, paletot, etc., may be had on application by letter enclosing price of pattern, of Mrs. M. A. Jones, Importer and Designer of Paper Patterns, No. 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia. Mrs. Jones will also supply a new Chart, with all the latest improvements thoroughly taught. Price, $5.00. In sending for patterns, always send the number of inches around the bust, length of sleeve and around the waist. If for a child, name the age. Children's suits, 25 cents; basque patterns, 25 cents; over-dress, etc., 25 cents. Remember that all these are late Paris patterns, and not the second-rate costumes offered elsewhere.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

"L'Assommoir." By Émile Zola. Translated by John Sterling. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The old controversy between the realists and idealists has broken out again in Paris, and, for the present, at least, the realists seem to be having it all their own way. This may be only a natural reaction against the excesses of the romantic school, as typified in Victor Hugo and Lamartine, or it may be, as the realists contend, with the author of this novel at their head, a permanent change in taste. It extends, not only to literature, however, but to art, for Meissonier has supplanted Amy Schaeffer quite as effectively as Émile Zola has George Sand. As the most powerful fiction by the acknowledged leader of the realists, "L'Assommoir" is worth reading, even by confirmed romanticists. The novel has already reached an edition of one hundred thousand abroad, and maintains its popularity nothwithstanding hosts of imitators. Certainly, if realism of the most realistic kind, if always calling a spade a spade no matter what the circumstances, is the truest art, then the book before us is one of very great merit. Its power no one can gainsay. The closing chapters are absolutely horrible in their truthfulness. The story, we may say, is intended to portray the evils of drunkenness, and the chapters in question describe a death by *delirium tremens*. No temperance tract, that has ever came in our way, is half so appalling, in its pictures, as this novel.

Rhona. By Mrs. Forrester. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—This lady is already favorably known as a novelist of English life; and her present story, in most respects, is even better than its predecessors. There is a moral purpose sought to be carried out in it, at least, which may recommend it to a large circle of readers. Mrs. Forrester seeks to impress, on young girls, that, in marrying, they must not expect to find the lover surviving in the husband, but, on the contrary, must look for a very serious diminution of attentions, and must also be content with the change, if they would be happy. With all its merits, the story has the fault of so many of its kind: it is too sentimental, absurdly so at times, indeed.

Markof, the Russian Violinist. By Henry Gréville. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—We have, here, what is, perhaps, the best of the many excellent novels by Henry Gréville. Her novels of French life are always good, but we think we like her Russian stories best, and of all her tales of this description, "Markof," on the whole, pleases us most. The translation is by Miss Helen Stanley, and is capital; her translations have won the praise of the author herself. The volume is handsomely printed, in a style to match "L'Assommoir," and other recent novels by T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The Abbe's Temptation. By Émile Zola. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Another of the realistic novels of this new and powerful writer. It is published in a style to match "L'Assommoir."

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE!—This is a favorable time, (see the Prospectus,) to subscribe for this magazine. Says the Middleton (N. Y.) Mail, "Constant improvements are being made in 'Peterson,' the best of its kind." The Catasaqua (Pa.) Record says, "The stories are of a character rarely met with now; with more plot and artistic merit; the whole number is exceptionally bright in every department." The Hastings (Mich.) Journal says, "The last number is above the standard even of this excellent monthly. 'Peterson' contains more, too, than many higher-priced magazines." The Clinton (Ind.) Herald says, "Full of the very best magazine literature; the steel plate, in this number, is alone worth the subscription price." The Rochester (Ill.) Democrat says, "Nothing but an enormous circulation could enable Mr. Peterson to furnish such a magazine. The few ladies, who have not done so, should subscribe at once." The Mountain (W. Va.) Echo says, "Each of the departments is perfection; a better lady's book cannot be found." The Gloucester (Mass.) Bulletin says, "It is emphatically *the* ladies magazine. Those who have not subscribed, should do so at once." The Benson Co. (Mich.) Journal says, "The steel engravings, double-page fashion plates, colored embroidery pattern, and full-sized diagram are worth more than the price, even without the vast amount of useful and interesting reading matter." The Lynn (Mass.) Record says, "A model of its kind." Send on two dollars for a single subscription, or get up a club, and lose no time.

THE MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN COMPANY'S SILVER ANNIVERSARY.—The Boston Daily Globe says: "The silver anniversary of the Mason & Hamlin Organ Company, being the completion of the twenty-fifth year since the commencement of their business, was celebrated by them by a dinner at Young's Hotel on the 16th inst. The company began business with factories having capacity for the manufacture of 200 melodeons per year; value, less than $100 for the best. It has now capacity for more than 200 organs per week, or 10,000 per year; value of the best, $500 or upwards each. The great success thus achieved is due to the great improvements effected by this company in such instruments, and their rigid adherence to the determination with which they commenced to make always and only the very best work. By these means they have deserved and commanded a world-wide reputation, securing sale for their organs in every civilized country which has not a prohibitory tariff."

IT'S ECONOMY TO BUY THE BEST.—The vain attempts to imitate the "Royal Baking Powder" by other manufacturers during the past fifteen years, have proved wholly abortive. It is claimed for every new brand that it is just as good as the Royal, while they are cheapened with flour, or drugged with the hurtful alum. The pure grape cream tartar from which Royal Baking Powder is made, is imported expressly for it from the Wine District of France. Manufacturers of this brand, with a far-seeing eye, have always used the best and most wholesome materials, and are said to be the largest users of cream of tartar in the world.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson" has had, for more than twenty years a circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia.

THE CATALOGUE OF CHEAP and good novels, published, gratis, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, furnishes the best list, on the whole, of works adapted for summer reading. Send for a catalogue, and order what you want.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. VII.—ABIES—ITS VARIETIES.

HAVING spoken of the chief plants and shrubs that belong in or about gardens, I now will endeavor to interest mothers and their daughters in the Medical Flora of the "Field and Forest;" to invite them to walk forth with me in the great domain of Nature, and see what, in the goodness of Providence, has been provided for us to prevent, relieve or cure many of the diseases incident to our frail natures. And will it not be a pleasant and profitable study to recognize the names and to know the medicinal properties and uses of every frail plant, every little shrub and majestic tree that meets our view?

Taking them up in alphabetical order, botanically, we cannot pass by the *Abies Canadensis*, called also *Pinus Canadensis*, a tree known throughout the United States as the *hemlock spruce*, and so generally diffused throughout North America, that it has been adopted to some extent as *emblematic* in vignettes, on maps and other devices, having reference to this continent.

It grows to the height of forty to sixty feet, tapering much above, with branches long, horizontal or depending below; leaves half to three-quarters inch in length, shining green above, bluish glaucous beneath; strobiles or cones about one inch long, also bluish glaucous when young, but finally become light brown with age. Its bark, abounding in astringency, is much used for tanning in the northern States, and the aborigines employed it to dye their splints, which they used in making baskets, a red color. When the tree becomes old, considerable juice exudes and hardens upon the bark, from which is obtained, when scraped off, boiled or melted and strained, what is known as *hemlock gum*. This gum is much esteemed in the form of plaster—as a warming and stimulant application to habitually cold, sore or painful parts. The *hemlock oil* obtained from this species is highly esteemed also for bathing purposes in chronic rheumatic affections, and enters into the composition of various proprietary liniments.

The *Abies Excelsa: Norway Spruce*, or *Fir;* a very lofty tree, sometimes rising one hundred and fifty feet in height, with a trunk from three to five feet in diameter; a native of Europe and Northern Asia; furnishes us with the *Burgundy Pitch*, which derives its name from the province of Burgundy, in the east of France.

The branches of this tree are spreading, and its branchlets pendulous; leaves about one inch long, scattered round its branches; cones from five to nine inches long, nearly cylindrical; light brown. This stately, solemn-looking tree, with its numerous dark green waving branchlets is becoming frequent in yards, lawns and ornamental grounds. The pitch is obtained by removing a portion of the bark, so as to lay bare the wood, upon which flakes of concrete resinous matter form, which, being detached by scrapers of iron, is melted with water in large boilers, and then strained through coarse cloths.

When pure it is quite opaque; of a yellowish color. Applied to the skin in the form of a plaster, it acts as a gentle rubefacient, and is useful in cases of chronic rheumatic pains, weakness of the breast or back; and when applied to the spine between the shoulders will generally prevent very susceptible persons from taking cold.

The other species of the *Abies* are (1) *A. Balsamea: Balsam Fir*, or *Balm of Gilead;* a tree with symmetrical branches, forming a conical top; cones three to four inches long, violet purple; found in yards and lawns, though a

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native of the mountains; and is more ornamental than useful as a shade tree.

(2). *A. Picea* or *Silver Fir*, with branches horizontal, a smooth, whitish bark, cones three to four inches long also, but of a reddish-green at first—finally brown; a more beautiful and larger tree than the preceding, and is frequently seen on grounds of persons of taste.

(3). *A. Alba: White or Single Spruce;* a tree of light-colored bark; cones one to nearly two inches in length, almost cylindrical, and pale brown. Cultivated as an ornamental tree in yards, lawns, etc., and is a native of the northern States.

(4). *A. Nigra: Black or Double Spruce;* a tall tree, with handsome, conical top; becoming frequent as an ornamental shade tree; the young branches of which the matrons of the country are (or were,) in the habit of using to flavor what they call *spruce beer.*

These few characteristics will enable any one interested to distinguish each species or variety of these fine evergreens. They are, however, of little or no medicinal value.

FLORICULTURE.

Ferns and Their Treatment.—It is well-known that ferns will grow where flowering plants will perish. Their chief requirements are moisture and shade; and, best of all, Dame Nature gives them freely to all who choose to gather them, in the greenwoods and hedgerows, and on the open plains. No costly appliances are necessary to their culture; the simplest and least expensive materials will answer, and the exquisite gracefulness of the ferns will overshadow and cover all deficiencies of plant case or flower plot. But to those who can afford to decorate and embellish the house they inhabit, every artistic accessory is open which modern taste has invented. Fern cases, stands, pockets, brackets, boxes, hanging baskets, and pots of innumerable variety can be procured, each season producing something novel.

In taking up ferns from the open air for home decoration, be careful to take up also a good ball of earth around the roots, and to notice the kind of earth in which you found them growing, and all the small circumstances connected with their habitat or dwelling-place.

In proportion to your success in reproducing these will be the flourishing of your fern visitor. Fern soil is generally composed of leaf mould, peat, and loam, and most old woods and forests will be found to furnish all these, oftentimes lying in regular gradation one over the other. Perhaps, however, the woods and forests are a long way off, and nothing is attainable but the rough soil of the garden; in this case, you must get some sandy loam from the nurseryman, to render it lighter and more friable, and add some chemical fertilizer as a substitute for the leaf mould. And it is wonderful what effect may be produced by the expenditure of a little money and a great deal of trouble in the ugly back premises of a town house. A stone taken up in the paved yard will be an opening for a perfect "fern paradise" in that unsightly place, and the dark, damp back window has an unknown capacity for decoration.

MANAGEMENT OF INFANTS.

Fresh Air.—Children's sleeping rooms *must* have fresh air, it is absolutely indispensable to their health and beauty.

As baby gets bigger, and leaves his mother's room, he is sometimes promoted to his brother's and sister's nursery, sometimes to a nursery of his own, with his nurse.

If *possible* let the night nursery be distinct from the day one; one room cannot serve for the two purposes. The day nursery should be bright, and cheerful, and airy, not, as it too often is, the gloomiest room in the house, because "the children don't mind a dull room." Never was there a greater mistake; and there should be one room in the house (not only for the child's sake, but for the comfort of *all* the inmates,) where toys can be arranged according to childish fancy, chairs harnessed, and Lilliputian tea-parties given, without distracting the other members of the family. Only plain but strong furniture will stand the onslaughts of the young warriors, and Jehus. For many larger children, growing plants in sunny windows are a great pleasure, and they are now considered very healthy, though, some years ago, they were banished from all living-rooms.

The night nursery, too, should be in a dry part of the house, a room upon which the sun shines some portion of every day, and the longer the better. If you are fortunate enough to possess a room that you can spare for a night nursery, let each child have a separate cot, or small bed; never crowd three or four together in *one*, no matter if the bed is a large one. And if possible, do not let the children sleep with grown people; it is too common a practice to let one or two little children sleep in bed with a servant; we do not mean young infants in charge of its nurse, but older children who are thus huddled up, for want of room, or worse, to save *trouble:* rather let them sleep "two in a bed" themselves, than allow this. Some servants are models of cleanliness, but too many, who are neat about their work, are personally untidy; moreover, it is *unhealthy* for children to sleep habitually with grown persons.

No curtains or hangings should be placed around baby's bed; and, as we said before, the bed-clothing should be light, but warm. Mattresses of hair or wool should be used, *not* feather beds. Except the climate be very cold, the rooms that children habitually occupy should be as much without carpets as possible; in mild climates a square in the middle of the room is all that is necessary; the rest of the floor should be painted or stained a dark brown; the bit of carpet can then be taken up and shaken frequently, and the woodwork easily swept every day, and wiped up with a damp cloth every night.

In the morning, as soon as the children have left the room, the beds should be literally pulled to pieces—not taken off altogether in a "bundle," but each article separately, spreading them out as much as possible, over chairs, etc.; the mattresses should be turned up so as to air the under sides. Then the windows should be opened wide, letting the sash down a few inches from the top, and at once remove everything in the way of "slops," etc., from the room, that ought to be removed, and every vessel should be thoroughly cleaned with warm water and soda; the longer the room is left to air, the better; two hours at least should be allowed for the purpose. Let there be certain days for changing the bed linen, and this should be done regularly—not only when it seems to need it.

Once a week the room should be scrubbed, or wiped up, with a piece of chloride of lime in the water; both winter and summer this should be done, but early in the morning, so that it will have time to dry, and if the day is wet or damp, it should be deferred till a dry one. "Prevention is better than cure," and by looking well after a plentiful supply of fresh air, and by trying to keep it fresh, we may save much grief, and even expense, in our households. Disinfecting fluids are very inexpensive; they are almost as much needed in cool days as in hot ones, but unfortunately too many of us forget to take the commonest sanitary precautions for the health of our children or of ourselves, till fever and diptheria and other evils are in our doors.

If, on account of want of room, the day nursery is also used for sleeping in at night, all the precautions of which we have spoken are still more obligatory. The room should have its morning airing, as we have suggested, and when played in all day, with perhaps a big stove to heat it, the

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little ones should be turned out of it before their bed-time, and it should have a thorough ventilation. The dry heat of a stove is very objectionable, a fireplace is much healthier, as the fire causes a draught up the chimney, which keeps the air much purer. For a bedroom, the fireplace should always be open, if there is no other way of ventilating the room at night; or an inch or so of the *upper* sash of the window that is furthest from the bed, may be kept down.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

RULES FOR MOTHERS DURING THE HOT SEASON.—The Board of Health has published the following rules for the care of children during the hot season:

Nursing of Infants.—Over-feeding does more harm than anything else; nurse an infant a month or two old every two or three hours.

Nurse an infant of six months and over five times in twenty-four hours, and no more.

If an infant is thirsty, give it pure water or barley water; no sugar.

On the hottest days a few drops of whiskey may be added to either water or food; the whiskey not to exceed a teaspoonful in twenty-four hours.

Feeding of Infants.—Boil a teaspoonful of powdered barley (ground in coffee grinder) and a gill of water, with a little salt, for fifteen minutes, strain, then mix it with half as much boiled milk, add a lump of white sugar size of a walnut, and give it lukewarm, from a nursing bottle. Keep bottle and mouthpiece in a bowl of water when not in use, to which a little soda may be added.

For infants five or six months old, give half barley water and half boiled milk, with salt and a lump of sugar.

For older infants, give more milk than barley water.

For infants very costive, give oatmeal instead of barley. Cook and strain as before.

When your breast milk is only half enough, change off between breast milk and this prepared food.

In hot weather, if blue litmus paper, applied to the food, turns red, the food is too acid, and you must make a fresh mess, or add a pinch of baking soda.

Infants of six months may have beef tea or beef soup once a day, by itself, or mixed with other food; and when ten or twelve months old, a crust of bread and a piece of rare beef to suck.

No child under two years ought to eat at your table.

Give no candies, in fact, nothing that is not contained in these rules, without a doctor's orders.

Summer Complaint.—It comes from overfeeding, and hot and foul air. Keep doors and windows open.

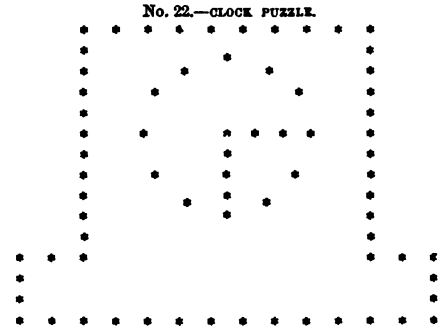
Wash your well children with cold water twice a day, and oftener in the hot season.

Never neglect looseness of the bowels in an infant; consult the family or dispensary physician at once, and he will give you rules about what it should take and how it should be nursed. Keep your rooms as cool as possible, have them well ventilated, and do not allow any bad smell to come from sinks, privies, garbage boxes, or gutters about the house where you live. See that your own apartments are right. Where an infant is cross and irritable in the hot weather a trip on the water will do it a great deal of good (ferryboat or steamboat), and may prevent cholera infantum.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers. ☜

No. 22.—CLOCK PUZZLE.



The horizontals are all read from left to right, the perpendiculars down. The frame of the clock is formed of eight different words. Begin at the top, and follow in order around to the right. 1. Top line, Mildness. 2. Abuse. 3. To allow. 4. To praise. 5. Injurious. 6. A rod. 7. To pierce. 8. Distance. The dial-plate is a word of twelve letters meaning easy to be shown. The long hand signifies misfortune, and the short hand a crustaceous fish.

Marblehead, Mass. G. C.

No. 23.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in chair, but not in stool;
My second is in rapids, but not in pool;
My third is in fight, but not in row;
My fourth is in face, but not in brow;
My fifth is in king, and also in knight;
My sixth is in eagle, and also in kite;
My seventh is in teeth, and also in toes;
My whole is a game that every boy knows.

Philadelphia, Pa. M. × A.

No. 24.—CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS.

Syncopate a dotard, and get an agent. Syncopate shore, and get price. Syncopate a Greek nobleman, and get an animal. Syncopate a shrub, and get pious. Syncopate a measure, and get cells for honey. Syncopate a child's toy, and get a mineral.

The syncopated letters give the name of a distinguished American who died abroad.

Providence, R. I. TWILL.

No. 25.—WORD SQUARES.

I.

In the smallest degree. Vehement. Past. The leaves of the cassia. To walk.

II.

Grateful. To insert. Corroded. An incident. A tithe.

Poultney, Vt. CHAS.

No. 26.—LETTER PUZZLE.

Four letters I may truly say,
Comprise my little store;
But if you take just one away,
You leave me fifty-four.

Prescott, Kan. ETHA BROOK.

No. 27.—CURTAILMENTS.

1. Curtail a liquor, and leave to gain.
2. Curtail small, and leave a metal.
3. Curtail anguish, and leave a vessel.
4. Curtail a crew, and leave an interdiction.
5. Curtail a sound, and leave a weight.
6. Curtail a piece of music, and leave a measure.

Georgetown, Cal. "EL DORADO."

Answers Next Month.

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ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

No. 17.

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A L T E R A B L E N E S S
L V                     C T
L   A R T I C H O K E   E
H   S S             N R N
A   P   T H R E E   A   O
L   E   R       A   D   G
L   R   A       G   I   R
O   S   I       L   C   A
W   I   L E A V E   A   P
T   O U             X T H
I   N I C T I T A T E   I
D G                     R S
E Q U I P O N D E R A N T
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No. 18

1. Dyer. 2. Crabbe. 3. Southey. 4. Goldsmith. 5. Johnson. 6. Ramsay. 7. Chatterton.

No. 19.

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      T
    T A P
T   A P E   T
    P E T
      T
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No. 20.

Pelican.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

MEATS.

Stewed Mutton Chops.—Trim away nearly all the fat from a thick chop, taken from the middle of the loin; place it in a small, brown earthenware stewing-pot, add a large pinch of salt, a small one of pepper, and a finely-minced onion. If this last is objected to, it must be omitted. Cover the chop with water, put on the lid of the pot, set it in a saucepan of water, and let it boil gently for an hour and a-half, until perfectly tender. When done drain away the gravy from the chop, put it in a basin, which set in another containing cold water, in order that the fat may rise quickly. Having carefully removed every particle of grease from the gravy, boil it in a stewpan, and thicken it with a teaspoonful of flour mixed in cold water until smooth. Put the gravy into the stewing pot with the chop, let them simmer gently for ten minutes, and serve.

Chicken Dressed with Tomatoes.—Fry the chicken a light brown; put it into a dish; then pour into the pan in which it was fried, one quart of boiling water, one onion chopped fine with parsley, four tomatoes a little stewed, one tablespoon of butter rolled in one tablespoon of flour. Let it stew for fifteen minutes, and then pour it upon the fried chicken, and serve. This receipt is for two large chickens.

Beefsteak with Tomato Sauce.—Take one and a-half dozen ripe tomatoes; skin, and scald them; put them in a saucepan, with one-half pint of good beef gravy; season with salt and pepper, and put them to stew for one hour. When the steak is nicely broiled, pour this sauce upon it, and send it to the table.

VEGETABLES.

Baked Tomatoes.—Take off stalks, cut in thick slices, add pepper, salt, and butter; put in deep baking dish; cover with bread crumbs and a little oiled butter; bake half an hour. *Stewed.*—To eight tomatoes allow two ounces butter, two tablespoonfuls vinegar, pepper, and salt; slice in pan with the butter, stew about twenty-five minutes, then add vinegar and seasoning. Or stew with an equal quantity of onions in good gravy; add a thickening of butter and flour, and a squeeze of lemon before serving. Tomatoes are excellent stewed with a very little water; then served cold with sliced cucumber and onions, to be dressed to taste at table with oil and vinegar; very good with cold veal.

Egg-Plant Baked.—First parboil the egg-plant; then take off the skin in two pieces; lay the skins on a dish, the one it is to be baked in; mix with the egg-plant, crumbs of bread, butter, pepper, and salt. Then put it in the skins; cover it with grated bread crumbs, and bake. A little ham or bacon, cut fine, and mixed in. Remove the skins if preferred.

Baked Tomatoes.—Pour boiling water over them, then in a few minutes the skins can be easily removed. Put them into a baking dish with bread crumbs, butter, pepper, and salt, one onion, if you like it. Sift corn meal over the top of them, and bake them slowly. They will take between two and three hours to bake. If they are acid, use sugar instead of salt.

Boiled Green Corn.—Green corn should always be boiled on the cob, with the inner husks on it. To prepare it turn down the inner husks, cut off the upper end, wash the corn, and replace the husks.

Boil it about half an hour in water salted to the taste. It should be cooked in just enough water to cover it.

Fried Tomatoes.—Take cold stewed tomatoes well-seasoned, add to them sufficient fine bread crumbs to enable you to form into cakes, fry in butter to a light brown. Fresh tomatoes, sliced and rolled in fine crumbs (first salting them), fried in the same manner, are very nice.

Tomatoes.—Prick them, put then them into a jar with a little vinegar just to cover them, set the jar covered close on the hot stove or in the oven, and stew gently till thoroughly done. They are also nice sliced thin, raw, and served with vinegar and pepper, like cucumber.

Tomato Sauce.—Take eight ripe tomatoes; cut them up, skins and all, and stew them until they are very soft; press them through a sieve; season with salt and cayenne pepper. Add five tablespoons of brown gravy; stir it all well together, and heat it.

Young Ochres and Tomatoes.—Take an equal quantity of each; slice the ochre, and skin the tomatoes; put it into a saucepan, without water; add a small quantity of butter, pepper and salt, one onion chopped fine. Stew for one hour, and serve.

Tomato Paste for Soup.—Skin the tomatoes, and stew them quite dry; then put them upon china plates, and put them in the sun to dry. When dried into a paste, put it into jars, and tie them down. This can be kept all winter, if put in a cool, dry place.

JAMS.

Apricot, Peach, or Plum.—Take equal quantities of fruit and sugar, pound the sugar, pare and cut up with a silver knife some ripe apricots, peaches, or magnums, remove the stones, lay the fruit in a dish, strew over them half the sugar, and leave them until the following day; then boil and skim the remainder of the sugar, add the fruit, boil it up quickly, well skimming and stirring for twenty minutes; add the blanched kernels halved, boil for ten minutes more, and the jam will be ready to pot.

Raspberry Jam.—To a pound of fruit weigh a pound of sugar; mash the fruit in a pan with a wooden spoon; put the sugar to it, and boil it hard for fifteen or twenty minutes.

To four pounds of raspberries you may add one pound of ripe currants; they give the jam a fine flavor and a pretty color.

Blackberry jam is made in the same manner; only leave out the currants.

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Raspberry.—To every pound of picked raspberries allow one pound of sugar and one pint of currant juice. Boil the raspberries and currant juice, stirring well, for a quarter of an hour; add the sugar, and boil quickly until it jellies (about half an hour); skim carefully as above.

Green Gage Jam.—Wash the fruit, and stew it with enough water to keep them from scorching. Mash them, and strain through a colander. To a pint of pulp add a pound of sugar. When the sugar is dissolved, boil it till it is a smooth mass. Plum jam is made in the same way.

Currant (Red, Black, or White).—Take ripe currants, strip off the stalks, and to each pound allow three-quarters pound of loaf sugar; boil the fruit to a pulp, add the sugar, boil quickly for half an hour, stirring and skimming well.

Pineapple Jam.—This is made like all other jams, only the pineapple is grated.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

Fig. I.—Evening-Dress of Light Blue Gauze, Over Light Yellow Silk; the train is very long, and is trimmed around the bottom with a box-plaited ruffle of blue silk, and a knife-plaited ruffle of light yellow silk; the dress has a princess back, but is made full on the hips, and is trimmed with white lace and crimson roses; the berthé and sleeves are white; crimson rose in the hair.

Fig. II.—Evening-Dress of White Gauze, Over Pink Silk; the apron front, as well as the sides of the dress at the back is trimmed with white lace, and broader white lace is put on in a *jabot* with roses in it, down the entire front; the dress is in the princess style and is fastened in front under the *jabot* of lace; it is made quite *bruffant* on the hips, as if worn over *paniers;* it opens twice on each side, and shows many narrow ruffles of the pink silk, plaited and pinked out at the edge; the waist is trimmed with pink silk, and red roses trim the sides.

Fig. III.—Walking-Dress of Black Striped Grenadine; he back is caught up quite full, and is ornamented with cords and tassels; the mantilla is of silk, with long scarf ends in front, and is trimmed with black lace; black lace bonnet ornamented with pink roses and leaves.

Fig. IV.—House-Dress of Very Fine and Soft White Albatross or Khybee Cloth; the train is not very long, and is trimmed with alternate-plaitings of the material, and ruffles of Breton lace; the front of the dress has also a *jabot* of Breton lace, with loops of pink satin ribbon in it; the waist is round, and opens square in the neck, and with the pocket and sleeves, is trimmed with Breton lace and pink satin ribbon.

Fig. V.—Carriage-Dress of Soft, White, French Bunting, with an open-work stripe in it; it is worn over white, but is trimmed with blue bows and two blue knife-plaited ruffles of silk; the mantilla is of blue silk, embroidered with pink roses, and has a row of network and fringe around the bottom and edging the broad fall at the top. Hat of white chip, bound with blue, and trimmed on the crown with loops of blue ribbon, forget-me-nots and a pink rose.

Fig. VI.—Evening-Dress of White Muslin, laid in kilt-plaitings the entire length of the front, with a short train at the back; the bottom of the front is edged with a knife-plaiting of the muslin, headed by a wide row of Breton lace; the bodice is round, and is laid in plaits, and from under the belt there falls a plaited piece of the muslin, edged with Breton lace; the bodice is cut quite square in the neck, has a bunch of roses on the left side, and puffed, infant sleeves.

Fig. VII.—Walking-Dress of Cheviot Cloth; the skirt is kilt-plaited, and the *paniers* are added below the waist; the deep basque has a waistcoat-bodice, and opens at the throat, with square revers; the trimming consists of woolen braid.

Fig. VIII.—Opera or Evening-Cloak of White Embossed Silk, made with a full, square cape to fit well over the *paniers;* the under part is like a loose sacque, and the whole is trimmed with heavy, white silk fringe, and at the back are large loops and ends of white satin ribbon.

Fig. IX.—Dinner-Dress of Black Brocaded Grenadine, Over Old Gold-Colored Satin; the body and train are of the brocaded grenadine; the front of the skirt is of black satin, frilled on to the gold-colored satin; the vest is of gold-colored satin, trimmed with bows of gold-colored satin ribbon faced with black satin; the short sleeves are trimmed with Honiton lace.

Fig. X.—Riding-Habit of Dark Blue Cloth; the skirt is of medium length, and the upper part fits the figure as closely as possible; the high, close bodice terminates with a basque in the form of a small coat-tail at the back; long, close-fitting sleeve. Black hat, and dark blue gauze net.

General Remarks.—The first hat is of coarse, yellow straw, and is trimmed with brown velvet and brown ostrich feathers; the brim is also faced with brown velvet, and has a bunch of yellow buttercups placed on one side. The second hat is also of coarse straw, is trimmed with white satin ribbon, and has a half wreath of large, pink roses on the under side of the brim.

There is nothing really new to chronicle since our June number, in which we spoke at some length with regard to the *paniers*, and it will be noticed that in the first and second figures of our fashion plate that while the princess style of dress is still adopted, that the dresses puff out in the hips over crinoline or some other material used for the purpose; but the greater number of paniers are made somewhat in the style of the walking-dresses of cheviot cloth, which consists only of folds of drapery; in many cases the drapery is worn higher up on the hips. Short dresses are no longer slim and sheath-like; but, on the contrary, are covered with puffings in front, which are drawn into masses of drapery at the back; the new chintz figured materials are admirably adapted to this style of costume, only the dress is never composed entirely of the chintz pattern, but is combined with some material which is not figured.

It is utterly impossible to write down all the varieties and vagaries of fashion; they are as endless as individual tastes. But the present style is admirable, from an economical point of view; for old things are now the most fashionable, and gowns that have been hidden in trunks in the garret, can be made available, and two old ones will make one resplendent new one.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. I.—Boy's Sailor Suit of Blue Serge, trimmed with white braid; the collar is cut open in front, and comes to a point, exposing the throat; stripes of white braid are put on either side of the front of the skirt, and the cuffs and small side-pocket are also trimmed with it. White straw hat, trimmed with blue ribbon.

Fig. II.—Girl's Dress of Gray Bunting; the round apron-front is draped at the side, and a little in the back, over an under-skirt of the same material, trimmed with a plaited ruffle; the deep yoke bodice buttons in front, and is fastened with a waistband; the bodice is plaited into a yoke at the back in the same way it is in front.

Fig. III.—Girl's Dress of Striped Linen; the front of the bodice is double-breasted, and has a trimming of white braid down the middle: the back is loose and long, very much like the boy's sailor skirt just described; the skirt is plain in front, but is kilt-plaited elsewhere, it is trimmed with white braid and ribbons; the large, linen collar is trimmed with embroidery, and a bow of ribbon finishes it at the neck. White hat, trimmed with brown ribbon.

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Painted by J. Verhas. Engraved & Printed by Ehrman Brothers

"LITTLE MISCHIEF."

SEE THE STORY

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"LITTLE MISCHIEF."

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LES MODES PARISIENNES.

AUGUST. 1879.

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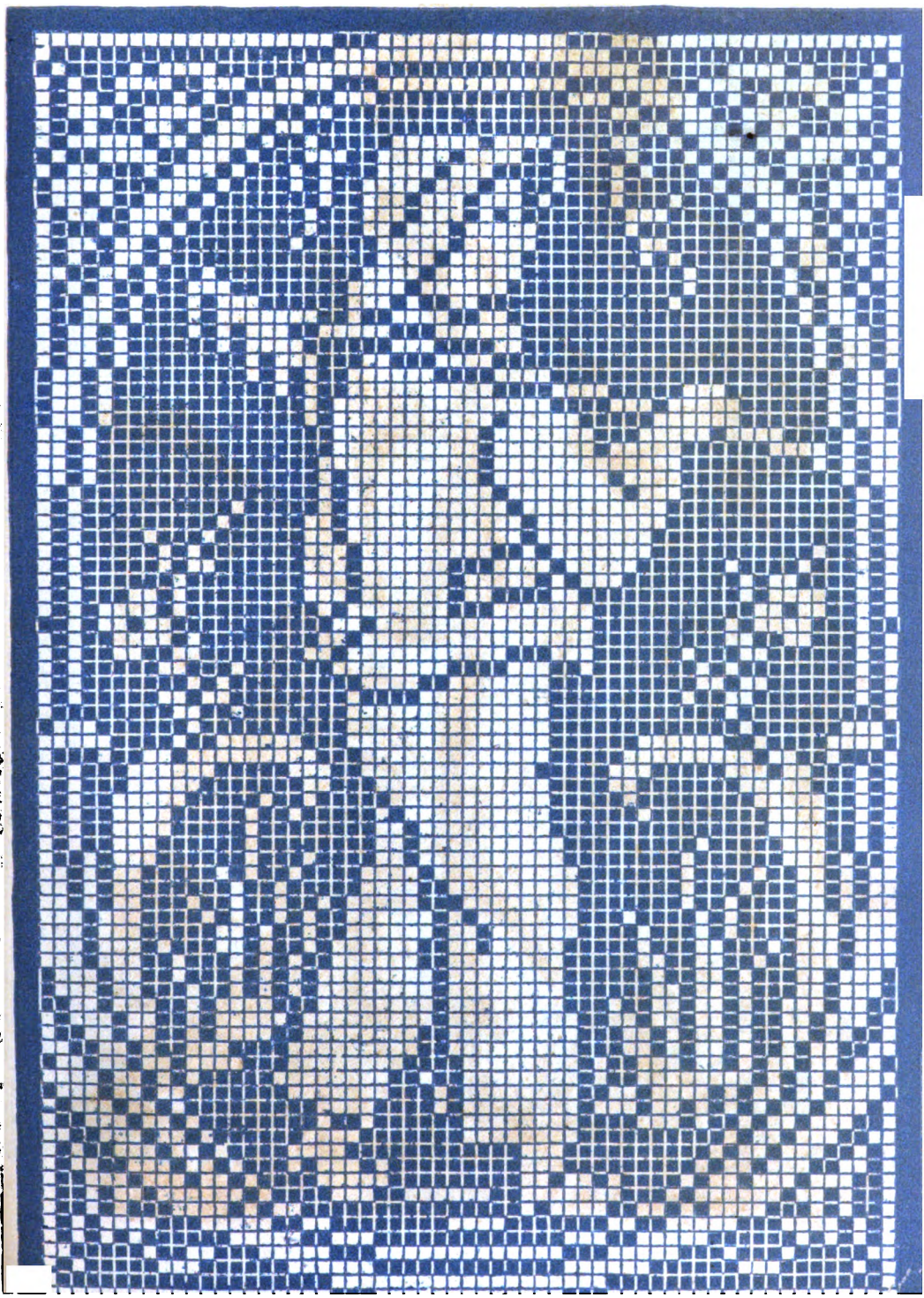

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IN THE GARDEN. [*See the Story, "Her Lost Kingdom."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

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BACK AND FRONT OF WALKING-DRESS.

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WALKING-DRESS. CARRIAGE-DRESS.

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GARDEN PARTY DRESS. PARASOL AND FAN.

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SEA-SIDE OR SARATOGA DRESS. BONNET

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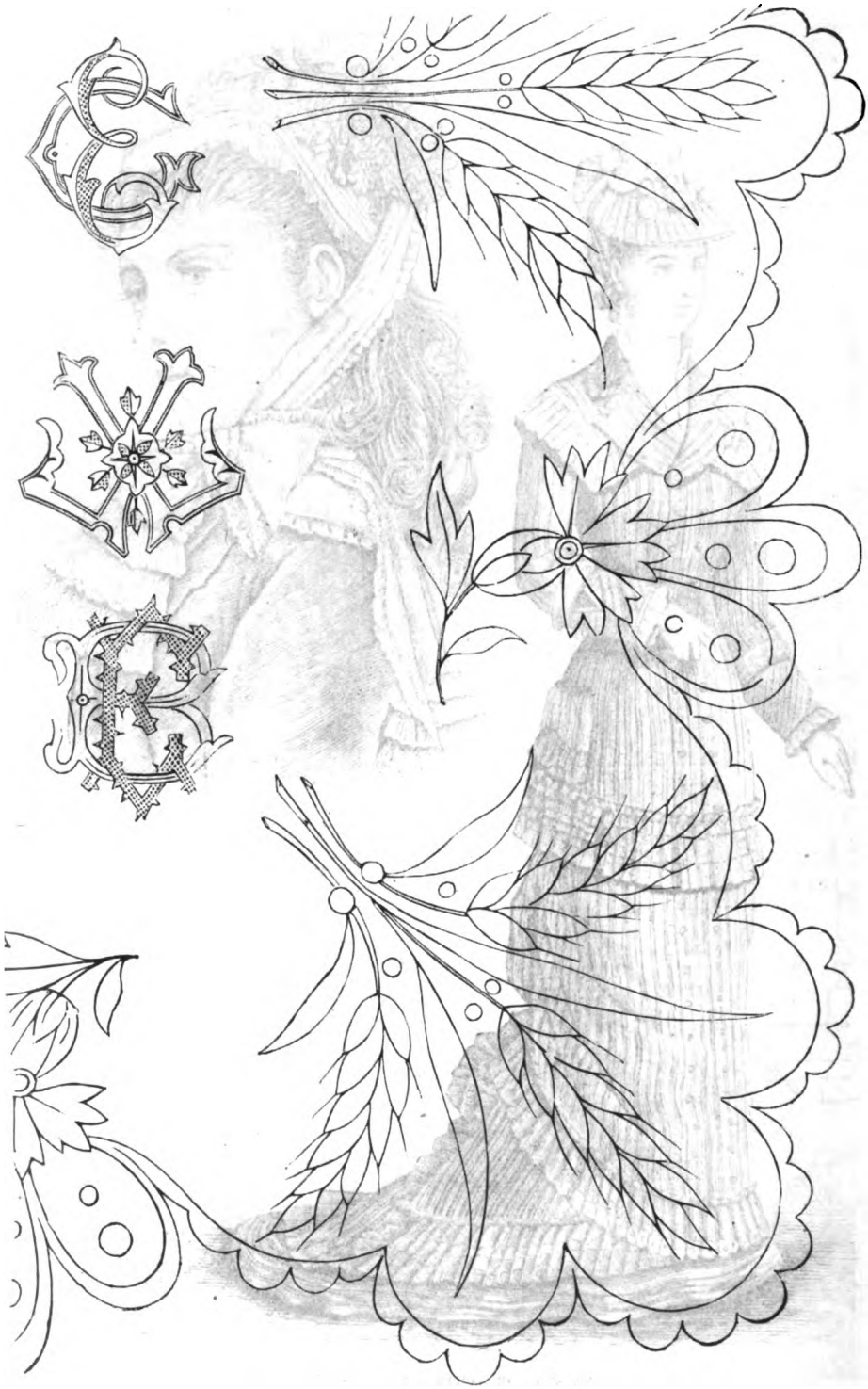

HANDKERCHIEF BORDER AND MONOGRAMS IN EMBROIDERY.

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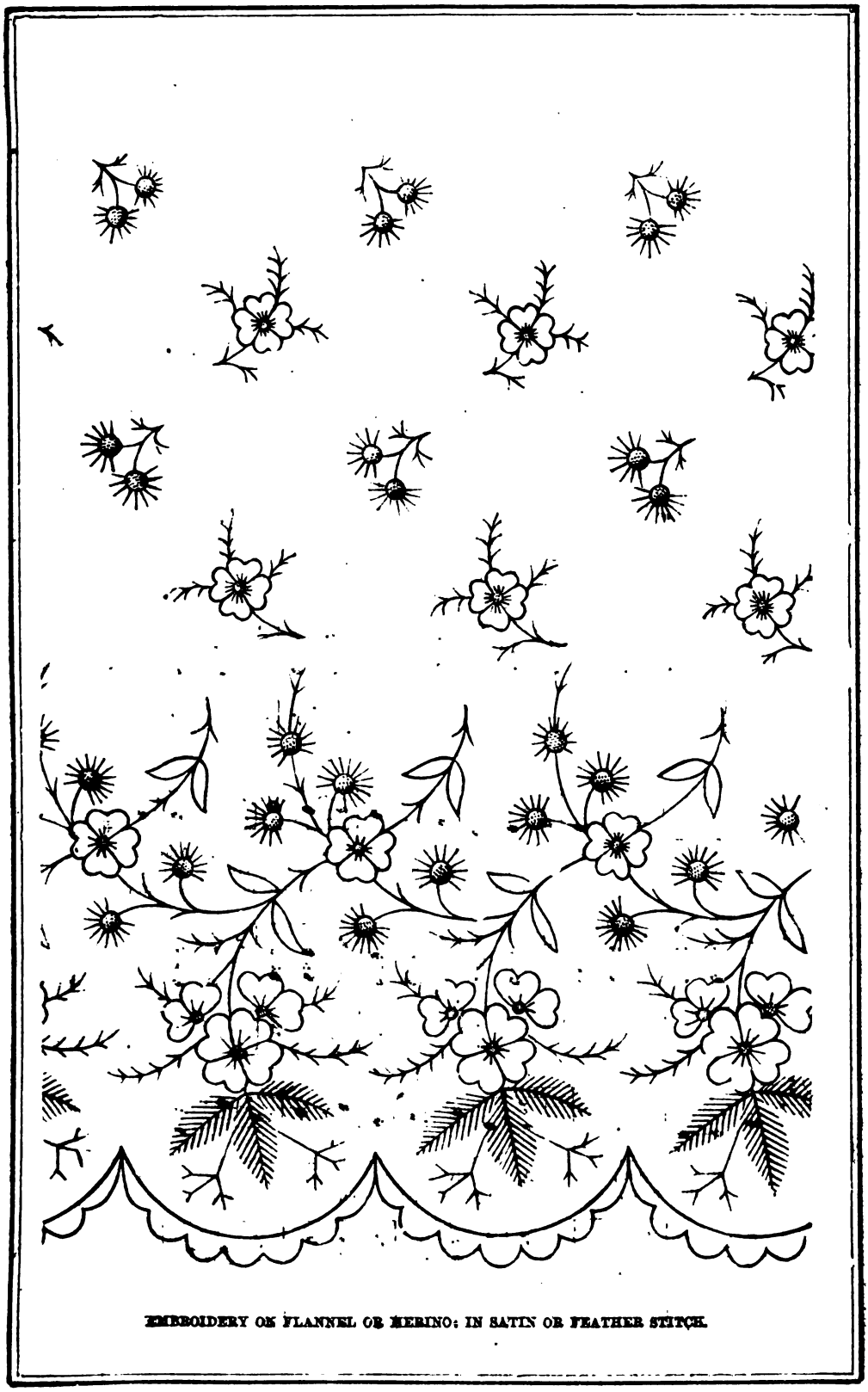

EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL OR MERINO: IN SATIN OR FEATHER STITCH.

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Wait for the Turn of the Tide.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which,
Taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."—SHAKSPEARE.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1008 Spring Garden St., Philada.

Written and Sung by H. CLIFTON.

Tempo di Valse.

1. In sail - ing a - long the riv - er of life, O - ver its wa - ters wide..... We all have to bat - tle with trouble and strife, And wait for the time and the tide; Men of each oth - er are prone to be jealous,
2. Why peo - ple sit fret - ting their lives a - way, I can't for a moment sur - mise,..... If life is a lot - ter - y as they say, We can - not all turn up a prize; A fol - ly it is to be sad and de - ject - ed, If
3. Man is sent in - to the world we're told, To do all the good that he can,..... Yet how man - y worship the chink of the gold, And nev - er once think of the man; If you are poor, from your friends keep a distance,

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Hopes are il - lu-sions and not what they seem, Life and its pleasures, phil - os - o-phers
"fortune shows favors" she's fic - kle be - side, And may knock at your door some day, un-ex-
Hold up your head, though your funds are but small, Once let the world know you need its as-

Chorus.

tell us, Go float ing a - way like a leaf on the stream. Then try to be hap-py and
-pected, If you patient - ly wait for the turn of the tide.
-sistance, Be sure then you nev-er will get it at all.

f

gay, my boys, Re - member the world is wide, ... And Rome wasn't

Repeat ff

built in a day, my boys, So wait for the turn of the tide.

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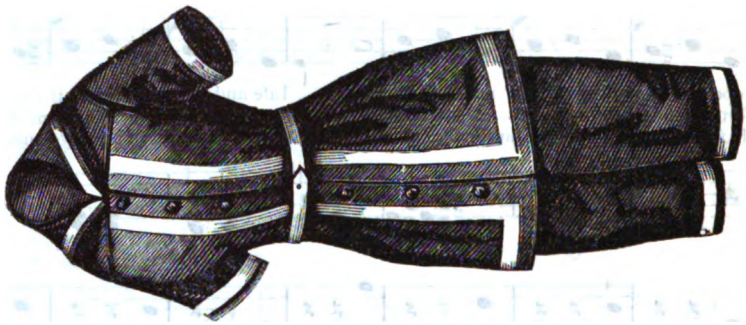

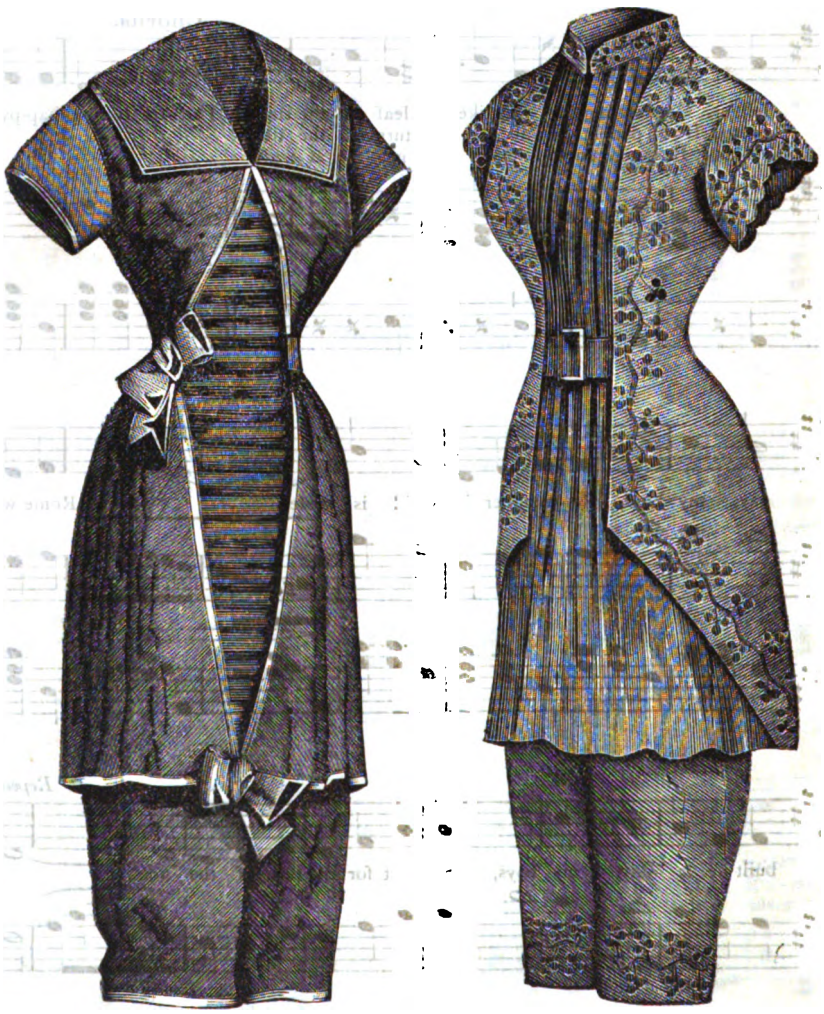

NEW STYLES FOR BATHING DRESSES.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXVI. PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1879. No. 2.

"ONLY NET HOWARD."

BY JEAN SCOFIELD.

IT was a sultry summer afternoon. Wearied out with the day's labor in the school-room, I found it delightful to recline on the comfortable "settee" in Mrs. Kennover's cool, dim, back parlor, and resign my soul to the luxurious consciousness of perfect rest.

Suddenly girlish voices drew near, and were uttering audible confidences just before the parlor window outside.

One of the speakers was Gerty Wayne, who, like myself, had been an inmate of Mrs. Kennover's establishment for summer boarders several weeks, but who, unlike myself, had no duties to absorb her time but the agreeable one of pleasure-seeking. The other was her dearest friend, Miss Flora Allen, who had arrived by that morning's train, to join her.

"It's a pretty place enough," this last young lady was saying. "Hills and hay-fields and all that, around the village; but, judging from the people you have in the house, it must be rather dull."

"Dull! No, indeed: you will see. I'm actually fond of Thornapple. I've had more fun since I came! The boarding-houses are full of nice people—people you know, too, some of them—the Winslows, Senator March's family—"

"Gentlemen?" interrupted Miss Flora, laconically.

"Lots; they come because it's a famous place for trout fishing. Major Hammond is here—you remember him? And young Elliot, and both the Addisons. Oh, you need not be afraid of wasting your sweetness on the desert air, nor of getting your weapons out of practice, my dear! There is even local game: one of the handsomest young doctors you ever saw—with a turn for poetry, too; but I have pre-empted *him*."

"You dreadful rattle-pate!" said Miss Allen, languidly. "It's well I am here before our California friend's arrival. Young ladies?"

"A most blessed scarcity. If we are not the belles of Thornapple, and the heroines of all the riding and rowing and picnic parties, it will be our own disgraceful fault."

"Yes! Who was that pretty little thing sitting opposite to me at dinner? I forget her name."

"Oh, nobody to speak of: only Net Howard. She teaches the village school, and has a little old-maid sister, who keeps house for the doctor. They are people who have come down in the world, I believe. You need not worry about her."

"Worry!" said Miss Allen, with a careless laugh. "A likely supposition. But as she is in the house with us, I think I prefer that the little school-ma'am should attend to her pot-hooks; she might have been a nuisance."

"She is no flirt, if that's what you mean," said Gerty, deprecatingly.

"No?" drawled Miss Allen. "Perhaps she will learn a thing or two, before the summer is over."

"Perhaps she will, if she watches you," said Gerty, slily.

I sprang to my feet, cheeks and eyes burning, and rushed upstairs.

I walked stormily back and forth in my bedroom. How dared these insolent girls! Was I really an insignificant person, entirely out of question as a rival? I was as well-born, as well-mannered as they were; better educated, and—come! let us be frank—I stood still before the glass, and took a critical survey of my looks—prettier than either of them. "Learn a thing or two," might I? Perhaps, to her everlasting astonishment and enlightenment, Miss Flora Allen would be the one to "learn a thing or two."

I had listened carelessly enough to Gerty's chatter, hitherto; what was it to me? But now all her recent gossip returned to me vividly: what a star in society her friend was; how many hearts she had broken; how many offers refused. Gerty's suspicion that she herself was not so much the attraction that was bringing Miss Allen to Thornapple, as the prospect of meeting the Californian millionaire, who was expected to ar-

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rive among us in a few weeks. "For it can't be denied," this imprudent confidante had revealed, "that Flo means to marry for money. This Mr. Romer is stupendously rich! And if he meets her down here in the country, with nobody to interfere—for, of course, I shan't—he's done for."

Was he, indeed? It would be a meritorious work to give these young ladies a lesson, whatever the teaching cost. "The little school-ma'am" had not spent her whole life in superintending pot-hooks.

I began that very evening. Miss Allen stared frostily, when I appeared in the parlor. I could not help suspecting that, in spite of the comforting account she had received of me from Gerty that afternoon, there was something about me that excited her distrust.

The party assembled in Mrs. Kennover's parlor was larger than usual that evening. Miss Allen was known to be a belle; the news of her arrival had sent a thrill of interest and curiosity through Thornapple. There were visitors from the rival boarding-house, and native magnates present. To create a sensation was what Miss Flora was accustomed to and expected. But to enter upon any stage of her queenship with a doubt of its absolute nature, was *not* what she was accustomed to and expected.

I suppose there was an attractive sort of piquancy in the sudden blossoming into animation, and the revelation of hitherto unknown possibilities of entertaining and charming, on the part of the little school-ma'am; for the conviction strengthened within her as the evening wore on, that she had not over-estimated her own powers of vengeance, and that Miss Allen's anticipated triumphs in Thornapple would be marred by Mordecai at the gate, in the shape of Net Howard.

That was the beginning of a jolly, wicked summer. I began to like the excitement for its own sake; to covet admiration, like Gerty; to practice the art of playing off one admirer against another, like Flora.

Before long, my sober sister, Miriam, came to me, highly scandalized, and said,

"People will soon be talking about the way you are behaving, if they are not doing it already, Net. I have seen you out riding three times this week with young Elliot, and yet, only last Friday, you went to the picnic with Doctor Fletcher. Pray, what does it mean?"

"It means that I am having a little fun, that is all."

"Fun, indeed! If you are trifling with the doctor, poor fellow! and we know nothing about that young Elliot, and I doubt if he's half-witted. Do be careful."

"So I shall—careful to have a good time this summer, if I never have another opportunity."

"If you don't end by making yourself and me miserable, I shall be thankful," said Miriam, with so dismal a shake of the head, that I was relieved to see good Mrs. Kennover's approach, and ran away, to avoid further lecturing.

I sauntered along the lane that led out into the Kennover farm, driving Miriam's warnings out of my mind as fast possible, and refusing to listen to a gentle monitor that endeavored to make its voice heard somewhere in the depths of my conscience.

As I walked absently on, interested in nothing, I was startled by a sudden rustle and bound, and out of a clump of sumachs that hid a turn in the lane, something sprang almost to my feet. It was a brown, shaggy, savage-looking dog, that seemed large enough, and was apparently disposed, to devour me on the spot. I screamed with fright, and the dog barked explosively. I screamed again.

"He won't hurt you," cried a strange voice. "Here, Judge, Judge! Behave yourself, sir."

And from the shadow of the sumachs emerged a tall, dark man, lifting his hat apologetically.

"I am sorry you have been so frightened. My dog's manners are really inexcusable; but he means no harm."

And, indeed, the animal was manifesting his penitence and friendliness in such unequivocal but alarming fashion, that it was all I could do to prevent his laying his great, dusty paws squarely upon the shoulders of my new, blue muslin.

"Down, down, Judge! Keep quiet," said his master. "I am ashamed of you."

"Pray, don't scold him," said I, graciously. "There is no harm done. I was slightly startled—that is all; for I did not see your approach."

"Nor I yours. I was staring across the fields, wondering which of those houses yonder was Mrs. Kennover's. Can you tell me?"

"Yes, certainly; it is my boarding-place. This lane leads straight down to her yard."

"Indeed? It is to be my boarding-place for a few weeks. My name is Romer."

"And mine is Net Howard," said I; with an aside to myself, "Miss Allen's Californian millionaire!" I was electrified. Flora and Gerty were both absent, and would not return from a long ride for hours. Could it be possible that fate had thrown such a card into my hands?

I walked down the lane to the house with Mr. Romer, he explaining, as he went, how, on

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alighting at the station, he had been tempted by the beauty of the evening to cross the fields on foot, on his way to Mrs. Kennover's, and I responding sympathetically with the relation of how *I* had been tempted, etc. Nothing said of Miriam's scolding. The acquaintance, so unceremoniously begun, progressed, in the course of the evening, with a rapidity only possible in a village boarding-house. What a glance Flora Allen gave me, when she returned home at nine o'clock, and found me already deep in the good graces of the millionaire, who had been marked out beforehand as her prize, and listening with enthusiastic attention to his graphic account of a week spent among the wonders of the Yosemite valley. Had we been Spanish maidens, such a glance would have been the prelude to dagger or poison. I returned it with one I dare say quite as spiteful; and we hated each other a little more decidedly than we had ever done yet.

But fate or some worse agency had evidently vowed to befriend me. Miss Allen made herself charming in vain. Mr. Romer was friendly and courteous toward everybody, but his preference for Net Howard's society was only more manifest from day to day. It was the frankly expressed preference of a nature, not much troubled about conventionalities, and accustomed to carrying its point by the most open and straightforward measures. People began to accord me the deference due the supposed prospective bride of a millionaire. It was delightful at first—oh, my miserable, selfish vanity! I returned Miss Flora's scratches and stabs with interest; I drove the doctor frantic, and he turned to Gerty for consolation—and did not get it; I snubbed poor Jack Elliot unmercifully—all this and more: but the intoxication was brief. I *had* a conscience, and it woke at last, and made me very uncomfortable, but not yet penitent.

Whither was I drifting? What did I mean to do? Mr. Romer was of another order than the doctor and young Elliot. I respected him profoundly, when I really came to know him; and there was a power and mastery about him, which frightened me vaguely, every now and then, with the sense of tightening cords. His large, generous way of looking at things made my small vanities and resentments seem pitiful indeed; shamed me into something like the Net Howard of other, better days. If Flora Allen had only been out of the way! But the good resolutions I sometimes feebly made, perished at sight of her; and so I went recklessly on, struggling with my nobler self, and shutting my eyes, like a child in the dark, that I might not be appalled by some ugly spectre of my own raising.

Again Miriam appeared, to worry me.

"What *are* you about, Net Howard? The doctor has been the picture of despair for the last few days. I do believe all he reads is the account of suicides in his daily paper. Has he made you an offer, and have you refused him?"

"No; but I certainly shall, if he ever gives me the opportunity."

"I can't understand it at all. And I hear this Mr. Romer is always after you."

"Well, suppose he is; how can I help it?"

"I do believe you are possessed, this summer. Do you know what these girls in the house say about you?"

"No—and I don't care; something disagreeable, I know."

"They say you set your cap at the doctor, until Mr. Romer came, and that you have jilted him, just because the other is so rich. That such a thing is said of a sister of mine! I'm ashamed to repeat it. You surely would not be guilty of marrying a man for his money?"

I was silent. Miriam looked anxiously into my face, with her dim, loving eyes.

"Have I hurt you, dear? Forgive me. Don't mind their malice, if you are really in earnest. He's very nice; and only give me a hint, Net, and I'll not say another word."

"Earnest, indeed!" I cried, breaking away in a towering passion. "How dare they? What do I care for their millionaire? Let them judge me by themselves as much as they please; I want neither Mr. Romer nor his money. I hate the whole of them! I would not marry him if he were king of all California!"

I rushed out, leaving Miriam mute with consternation; poor, motherly-hearted Miriam! she must have been dreadfully tired that summer! Just at the door, I nearly ran into Gerty Wayne's arms; how I could have shaken her for the look of suppressed delight in her face, as she sweetly observed: "Have you a headache, Net? You look *so* agitated."

My evil mood did not forsake me in the parlor. It led me to treat Mr. Romer with a ceremonious coolness, which was new to him, and evidently puzzling; to permit Miss Allen and Gerty to monopolize him at their will. I was conscious that his eyes often wandered thoughtfully toward the window where I sat, and where the doctor, in the best of recovered spirits, was overflowing with eloquent scraps from his favorite authors; but I never turned my head in his direction. And I was utterly miserable, and furious with myself for being so.

Later in the evening we were all in the garden. A little parlor organ had been brought out at

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somebody's suggestion, and the singers of the party grouped themselves around it. I seized a favorable moment to slip away, and betake myself to the silence and solitude of the back parlor. How much had entered into my life, since that afternoon when I had returned from school so tired, and had lain resting among the green shadows. How long ago it seemed! How old and worn I felt!

A step sounded at the door. Some one came to my side.

"Is that you, Miss Net?"

"Yes, Mr. Romer. I came here to be alone a few minutes."

"Shall I go away?"

"Just as you please."

"Net, what is the matter with you, to-night? I am not aware that I have done anything to offend you."

"Oh, no, Mr. Romer!" said I, flippantly. "But things will go wrong with me occasionally; I feel savage. I am sorry to have made a victim of you."

"You know very well, Net, that you may make anything you please of me," said Mr. Romer, in a tone that struck me as ominous. He was the last person in the world with whom I wanted a scene. I was too much afraid of him. I lost my self-possession; I trembled; I was making an awkward movement to escape from the room; but Mr. Romer interposed, with an air of authority that did not tend to reassure me.

"Net, I have something to say to you. Will you stop, and listen?"

"I can't, I can't, Mr. Romer—I don't want to listen. Somebody is calling me, in the garden."

"Nobody is calling you. What do you mean? Net, Net, have you been trying to drive me distracted, this evening? You can't care for that puppy of a doctor, with his poetry—it's impossible. And I really think you have given me the right to ask whether you care for me. You must tell me—I will not be trifled with. I have made no secret of loving you—everybody knows it—you know it. Do you intend to be my wife or not?"

Was my mad summer's work to end like this? A veil seemed withdrawn from my eyes; the gracious possibilities of a future, such as lies folded somewhere in every girl's dreams, were within my reach; had I been blind to have had no presentiment of it? I opened my lips to speak, and—

Up from the garden, tinkled the sound of Flora Allen's laugh. The whole brood of poisonous feelings started up within me, like wakening serpents. What! Was I a Flora Allen, to whom the offered hand of a millionaire was irresistible?

"Oh, Mr. Romer, I am so sorry! It's impossible," I cried.

We stood silently opposite each other, for a moment, in the moonlight; I thought my heart was beating audibly. At last:

"You have cheated me shamefully, Net Howard," said Mr. Romer, sternly. God forgive you! I hope women are not all alike."

Then he went out of the room. With those reproachful words ringing in my ears, I stood still, on the spot where he had left me, and tried hopelessly to think. What had I done? What had I done? Out in the garden, rose a sweet, solitary voice, laden with the words of Tennyson's "Break! Break!" An unutterable desolation crept over me. Too miserable to shed a tear, I sank slowly to the floor, and pressed my cheek against the rough carpet, where Mr. Romer's foot had just rested. What a light filled my vain, wicked heart! What a wretched mess of pottage, I had parted with my happiness, and periled my soul, to obtain! Oh, if the weeks of that fateful summer could but be cancelled and forgotten! Oh, if only the last half-hour could be recalled! Too late! Too late! I could hear the words sounding on, through the long years of the dreary future. What a triumph was mine!—like that of Samson, who, indeed, pulled down the roof on the heads of his enemies, but crushed his own to do it.

It was long after midnight before I crept, chilled and shivering, to bed. All the next day, I remained in my room; I could not endure to see anybody—should I not betray my misery and remorse in my face? So I said, not without some truth, that I was ill.

But when evening came again, dim and broken with bursts of rain, the moon hiding among clouds, or glancing out, like a spectre, from their ragged edges, the narrow bounds of my chamber had become intolerable. The whole household was apparently assembled in the parlor; I could hear even more than the usual buzz of conversation. There was no danger of meeting anybody outdoors, that wet evening, I thought: at all events, I would risk it. I wrapped myself in a shawl, and, shunning the lighted side of the house, stole out into the deserted garden. Away in one corner, was a little arbor, hung thick with vines; in their shadow, I sat down, and laid my aching head against the lattice-work, and wondered how long my life was to be, and how I was to endure its burden to the end.

But some one besides myself was out in the damp evening. I heard a gate near me open and shut, the gravel clicked under approaching footsteps. I had scarcely time to fancy, with a

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wild thrill at my heart, that they had a familiar sound, and to breathe a fervent aspiration that they might pass on, and leave me alone, when the vines beside me rustled, and a huge, shaggy head was thrust unexpectedly into my retreat.

"Get away, Judge!" said I, in as loud a whisper as I dared to use.

But Judge had no intention of submitting to receive the cut direct from a familiar acquaintance; he gave a short, joyous bark, by way of salutation, and laid his clumsy head in my lap. And just behind him, stood his master. If a river had been near by, to throw myself into!

"Miss Howard! I beg your pardon," said Mr. Romer, in some natural amazement.

"I came out to get a breath of fresh air," I stammered, pushing Judge away, and rising. "I am so tired, after being in the house all day."

"I was sorry to hear you were ill," said Mr. Romer, rather stiffly; and lifting his hat, he was turning away.

Turning away in silent scorn—just scorn for the woman who had behaved so unworthily! A great throb of anguish wrung my heart. Would he always remember me bitterly—if he remembered me at all—only as a heartless, designing girl? Could I let it be so? Somehow, without in the least intending it, I found myself crying out, with a burst of stormy tears:

"Oh, Mr. Romer, do forgive me! do say you forgive me!"

I hid my face in my hands. Mr. Romer hesitated an instant; then he came a step nearer; but that instant was long enough for me to suffer an agony of humiliation. A fine harvest I was reaping, after my summer's sowing of wild oats!

"Why, Net, what have I to forgive?" he said, at last, in a subdued voice. "I have been thinking it over, and wondering at my own stupidity in expecting a gay young girl, like you, to take things as seriously as men of my age. It's hard to give you up, Net; but not so hard as to feel that, after all, you didn't love me—"

"But I did—I do!" I cried. And whether it was my doing or his, I don't know, and it does not matter; but I was in his arms, and Judge was barking frantically around us, and the moon gleamed out of the clouds, and glanced mischievously into the arbor, as if she had a mind to be present at the reconciliation, and ratify it.

"But, Net, my darling, what in the world did you mean, last night?" Mr. Romer asked, presently. "Why did you tell me such a tremendous fib?"

"I have behaved shamefully," I said; and paused. But the impulse to be honest was too strong. I told him the whole story, from its small beginnings of resentment and wounded pride, up to the present minute; and in the mood I was in, I did not spare myself.

When it had finished, I half-expected him to push me away, with contempt; I felt sure, at least, of some words of reproachful bitterness; but he only drew me a little closer, and quietly said:

"Ah, well, never mind, Net. It's past and done with, and now we'll turn over a new leaf in the chapter, my dear."

And the moon shone in upon us out of the widening rift overhead, and the stars glimmered faintly around her, and my head was on my true lover's breast, and a great peace stealing into my heart, amid the shame and penitence that filled it; and even the shame and penitence were sweet, for had I not been forgiven?

THE CHOICE.

BY HARRIET MABEL SPALDING.

Rosebud, rosebud, crimson and red,
  Spotless in color and mould,
Cruel and vain were the words she said,
  They lurk in each delicate fold.
Go back to the roadside to blossom and die,
I heed not your beauty, but pass you by.

Violet, violet, blue are her eyes,
  And golden the waves of her hair;
But low in each delicate cup there lies,
  The way to its gilded snare.
I heed not your beauty, nor prize you to-day,
Away to the woodland, away! away!

Vervain, vervain, mantled with green,
  Red-tipped and brilliant in hue,
Brighter her lips than your own, I ween,
  More sparkling her eyes of blue.
But her words are false and her heart, ah! well,
Go back to the forest unseen and dwell.

Lilybud, lilybud, stately and white,
  Crowned with your stamens of gold,
Fair are your garments, and spotless to sight,
  Perfect each delicate fold.
I hold you close to my heart to-night,
Lilybud, lilybud, stately and white.

Rose, ye are false, away to the wood,
  And bloom in the darkness alone.
Violets, fade, for ye breathe not of good;
  With the leaves of the forest be strown,
But Lily, creep close to my heart to-day,
And blossom forever, sweet Queen of the May.

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HER LOST KINGDOM.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

She turned, in her superb beauty, as she heard steps upon the garden-walk. A shade of discontent had been on her brow, but when she saw who was approaching, it faded, and her whole face suddenly lit up with radiant smiles.

Elaine Saunders had come to Greymere, a month before, of her own free will and accord; had chosen this quiet home of her aunt and uncle, to more stylish resorts; had chosen it because she knew she needed rest and quiet, after her winter of fashionable dissipation.

But it was growing unendurable, she thought; this solitude of sea and sky; this absence of companionship, save one's own thoughts. For Elaine Saunders did not always find deep and continued thought agreeable. It necessitated self-analysis, and she had grown to find that irksome, though she did not altogether shrink from it. In her four weeks of quiet, she had recovered all her accustomed vitality and health; a rose-pink flush stained her cheek; her form was rounded in healthful curves; she looked made to conquer.

But she was tired of the quiet, nevertheless. "Yes," she had said, mentally, "I will go away, to-morrow."

No sooner had she arrived at this conclusion, than she felt a sense of relief, and lifted her eyes, just in time to see the clergyman of the village approaching, with a younger man.

"I think I will not go, to-morrow," she soliloquized, at this sight. "That is undoubtedly the nephew I have heard Mr. Walters mention, with so much pride. It would be most unkind to run away, just after his arrival, and leave him to the loneliness of Greymere. No, I will stay."

"My dear Miss Saunders," said the urbane rector, "let me introduce to you my nephew, Dr. Ausley Ashmore."

Ausley Ashmore was every inch a gentleman, as Elaine saw at the first glance, handsome, intelligent, and cultured enough even to please her somewhat fastidious taste.

"I am glad you are to be at Greymere," said the rector, "while my nephew visits me. I shall look to you to entertain him, else he will find the days dull, I fear, after his busy life at Westbrook."

Poor, unsuspecting Mr. Walters! He did not dream what danger lay in that simple request; for he knew nothing of women like Elaine Saunders.

Elaine expressed her willingness to do anything in her power to entertain Dr. Ashmore, and both gentlemen departed.

But the next day brought Ausley Ashmore, alone, "With a book my uncle commissoned me to bring, Miss Saunders," he said, and so the days went by.

There was rowing, when the sea was calm, for Greymere was on the coast, rides on the beach, when the tide was out, walks, talks, and long, quiet hours of reading together. To Elaine, they were bright, peaceful, happy days; yet days which she believed were but a simple passage in her ever-changing experience. She enjoyed them, yet she knew, by past experience, that the enjoyment must be fleeting. To Ausley they were days of royal happiness, intensest pleasure. Elaine Saunders was a revelation to him. He saw in her only the grace, and sweetness, and womanliness, the subtle attraction and fascination, which were a part of her strangely blended, her semi-tropical, nature. And seeing her, listening to her, associating with her, through three golden weeks, could result but in one way to a man like Ausley Ashmore.

Mr. Walters saw the growing intimacy of the two, and smiled softly to himself. In his old-fashioned way of looking at such matters, it could mean but one thing: true love, followed by a happy union.

Mr. Walters was not up with the times.

There came a golden afternoon, when Ausley Ashmore walked down to the beach, with Elaine Saunders, and a hope, born of heaven, was in his heart.

"I must go away, to-morrow," he said, as they found a seat on a dry rock. "I am sorry, too; I wonder if you are, Elaine?"

"Yes," she said, "I am sorry."

She knew what was coming. She knew, and for the first time in many years, she shrank from the ordeal before her; and yet she had less to blame herself for than she usually had.

"They have been three happy weeks to me," he went on; "the happiest of my life. I supposed I had been happy, when I came here; but I know now, that I never even understood the meaning of the word, until I saw you."

Something moved Elaine to lay her hand on his arm, and to say, suddenly, "Mr. Ashmore,

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Ausley, do not go on—do no not say another word to me; I am not worthy to hear."

He looked at her, in strange surprise; but she went on, rapidly:

"I am not the woman you think me; I am not like any girl you ever met; I am all unworthy of your regard—for, Mr. Ashmore, I am perfectly worldly, utterly heartless."

"Worldly, heartless!" he repeated. "They are the last words I should ever have applied to you. I do not think you know yourself, Elaine. You have been a constant study to me, all these weeks, and I have found you the one woman in the world whom I can love, with my whole heart, my whole soul, my whole strength."

His low, quiet tones thrilled her with their intensity; but she shrank a little, and her face paled.

"I cannot bear to hear you say those words," she said. "It is strange, too, for I have ever been willing, too willing, to hear them from other lips; but you are too noble, too good, to love me."

"Oh, hush!" he cried. "I cannot hear the woman I love defamed even by herself. Elaine, can you give me no hope?"

She turned, and looked away over the sea. "I am going to tell you just what I am, Ausley Ashmore," she said, solemnly. "I could not so humiliate myself, did I not hope to cure you of your most unworthily bestowed affection. Now listen. I am what the world knows as a coquette. I have been in a whirlpool of society since I can remember; have been praised, flattered, admired—loved, I think, by a few men. I have never known a true, genuine affection myself, and now it is too late."

"Too late?" he interrupted. "Why?"

"I will tell you why," she continued. "I have sold my birthright for messes of pottage. I have given a little of my affection to this one, a warm regard to another, only to allow a passing fancy for a newer lover, to obliterate the memory of both. It is the life of a great many women, Mr. Ashmore. Some, happily, awaken to a genuine love, before it is too late. But I entered so early upon the world's stage, and the scenes have been so varied and many, that my heart has no time to wake to the realities of life. And now, at twenty-five, I am older than the oldest woman living—I have outlived all fresh, natural emotion. It is a terrible thing, Mr. Ashmore, but it is too true."

"Have you felt no pleasure in these days?" he asked, gently. "Have you experienced no real enjoyment, in my society, Elaine?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered, quickly. "I have been happier than I have been before for years. But it is because it was a variation from the routine. I have liked you very much, very much, Mr. Ashmore; I *do* like you better than any other man in the whole world."

He caught her hand, and pressed it to his lips, with passionate kisses.

"I ask no more," he cried. "I do not ask—do not expect the passionate love I give. Oh, Elaine, my darling, be my wife!"

"Wait," she said. "I have not finished. I like you, I love you as much, I think, as I can love. But so accustomed is my roving heart to change, that I could not be content with the life you offer me. I must have the praise of the many, the admiration of the multitude. I have so long dwelt in that atmosphere, unhealthful though it is, that I should die in any other. I must go back to the whirlpool soon. In the excitement, I shall soon forget these days and you, even as you must forget me."

He shivered under her words.

"Forget you?" he repeated. "As soon will the weary traveler forget the oasis in the desert." Then, with sudden passion, he caught her hands, and covered them with burning kisses. "I cannot—I will not believe you," he cried. "You love me—you must be my wife."

"I could not do you a greater wrong," she said. "I should tire of you, of the life you would give me. I should make you unhappy. You deserve a better fate. The liking I have for you now will soon be a thing of the past. It is different, I acknowledge, from other fancies I have had; yet it is one of a score, and, like them, must pass away."

"But I do not understand you," he said. "I did not know that any young heart, which had never known a strong love, could be dead to emotion."

She smiled, sadly. "In your healthful, busy life, Mr. Ashmore, you have had little chance to know women like me. I am one of a numerous class, the only difference being that I understand myself, and call things by their right names. I have worn out my heart, in a thousand exciting flirtations; and it has no power to love now."

"But you have already confessed that you *do* love me," he persisted. "So long as you love me, to the extent of your capacity, even though it be not an intense emotion, I will be content."

She pointed to the shore at their feet. "Do you see these sands?" she asked. "See how they shift about, with every wave that moves them? Do you think they can ever learn to be true to one wave? Mr. Ashmore, I am but the sands of the sea shore, and you are simply the last wave that has moved me."

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He looked at her, with pained, wondering eyes. "You talk so strangely," he said. "You make me almost doubt your sanity. I look in your eyes, and I cannot believe you mean the cruel, heartless words you utter."

"But I do," she answered. "I could not so humiliate myself to utter them, did I not desire to cure you of your folly. I am sorry I ever saw you—sorry I did not go away from Greymere, before you came. But I stayed—Mr. Ashmore, I will tell you now what will make you hate me—I stayed, after I saw you, because I thought you would amuse me; I believed you would grow to care for me, as you have done. I was lonely, and life was dull, and I thought you would make a pleasant episode in the summer. You see how unworthy I am; what a poor, warped thing my soul is, warped by vanity and selfishness. But I tell you, honestly, I feel nothing but bitterest shame and humiliation now. Your love for me gives me none of the old delight in conquest. I only feel sorrow for you, that your brave, true heart should be so unworthily bestowed—and utter shame and pity for myself. And now let us say good-bye."

She rose and held out her hand. There was pain unutterable in her eyes.

"I realize most keenly, Mr. Ashmore, what I lose," she said, "in not being able to answer you differently. I would give all I hope to possess, all my past poor triumphs and successes, to be able to love you as you love me. But I must go back to the flesh pots of Egypt. I have made my bed and must lie in it. Good-bye, and forget me, as soon as you can."

She was gone, and he stood alone, under the blue sky, with the sea before him, and the world about him. Alone, and lonely, with a sense of loss and desolation, that he felt was irreparable. He had not only lost the hope of his heart, and the woman of his love, but he had lost his high estimate of womankind, his old reverential trust and belief in their perfect truth and purity of soul.

He felt years older, as he bade farewell to Greymere the next morning, and rode away, on the lumbering stage, toward his home and his work. Something had gone out of life for him—something very dear and very precious, that no amount of success or happiness could ever replace.

Greymere was absolutely unendurable to Elaine, after Ashmore had gone. She was lonelier than she had ever been in her life before. She missed her brave, noble, handsome friend—she missed him keenly; and she felt a sense of humiliation and degradation that was new to her. She had been accustomed to hear men use bitter words to her; she had listened to tirades of anger, scorn, and fierce threats even, from rejected suitors: and she had only smiled, after it was all over, and enjoyed the excitement of the thing. But the look of silent, pained wonder, in Ausley Ashmore's eyes, was the hardest thing she had ever been called upon to bear. It left her with the feeling that she was some moral deformity—some monstrosity in the sight of God and man; a blot and blemish upon a world of white-souled women. Oh, to be like other good, true women; to be worthy of such a heart as Ausley Ashmore had laid at her feet!

Such thoughts were simply maddening; such longings useless; she must go away from Greymere. Once back in the world again, she would be her old self—feel the old pleasure in the poor delights it offered her. That surely would be better than this wretched frame of mind—this sighing over the mistakes of a lifetime.

So back to the city she made her way; and then, as soon as dressmakers would allow, and wheels could whirl her, she was in the midst of of the summer "season" at Saratoga. Her aunt and cousins had been there some weeks, and were glad to welcome her, fresh and fair, to their midst.

All her "set" were there, and she made a sensation amongst men and women, as she always did. The women courted her, because she was a belle and star, and attracted the most eligible men; and while they envied her, it was yet policy to be her friend. The men flocked about her, with compliments for her freshness and good spirits—empty compliments paid to every woman they met. How disgusting it all seemed to her! These politic overtures of the women, these brainless compliments of the men. How different it was from Ausley Ashmore's earnest, honest words.

One night, there was a grand hop at the hotel. It was in honor of the President, who had come to Saratoga for a few days. Elaine had been there four miserable days—the longest days of her life. The whirl, the flutter, the dressing, riding, dining and dancing, had failed to make her happy, failed to make her even content. She was still homesick for Greymere, and the peace of the perfect days.

"I am glad this grand hop is on the tapis," she said to herself, as she dressed for the ball. "I think it will wake me up—get me back into the old groove again; help me to forget that episode at Greymere. I never before remembered an experience with such regret. I wonder why it made such an impression upon me."

She was radiantly beautiful, as she floated into

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the ball-room, an hour later. Her dress was a marvelous work of art, and the rich flush of her cheek, and the almost unnatural sparkle of her eye, rendered her as dangerous as beautiful.

The President, even, singled her out among the throng, and asked who that lovely woman was; this, with other praises, was borne to her ears; and she was acknowledged the belle of the ball. Her dancing tablet was soon filled. Handsome, courtly men leaned over her chair, and talked sweet nothings, between the pauses of the dances. And yet she was not happy. The glitter, the glow, the dazzle, could not blind her eyes to many things which had never before presented themselves to her in their true light.

One of the most "eligible" men of the season, a young millionaire, for whom half the girls in her set had been angling, during the past winter, paid her marked attention. But contrasting him with Ashmore, she felt how insignificant he was. Bruce Winchester, the handsomest, most fastidious, most fascinating beau of the season, he whose fame as heart-breaker was as well established as his fine taste in matters of dress and beauty, he, too, declared Miss Saunders "too deucedly handsome for anything," and was unreserved in his attentions. Yet his bold glances and open admiration made her blood boil within her veins, with a sense of humiliation and anger. "He views me as he would a handsome horse," she said, between her teeth. "He does not once think of me as a woman, with a heart, and brain, and soul—only as a finely-proportioned, finely-equipped animal. I could strike him in the face!"

Hugh Davis, the most courtly, elegant man in the room, and the prince of waltzers, begged the honor of a second dance with her. It was a great compliment. Elaine had met him during the previous winter, and had found a certain delight in eclipsing all other ladies, when in his presence. But, to-night, she could not help thinking of his invalid wife, who lay in her gilded prison, a victim of incurable disease, while her elegant and heartless husband danced the hours away. "He gives her every comfort and luxury, poor fellow!" people said, "but he cannot be expected to sit in a sick room, all his life." Elaine had accepted this explanation in the past, and given the matter no further thought. But, to-night, she felt no pleasure at being the object of his admiration, but rather a sense of shame and disgust: shame for herself, disgust for him. He was a married man: he should know that all pure women held themselves above receiving such marked and lover-like attentions from married men, she thought. Ah—but how could he know it, when young ladies showed such pleased triumph, as she and others had always shown heretofore in his presence? She asked herself this question, and knew the blame for his conduct lay mainly with her own sex. And she hated herself with a bitter hatred.

So the hours wore on. These men were but single types of a large class. Hugh Davis was not the only married flirt there, who hung about the butterflies of fashion, with smile and whisper. Fashionable women, who make conquest a business, invariably find single men tame prey, after a time, and prefer the spice of lawless danger to season their amusements. And there are men who are ever ready to be partners in this delightful game of flirtation, forgetful of wives and honor.

Elaine crept shivering to her couch, in the small hours of the night.

"It has been the most wretched evening of my life," she said. "I believe I hate every man in the world—but one."

Then she sank into a heavy slumber, which lasted late into the day.

She awoke with a headache, and a dull heartache, as accompaniment. She had hoped the ball would give her the old pleasurable excitement; but it had given her, instead, only a sense of satiety and disgust. She wandered into the parlors, and tried to become interested in the chat of the ladies there; it was upon dresses, people, the last scandal, all sorts of gossip. It palled upon her. She went out upon the verandah, and presently accepted an invitation to ride, but came back with no lighter heart. Yet young Goodhope, with whom she rode, had made her a formal offer of his heart and hand, the latter to contain a round million. Her cousins would have called her a fool, in plain words, if they had known she had refused him; but she had refused him, nevertheless. She would have called herself one, a few months ago, under the same circumstances. But the offer of the millionaire was no temptation to her, when she remembered that his breath was often wine-perfumed. She shuddered at the thought of being the wife of such a man, and refused him so bluntly, that he was stirred from his natural state of stolid calm, to an emotion of genuine surprise. He had come to Saratoga, with the intention of choosing a wife. He had selected Elaine Saunders, as the best fitted for that high honor, and not one faintest doubt had entered his mind of her acceptance. Yet she had refused him.

Sitting alone, that night, Elaine marveled at herself.

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"I am glad I refused him," she said, mentally, "and yet I wonder why I did it. I have had a long career of affairs. I might as well top off with a brilliant marriage for gold, since love is out of the question. Yet I would rather die, than call such a man—beast, I should say—my husband. Money—admiration—adulation—all these fail to content me. I wonder what I want?"

She lived through another miserable week. Her hatred for the life she lived, and for the men who surrounded her, seemed to increase daily. All her old dash and sparkle of manner, that had been one of her most dangerous charms, was gone; and she found herself growing cold and dignified, against her own will. One evening, out in the moonlight, with a merry party, Bruce Winchester drew her aside from the others, and after one or two tender phrases, which she listened to idly, he pressed her hand, and was lifting it to his lips, when she drew it angrily away, and with a haughty "you forget yourself, sir," turned, and left him. Once she would have smiled in his eyes, and lured him on to further follies. Now she felt only angry surprise, that he should dare to touch her hand.

"If money cannot buy me, if flirtation has lost its zest for me, what does life hold?" she asked herself, but could not answer.

The next day, she went out alone, for a long walk. She must have gone two miles, when she felt thirsty, and stopped at a pleasant, little cottage, to ask for a draught of water. The door stood open. Within, in a low rocker, sat a young woman, with a lovely child upon her breast. Both had fallen asleep, while, at a little distance, sat a larger child, building block houses upon the floor. It was a picture of sweet, home life and love. The heart of Elaine Saunders rose in her bosom, with a sudden throb of longing. She looked a moment longer, then stole away, forgetting her thirst, in a newer and more unquenchable thirst, that had awakened within her. She looked up at the blue heavens above her.

"I know what it is I want," she said, as if she was addressing the great Giver of all good gifts. "I know now why money, fashion, and admiration have ceased to content me. I want a pure love, a pure life, a pure home. I want a man's heart all my own, a heart wherein I can reign queen. I want little children to cling about my neck, and call me mother. It is every woman's birthright—all else is pottage. Oh, Ausley, Ausley!"

She walked rapidly home, and before she slept, had packed her trunks. At breakfast, the next morning, she electrified her friends, by announcing her intention of returning to Greymere.

"I am tired out," she said, "and so I am going back to Greymere, to rest again."

Persuasions were useless. The first train bore her away, and the next day's stage landed her at Greymere, much to the surprise of her good aunt and uncle. "I have come to stay a good, long time," she said. "I was homesick every hour I was gone."

But Greymere was as lonely as the grave, without Ausley Ashmore. Elaine walked in the old haunts, she sat upon the rock where they last talked together, she lived over every moment of their brief past, as a miser counts his gold. She spent whole days at the parsonage, for the good Jonathan Walters loved to talk of his nephew; and it was as near happiness as she could approach, to listen to his praises. Day by day, she was trying to gather courage sufficient to write a few lines to Ausley Ashmore, to ask him to come to her. But the fear of a refusal, the dread that he might misunderstand her, or that he had grown to despise her, made her a coward.

Fate comes, in queer forms, to help us, sometimes. It came in the guise of a dangerous fever to Jonathan Walters, this time. He was very ill, and his frail wife found strength and hope in the presence of Elaine Saunders, who, from the first hours of his illness, never left the house. He grew rapidly worse, and, at last, fearing death was nigh, begged that his nephew should be summoned. Elaine wrote the note, with trembling hands. Two days later, Ashmore arrived, to find his uncle past the crisis, and sure to recover.

Ashmore greeted Elaine, with polite coldness, that almost made her wild. At the end of one day, he announced his intention to depart. "Now that you are better, uncle, I must not linger away from my patients," he said. "There are some who might die, if not attended to at once."

He was passing from the room as he spoke. A light hand was laid upon his arm. He turned, and saw the stricken face of Elaine.

"Do you want me?" he asked, politely.

"Yes," she said. "I want you. I should never have come back to Greymere, if I had not."

He caught her hands, a great light breaking over his face.

"Do you mean—" he began.

"I mean," she said, brokenly, as she nestled to his heart, "that God has been good to me, and allowed me to see the life I have lived, in all its unnatural deformity. He has, as by a vision, shown me a high and holy path, that I may walk in henceforth, if you will take my hand. I love you, Ausley! I have learned to know my heart better than at that last parting, and if you

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want me still, with God's help, I will be your faithful wife so long as my life is spared!"

"Thank heaven!" he said, and his glad tears fell upon her crown of hair—more precious jewels than any tiara of diamonds that her worldly lovers could have placed there.

That was several years ago. To-day, I know of a pretty cottage, in a certain village, where a lovely young mother finds perfect peace and happiness in the love of her prosperous husband and bright children. She has regained her kingdom that was so well-nigh lost.

"LETEWOHL."

BY T. S. THOMSON.

A summer sky, not a cloud to dim it,
  A crystal lake, where the white boats glide:
You may drop your oars, we have reached its limit,
  And are landed safe on the other side.

Again we stand here—look around you,
  'Tis the same old lake, the same old sky,
But where is the spell that last year bound you,
  When we sailed together, you and I?

You loved me then, ah, well I know it!
  You tell me the story over again.
Oh, God! the grief that lies below it.
  The world-old sorrow, the world-old pain.

I was "only a child," "there was no sin to it."
  And you broke my heart that summer's day.
A year—have you learned so soon to rue it?
  Shall I bend my head, and bid you stay?

Do you think, my friend, I cannot remember
  That day when the lake and the sky were blue?
Do you think because I have seen December,
  I can have forgotten July—and—*you?*

I am only a girl, with a girl's heart, broken,
  I was only a girl when you met me then.
A love despised, a love unspoken,
  A love that will never be yours again!

A few brief weeks while you were my lover,
  And I made my heaven in your blue eyes.
A weary waiting—then all was over.
  My beautiful, maiden's paradise.

I blame you not that you found her fairer,
  You did not know that I loved you so.
Her eyes were brighter, her smiles were rarer,
  What could you do, my love, but go?

But now that your dreams and her love have vanished,
  You bring *me* back to this crystal lake,
And ask for the love that your false heart banished,
  Thinking you've but to stoop and take.

I weep to see you have known *my* sorrow,
  But I cannot give you my love again.
Could yesterday come and be to-morrow?
  Could this year's "now" be last year's "then?"

You need not plead, I shall never alter,
  I will go my way, for the dream is done.
We say farewell, with lips that falter,
  And the boat glides back 'neath the setting sun.

THE FOREST.

BY NELLIE J. PALMER.

Oh! the music of the forest,
  Where the birds sing all day long,
Where the pines forever murmur,
  In a low and subtle song;
Or, where answering to the breakers,
  As they dash against the strand,
Sending to the troubled waters
  Tones of sympathy from land;
There is music in the wind-harp,
  When the southern breezes sigh,
Or its quivering chords are smitten,
  As the north wind passes by.

Oh! the beauty and the grandeur
  Of the forest, dim and old,
Brightened by the rays of morning,
  Gilded by the sunset's gold.
When the snows of winter crown them,
  Or the sun in summer shines,
Ever green thro' changing seasons,
  Ever grand; the sombre pines,
And the hoary mass entwining
  All their branches, seem to tell
How the years have found them watching,
  Ever murmuring, "All is well."

In the shadow of the forest,
  Voices of the past we hear;
Touched by time, besieged by tempests,
  Changed not, with the changing year,
Overlooking man's vain labor,
  Sees its strength and beauty fall;
And a requiem from the pine-land,
  Ever murmuring over all,
Tells of generations sleeping.
  Men may live, and cease to be,
Still the grand old forest soundeth
  To the music of the sea.

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TIRZAH ANN'S SUMMER TRIP.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

PART II.

WALL, as I wus a-sayin', says I, Tirzah Ann lay there, and I wus a-wipin' my spectacles, and I had just said to her, says I:

"You know I told you jest how it would be. I told you you wus happy enough to home, and you hadn't better go off in search of pleasure."

And says she, breakin' right down agin, "One week more of such pleasure and recreation, would have been my death blow."

Says I, "I believe it, I believe you; you couldn't have stood another mite of rest and recreation, without it's killin' of you—anybody can see that by lookin' at your mean." But says I, knowin' it wus my duty to be calm, "It is all over now, Tirzah Ann; you hain't got to go through it agin: you must try to overcome your feelin's. Tell your ma all about it. Mebby it will do you good, in the words of the him, 'Speak, and let the worst be known, Speakin' may relieve you.'"

And I see, indeed, that she needed relief. Wall, she up and told me the hull on it. And I found out that Mrs. Skidmore wus to the bottom of it all—she, and Tirzah Ann's ambition. I could see that them two wus to blame for the hull on it.

Mrs. Skidmore is the wife of the other lawyer in Janesville; they moved there in the spring. She wus awful big feelin', and wus determined from the first to lead the fashion—tried to be awful genteel and put on sights of airs.

And Tirzah Ann bein' ambitius, and knowin' that she looked a good deal better than Mrs. Skidmore did, and knew as much agin, and knowin' that Whitfield wus a better lawyer than her husband wus, and twice as well off, wusn't goin' to stand none of her airs. Mrs. Skidmore seemed to sort o' look down on Tirzah Ann, for she never felt as I did on that subject.

Now if anybody wants to feel above me, I look on it in this light, I filosofize on it in this way: it probably does them some good, and it don't do me a mite of hurt, so I let 'em feel. I have always made a practice of it—it don't disturb me the width of a horse-hair. Because somebody feels as if they wus better than I am, that don't make 'em so; if it did, I should probably get up more interest on the subject. But it don't; it don't make them a mite better, nor me a mite worse, so what hurt does it do anyway?

As I said, it probably makes them feel sort o' good, and I feel ferst-rate about it; jest as cool and happy and comfortable as a cluster cowcumber at sunrise. That's the way I filosofize on it. But not studyin' it out as I have, not divin' into the subject so deep as I have doven, it galled Tirzah Ann to see Mrs. Skidmore put on such airs. She said:

"She wus poor, and humbly, and didn't know much, and it madded her to see her feel so big, and put on such airs."

And then I had to go deep into reeson and filosofy agin to convince her; says I:

"Such folks have to put on more airs than them that have got sunthin' to feel big over." Says I, "It is reeson and filosify that if anybody has got a uncommon intellect, or beauty, or wealth, they don't, as a general thing, put on the airs that them do that hain't got nothin'; they don't *have* to; they have got sunthin' to hold 'em up—they can stand without airs. But when anybody hain't got no intellect, nor riches, nor nothin'—when they hain't got nothin' only jest air to hold 'em up, it stands to reeson that they have got to have a good deal of it."

I had studied it all out, so it wus as plain to me as anything. But Tirzah Ann couldn't see it in that light, and would get as mad as a hen at Mrs. Skidmore ever sense they came to Janesville, and was bound she shouldn't go by her and out-do her. And so when Mrs. Skidmore gin it out in Janesville that she and her husband wus a goin' away for the summer, for rest and pleasure, Tirzah Ann said to herself that she and her husband would go for rest and pleasure, if they both died in the attempt. Wall, three days before they started, Tirzah Ann found that Mrs. Skidmore had got one dress more than she had, and a polenay, so she went to the store and got the materials and ingredients, and sot up day and night a-makin of 'em up; it most killed her a-hurryin' so.

Wall, they started the same day, and went to the same place the Skidmores did—a fashionable summer resort—and put up to the same tavern, to rest and recreate. But Mrs. Skidmore bein' a healthy, raw-boned weman, could stand as much agin rest as Tirzah Ann could. Why, Tirzah Ann says the rest wus enough to wear out a leather wemen, and how she stood it for two weeks wus more than she could tell. You see

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she wusn't used to hard work. I had always favored her and gone ahead with the work myself, and Whitfield had been as careful of her, and as good as a woman to help her, and this rest came tough on it; it wus dretful hard on her to be put through so.

You see she had to dress up two or three times a day, and keep the babe dressed up slick. And she had to promenade down to the waterin'-place, and drink jist such a time, and it went against her stomach, and almost upset her every time. And she had to go a-ridin', and out on the water in boats and yots, and that made her sick, too, and had to play crokey, and be up till midnight to parties. You see she had to do all this, ruther than let Mrs. Skidmore get in ahead on her, and do more than she did, and be more genteel than she wus, and rest more.

And then the town bein' full, and runnin' over, they wus cooped up in a little mite of a room up three flights of stairs; that, in itself, wus enough to wear Tirzah Ann out; she never could climb stairs worth a cent. And their room wus very small, and the air close, nearly tight, and hot as an oven; they wus used to great, cool, airy rooms to hum; and the babe couldn't stand the hotness and the tightness, and she began to enjoy poor health, and cried most all the time, and that wore on Tirzah Ann; and to hum, the babe could play round in the yard all day a'most, but here she hung right on to her ma.

And then the rooms on one side of 'em wus occupied by a young man a-learnin' to play on the flute; he had been disappointed in love, and he would try to make up tunes as he went along sort o' tragedy style, and dirge-like, the most unearthly and woe-begone sounds, they say, that they ever heard or heard on. They say it wus enough to make anybody's blood run cold in their veins to hear 'em; he kept his room most of the time, and played day and night. He had ruther be alone day times and play, than go into company, and nights he couldn't sleep, so he would set up and play. They wus sorry for him, they said they wus; they knew his mind must be in a awful state, and his sufferin's intense, or he couldn't harrow up anybody's feelin's so. But that didn't make it more the easier for them.

Tirzah Ann and Whitfield both says that tongue can't never tell the sufferin's they underwent from that flute, and their feelin's for that young man; they expected every day to hear he had made way with himself, his agony seemed so great, and he would groan and rithe so fearful, when he wasn't playin'.

And the room on the other side of 'em wus occupied by a young woman who owned a melodien; she went into company a good deal, and her spells of playin' and singin' would come on after she had got home from parties. She had a good many bo's, and was happy dispositioned naturally; and they said some nights, it would seem as if there wouldn't be no end to her playin' and singin' love songs, and performin' quiet pieces, polkys, and waltzes, and such. Tirzah Ann and Whitfield are both good-hearted as they can be, and they said they didn't want to throw no shade over young hearts; they had been young themselves not much more than two years ago; they knew by experience what it wus to be sentimental, and they felt to sympathize with the gladness and highlarity of a young heart, and it didn't want to do nothin' to break it up. But still it came tough on 'em—dretful. I s'pose the sufferin's couldn't be told that they suffered from them two musicianers. And the babe not bein' used to such a racket, nights, would get skairt, and almost go into hysterick fits. And two or three nights, Tirzah Ann had 'em, too—the hystericks. I don't see what kep' Whitfield up; he says no money would tempt him to go through it agin; I s'pose she almost tore him to pieces; but she wasn't to blame, she didn't know what she was a-doin'.

It hain't no use to blame Tirzah Ann now, after it is all over with; but she sees it plain enough now, and she's a-sufferin' enough from the effects of it, her tryin' to keep up with Mrs. Skidmore, and do all she done. And there is where her morals get all run down, and Whitfield's, too.

To think of them two, she that was Tirzah Ann Allan, and Whitfield Minkley! to think of them two! brought up as they had been, with such parents and step-parents as they had, settin' under such a preacher as they had always set under! to think of them two a-dancin'!

Why if anybody else had told me, if it had come through two or three, I would have despised the idee of believin' of it. But it didn't come through anybody; she owned it up to me herself, I couldn't hardly believe my ear, when she told me, but I had to. They had parties there every evenin' in the parlor, and Mrs. Skidmore and her husband went to 'em, and danced, and so they went to 'em, and they danced. I didn't say nothin' to hurt her feelin's, her mean looked so dretful, and I see she was a-gettin' her pay for her sinfulness, but I groaned loud and frequent, while she wus a-tellin' me of this, (entirely unbeknown to me).

Here was where Whitfield got so lame. He never had danced a step before in his life, nor Tirzah Ann nuther. But Skidmore and his wife

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danced every night, and Tirzah Ann, bein' so ambitius, was determined that she and Whitfield should dance as much as they did, if they fell down a-doin' of it; and not bein' used to it, it almost killed 'em, besides loosenin' their mussels, so that it will be weeks and weeks before they get as strong and firm as they wus before, and I don't know as they ever will. When mussels get to totterin', it is almost impossible to get 'em as firm as they wus before. But truely they got their pay, Whitfield bein' so tuckered out with the rest and recreation he had been a-havin', it lamed him awfully, rheumatiz set in, and he wus most bed-rid. And then a base ball hit him, when he was a-playin'; a base ball hit him on the elbo', right on the crazy-bone; I s'pose he wus most crazy, the pain wus terrible, but the doctor says, with care, he may get over it, and use his arm agin. At present, it is in a sling.

It seemed to hurt Tirzah Ann more innardly; it brought on a kind of a weakness. But where she got her death blow, (as it were), what laid her up, and made her sick a-bed, was goin' in a bathin', and drinkin' so much mineral water. Ridin' out on the water was bad for 'em both, as I said; made 'em sick as snipes, they were dretfully sick every time they went, almost spilt their stomachs. But if she had kep' on top of the water, it would have been better for her, sick as she was. But she wasn't goin' to have Mrs. Skidmore bathe, and she not, not if she got drownded in the operation. She was always afraid of deep water—dretful. But in she went, and got skairt, the minute the water was over her ankles; it skairt her so, she had sort o' cramps, and gin up she was a drowndin', and that made it worse for her, and she did crumple right down in the water, and would have been drownded, if a man hadn't rescued of her; she wus a-sinkin' for the third time, when he laid holt of her hair, and yanked her out.

But she hain't got over the fright yet, and I am afraid she never will. Whitfield says now, night after night, she will jump right up inside of the bed, and ketch holt of him, and yell the most uneerthly yells he ever, ever heard; and night after night, in the dead of night, she will jump right over him, onto the floor, thinkin' she is drowndin' agin; it makes it hard for 'em both, dretful.

The mineral water, they say, told awfully, and it went against Tirzah Ann's stomach so, that she couldn't hardly get down a tumblerful a day; she wus always dretful dainty and sort o' delicate-like. But Mrs. Skidmore bein' so tough, could drink seven tumblersful right down. And it seems she acted sort o' overbearin' and haughty, because Tirzah Ann couldn't drink so much as she could. And put on airs about it. And Tirzah Ann couldn't stand that, so one day, it wus the day before she came home, she said to herself that Mrs. Skidmore shouldn't have that to feel big over no longer, so she drinked down five tumblersful, and wus a-tryin' to get down the other two, when she wus took sick sudden and violent, and I s'pose a sicker critter never lived than she wus. It acted on her like a emetic, and she had all the symptoms of billerous colic. I s'pose they wus awful skairt about her, and she wus skairt about herself; she thought she wus a-dyin', and she made Whitfield promise on a Testament to carry her, the next day, to Janesville, alive or dead. So he wus as good as his word, and brought her home, the next day, on a bed.

They got round the house in a day or two, but they have been laid up for repairs (as you may say,) ever sense. They are sick critters, now, both on 'em. Never, never, did I see such awful effects from rest and recreation before. As they both say, one week more rest would have finished 'em for this world.

And besides these outside sufferin's that are plain to be seen, there are innurd hurts that are fur worse. Outside bruises and hurts can be reached with arneky and wormwood, but how can you bathe a wounded sperit, or rub it with hot flanell? You can't do it.

Now, this that I am goin' to say now, I wouldn't have get round for the world—it *must be kept!* But seein' I am on this subject, I feel it to be my duty to tell the truth, and the hull truth. But it mustn't go no further: it must be kept.

Tirzah Ann didn't tell this right out to me, but I gathered it from little things I heard her and Whitfield say, and from what others said who wus there.

If I didn't feel it to be my bounden duty to write the truth, and if it wusn't for its bein' a solemn warnin' to them who may have felt a hankerin' towards goin' off on a trip, I couldn't write out the awful words. But it must be kept.

I mistrust, and almost know, that Tirzah Ann flirted—flirted with a man! You see Mrs. Skidmore, wantin' to appear fashionable and genteel, flirted with men, and I know jest as well as I want to know, that Tirzah Ann did, not wantin' to be outdone.

I know she and Whitfield quarrelled, dretfully, for the first time in their lives; that I had right from her own mouth. But she didn't tell me what it wus about; she looked sort o' sheepish and weakin', and turned the subject, and I hain't one to pump.

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But I s'pose from what they both said to me, they came pretty nigh partin'. And I know jest as well as if I see it myself, that Tirzah Ann bein' so ambitius, and not wantin' to be outdone by Mrs. Skidmore, went to flirtin', and I mistrust it wus with old Skidmore himself. I know he and Whitfield don't speak. Tirzah Ann never could bear him, but I s'pose she wanted to gall Mrs. Skidmore.

Oh, such doin's, such doin's! You hain't no idee how it worked up Josiah and me, and mortified us. As I told Josiah that night—after we went to bed, we wus a-talkin' it over—and says I:

"Josiah Allen, what would their morals have been, if they had rested and recreated any longer?"

And he groaned out, and sayed what galled him the worst wus to think of "the money they had throwed away." Says he, "it will cramp 'em for months and months." And it did.

FORESHADOWINGS.

BY LAURA VARNER.

To-morrow, when his vessel sails
Across the bay, and far away,
And I have watched till sea and skies
Have kissed it from my yearning eyes,
How shall I turn and walk again
The stern path where my duty lies,
Unloved, alone; while o'er and o'er,
The whole world sings a song forlorn,
A sad refrain, that night and morn
Is sounding ever in my brain?
"Alas, alas! a year is long,
The sea is deep, the sea is wide;
The day will never come, with song,
Which makes sweet Blanche his bride!"

Last night, through ghostly mists a-lee,
I saw the gleaming lights out-shine.
I wept and shuddered in the gloom,
While from the treacherous, moaning sea,
A shadowy phantom seemed to rise,
And drag his vessel down to doom.
And o'er the agony of cries,
That rose above the hungry waves,
I hear his voice call wild and long;
And echoing through my tortured brain,
Its tones sound in that sad refrain,
"Alas, alas! a year is long,
The sea is deep, the sea is wide;
The happy day will never dawn,
Which makes sweet Blanche his bride!"

To-morrow he will sail away,
And many days will come and go,
The flowers will bloom, the birds will sing,
And hearts be glad; but mine will break.
The dread suspense will drive me mad—
To know not, when the mornings' wake,
Whether he sees the blessed light,
Or, in dim dungeons fettered strong,
Sleeps 'neath that awful weight of waves,
That ever whisper day and night:
"Alas, alas! a year is long,
The sea is deep, the sea is wide;
The happy day will never dawn,
Which makes sweet Blanche his bride!"

LOVER AND FRIEND.

BY C. PRESTON.

I lose not one, but two: I lose
Those I love best. Ah, we may choose
But God doth will; the ones most dear
Are parted from us, year by year,
And those so distant from our hearts
Walk with us daily. Dread change parts,
And happy chance unites. Chance! Aye,
And is it chance? In heaven, they say,
All marriages are made; we, then,
If it is best, will meet again.
But, oh, my comforter, my friend,
You too are gone! Can true love end?
If those best loved step never more
Upon the threshold of the door,
If they forget while our hearts grow
Clouded and weary with their woe,
As day by day goes by, and yet
They send no word; and eyes grow wet
With many tear drops; must we think
That love has died, and turn to drink
The cup of disappointment? No!
It lives for ay. Through weal or woe,
Down deep within her heart my name
Will be inscribed. She is the same.
Forget she does not, but the care
And trials of her new life bear
Perhaps too hardly on her. Wait,
True love is also patient; late
Is better far than never. Wait.

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MISS DEFARGE.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

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CHAPTER IV.

"MISS ELIZABETH DYSART—" began Terese, as she sat with Lady Dysart, that evening.

Her ladyship interposed with a slight lifting of her dark brows.

"Elizabeth?" she said. "When did you see Elizabeth?"

"This afternoon," Terese answered. "Is it possible that you were not told?"

"Quite possible," returned my lady, drily. "Nobody stands on ceremony with Elizabeth. It is not her way to demand much attention. She comes and goes as the whim seizes her; and she certainly does not come to see me. It is always Roger she wants."

"She wanted Mr. Dysart, this afternoon," said Terese.

"She is not a bashful young lady," said Lady Dysart. "She is as candid in her exhibition of sentiment for Roger as if she was six instead of twenty. She wanders about after him with the most amiable calmness. Sometimes I almost like her for it, and sometimes I lose patience."

Naturally Miss Defarge was conscious of some slight curiosity, as to what order of sentiment this was, which Miss Elizabeth Dysart cherished for her cousin. It had seemed to her a very innocent and matter-of-fact one.

"But what a beautiful creature she is," she remarked, aloud.

"Beautiful!" echoed Lady Dysart. "She is more than beautiful. She is a wonder of good looks; and she either knows or cares nothing about them. She is beautiful because she cannot help it; and somehow she is always picturesque in untidy fashion. That white merino for instance—"

"She wore it this afternoon," said Terese.

"Of course she did. Roger once admired it in his unceremonious style, and she has worn it as often as possible ever since. And what a rag it would be upon any one else! It has been washed a score of times, but it falls about her in folds that are fairly classic; and absurdly out of date as it is, one cannot complain of it. It is comfortable, she says, and easy to put on, and so she will wear it as long as it will hold together, or until Roger tells her it is getting too yellow."

"The Dysarts are all poor," said my lady. "The Reverend Eustace had made a love match, and then, having struggled against fate for a dozen years, had lost his beautiful, incapable wife, who had left him six children."

"She was like Elizabeth," added Lady Dysart, "and for that reason Eustace is secretly fonder of Elizabeth than of the rest. He likes to see her lounging in his study, when he is writing his sermons. As to Barbara—but you will know Barbara soon enough. I have no doubt she will call upon you, to-morrow, to see if you are orthodox."

And surely enough, the elder Miss Dysart presented herself the next day. She was as unlike her sister as was possible. Terese Defarge found her rather like a brown sparrow. Her eyes were brown, her hair was brown, and she was trimly attired in brown, from head to foot. She carried a neat note-book and a choice assortment of tracts, and evidently regarded Terese only in the light of so much possible parochial assistance.

"From a speech I heard Elizabeth make, I was led to hope we should have something in common," she said. "She told me you were fond of work."

And then she displayed the note-book, which was full of memoranda of visits to be made, and tracts to be delivered. "Take Forbes to task about his idleness," Terese saw at the head of one page. "Read portions of Job to Mrs. Feggs, the next time she complains of her rheumatism."

"If Elizabeth would help me," she said, "we might accomplish a great deal; but upon that point she is obstinate; and I will say that Elizabeth is not often obstinate. Indolence is her besetting sin, however, and the consequence is that the children are left to run wild. She is too lazy to attend to them—and I have not the time to do it. The parish cannot be neglected altogether."

"You are speaking of your father's children?" Terese hinted.

"Yes," producing a lead pencil. "There are six of us, and the four younger ones are the trial of my life—no regularity, you know, no sense of order; and Elizabeth, who might do almost anything with them—they are so unaccountably fond

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of her—spends half the summer days in lying on the grass and telling them fairy tales. But may I put you down a list of calls to make?"

She was doomed to disappointment, however. Terese shook her head. She did not feel herself equal to Forbes and Mrs. Feggs just yet.

"I am afraid I should not select the right portions of Job," she said, smiling at Miss Dysart from under her eyelashes. "And I find there is a great deal to be done at the Court itself. You must excuse me for the present."

Her call ended, Barbara Dysart carried her memorandum-book away, with a slight sense of discomfiture. This was something worse than Elizabeth, she said to herself. Elizabeth was simply incapable, but this Miss Defarge, with her air of decision, would certainly have been a match for all sorts of parochial difficulties. Even Forbes must have stood before her in a respectful mood. Even Forbes, who was an idle vagabond of democratic tendencies, and prone to unpleasant frankness of speech and manner.

Of the young man Roger, Terese saw very little. He seemed to live a curious, aimless, vagabond life, going out and coming in at whatever hours he chose, and making his dogs and horses his sole companions. If he had others they never presented themselves at the Court. For the rest, he was usually silent, indifferent, and gloomy. Scarcely an addition to any circle, thought Terese, a little scornfully. In fact, he was something of a trial to her. He was the first of his species she had encountered, and when—as was not unfrequently the case—she found his eyes fixed upon her, the unceremonious candor of their stare more than half angered her.

"Why don't you go and see Elizabeth Dysart?" he broke out upon her, sharply, one evening. "What right have you to sit stitching in the house, and giving yourself no rest? I detest to see a woman sew."

"That is unfortunate," returned Terese. In fact, one of her first moves towards reform had been to attack her pupils' wardrobes boldly, and this labor she had been quick enough to observe, before this occasion, was regarded by the masculine looker-on with no small disfavor.

"You have no right to do that," he said, pointing to the work-basket at her side.

She merely shrugged her shoulders, prettily.

"It is no business of yours," becoming irritated and brusque.

Then, to his companion's surprise, he began to stride to and fro across the floor, angrily.

"We are a disgrace to our name," he said. "We are always imposing on somebody, or cheating somebody, or lying to somebody. Nobody is safe who comes within our walls. Don't the very tradespeople know us? Have we spared the poorest of them? Whom can we look in the face fairly?"

But there he stopped, just as suddenly as he had begun.

"What a fool I am," he said. "What can you know about it—or care? But go to the parsonage, to see Elizabeth Dysart. She told me to ask you." And immediately he marched out of the room, still flushed and fierce.

Terese found herself flushing, also, a little.

"He sees and feels, does he?" she said. "Well, it is a miserable state of affairs, that is true."

She went to the parsonage, that afternoon, and on her way from the gate to the house, was checked by the sound of voices, which drew her attention to a shady corner of the garden, and showed her that she had no need to go further. Elizabeth Dysart was lying upon the grass, with four children lounging around her, in eccentric but easy attitudes; and the first sentences Terese heard were these:

"If you fan one in that excitable fashion, Lucy, I shall certainly be obliged to stop the story. It makes me warm to look at you, and I cannot allow myself to be made warm—but immediately the Princess Graziella spoke to the Ogre, and said—Ah!" breaking off, as she caught sight of Terese, "there is Miss Defarge."

The four children all scrambled to their feet at once, and stared with four pairs of great eyes, very like Elizabeth's, and Elizabeth herself rose slowly, and stood up among the roses, smiling.

"Roger," she said, with comfortable composure, "Roger told me he would ask you to come."

She seemed beautifully unconscious of any irregularity or unceremoniousness in the proceedings, as she re-seated herself on the grass, in evident expectation that Terese would follow her example.

"Stand near Miss Defarge, and fan her, Lucy," she said to the tallest child, adding to her visitor. "Lucy is the best fanner among them, when she does her best, and it is her turn, this afternoon."

"Her turn?" echoed Terese.

"Yes," nodding. "They take it on turns to fan me; and I pay them in stories and cake. We are all fond of cake, you see, and I am the only one who dare take it without asking."

Actually, Terese Defarge found herself at a loss for something to say. For a few minutes, she could only remain passive under the fanning, and feel herself filled with wonder as to what would come next.

She had not long to wait. It was Roger who came next, throwing the gate open with a great

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swing, and striding across the grass towards them, with the air of a visitor who knew where to find them, and was not at all used to standing upon ceremony.

Perhaps he had scarcely expected to see Terese there so soon. At all events, he colored a little as he touched his hat, and flung himself down at Elizabeth's feet.

"So you found your way here," he said.

"It was not a difficult matter," Terese answered.

Unconsciously, she began almost to stare at the two, as they sat there; he resting upon his elbow, and Elizabeth looking down at him, with a lazy, affectionate smile.

"Is he in love with her," Terese was asking herself, "or is she in love with him, or is it possible that each is in love with the other? I should not think so, and yet—"

And there her speculations stopped, because it was not easy to carry them further. Truly, it was rather a curious state of affairs. If there was any love-making, it was certainly the goddess who made it, and it was made in the most innocent of unromantic fashions. She unfurled a large fan, and fanned Roger with delicious regularity and gentleness. She bore two reproaches on the subject of Kitty's left hind-foot with penitent submission. She even went to the house, and brought back to him iced water, when he ungratefully complained of the heat, pouring it out, and standing before him, with a placidly sweet servility, wondrous to Terese Defarge, at least.

In fact, Miss Defarge grew somewhat impatient, but her impatience was rather against Roger Dysart than against Elizabeth. Her high spirit roused itself against his cool readiness to be served. She looked on, in silent scorn, and when she rose to take her departure, her tall, slight, black figure seemed to have drawn its swaying height to such an increase of tallness, that Roger Dysart's eye fell upon her in secret dissatisfaction and curiosity.

She had scarcely expected he would accompany her, but he did, rising almost immediately, and bestowing upon Elizabeth a cavalierly, curt farewell.

"I shall be over again, to-morrow, to look at Kitty's foot," he said, "and if that confounded fellow hasn't attended to her, I'll break his neck." Having made which gentlemanly observation, he strode up to Terese, and walked by her side.

For some time Miss Defarge remained silent. It was Roger who found himself obliged to speak first.

"Well," he said, with sardonic brusqueness, "what do you think of us?"

To tell the truth, her mode of reply rather startled, and took him aback. She suddenly stopped short, and looked him full in the face.

"Do you always conduct yourself towards Miss Elizabeth Dysart as you have done this afternoon?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered. "I suppose I do."

"Oh!" was her brief, ejaculatory comment; and she turned round and walked on.

He kept pace with her, cutting at the heads of the grass with the light switch he held in his hand. Presently he spoke, in Lady Dysart's own words:

"We don't stand on ceremony with Elizabeth," he said.

"That is very plain," returned Terese.

"Why should we?" he proceeded. "She does not care. She would not understand it if we did. If I were ceremonious and polite, she would think I was angry with her."

Terese said nothing.

"Don't make a mistake," he said, working himself up into his usual fiery humor. "I am not so blind as not to see that she is worth a dozen more exacting women. Don't suppose that I am an idiot. She is the best and truest friend I have ever had—she is the only friend I have ever had—Elizabeth Dysart."

"Lady Dysart is your friend," said Terese.

"Well, perhaps—but not as Elizabeth is. She has cared for me ever since she was a baby. She began to fetch and carry for me, when she was three years old, and she did it because she was sweet-tempered enough to like to do it. She is faithful and innocent. I like women who are faithful and innocent."

Again Terese said nothing, and so he went on:

"There are things she has done which I cannot forget. When my devil of a father used to beat and half-starve me, as was a pleasant habit of his, she was my only consolation. She used to wait among the trees in the park, with the food she had saved, until I came to her to rave out my rage, and tire myself out. And once, when Sir Roderick beat me with his hunting-whip, she ran in between us, and stood with her arms around my neck, until he was obliged to stop—not because she was a child and a girl, but because she was not one of his own chattels. She got one cut, too, the mark of which she bore for many a day. I hope," uttering the words through his teeth, "to pay Sir Roderick for that yet."

Then he suddenly lapsed into silence, and the rest of their walk was accomplished without the exchange of a word.

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When they entered the house, however, he found something to say. He stopped short in the hall, and putting his hand in his pocket, produced a letter.

"That is yours," he said. "I forgot to give it to you this morning."

Terese took it, with a little frown. It was inconsistent and ungrateful in her, and she could not have told why she did it, but she did frown. And yet she knew as well what she should find inside the envelope, as if she had already opened it, and read the first words—words which she always found opening such epistles:

"My dearest and most precious Terese."

CHAPTER V.

"I really think," wrote Terese, a few days later, in answer to this letter, "that, however slow the process may at present appear, I shall in the end accomplish something. The two or three wretchedly, incapable, and utterly dishonest servants, who are on the place, are beginning to hate me, and I am encouraged by the fact. In time, they will be afraid of me—that is, if I give them time; but I hope that I shall not be obliged to do so. I have faced the lion in his den, or rather the lioness in hers, which figure represents a certain wicked, slippery, good-looking housekeeper, who carries Lady Dysart's keys, and robs her upon every occasion. I suppose there is, as I have said before, no real reason why I should interfere; but, somehow, the state of affairs rouses me, and then I have nothing else to do. I believe, also, that I have a kind of diplomatic business talent. I think I like to economize and manage things, and I have a faculty for doing so. That is the French phase of my character. My aunt, Madamoiselle Ducloux, used to admire it in me. The fact is, I admire it in myself—I pride myself upon it. I see at Dysart Court a riotous kind of penury, in which everything lies waste and goes to ruin, and then I see resources, and I can't help feeling meddlesome—as if I must do something. I have begun by trying to rouse Lady Dysart, and I have succeeded so far as to cause her to invest me with unlimited power over keys and cupboards. The bearding of the lioness was not pleasant. She was so furious, that I thought, once or twice, she would have eaten me if she had dared. It is my intention to remove her as soon as possible. As to the children, I have reached a climax with them, and do not think I shall have any more trouble. Yesterday, occurred my battle royal with Master Hugh Dysart, and it is my opinion —yes, I really think that, upon the whole, I came off victor. He is a young savage, this Master Hugh Dysart, and from the first he has continually done all he dared to defy and annoy me. But, yesterday, the crisis arrived. He brought into the school-room a dog I hate, (and secretly stand in fear of); a big, fierce-looking creature, belonging to Sir Roderick, and he also brought a whip with which he teased it. I ordered the dog out, and told him to bring the whip to me. He told the dog to remain, and refused to bring me the whip. I am afraid of the dog, as I tell you, but my temper was stronger than my fear, so I went to the animal, and took it boldly by its collar, and led it out myself. Then I returned to my seat, and commanded my young Sir Roderick to come to me, as I had done before. The two girls dropped their books, and sat and stared at me. I really believe there was something in my face which frightened them. For fully two minutes the boy sat in his seat, laughing at me a horridly wicked laugh, and then a sudden passion of fury seemed to seize upon him. He sprang up, and ran towards me, all at once, and before I could touch him, his whip had struck me across my face.

"You cannot imagine, unless you have once received such a blow, what its effect was upon me. It is already agreed between us that my temper is not a cold one, and between the sting and the humiliation, and my perfect conviction that my time had come, I will confess it got the better of me. In two seconds, I had wrenched the whip from the little animal's hand, and held him with all my strength, and then I beat him—and beat him—and beat him! I beat him until I felt that even the amiable Sir Roderick might have considered that I had distinguished myself; after which exploit I flung him upon the floor, broke the whip into half-a-dozen pieces, and threw it at him where he lay.

"But really it is scarcely fair to fill your letter with such agreeable items; suppose, as a more pleasant subject, we turn to Major Ponsonley, etc., etc."

The little episode, above related, had indeed been an exciting one, and its result was by no means a bad one. Master Hugh Dysart had learned a lesson, and his governess profited by his acquisition of knowledge. He was conquered for the first time. He had been in the habit of laughing to scorn the meek spinsters and timorous widows who had heretofore vainly endeavored to guide the reins of government; but here was a combatant, who, insignificant as he had thought her, had wrists of steel, and a feminine fire of temper as fierce, when roused, as that of his sole subjugator, Sir Roderick.

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Miss Defarge presented herself at dinner, that day, with a red mark showing itself across her clear, dark cheek, and when she caught Roger Dysart looking at it, she felt that she could well afford the delicious, melting smile she straightway bestowed upon him.

"I have had a little trouble in the school-room," she said to him, after the meal was over.

The blood leaped to his face, as she knew it would.

"If that young devil—" he broke forth.

"Ah," she said. "You have no need to be angry. I am not; and it is all over comfortably enough. I shall have no more trouble with Master Hugh Dysart, I think. From to-day he will begin to understand."

But Roger is as furious.

"You are not strong enough to have given him the thrashing he deserves," he said.

She looked up at him, laughing and nodding, with that significant little flash darting from under her lashes.

"Am I not?" she answered. "I think I have been, and at any rate it is all over."

It was all over, and as she had prophesied, she had no further trouble. The boy was obedient, if sullen, and it was evident that in secret he felt something akin to respect for her. She often found him watching her furtively, and after a week or so of perfect indifference of manner, she changed her tactics. She occasionally vouchsafed him some trifling extra attention, and at last went so far as to give him suddenly such a smile as she now and then bestowed upon very much older people. The young savage stared at her for a second or so, and then was affected, as the older ones were—he relented, and stared harder than ever, but with a new element of appreciation in his stare. He was a bold youngster, and a thorough Dysart, and consequently, even at eight years, feminine fascinations, incomprehensible though they appeared, were not wholly lost upon him.

That evening, after tea, Terese returned to the school-room. She had letters to write, and having written them, she went and seated herself at a large oriel window, which looked out upon the fast darkening park. She was in a somewhat fanciful humor, and wished to be alone, but before she had occupied her place very long, she became conscious of a presence near. She glanced round impatiently, and saw her pupil standing a few paces from her, his back against the wall, both his hands in his pockets, his black eyes fixed upon her, his evil, handsome, boy-face altogether suggestive of something a trifle uncanny.

For a minute or so he merely stared cavalierly as before, but at length he condescended a remark.

"Can you ride?"

"No," answered Terese, nonchalantly.

Another cool stare, and then:

"Are you afraid?"

"No."

He edged a little nearer, with a new and condescending expression of interest.

"Would you like to try?"

"Why do you ask?" said Terese.

"Because you would like it, and," as cooly as ever. "I could teach you."

"Do you think you could?" asked Terese, quite as coolly.

"Yes, and there is a horse that belongs to me in the stable. It's too gentle," with some scorn, "for anything but a woman to ride. Will you try it?"

Terese looked at him, somewhat curiously.

"Yes," she said, at last.

"When?"

"To-morrow."

"Very well." And after another pause, and another stare, he disappeared.

The next morning, in passing through the hall, Roger Dysart met Terese coming in, evidently from a ride. She held a whip in her hand, and wore a habit which she had borrowed from Lady Dysart, who had not mounted a horse for years.

"Where have you been?" he demanded.

"I have been taking a lesson in riding."

He glanced through the door-way, and saw Hugh disappearing down the avenue at a tearing pace, possibly finding it a relief from the monotony of a tamer one.

"What?" he exclaimed. "That imp! Do you want your neck broken? Why not let me teach you, if you care to learn?"

"You did not offer to do it, and he did," she replied, in some secret triumph.

"If you are inclined to trust yourself to a baby—" with rough resentment.

"He is not a baby," she answered. "And I wish I had as firm a seat. He is afraid of nothing. On the whole, I like it, and the fact is, I begin to like him." And she went upstairs, laughing.

Before many weeks had passed, her black browed, taciturn, young barbarian followed her everywhere. Tact had suggested to her that she should accept his advances, and humor his whim, and the doing so had been a master stroke. In a silent, and non-effusive fashion, he attached himself to her, and made himself her attendant and servitor. His manners were by no means

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of the best, but, at least, he showed a disposition to make himself useful, whenever the opportunity presented itself. He even followed her to the rectory, thereby creating great consternation among the inhabitants of that tranquil and indolent retreat.

"Is it Hugh you have with you?" said Elizabeth, opening her lovely eyes in horror. "What are you going to do with him? Do you know he will set the whole place by the ears, and terrify the children to death? He once broke Lucy's arm, and he half-killed Nina by riding over her with his pony."

"Nevertheless," said Terese, "I think you can trust him not to do so now."

"Then," said Elizabeth, "it must be true, as Roger says, that you have worked miracles."

And the miracles did not end here. The restless French blood in Terese Defarge's veins impelled her to deeds more daring still. In three months she had worked wonders in the household, and this also almost imperceptibly.

"Do what you like—anything you like—all you like," Lady Dysart had said, when she went to her, at the outset of her reforms. "If you think you can improve the state of affairs," with a shrug of her shoulders, "pray do so."

Even though she felt some secret admiration and respect for the girl, she had not the slightest faith in her ability to do battle with the difficulties which surrounded her on every side—the obstacles of poverty, and extravagance, sloth, and dishonesty.

"You will find Sir Roderick's servants more difficult to manage than his children," she remarked. "You cannot beat them, you know. For my part, if I was sufficiently interested to try to manage them—which I am not—I should be afraid to attempt it."

"When I cannot manage them, I shall discharge them," returned Terese.

Her ladyship raised her eyebrows, and half-laughed.

"They consider themselves Sir Roderick's private property."

"Then," answered Terese, smiling also, "I must account for them to Sir Roderick, when he comes."

"As you please," said my lady; "but, being his wife, I should not care to attempt that either. As you are not his wife, you may fare better than I should."

She was rather curious to see how Terese would conduct herself, on finding that she was beaten, and must relinquish her projects, with an ignominious sense of having been worsted, by such inferior and shallow combatants; but as time went on, she saw no sign of her having been beaten at all. One morning, however, Terese came into the parlor, with an account book in her hand, and a bunch of keys hanging from her waist.

"I have sent the housekeeper away," she said.

"Lefton!" exclaimed Lady Dysart. "That was a bold stroke, indeed. May I ask how you paid her the arrears of her wages? To my certain knowledge she has had nothing for a year."

"I had some money of my own," said Terese, indifferently, "and I shall save it out of the household expenses in a month, holding the management in my own hands."

"Then you are going to manage the house, and the children, too. That is energetic and generous, but I think you will tire of it."

Terese shook her keys, knitting her forehead, reflectively.

"Not yet," she replied. "I am interested. It is like playing a difficult, close kind of game."

As she went out of the room, Lady Dysart stopped her for a moment.

"I have, however, one remark to make," she said. "I should not advise you to pay Sir Roderick's bills as a rule, or to let him know that you have ever done it. You would not find it remunerative."

In saying that she was interested, and that the undertaking was like playing a close kind of game, Terese had spoken truly. She had never confronted so much of difficulty before, and it interested and spurred her. She was a clever economist, and here was need for economy; she had a quick eye, and wonderful genius for controlling people. She kept her accounts strictly, and made a study of her resources. In three weeks she knew more of Dysart and its possibilities than Lady Dysart had learned during the whole of her married life. So, at last, after thinking the matter over, she matured mentally two or three very creditable plans, and carried them to no less a person than Roger.

"Why cannot *you* take charge of Dysart?" she said, with cool boldness.

"I?" he answered, sneering bitterly. "Do you want a new housekeeper?"

He had behaved himself rather badly about her assumption of unpaid labor, and they had accordingly not been on very good terms. His rebellion against fortune unfortunately took the form of general impoliteness and savagely brusque speech. He had even been rude to Lady Dysart, and to his credit be it spoken, it was his habit to behave well enough towards her.

"No," she returned, in too business-like a mood to lose her temper. "The one I employ at

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present pleases me well enough. I mean the estate. There is no reason why you should not."

"No reason?" he burst out, tempestuously. "Do you know what you are talking about?"

"In the abstract," with perfect gravity. "I know that there are such people as tenants, and that they are either good or bad, and I hear continually that your's are bad, and that they are spoiling your land."

"Did you ever hear that better farmers refuse to rent their farms from such a landlord as Sir Roderick?"

"I have heard that, too. It seems very easy," drily and indiscreetly, "to lay all the blame upon Sir Roderick."

"Do you think I am to blame? Is it my fault that we are a disgraced, beggarly lot?" fiery at once.

"It is not you who should say that," said Terese. "You are too young, and have too much of life before you. And if another person said it, you would not stand passive."

She gave him the outline of the plans she had pleased herself by forming, and bold though they were under the circumstances, there was a practical element and an air of probability about them. At least, Roger Dysart listened, and found his bitter lassitude stirred to some extent.

"We are going to be reformed," he said, grimly, to Elizabeth, that afternoon, as he lay upon the grass at her feet. "A little leaven will leaven the whole lump."

"Reform!" said Elizabeth, shamelessly candid. "That reminds me of Barbara. And if there is one thing I hate, it is reform. Reform always means that you must give up something comfortable, or do something uncomfortable. Which is it in this case?"

He related the story of Terese Defarge's late movements, and ended, it is to be regretted, with something between a half-groan and a muttered oath. It was, however, one of his privileges to swear before Elizabeth—as he smoked in her presence, and was not restrained by it from flying into a rage.

"She is right enough," he said. "And a fellow cannot help liking her courage."

"Do you like it?" asked Elizabeth.

"Yes."

She heaved a rather long sigh, but not a sigh by any means indicative of distress of mind.

"So do I," she said. "I like to sit still, and watch her do things. Just imagine her having the courage to discharge servants, and add up bills. If she lived in France, Roger, and belonged to the lower orders, and had that kind of spirit, she would be a Communist."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LONG AGO.

BY LESLIE BURTON.

Yes, here is the rose, all withered and dry!
  Yet once 'twas the daintiest rose that grew;
And, lifting its beautiful head to the sky,
  Offered up incense pure and true.
And true and pure was the message it brought
  Straight from a bosom that knew no guile;
True as the flash of a heaven-born thought,
  And pure as the light of an angel's smile.

For this blest flower was chosen apart,
  Most honor to know that might befall;
For Cicely placed it over her heart
  That morn, as we sat by the garden wall.
But the rose was shamed, to such nearness brought,
  And paled at the sight of a face so fair;
For the tint of the cheek's pure oval taught
  What color a perfect rose should wear.

And she saw full well, with a strange surprise,
  That the dewy gems on her bosom laid,
Grew dim at a glance from those radiant eyes,
  Tho' fit for a kingly diadem made.
So she folded her petals and hung her head.
  "Oh, why be so cruel, Cicely? See!
You have stolen the rose's bloom," I said,
  "It is dying already—pray, give it me?"

At first for the rose, then, bolder grown,
  I asked for a gift of greater grace,
Priceless and precious, and, courage flown,
  Doubted and trembled a moment's space.
Then the dewy, dark eyes and the fair young face,
  Bending above me—low at her feet—
Tenderer grew, as she took from its place
  The rose, and gave it me; token meet

Of the sweet, warm love that was hers to know,
  Hers to give, and to hold till death;
Sweet as the redolent sweets that blow
  Out on the breeze with the rose's breath;
And warm as the kisses her full heart knew,
  As she woke in beauty to life and love,
Pure as her morn-given wreath of dew,
  And sure as her life's law, written above.

Long, long ago! But a faint, sweet scent
  Clings to the dry, dead petals yet,
Rousing my soul from its forced content,
  And waking a sorrow's untold regret.
Wait patiently, Rose, yet a little time.
  In the mystical future, perchance, somewhere,
We shall find our youth and the summer's prime,
  Safe in her keeping, who waits us there.

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"LITTLE MISCHIEF."

BY SIDNEY TREVOR, AUTHOR OF "UNE DISCRETION," ETC., ETC.

"WHAT are you doing there, you little mischief?"

The door of the rooms were all open, that sultry day, at the Hôtel L'Impératrice. I could see, therefore, across the hall, straight into the salon of my opposite neighbor. I had, already, heard a drip, drip on the parquet floor, but had paid no attention to it, being absorbed in my novel. But now a man's tread, and it seemed a familiar one, came along, and a voice, also not unfamiliar, spoke, at the same time.

I looked up, with sudden curiosity. A little four-year-old, whose very look and movement showed mischief, had a watering-pot in her hand, and reaching up on tip-toe, she had been watering some flowers in a pot, heedless of the fact that the water had overflowed, and was running all over the floor.

She put down her watering-pot, and turned coolly to the gentleman.

"Count, give me your cane," she said, going up to him. "I've a mind to ride out this fine day."

"Behold the cane at your service, little wife. But what mischief, I ask again, have you been at?"

"Never mind," more coolly than ever. "No, not that cane—the one with the coronet; tell your servant to fetch it," imperiously.

"And may I accompany madame, the countess, in her ride?"

"No, thanks. You are much too idle. The colonel goes with me. He walks more quickly, you see, my husband."

"And you do not kiss me, my little wife?"

"If you like. Now give me your hat. Why do you wear a white silk scarf over it? It's very ugly."

"Are you going to leave me to have a sunstroke, while you coquette with the colonel?"

"As he's younger and handsomer—"

A shout of laughter, from a group of gentlemen, who had followed the first one, and now surrounded the four-year-old flirt, prevented my hearing the conclusion of her frank strictures. I had already discovered, in the first of these arrivals, the handsome Frenchman, whom my aunt had carried me off from Fronville to avoid. All titled Gauls, with an unknown quantity in place of rent-roll, are supposed to be mercenaries, and this one was too high-bred and elegant not to be considered, by her, especially dangerous. But who was this small imp, who so imperiously governed this entire cohort of Spanish and French cavaliers? Her shell-like color, and sunny hair proclaimed her Anglo-Saxon origin, though her Faubourg-St. Germain French betrayed no strange accents.

She now galloped off, on her impromptu steed, out into the hall, and down the stairs, the French colonel, and a rather elderly Spanish minister, *en vacance*, being her escort, and obliged by her commands to keep up a gentle amble on each side, little imagining that any stranger saw them. The others followed, immediately, and were soon grouped on the terrace, under my window. The count, meantime, pretended deep offence.

"You *pout* me, my husband?" she asked, delighted.

"When you make me these open infidelities," responds her so-called spouse.

"Wouldst thou that I conceal them?" says the "Little Mischief," merrily. She pays no attention to the laugh that greets this sally, but with a sudden coquettish change of manner, takes a newspaper, and pretends to read.

"An accident, of the most grave, has happened to a monsieur who was in a bad humor, and who continues to pout." Squinting slily up into the count's face, she sees the corners of his moustache droop and his eyes twinkle. At the same moment, the Spanish minister suggests, courteously, that his watch is going to play a little air—the listening to which has heretofore amused the small coquette. She waves him off, without looking from her paper, and still gravely reads:

"There is an old, *old* gentleman, who sometimes bores Madamoiselle Hélène enormously—especially when she adores her husband only."

This *coup* softens even the "husband," who hugs the small maid rapturously. Then her court beg for kisses.

"Upon my hand—yes," she answers, graciously. "I am sure, messieurs, *you* would not that any other gentleman should kiss the lips of your wives! Only a husband should do that;" and she looks up archly at them, and hugs and fondles the count, with tender epithets and pretty cajoleries.

"But what a flirt you are," she says. "A

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terrible fellow with the women. Yet why did you become so pale, when that tall, red-haired thing came into the dining-hall, last night? *Mon Dieu!* isn't she beautiful?"

The count suddenly springs up, and departs from under my balcony, with the sprite on his broad shoulder, and so I go away from the window.

Did he get pale at sight of me, for he alone of the group had seen me, as he left the room? I was too confused to notice. But, oh, how could I have known that my ridiculous heart would stand still at the sight of his beautiful face again, when I have never met him without being warned against his fortune-hunting reputation! How handsome he is, as he strides along the shore, with the child on his shoulder, his uncovered waves of black, soft hair shining in the sun, and his big, silk-fringed eyes lifted, in loving laughter, to his little tyrant. "Why is beauty given into such treacherous hands?" I say to myself. And why do I regard it, from this distance, with a field-glass, instead of keeping safely at the range of my own rather short sight?

Thinking this, at last, I resolutely cease gazing, and sit on the floor to prevent the possibility of a treacherous glance out of the window.

My aunt is the best of creatures, and has married two of her nieces very well. I must listen to her, at least, while I am with her; and I can see that she doesn't despair of me, although I am so unfortunately plain. Of course, I could marry, with my ten thousand a year, but Lady Jenkinson won't hear of such a thing, without genuine love on both sides, she is so old-fashioned.

"Look at me," she triumphantly commands. "Where will you find a more objectionable and discouraging feature, in any case, than my nose? Yet a good man loved me with all his big heart. Before my hair turned grey, it was a sort of dirty gingerbread-brown, and always disagreeing with my green eyes, till I took to glasses; and yet, I know some one will be glad to meet me in heaven, even if I remain as ugly as ever."

I felt a sense of indignation at her self-criticism, and could have contradicted it heartily. She is so good, that I couldn't bear to hear her called hideous, even by herself.

I look in the glass, just here.

"My hair, alas!" I soliloquize, "is a genuine red, and though my eyes are the dark brown that goes with red hair, they are a little too prominent—what my little brother Regy used to call 'pop-eyes'—and my too fair skin is given to violent and untimely flushing. If mamma would have brought me up anywhere but in Scotland, I fancy I should not be conscious of so much skeleton. That horrid oatmeal is said to create bone. I am sure it does, and nothing else, for I seem to have more elbows, and more intrusive angles, than other girls; and my hands, though they are, I must admit, very beautiful, might as well be made of ten sticks, unless it is for their use in drawing."

I had just arrived at this dismal summary of my physical graces and adornments, when I saw, in the distance, through my balcony-rail, a very pretty woman making her way to the sea, half-wrapped in a *torchon* cloak. A maid held an umbrella over her head, in its sailor's hat and oil-silk net, and as the waiting bather took off the wrap, he revealed a lovely figure, in pale blue flannel, trimmed with quantities of white worsted lace, and ending in the smallest pair of full-grown feet that I ever saw, in embroidered *espadrilles*.

"I don't think I need concern myself about the comte's following *me* from Fronville," I said, with a sigh, "when such lovely creatures are here before me."

I resort again to my marine glass. This modern Aphrodite puts on a small, cork belt, and then disappears in the sea, to come up, directly, on the crest of a big wave, and ride triumphant. She floats, she paddles, she plays in the water. Meantime, "Little Mischief" appears on the scene, and sits on the shore, under the same umbrella as the maid, whom she seems to know.

Suddenly we miss the pretty bather for a longer time than usual, and I hear a stir in the quiet hôtel, that denotes equal watchfulness on the part of other observers.

The bath-man disappears in the waves, and, strange to say, he also is gone for a long, anxious minute, before we see the two, far out, almost in the middle of the bay, but on the surface. Something must have happened to the lady, for she seems exhausted. What can the bath-man be doing? He waves an arm in the air. Then he and the lady disappear. Great heavens! they are drowning.

I hear a rushing sound across the terrace—I run—lean over the balcony—a hatless man is plunging through the sand—leaping toward that wicked, dangerous, calm-looking sea!

He is nearer—nearer—he has reached the shore. He plunges in, and also disappears, just as I see the two again rise to the surface, and again disappear.

Can he reach them in time?

What long, steady strokes—each one out of the water, in the Spanish manner—which raises his beautiful head, and enables him to see where he wishes to go. And yet they are so far off, that

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he never *can* reach them, before they sink for the third, and last, time. Even if he does, will he, after all that distance, have strength to sustain the double weight—the two locked together—and bring both in—save his life and theirs?

I don't know what I do. I can't stay to watch, afar off, that last—perhaps final—sinking—that triple death.

I rush from the hôtel. I am on the shore, with my hair streaming, a long, blue silk *robe-de-chambre* my only dress, my feet in *mules*, which I lose at every step, and a great *pointe à l'aiguille* shawl twisted about my head, for sole protection in the burning sun.

Some men are in the water. But that floating head is so far out to sea! How our strained eyes look through the hot tubes of our *lorgnettes!*

"Hurrah!" cries one of the crowd. The shout is taken up by the rest. A flash of blue and white, on the surface of the sea, shows that the two have risen again.

But, alas! they disappear once more, and the solitary head labors on again, in the burning sun, alone.

Now it, too, is lost!

Has he dived?

For a long, breathless moment, no sound is heard but the soft lapping of the cruel sea.

I dare not, cannot look. I turn away, staggering to where the child stands, now blanched and motionless, her two big, wild, tearless eyes fixed seaward.

I sink down by her, and she puts one, tiny, protecting arm about my head, but never stirs her eyes.

Oh, those endless moments!

All at once, the child shudders, and I feel her quick, baby heart-beats, as she screams out, first of them all, "There they are! There they are!"

Then comes the loud hurrah from the others, "there they are, there they are!"

But would they ever reach the shore? One exhausted swimmer to support two, who were now utterly powerless. How could he, under such circumstances, make head, in a sea that would swamp any boat?

The child alone seemed to have no fear. For quite ten minutes we watched the struggle. The sea was now alive with swimmers hastening to the rescue. Then a wild shout told us that the foremost had reached the three.

When a big wave finally brought all in, and the women ran to the lady, while the men gathered about the bather, who had, it seems, been seized with cramp, I could not forbear going to that other, who lay there, death-like from exhaustion, his lips blue, his eyes closed, and the wet, wavy locks clinging close about the broad Greek head.

His baby-wife, "Little Mischief," as I called her, had gone away with the rescued lady, her mother, whom they were now carrying to the hôtel. Her maid had been keeping the bathman's spirit-flask in charge. I borrowed it of her, and put some drops between the count's white lips. Then I threw a wrap over him, while he waited his turn.

He opened his eyes at this.

"How lovely you look," he whispered, as he saw me.

The color flushed to my cheeks. I drew back, embarrassed, and yet happy. The next moment, they came to take him away.

I followed, afar off, with a fluttering heart. As I came back through the deep sand, my blue satin, gold-embroidered slippers were a thing of the past, ruined by the sea-water; the lace on my robe was full of sea-weeds; and my scarlet tresses were waving wildly in the fresh west wind, having escaped from the lace which had enfolded them.

A crowd of dark, hairy, spindle-legged, staring Spanish abominations stopped my way, but I kept on, holding my head high, as if in full court dress, for what did I care, now that I was sure of not meeting Monsieur de St. Foix.

About a half hour after, came a small tap, as of a child, at my door.

"Enter," I cried, and "Little Mischief" came in.

"Mamma's compliments," she announced, soberly, "and she's entirely well, but very tired. She is to lie in bed. My husband is well, but he is obstinate—he won't let me put him to bed!"

I agree seriously with her in disgust and astonishment at his contumacy, and remembering I am her hostess for the time, give her small ladyship a weak drink, concocted principally of orange-flower water, and in this mild orgie we grow very intimate.

"May I see your maid do your hair?" she asks, at last, naïvely.

Luckily my mane is all of my own growing, or this request would have been embarrassing, mademoiselle being at a confiding age.

"Is my mamma prettier than you?" she questions, directly.

"I do not know your mamma, as we only arrived last night. But I should think she was," I say; and add, "very likely a thousand times prettier."

"Then you are not pretty?"

"Not at all, my dear."

"That's very funny. Pray, what is a Juno, mademoiselle?"

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"A very grand, tall, beautiful woman. But why do you ask?"

"Then for sure," she answers, clapping her hands, "mademoiselle is a grand, tall, beautiful woman, for monsieur, the colonel, said so, last night, when he called you a Juno; and my husband did not contradict; on the contrary, he devoured her with his eyes, which sparkled—oh, like the fire!"

The small witch clapped her hands again, and danced an impromptu *pas seul* at this juncture, crying:

"Mademoiselle blushes—she blushes, too!" and then suddenly darted off to meet the maid, who opened the door, at this instant, and brought in my dress.

"What an adorable costume—chocolate and pearl-gray, and with all that lace," exclaimed the small doll. "Isn't it a pity that I am vowed to the Virgin, and can only wear blue and white?"

And then seeing another face—a coal-black one this time—in the dressing-room, and recognizing her nurse, she knows that her escapade is detected, and seeks safety in my arms.

"If mademoiselle permits, I come to lead Mademoiselle Hélène to her bath and toilette," says the colored nurse, gently; and after a little persuasion on my part, she goes, promising of her own accord to come and "see me again, soon."

"Alec, my dear," says my aunt, coming down to breakfast, for all this had happened early in the morning, "don't you think this place rather dull? I fancy Arcachon, or even Royan, would be lovelier."

Such a dear old humbug! She has seen Hector de St. Foix, I am sure, and wants to flee with me.

"But, auntie," I say, "we've hardly been here twenty-four hours."

She looked up suddenly. "Did you see the drowning—or nearly that—of which I hear? I had hoped that you were still in bed," she says, gloomily.

"Yes, I saw it," I answer. "Rescue and all. The beauty of the lady made it a good cause." And I try to look and speak unconcerned.

My aunt is deceived by my manner.

"I see, child," she says, "that you are in no danger of wasting your—"

"Sweetness on the desert air of French vanity? Don't think it."

"And I may be quite at rest?" asks the kind old dear, sniffling a little, as she kisses me. "I couldn't bear that you should love, as you are capable of doing—and that unworthily."

"Don't fear, only don't try to deceive me. What do you know of those two?"

"Only that Basil told Gracieuse that they had been a month here; that the lady's husband remains in Paris; that the count is the most devoted of cavaliers. People will talk," she adds, deprecatingly, as I look indignant.

"Of course, people will talk, and so will coachmen and maids, if one lets them," I say, sharply.

"Now, my darling Alec," pleads Lady Jenkinson, her spectacles quite blotty with tears. "You know that, in your interest, I ought to inform myself."

"I beg that, in my interests, no nonsense may be committed," I say, angrily. "Don't go spying about. Am I so weak and foolish, that I cannot be trusted?"

"Oh, Alec!" she says, in a grieved tone. This brings me to my senses, and I hug my dear old dragon into peace and calm, only stipulating, again, that no espionage shall take place.

On my part I feel no weakness, for have I not seen that lovely figure, that sweet face, lying against the panting breast of Hector de St. Foix, as they were brought ashore? And, after that, can I be foolish enough to think he loves *me?*

My aunt gave in so completely, that she even made no objection to our becoming acquainted with "Little Mischief's" mother, although it entailed our meeting frequently, and even intimately, Hector de St. Foix.

At Tréport one makes parties to visit churches, drive to rivers. I soon found I had nothing to fear from the count's assiduities. Meantime, Mrs. Trevor Walsingham, for that was the name of "Little Mischief's" mother, seemed a nice little soul, alternately kitten-like and sisterly with the handsome count. At last, to my profound surprise, Lady Jenkinson began a decided flirtation with her former abomination!

She relaxed none of her vigilance over me, however, but took her gold-headed cane, and a most appalling pair of green goggles into service, and never left off walking on the shore at unholy hours, deep in conversation with that unhappy young man. She even took to moonlight strolls, in his abandoned society, and ended by even lending herself to be a third, in his flirtation with Madame Walsingham.

I did not find it good, or healthy, for my mind, to be near all this. On the other hand, I was too proud to beat a retreat, until I could be sure that I did not carry with me an incurable wound. Surely, the sight of a man's entire devotion to another woman, and that other a wife and mother, ought, I said, to cure a love

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wound in the heart of any true woman. And yet he seemed so noble in all his words! "How idle to indulge such thoughts," I said, angrily, to myself.

All this while, "Little Mischief" and I were becoming the warmest friends, and I had often much trouble to prevent that unconscious gossip from telling family secrets that she should have held sacred.

"I don't think my father likes my husband," she began, one day; "because, you know, he wouldn't have run off to Paris, when monsieur the count arrived."

"Perhaps papa had business," I suggested.

"I assure you not," asserted my companion, firmly. "I think he was vexed with little mamma, and perhaps with Count Hector. We knew the count, you know, at Fronville, and were as surprised as he, when he fell on us from the heavens here, at Tréport."

"Will you like some bon-bons?" I suggest.

"Yes, *pistache*, if Miss Alixe pleases. But must I not talk of my papa?"

"I do not know monsieur, your father, you remember."

"True, poor Miss Alixe, and he is so charming, when he don't put himself in a rage."

I suggest going out on the sands, to avoid more family history; and miss walks, in the lace-like fringe of the wave-borders, until her nurse carries her off wet-footed. I stroll further, and round a little point of rock. Then I established myself in a shady hollow, to look out toward the glowing west, where the sun is folding his violet, gold and crimson robes about him, to lie down, and dream of his coy love, the pink, cool dawn.

As a noisy wave retires, and leaves a moment's silence, I hear, as if in my ear, the voice, whose mellow tones gives me a dull heartache. The voice—it is around the next point of rock—is saying:

"Anything more lovely in coloring and outline I never saw—"

"You pagan, beauty-lover!" interrupts another and softer voice.

"What would you have? Beauty was made to make a man's heart leap with a sense of divine possibilities—and when a soul is added—"

"And, oh! it is the dreariest bore of all the bores I know to have a friend, who's lost his heart, a short time ago." So chants the woman, quoting, as prose, Bon Gaultier, to mock her adoring companion.

I rise quickly, and slip quickly away, back to the house, before they can change their seats, and so, perhaps, meet me.

Sitting in my balcony, I see the two return later, lingering along in the rosy twilight. They have somewhere been overtaken by Lady Jenkinson, and thus come homeward, with an air of entire respectability, under her chaperonage.

"I suppose, if she knew what terms they were on, she would not thus countenance the affair," I say to myself, affecting unconcern. "Avaunt, cowardly thought! To tell her what I overheard, and have her cease to receive them, would it help this ignoble heartache of mine?"

But surprises were not an end for me. Hurrying up from the shore, one afternoon, where we had sat later than we knew, we saw, emerging from behind a rocky point, and also hastening homeward, the tall, graceful, manly form that I knew so well. Another turning brought us nearly face to face with Mrs. Walsingham, nestled in a rock-crevice, and drying her eyes, as if after copious tears. Of course, we pretended not to have seen her, but I heard my aunt mumbling fiercely to herself, "A very bad affair," and made up my mind that, at last, she was becoming enlightened.

But, that very evening, to my surprise, she again indulged in a *tête-à-tête* promenade, on the verandah, with the count.

Dear, foolish old thing! Was she hoping to touch the feelings of a vain and heartless male flirt?

I was engaged in getting into Pingât's last effort, in the shape of a dark and light shaded green costume, trimmed with a silver embroidered lace and chiselled silver buttons, and as I looked in the mirror, while the silver chains and medallion were adjusted, and the loose belt with "all the kitchen furniture attached"—according to Regy's idea of a modern *châtelaine*—I found myself thinking that I didn't look so very horrid, after all, in all that shaded green and silver. "Heigho!" I thought, "I should like to be fair, in a certain pair of dark eyes; that is," I added, remembering myself, "if they were not so false and foresworn."

A knock, and "Mademoiselle Hélène's compliments. Can she have the happiness of making me a visit?" Before the negro has finished her message, the child herself is in my arms.

"How beautiful you are, how beautiful you are," she exclaims. "I am so glad, for I bear to you the homages of monsieur, the Count de St. Foix, and his prayers that you will honor him with your charming society for a promenade."

She tells this all off on her fingers, like a lesson, her little Normandy cap of lace and ribbon keeping time. Then she adds, more naturally, with many skippings of delight, "I am to

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go also, if Miss Alixe permits, to chaperone you, otherwise, it would not be correct, you know."

I consent to the walk, with willing heart, alas! but mocking pride.

"I thank Mademoiselle Challoner, from my heart," is the answer to my wordless salutation, as the count, miss, and I turn away from the hôtel.

The afternoon was waning already, and the coolness of approaching sunset made walking a delight, although I registered a mighty oath, to my pride, that this should be my last walk with Mrs. Walsingham's lover.

Once free of the little town, I made some idle remark about the scene, and was surprised that my companion vouchsafed me no answer. His absence of mind was evident, and increased my self-conscious rage. Suddenly he broke the silence, taking off his hat, and turning toward me a white, agitated face—the great, dark eyes troubled, and the scarlet fulness of the under lip quivering.

"Miss Challoner, your aunt permits me to ask help of you—to ask you to help me, and another quite innocent person, out of a false position. Only an angel, like yourself, can do it. But to ask it costs me the dearest, though the most daring hope of my life—but of that I am not here to speak—"

"But, my husband, you are not always to speak English, you know, because I do not comprehend—it is not polite," urged our small chaperon, severely.

"Only for a moment," pleads her lord and master.

"Tell me how I can serve you, or yours," I say, and try not to say it coldly, but succeed ill.

He is evidently chilled.

"For myself, I have nothing to ask," he answers, a little proudly. Then, softening with his theme, he explains the position of affairs, and tells me what good I can aid him to do, by a certain Quixotism, to which even Lady Jenkinson is a consenting party. I am really shocked at the romantic youthfulness of that antiquated person's ideas, and not a little outraged by being made party to them; but I consent. Monsieur de St. Foix thanks me most heartily, and I cannot but believe in his earnestness. Then we amuse our little companion, and confine ourselves to her vernacular; and for some reason, she is in great force. We overtake my aunt, on our return, and she kisses me, after a few words; but the big eyes of little Miss Helen are at their widest, when our cavalier also presses his moustached lips on my hand.

We do not say much, by the way, and the child flies before us to her mother, whom we find waiting for us on the deserted beach, and whispers in her ears. Mrs. Walsingham comes to meet us, and gives me both hands, and kisses me on both cheeks, her eyes moist with emotion.

For some days thence, I was almost constantly in the society of the handsomest man I ever saw; and I could not think it quite kind in my aunt to leave us so often alone, or with only "Little Mischief," for third. It had its good effect, however, for I found that St. Foix had a great talent for reading aloud, and a wide knowledge of what to read. I also read English poetry, and we forgot out peculiar position, in eager discussion of our favorite author and characters.

One day, we had been sitting with my aunt, in a rocky nook, quite out of sight from shore, and had just finished Tennyson's "Guenevere," the last sad lines leaving us all full-hearted, when "Little Mischief" arrived, running and breathless, and threw herself upon my aunt.

"Mamma's compliments, and will you receive her? My darling papa has arrived, since two hours, and is expiring to be presented to our dear miladi."

"I come, I fly," said my aunt, gathering up her goggles and stick. "Are you coming up to the house, Alec, my dear?"

"But since papa says that they are betrothed. Traitor that thou art," she said, turning to the count, "never to have told me that thou shouldst take another wife! Go away." But some thought seemed suddenly to console her. "Of course, you will be married, like papa and mamma, and there will be a marriage ball—that will be fine—and I shall have a pretty toilette."

"Come," said my aunt, to little miss. "Let us go on ahead"

When they were out of hearing, Hector de St. Foix took my hand in his, and looked pleadingly in my face.

"How good you are!" he said, softly. "How can we thank you?"

I do not know what he saw in my disturbed face; but he kissed my hand, and replaced it most respectfully; and then went on in a husky voice, with his head turned away.

"I think I may be allowed to tell you what this farce costs me, and to show you how dearly I have paid for idle trifling. I beg you to believe that it was no more than that, which so roused Walsingham's hot jealousy that he went away, leaving his young wife alone, in a new place, without acquaintances, and most pointedly because of my arrival. I don't know if I did wrong to stay on, but what man could do otherwise? Lady Jenkinson's belief in us, and your

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adorable goodness, will satisfy Walsingham of the absurdity of his suspicions, and convince him that the secret of our intimacy, both at Fronville and here, was the fact that I could talk to her of my love for you, and find full sympathy for my hopeless passion—hopeless because of your riches and my poverty—and—and—don't be vexed, dear mademoiselle—but it is all true!"

Startled quite out of myself, I only repeat the word:

"True?"

"All entirely true, Miss Challoner, except the hope of your love, which is more than ever impossible, since I have been obliged to take part in this wretched farce, which it has revolted me to continue—since these days, these happy, cruel days of playings at a forbidden bliss—"

He had put his arm against the rock, and leaned his head on it, his face concealed; and I saw his great chest heave with dry sobs. His other hand hung at his side. For a moment I was as if stunned. Then, before I knew it, I had risen, and put both mine within it.

I shall never forget the start and shiver of his whole frame, as my fingers touched his palm, nor yet the soft, surprised look in his eyes, as they flashed into the depths of mine—in that instant—before he held me close to his loud-beating heart.

"Is it love, my own? Don't be pitiful, only," he said, quickly putting me away, and half-kneeling, his beautiful, questioning eyes searching my drooping face.

I had no words to answer—but—but he was satisfied—when I turned to touch his brow with my lips.

Mr. Walsingham proved to be a very impulsive, but charming, man, and had given himself, as well as his wife, a lesson, in their weeks of separation.

Lady Jenkinson quite prides herself upon this third niece's marriage, of which she is the author; but she often laughs at Hector's raptures over my height, my auburn hair, etc., although he seems to have persuaded many people to his opinion.

Mademoiselle Hélène, now a wise little girl of eight years, always disputes with my aunt the success of the match-making, and Hector says:

"She *did* rather break the ice for me, after all, the LITTLE MISCHIEF."

THE DYING WIFE.

BY L. WILSON.

"CAN I tell him—what he sees not—
That I'm dying, day by day?
Eyes so bright, and cheeks so crimson,
Surely speak of swift decay.
But my lips refuse to tell him
That I'm failing, hour by hour;
When in all life's weary gleaning,
He has found but love's bright flow'r.

"And I know—so surely, surely,
When the birds all southward fly,
They will take me out to slumber,
Underneath the wintry sky.
But he says in accents tender,
'You'll be better, dear wife, soon;
In the autumn's quiet twilight,
After summer's fervid noon.'

"Ah! his hopefulness is touching,
And I cannot break the spell.
For as weeks go by he'll see it—
What, to-day, I know so well.
Then, in all his crushing sorrow,
Peace and comfort God will send,
While above my grave the willows,
In the breezes sway and bend."

AIR CASTLES.

BY CHARLES H. FREER.

TO-NIGHT, the August moon is fair,
And, drifting on the summer skies,
E'en, o'er my castles, built in air,
Behold! her burnished glories rise!

How languidly she feathers o'er
Each rounded dome and taper'd spire.
How deep she floods each sandal floor
With shades of proud ambition's fire.

Ho! castles grand, and all aflame,
Aflame with beauty's golden glare,
(A cloud bursts on the hill of fame);
Alas! my castles—where, oh! where?

The moon has hid her sweet, sad face
Behind yon cloud, that darkens o'er;
Still moved, I build, with sturdy face,
My castles, higher than before.

And when the moon shall shine again,
More vividly than yet before,
Her rays shall kiss the fairest stain,
That castle ever, ever wore.

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MR. WARING'S VISITOR.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THE library door opened, and Jonas, the new servant, entered, announcing, somewhat pompously:

"Mrs. Burton."

The announcement was particularly ill-timed, for Gilbert Waring was deeply absorbed, in the closing paragraphs of a letter, which he was writing to one of the learned societies, with which he occasionally corresponded.

Without lifting his eyes from the page, therefore, he said:

"Come in, Mrs. Burton—glad to see you. Please excuse me for a few minutes—this letter must go by the afternoon post. Take a seat—there's a newspaper—I know you like a newspaper, now and then. I have nearly finished."

Even to utter these words, he did not stop writing; and forgot his visitor, until once, when he was turning a sheet, the rustle of female garments reminded him. Still he did not look up, but only said:

"Just a moment more, Mrs. Burton. Grandson's family well, I hope. Just a moment!"

Then on dashed his quill again, and he forgot the old lady anew; but even if he had remembered her, he would have reflected that she would not be offended. She was the nicest old woman in the world; and had been, years and years ago, the nurse of Mr. Waring's sister, now long dead. Since then, times had changed with her; she had a grandson, who was well to do in the world, and her own little farm had risen in value, until selling the half of it left her with money enough for her few wants.

The closing sentence was, at last, written, and Waring flung down his pen, and said:

"Now then! How do you do, Mrs. Burton? I was coming to see you, this very day—my first visit to anybody—I—"

He was out of his chair by this time, and looking down the pleasant dimness of the room. The words died on his lips.

Small wonder! for there, plain before his sight, seated in an easy chair, was not dear old Mrs. Burton, in her respectable black silk, close bonnet, and so forth, but a lady, still young, charmingly attired in some combination of gray and garnet, the model of elegance from head to foot, and fixing upon him a pair of the most mischievous, dark eyes he had ever encountered.

"I—I beg your pardon, madam!" he said.

This apology was answered by a burst of laughter, very muscial, and full of enjoyment, while the black eyes regarded him steadily, with a very mischievous expression.

"Perhaps you think it is I, who ought to beg pardon," said the lady, demurely.

"I must have misunderstood the name. I—I—thought the servant said Mrs. Burton," stammered Gilbert. Yet he was almost prepared to become slightly irritated with the lady for that composure which he envied.

"It was the man who misunderstood," said she, still with perfect calmness. "I told him Mrs. Browton. Before I could explain my errand, he opened the door, and ushered me in, under the name you mention. I know old Mrs. Burton very well, and a nice old woman she is."

She began to laugh again, and now Waring laughed, too. Her laugh was infectious. Of course, it was the best thing he could have done, under the circumstances.

"I am quite horrified," he exclaimed. "If you had spoken—you must have thought me very rude—"

"Oh! apologies, if any were necessary, would be due to Mrs. Burton, since you took me for her," interrupted the lady.

"I knew she would not mind—we are old friends," replied Gilbert, still a good deal dazed.

"I don't mind either," said she, "as you have offended nobody. Now let me tell you why I came, by way of offering an excuse in my turn. I have bought a little place, at the other end of the village, and next it there's a pasture-field, which, I am told, belongs to you. I want to hire it, if I can, for the needs of my cow and my old pony. But your agent would not hear of the thing. So, yesterday, I heard you were here for a few days, and I have taken the great liberty to drive over to see you about it. Now, please do let me have the field, won't you?"

"I am sure I shall be delighted," said Waring, utterly at the mercy of the fair petitioner. "How very stupid of Ames to refuse you!"

"Oh, he was very civil!" returned the little lady. "He only did his duty. Are you very busy? Did I disturb you? I know you write, for dreadful scientific reviews, too. I can write my own name, but that is about all; sometimes I

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wish I couldn't do that, when I have to sign it to a check to pay for things I have already got tired of."

Gilbert Waring was a somewhat grave man, as befitted the sobering effects of nearly forty years, though he was still as handsome as he had been at twenty-five. But between the irresistibly amusing fashion, in which this speech was uttered, and the absurdity of the position, considering the manner in which the lady had been received, he burst again into a laugh, in which she joined.

After this, they talked for a few moments about the weather, the state of the roads, the beauty of the spring, which had been an unusually early one; and then Mrs. Browton rose to go.

"So I may indulge reasonable hopes of having the pasture?" she asked.

"I will see Ames at once," Mr. Waring replied. "Yes, you shall have it."

He accompanied his visitor through the entrance-hall. They came out on the broad verandah, which fronted the mansion—from thence a lawn, dotted with old chestnuts, sloped precipitously down to the highroad.

A pony-carriage was driving slowly up and down, before the gates; and Waring's short-sighted eyes made out that the charioteer was a feminine one.

"My niece will have begun to wonder what has become of me," said Mrs. Browton. "I told her I would not be two minutes, but you see I did not know I should have to play old Mrs. Burton for awhile, before appearing in my own character."

"I am so sorry—"

"Now please don't be, else I shall think you are vexed at my interrupting you, or shocked at my assaulting your ogre's castle. Are you here for some time?"

Waring had fully intended to remain exactly a week, when he came up into the country, but he must have forgotten that fact, for he said, unhesitatingly:

"Oh! I think so. I have not had a quiet season, in my old house, for over two years."

"So the neighbors have told me, and they tell me you are somewhat unsociable when you are here," returned the lady, with one of her infectious laughs; "now that's not pretty of you, I am sure. They are the nicest people in the world; but a trifle dull, and you ought to enliven them, a little, when you come back from your travels."

"I shall certainly begin to mend my manners," Waring answered. "May I venture to bring you word myself about the field?"

"Oh! certainly. I live at Elder Cottage. The parson comes, the judge comes, and so do all the spinsters, so you know I must be respectable. Ah! here we are at the gate."

"I am sorry," was on the tip of Waring's tongue, but luckily he checked the words in season.

The pony-carriage stopped, and Waring perceived that the charioteer was not only a woman, but a very pretty one, and young.

"Have you lost your patience, Agnes?" called Mrs. Browton. "My niece, Miss Mansfield, Mr. Waring."

But the pair only exchanged bows, for Mrs. Browton kept on talking, as Gilbert helped her into the carriage. "Agnes, you see the wisdom of taking things into one's own hands. Mr. Waring was obliged to promise me the field, after my attacking him in his stronghold. Agnes was shocked at my going, Mr. Waring. She often *is* shocked at me—but, good heavens! a woman ought to be allowed to do what she pleases, as a compensation for being thirty-five. And, oh! Agnes, Mr. Waring thought I was Mrs. Burton; wasn't that a compliment to my pretty new bonnet!"

"You talk so fast, I can't understand a word," said Miss Mansfield, and at the same instant, Waring began a disclaimer of the aspersion just cast upon him. But Miss Mansfield added:

"It is not worth while, Mr. Waring. I am accustomed to her exaggerations."

"How I am treated," cried Mrs. Browton. "But, oh! it is eleven o'clock, and I promised the rector to be punctual at a meeting. We are to have a fair, and goodness knows what all, before long, Mr. Waring—see how well you have timed your return. Good-bye. Don't forget to come and tell me the field is mine."

Miss Mansfield bowed. Waring lifted his hat, and away drove the little equipage. Waring stood gazing after it, in a sort of maze, until it disappeared round a little curve in the road.

Just as he was turning back to the house, up came the real Mrs. Burton; and she was able and willing to offer copious information, in regard to his recent visitor.

"She told me she'd been to call on you," said the old woman, with a chuckle. "And law, Miss Agnes was quite shocked. But Mrs. Browton will always do whatever enters her head. Not that it would ever be anything out of the way, you may be sure. Why, sir, she was a Delancey—one of the Livingston Delanceys."

She spoke this, in a solemn voice, for to be a Delancey was equivalent, in that part of the world, to what being a prominent member of the tribe of Juda might have been among the ancient Hebrews.

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So Mr. Waring heard all about his guest. She was a widow, and had been one since three-and-twenty. She was not rich, but in easy circumstances; had bought her present home nearly two years previous, and was "hand and glove" with the magnates of the neighborhood.

"And it's my belief she manages 'em all, from the rector down," pursued Mrs. Burton, confidentially. "She's that sort of way with her, you can't say no to her. And with all her fun, a head like a lawyer; and kind: she gives, not money only, but personal trouble. Ah! poor dear, she's had a good deal of trouble herself, first and last—I knew her when she was a girl."

"It is surprising, since she is so sought after, that she has remained a widow," said Waring.

"Never!" cried Mrs. Burton, emphatically. "People have said she would—I say nothing—let 'em talk. She loved her husband, as girls love; and he half broke her heart before he died. No, she's had her lesson. Why, it's just because she means to stay as she is, that she is so easy and comfortable with gentlemen—friends, if you like, but nothing more!"

The next day Mr. Waring made his appearance at Elder Cottage, which was as pretty a flowery, tree-embowered nest as could be imagined.

As he walked up the path, he saw Mrs. Browton on the porch, busy tying the tendrils of a climbing rose, which had strayed out of bounds.

She heard his step, and turned to welcome him, with a beaming smile, though she did not pause in her occupation.

"If I drop this branch, I shall never get it just right again," said she. "I'll be delighted to see you as soon as I have tied it fast. Oh, if you would just bring that ball of string that lies on the chair—and the scissors!"

Then he helped her fasten the recalcitrant branch, she talking, all the while, merry nonsense, at which he laughed as heartily as he had done on the previous day. When the task was completed, she said:

"Now, come in, and let me show you my museum. You have been given the freedom of the dwelling—Agnes says I do that by forcing people to work."

"I am delighted to have earned it," he answered.

"That, of course, means I am to have the field?"

"Did you, for a moment, doubt that you would?" he asked, with a playfulness unusual with him.

"Oh, no!" she replied, calmly. "After my indecorous bearding you in your den, you could not well refuse. Agnes scolded me well. I made her believe I was going to see Mr. Ames, and as he squints, and has a scolding wife, she thought that correct enough. But come in, and see my birds; Agnes is somewhere about."

She ushered him into a gem of a drawing-room, and showed him her thrushes and flowers. Presently Miss Mansfield appeared, a little stately and reserved, as was her wont, but very amiable and pleasant; and between them they induced Waring to talk a great deal more than was his habit; and before he knew it, his visit had grown to such length that, considering it was a first one, he felt that he had transgressed all rules of etiquette.

"I am so glad you have," said Mrs. Browton, when he ventured to hint this. "I am always sinning against etiquette, and so am glad to meet a fellow culprit."

How he had come to give the promise, Waring could not tell; but he had promised to go and see his neighbors, and relinquish the rather selfish seclusion, which he usually maintained in the country. He meant to keep his word, and, by way of beginning, stopped on his road home, to call upon the rector and the judge; and both gentlemen were as much surprised as pleased thereat, for they had had slight hope that their visits would have been so soon returned.

He had said, too, that he was going to stay a month—perhaps a couple. He recollected this, after he got home. Well, he needed quiet, after so much travel. How still his old house seemed! How solemn his library looked, after that bright apartment in Elder Cottage, with traces of female occupation everywhere visible! How long the rest of the day appeared, and how dull it was to eat a solitary repast! Really, since he was to stay, he must give occasional dinners; and then a vision of garden-parties, which Mrs. Browton had declared the shrubberies at the back of his house were eminently adapted for, flitted across his mind.

Gilbert Waring had long ceased to think that he should ever fall in love and marry. Naturally, between eighteen and twenty-three, he had had several boyish fancies, but they came to nothing; and since thirty he had looked upon himself as an elderly man. He had been kept so busy, between his studies and his wanderings, that he seldom thought about matrimony, save when, now and then, in a pensive mood, some vague regret that he was never to know the happiness of possessing a home and a family disturbed his reveries. But the regret always faded away quickly, under the reflection that his life was much freer than it could be, if such ties bound it. Then he would indulge in mental reviews of the numerous instances, among his male friends,

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where life had been quite ruined by marriage; and so he would fortify his soul with the misanthropic arguments, with which bachelors nearing forty are prone to dwell on, in order to convince themselves that the "grapes are sour."

A month passed. Waring had given the dinners and the garden-parties, and rendered himself very popular thereby. Young ladies gushed about him as "an acquisition." But they had accepted, also, the idea that he was already bespoken. It very soon became a settled belief, in the neighborhood, that Miss Mansfield made the real attraction for Gilbert; and as Agnes was a great favorite, even those of her own sex, who might naturally feel a disappointment, that the eligible bachelor should be so speedily disposed of, showed a decent share of Christian forgiveness towards his enslaver.

Agnes Mansfield was the daughter of an elder sister of the widow, and had spent nearly her whole life in the south, so that the pair were not very well acquainted, when they essayed the experiment of living together. But as Agnes was only twenty-two, she could not well reside alone, when the death of her guardian's wife left her somewhat homeless, so she and Mrs. Browton decided to set up their household gods in company; and the partnership thus far had answered admirably.

Agnes was twenty-four now, and in certain respects, so much older than her pretty relative, that she rather looked upon that lady as a youthful charge. She scolded her, accordingly, petted her, and let her have her own way, as everybody else did; for either by coaxing, pouting or arguing, Mrs. Browton always ended by being triumphant.

Gilbert Waring visited now daily at the house, unless when some expedition, or amusement, was on foot, which threw the three together; and however it may have been with the ladiés, to him the weeks passed like so many hours.

The second month began its course, but Waring did not speak or think of going away. He learned that in August, Mrs. Browton and her niece meant to visit Lake George, and he proposed to himself to remain in his present quarters until then. As for his movements afterwards—hum!—Lake George certainly was a lovely spot, and he had not seen it for some years.

It might have surprised him, as well as others, to know how little the pair at Elder Cottage talked about him. For all that, he frequently occupied Agnes Mansfield's thoughts. She was a very practical young lady, and held, however little given to expressing them, clear and pronounced opinions upon most subjects, her male associates included.

The second month was half gone, before Mrs. Browton began to question, or to know that it was necessary to question, herself, as to the exact effect, which this new friendship was having upon her life. Falling in love, or even indulging in any approach to romantic weakness, was a thing which she had so long ago made up her mind could never happen to her, that when she discovered that her acquaintance with Gilbert Waring had become of consequence enough to render reflection needful, her first sensation proved one of profound astonishment.

What set her thinking at all was overhearing some remarks, between two gossips, concerning Mr. Waring's evident liking for Agnes, and the probabilities in regard to Miss Mansfield's sentiments towards him. This happened on a certain afternoon, at a meeting of the croquet club. Mrs. Browton had hurt her hand, and was not playing. When the close of the game gave Waring and Agnes leisure to look about for her, she had disappeared. One of the indiscreet gossips told Miss Mansfield that her aunt had declared herself tired of sitting still, and that Agnes would find her at home. But Agnes did not. Indeed, it was twilight, before Mrs. Browton arrived at the house.

"Why, Mary, I began to think you were lost," Agnes said, meeting her in the porch, and calling her, as she usually did, by her Christian name.

"I went for a long walk, and missed my way, in Harvey's Wood," her aunt answered.

"And you have overtired yourself. You look quite pale and fagged," expostulated Agnes.

"A little, perhaps. But my tea will set me up again," Mrs. Browton replied, and began to jest in her ordinary fashion.

During their meal, Agnes mentioned that Mr. Waring had said he was coming over, to bring some new books, which he had just received. But Mrs. Browton only nodded. She was busy cutting a cake. Besides, indeed Mr. Waring's evening appearance was too ordinary a matter to require comment.

"I must confess to a terrible headache," Mrs. Browton said, a little while later. "Agnes, I believe I shall go to my room, and lie down. If I feel better, I will get up, in a hour. But don't call me. I really need a nap."

So Agnes let her go. Mary seldom had headaches, but when she did, sleep was the only thing to restore her. Miss Mansfield gave this information to Mr. Waring, when he strolled in; and sorely disappointed he was, as the young

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lady perceived; anxious, too, for Mrs. Browton did not appear at all; and Agnes knew her aunt's peculiarities too well, to intrude upon her, when she had especially asked to be left alone.

And lying on a sofa in her room, with no light save that which the moon cast through the half-closed curtains, Mary Browton called herself to strict account, and felt terribly ashamed, when unable to deny certain truths, which presented themselves.

Gilbert Waring had fallen in love with Agnes. What could be more natural and fitting? And Agnes must care for him. How could she help it? Mary knew vaguely that, in early girlhood, her niece had had a fancy for some man, even been engaged to him. But Agnes had never spoken of the matter, and it had been over for years. Yes, of course, Waring's affections would meet with a favorable response—had done so, doubtless.

And what ailed her, Mary Browton? She must answer that question. Shrink as she might, she was too brave and honest, not to do so plainly and clearly. The result of her self-examination proved that she, Mary, was an idiot—that was the word she employed. A middle-aged woman—yes, indeed—five-and-thirty, in a few weeks—and after so long believing herself sensible, practical, she had been dreaming and mooning in a regular school-girl fashion! She would not go so far as to admit that she had loved Gilbert Waring; but she had been romantic and silly, and now the daylight of reality had roused her from her nonsensical dream. Luckily, it was not too late. Oh, yes, she should be strong enough! What was it ached and hurt so? Not her heart assuredly—bah! at her age—no, her vanity was wounded—nothing more—well, the blow would teach her wisdom.

Then she cried a little, very softly, in the gloom, and tried to hope that her tears were those of humiliation rather than regret; but before Agnes stopped at the door, to bid her good night, she was quite composed. Yes, her head ached still, but it would be over by morning. No, she did not want a light: it would hurt her eyes; she should be quite herself in the morning.

And so apparently she was, and gay and good-natured as ever. But from that time, she managed unobtrusively to throw Waring and her neice together as much as possible; and Waring fretted a good deal at numerous changes in their daily intercourse, but did not dare to speak; and Agnes herself appeared perfectly unconscious that there was any change. But sometimes, when she and her relative were alone, and that lady would fall into a revery, as somehow was her frequent habit, Agnes, from behind a book, would watch her, occasionally, almost as if she suspected her aunt's state of morbid humiliation, and was actually diverted thereby.

August came, at length, and Mrs. Browton was very glad. These weeks had been hard to bear, and she was ashamed of having found it so. Yet she had no cause for shame; she had borne her burden gallantly. Gentler and sweeter she seemed to grow; her high spirits were, perhaps, a trifle subdued; but that was rather an improvement; her face was a shade thinner, perhaps: but that only rendered her prettier; even women admitted this, and internally wondered if she meant to keep all her life looking like a girl.

They were going away, and she was glad. She was glad, too, that when Waring, summoned to town by business, unexpectedly came to say good-bye, several people were about, so that she did not have to bid him farewell alone. Several times, lately, she had feared that he was about to confide in her. Some abruptness or hesitation in his manner gave rise to the fear. But she could not have that yet. Let him wait till he had told his story to Agnes. Then she would wish them happiness together, and rejoice therein.

Yes, she should be able to heartily rejoice, for surely, she had crushed, withered, trampled out her own silly fancy. It was dead, quite dead. Only the violence, with which she had done the work, left her soul a little sore. But that wound would soon heal, and life go on as it ought with a woman of her age—be cool and prosaic, without either vivid joys or acute pains, for she was thirty-five—thirty-five!

The two relatives had been a week at Lake George, when, one day, as they were out walking, they came suddenly face to face with a gentleman, who, at first, seemed inclined to turn the other way. Then he hurried up, and with a very white, agitated countenance, presented himself to Miss Mansfield's notice. Agnes appeared very calm and terribly stately, but when she introduced the new-comer to her aunt, that lady recognized the name. Robert Keith was the man to whom Agnes had once been engaged.

When they reached the hotel, some friend claimed Mrs. Browton's attention, and carried her off to see her sick baby. More than an hour passed before she got back to her rooms. Agnes was not there; she sought her down stairs; somebody told her that her niece had gone out again with Mr. Keith.

When Agnes did return, she stood before her aunt, with a face so bright and radiant that Mrs. Browton called out in wonder; but in an instant

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she knew what had happened: the misunderstanding between the former lovers had been cleared up.

"Mary, Mary!" said Agnes, softly, "I've a long story to tell you."

And she knelt beside the sofa, and laid her head on Mary's knee, and told the tale of her girlish love—of the rupture caused by a designing confidant—of the years since, in which she had tried to be content, and how difficult she had found it—and now Robert had learned how they had both been deceived, and had come back, and —and he loved her still—and he was waiting down stairs—might he come up?

Mrs. Browton had sat dumb. The thought of Gilbert Waring and his pain surging through the confusion in her mind.

"Agnes, Agnes, what will *he* do?" she cried, suddenly. "He loved you—you must have known he loved you. Oh, you trifled with him—I would not have believed you could have been so wicked!"

"With Robert—why—"

"I'm not talking of Robert, and you know it! Gilbert Waring loves you, and—"

"Not he!" Agnes interrupted, indifferently; and when Mary burst forth with renewed reproaches, she said only: "You are mistaken—we were friends—he could not have deceived himself, if he had wished, and—"

They were interrupted by a knock at the door. The maid looked in, saying:

"If you please, ma'am, Mr. Waring wishes to know if you can receive him."

"Agnes!" fairly moaned Mrs. Browton.

"You must tell him," she said, and was gone.

Presently the door opened again, and Gilbert Waring entered, and hurried forward eagerly. Mary, in her trouble, could find no words, at first, wherewith to answer his greetings. He seemed no less agitated than she: began sentences and did not finish them, and finally asked after Agnes. Then Mrs. Browton burst out crying, and sobbed as if her heart would break. She was doomed to tell the truth, which would drive him to despair.

And man like, Waring was frightened out of his senses by her tears; and without knowing what he said, plunged into the confession of his love; and she, deaf and blind, thought he meant Agnes, and interrupted him by moaning:

"Oh, don't, don't! I must tell you—oh, I am so grieved! Oh, Mr. Waring, he has come back—Agnes' old lover, I mean—and they are engaged—"

"Glorious!" he broke in. "I know Keith well—a splendid fellow! He told me his story, and I advised him to come here—but I can't think of them, now."

Was she mad? Dreaming? What? Here he was, close beside her, holding her hands, and saying:

"Mary, Mary, can't you care for me a little? I love you so—I have no words—but you must have seen—you—"

She turned so white, that he thought she was fainting, and caught her in his arms. She could neither struggle, or protest. Lying with her head on his shoulder, she slowly got back to consciousness, and could hear and understand —he loved her—he loved her!

"I thought it was Agnes," was all she could say.

"Agnes told me you did, and warned me to let you think so, until—until—"

"What?"

"I could teach you to care—do you—has the time come?"

So that evening, four very happy people sat together, in the pretty room, and before it ended, each of them, with laughing lips, but moist eyes, admitted that the blessed season seemed actually too beautiful to be real.

HOME AND FRIENDS.

BY HELEN A. RAINS.

Or the home I loved so dearly,
What is left?
Of my early friends, how nearly
I'm bereft.

Plants there are, these hands have tended,
Now in bloom,
Shrub and vine in beauty blended,
But my home:

Dust and gloom in silence centre,
With decay;
Life and joy will never enter,
There to stay.

Of the ones whose words beguiling
All our care,
Turned our faces into smiling—
None are there.

What is left to me but sorrow,
Pain and care,
But the hope that some to-morrow
Finds me where;

Light and life, and joy forever
Reign supreme,
And the glory of our Saviour
Is the theme.

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THE TRAGEDY OF TREVYLAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XX.

THE search for Lord Colgate, dead or alive, was continued all the next day; for the news had spread, and the country for twenty miles around was startled into painful activity. Men thronged down to the coast from all directions with wild hopes of giving help, or, at least, of learning some clear account of a disaster that had filled the whole neighborhood with dismay.

Before the morning was an hour old, every boat in the cove was manned, and scattered like storm-birds upon the water. Like storm-birds they truly were, after awhile; for after one burst of sunshine, the sky clouded over till all its soft blue was hidden under great drifts of vaporous gray, that rolled landward, and settled like a roofing of lead, low down upon the sea, that began to heave in from the great depths in dark, sullen waves.

At another time, these fishermen would have furled their sails, and made haste into the harbor; but no one thought of that now. Men who stood upon the shore could see one or two, that had ventured farthest off, rising or sinking like sea-gulls on the waves, while others turned their faces landward, and steered for the rocks, with the perilous audacity of winged creatures, that feared nothing.

One thing was certain: if Lord Colgate was yet alive, he must be in some cavernous hollow of the rocks that honeycombed the coast between the cove and the great cliff. The empty skiff had been found nearest the cove, and to that point some of the nearest boats were turning. Here the caverns were deep and broken, with shelves and jagged points, uplifted above tidewater, and, in places, beyond all reach of ordinary storm-driven waves. In some of these wild spots the earl could have taken shelter when the boat upset. It had been impossible to search these caverns thoroughly, in profound darkness; but now a rescue was possible, for in the day time gleams of light penetrated their awful depths, even when the sky was storm-laden.

It was a forlorn hope, so dangerous that men, less used to the sea, would have given it up in despair; but no one suggested retreat save the landsmen high up on the rocks, who shouted and gesticulated vehemently, terrified by the stormy outlook from their high post of observation. Heedless of this, and resolute in their purpose, the fishermen urged their boats into the yawning abysses of the cavern with that steady courage that foresees difficulties and conquers them.

Hour after hour those boats went in and out through the spectral gloom, examining every dark nook or jagged point that might yield foothold to a human being, struggling for his life, but always in vain, until each stout heart grew faint with lost hope.

So anxious and absorbing had been the search, that these men were unconscious that the faint sough and sob of the tide had turned into hoarse moans; that the waters deepened and whirled into eddies, and rushed furiously through the depths that no man could fathom, beating the stony walls, and lashing the sharp rocks like mad creatures, as they went But all at once the meaning of the strange tumult broke upon them with awful significance. They knew that a storm had raged over the great deep beyond their knowledge, and was now spending its fury on the coast.

The tenants and strangers, who had gathered on the cliffs, and along the rocks, watched the approaching storm with keen anxiety, that grew at last into terrible apprehension. Among them were the mothers, wives and little children of the fishermen, searching for Lord Colgate in depths more perilous than the bravest of them had ever fathomed. As the storm grew and darkened, these poor women wept together, in pallid groups; at first whispering their fears, then wailing them out, in low cries of distress. These swelled, at last, into wild shouts, by which they madly thought to warn their doomed ones of the awful danger that threatened them.

Stout men, whose strength was potent at the plow, but nothing at the oar, joined desperately in this frantic cry; knowing well that it could never reach the men underneath, but impelled to the wild effort from a great burst of feeling that made even those weather-beaten faces white with sympathy; but as those poor women fell upon

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their knees, still clinging to their little ones, and besought help of God, one of their own number stood up in their midst, her great eyes flooded with tender compassion, her face firm and white as marble.

"I will go," she said, in a voice that rang sweet and clear through the crowd. "The dark places of the cavern are known to me. Your husbands and sons shall have warning."

Throwing out her hand toward an old man who was passing that way, she called out again:

"Father, let us go. You and I."

Old Winters placed himself by her side, and they left the rocks, walking swiftly.

The women followed them with wild, anxious eyes, then looked sadly at each other, shaking their heads, and sobbed out:

"It is Huldah; but she is only a woman, and the old man—look there; what can he do in a storm like that?"

"They will go down with the rest," said another, and those who heard knew that the woman was right. What boat could live against the storm that came swelling in from the great outer depths, like battallions routed from a lost battle-field? Broken, crowding on each other, trampling plumes and banners into foam, the waves came heaving forward, terrible in their force. In the very face of this tempest, that baffled fleet of boats appeared, like a flock of birds frightened from their nests in the sea-walls, stealing out, one by one, to fight for its life.

Those on the cliff saw the waves rush upon them, hurl them into the air, and plunge them deep down into the green gulfs of the waves, as that flock of birds might have been tossed and buffetted, had it ventured into the awful tumult.

For a time, it seemed as if every boat must be swamped; but the men who handled them were brave in their own element, and knew how to breast danger, without flinching.

In one moment, half the little fleet disappeared —swallowed up in the abysses of the storm. Those on the rocks saw it, and the despairing cries of mothers, wives and children rang out in one common wail, peircing through all the roar and tumult like the sharp rush of an arrow. The fishermen heard it, and, nerved to efforts that were almost superhuman, breasted the waters anew. The very boats seemed to have souls; for those that had been hurled deepest into the green hollows rose quivering on the next wave; plunged out of sight again, and directly were seen fathoms off, always with their prows to the wind, battling toward some place of safety.

The force of the storm, the struggles of those brave fishermen held the crowd on the rocks dumb with intense dread. Then a hoarse shout of warning was driven back by the wind.

One boat, stealing carefully along the base of the cliff, was pulled by a woman and an old man. Huldah Winters had kept her word. There, in the midst of the storm, she was straining every nerve to reach the cavern.

How could she be made to know that her own danger was greater than theirs, with those huge broken waves hiding the boats from each other? In vain they broke into fresh shouts; in vain they flung up their arms in vehement warning. The woman and the old man kept on their way, battling with the waves, all unconscious that the men they came to save had escaped from the danger of the caverns into the open storm.

But now another cause of excitement broke upon them. In the green transparency of a vast wave that came bearing towards the cliff, the outline of a human figure became distinct, entombed, as it were, in a moving wall of emerald that hurled itself upon the rocks, and broke among them in whirlpools of foam.

In this wreck of waters the body that had been so luridly visible, for a moment, was hurled back into the path of the boat those two persons were keeping up with such brave persistence. Old Winters, steadying his oars with one hand, reached out the other and seized a fragment of the garments already half-torn from the body, but it was swept from his grasp and carried off toward the little fleet of boats that clustered nearer and nearer together in a flight for the cove.

Then it was that old Winters put his boat about, and joined in the struggle, thanking God that his neighbors had escaped the treacherous caverns, and had only the elements to conquer in their race for life.

Huldah, as she pulled at the oars, saw vaguely through the brine dashing into her face, that one of the boats had rescued that dead body and was bearing it away. The people on the rocks saw this also, as they watched the steady courage of these men, and a whisper ran from lip to lip, that another life had been lost, or the storm had given up the body of the lost earl.

CHAPTER XXI.

The boats came in at last, one by one, as those brave men could rescue them from the power of the storm. Battered, broken-masted, with their sails in rags, they were moored like a flock of wounded birds in the cove, which even there swelled turbulently under their keels.

The crowd upon the cliffs had followed the slow progress of the boats, and swarmed to the

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beach, as they came reeling in from the storm. There the women cast themselves down upon their knees in the wet sand, sobbing, praying, and embracing their children in wild thankfulness that their husbands and fathers had been spared.

As each man came staggering up from his boat, exhausted and dripping with sea-brine, those grateful creatures rushed lovingly to meet him, and shouts rang up from the crowd, as if the heroes of some great battle had just won their plaudits.

But as one boat drew up, all this tumult of joy was hushed into solemn awe, for there, lying under the folds of a wet sail, the body of a man was vaguely outlined, and once more whispers ran from one pale lip to another, but no one, as yet, said aloud:

"It is the master of Trevylan—the storm has sent him back to us."

Close by this boat, as if on guard, Lord Belus had taken his stand; for he had been first upon the cliff that day, and had seen all that passed in the struggle which those stout fishermen had made against the power of the tempest. With a field-glass he had seen that dead body hurled toward the cliff, thrown back among the waves and taken up by the fishermen after old Winters had in vain tried to rescue it.

Those who looked upon the young lord's face that moment might have seen that his anxious features began to unlock, and that a strange gleam stole into his eyes as he heard the awe-stricken whispers of the crowd.

"Keep back," he said, almost rudely, as Huldah Winters passed him, and with one foot lifted to the prow of the boat, paused impatiently. "Neither man nor woman shall touch the body, till it is uncovered at Trevylan."

Huldah turned upon him, her white face locked, her eyes full of passionate entreaty.

"Let me look upon his face," she said. "I must, I must!"

"You!" answered the young man, turning a scornful glance on her person, which was full of grandeur, even in those garments and the red scarf in her hair, now almost black from the salt water dripping from it. "What right have you in this matter?"

Huldah turned her eyes full upon him. There was something in their black depths that beat his own insolent gaze.

"What right, what right," she said, with a strange thrill in her voice. "Why—"

"Huldah," said old Winters, laying his hand on her arm, with a sudden pressure that made her start, "you are wet—you are cold. I am chilled to the bones, and so stiff, that I cannot climb the hill alone. Where is the boy, Keath? We are forgetting him."

Huldah's foot dropped from the prow of the boat, and she looked around, like one who had been suddenly restored to her senses.

"Keath," she said, vaguely looking around. "He was among those who went to the cavern. He was near to us once. Ah, there he comes! His boat is the very last, and he is worn out. See how his head droops, how his arms give way. You are right, father. I had forgotten him—almost forgotten myself."

With one long, yearning look at the figure buried under the sail, the woman turned away, and, apparently forgetting Lord Belus, went down to the brink of the water, and waited for the boat that contained her son. John Winters leaped ashore, as the boat came in, and, passing her without a glance of recognition, lost himself in the crowd, where both men and women were conversing eagerly, but in suppressed voices.

"It is surely the master," said one sorrowful man to another. "We have counted each man as he came in, and none are missing, now that Keath and the new gamekeeper are kere. Look—it is that tall fellow, with the beard, and there is Keath Winters sitting in his boat, like a dazed man. No one has told him yet, or he would not be so dumb. He loved the earl, and well he might; for it was all from his goodness that Keath got to be made a gentleman of—"

"Send some one up to the castle, to prepare my mother, and bring down proper conveyance," Lord Belus called out, from his station near the boat, which he suffered no one to approach.

"I will go," answered John Winters, approaching the young man.

"Are none of my own people about? I want a discreet messenger—one who is acquainted with the place," said the young man, impatiently.

"I belong to the place, my lord."

"You?"

"Yes, my lord. The head keeper will tell you as much. No one can perform your orders more promptly, if you will honor me with them."

"Ah, you are the new man they mentioned to me. Well, my horse is up yonder: mount him, and ride to the castle. Tell my lady that the body of Lord Colgate is found, and break the thing gently—do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand."

"Tell my people to send down a proper conveyance, and an escort."

"And you, my lord?"

"Will wait here, till they come."

"It is a terrible day, and this is a sad sight for

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the fishermen of the cove; for they loved the dead lord."

"Yes, I know; he was always foolishly indulgent to them."

"With so many of the tenants here, men who honored him, it would not be much to form a litter, and carry him back to the castle, reverently, as we shall pass to the funeral."

Lord Belus looked around, drearily, on the excited crowd, the turbulent waters, agitated even in the sheltered harbor, and again at the boat that rocked and swayed under its solemn burden. It was an hour of torture he had imposed on himself, and the thought of escaping it made him forgetful of the liberty taken by his new gamekeeper in giving advice, when he should have taken orders.

"You may be right," he said, shivering in the damp air. "It is a terrible business altogether. Tell some of the men to form a litter. The sooner we relieve the people of this mournful sight the better."

"There is a litter ready, up yonder," answered the gamekeeper, watching the young man's face with keen scrutiny, as he spoke. "The one we made for that poor girl, Delia Fitch, who lies up yonder, unburied."

Lord Belus was seized with a shivering fit. The gamekeeper was wet in every thread of his garments, and his master had confronted nothing worse than the keen winds; but one stood unshaken on the sands, while the teeth of the other were kept from knocking together by one effort of strong will.

"Bring down the litter," he urged, with desperate firmness. "That it has been already in use, makes no difference to the dead. Select the best and strongest of our tenants, and see that no one presumes to—but I will wait here, and give orders myself."

When John Winters went through the crowd, drenched with salt water till his beard and his hair was black with the moisture, he felt perfectly safe from recognition, though many an old playmate looked in his face, questioningly, as he followed old Winters and Huldah up to the terrace cottage. Directly he came down again, accompanied by the head gamekeeper and two of the former tenants.

Lord Belus grew white as death, as they brought that litter of woven branches, on which a tuft of green leaves had not yet begun to wither, and placing it on the sands of the beach, lifted the dead, still wrapped from sight in the torn sail, out of the boat, and laid him reverently upon it.

Four stout men, old tenants on the estate, raised this solemn burden to their shoulders, and bore it up the winding path, in front of old Winters' cottage, to the highway above.

Here the four men rested, and all but John Winters gave place to others, anxious to pay reverence to the master they had loved.

Lord Belus had mounted his horse, and rode directly behind this procession, never taking his eyes from the shrouded form, or seeming to heed which way it was taken.

The circumstances seemed strange to those who thought of it afterward, but the gate to the old avenue stood open on its hinges, and John Winters, who led the others, turned that way. Belus checked his horse sharply, as he saw this, and his lips parted, as if to give some counter directions; but though he seemed to make an effort, no words came, and before he could command voice enough for utterance, the litter had been carried through the gate.

Here John Winters gave up his place as bearer, and fell back among the tenants, but always managed to keep the young lord's face in view.

As the procession approached the pool, across which the shadow of that blasted tree stretched itself, like a huge cross, the young man's horse began to rear, and half wheeled about, as if the rider had unconsciously jerked the bit. But the animal was brought back with stern force, and a look that was almost savage gleamed over that handsome face of his rider.

Along the old avenue, grass-grown and broken in places, this most solemn of all funeral processions moved slowly—through the wilderness, and up the steep ascent, till it crossed the stone bridge, and halted before the keep of the old castle. Here Lord Belus got down from his horse, and left the animal standing unattended; for no servant was on the alert to take the bridle, when it dropped from his hand.

Over the great door of the keep, a gorgeous hatchment, in honor of the old earl cast a blaze of color on the sculptured stone work; for out of that entrance the lords of Trevylan had, during many generations, passed from the castle to the tomb.

At a signal from the new lord, the door was slowly flung back on its massive hinges, and with uncovered heads the tenants carried their burden into the hall of the keep. In the centre of that room, where almost regal catafalques had stood, and velvet palls had swept the floor, that humble bier was placed—a network of rugged branches, covered with the coarse gray of an old sail, soiled and wet with sea-water. Those stout men had loved their lord, and waited reverently, with sorrowful countenances, expecting that his fea-

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tures would be unveiled to them in that ancient place; but the new master of Trevylan, who stood at the head of the bier, pale and distressed beyond the power of speech, waved them back with his hand. His face was deathly pale, even to the lips, through which his voice came sharp and unnatural, as if forced out with a great effort.

"Let my brother rest so," he said. "Much as we loved him, no one must see his face till it is uncovered by the officers of the law."

The tenants looked at each other in solemn wonder. To them there was something appalling in the mention of the law; but they understood their new master's words as a dismissal, and went out one by one, leaving him alone.

CHAPTER XXII.

He watched them as they left him, with a wild look in his eyes, as if he longed to call them back, and save him from that awful solitude. When the last had disappeared, he went, almost stealthily, down the hall, and closed that ponderous door, looking around while he drew the iron bolts as if he dreaded the scrutiny of two house-knights, armed cap-à-pie, that had guarded the entrance, as they had done years and years before his remembrance, but which seemed to be regarding him angrily under their uplifted visors.

When the door was closed, and the great hall made more dim by the excluded light, he moved wearily toward a high-backed chair, a spoil from the scattered wealth of some cardinal's palace, and fell into it, shaking with the tremulous weakness of an old man.

Thus he sat alone in that vast hall, surrounded by the ancient memorials of a greatness he had courted, ever since he had caught the fires of ambition and a greed for gold, from the soul of his mother.

Those house-knights were guarding the castle for him. Those marvellous old chests, strong as iron, and rich with wonderful carvings, held his treasures. The pictures looking down from the walls were the shadows of men who had been proud to bear the coronet that was at last his own.

His own—but how?

The young man saw all these things, and knew that they were his; but he also saw another thing—that rude bier from which the salt drops were falling slowly, but with a noise that seemed to fill the room. Shuddering, he turned his face to the ebony carving of his chair, and lifting his hands, strove to shut out the sight and the sound.

A movement at the door, a narrow stream of light breaking through the shadows, penetrated the room. The young man leaped to his feet, alert and strong again.

"Who is it that dares intrude 'gainst my orders?" he said, in the shrill voice that had sharpened his speech all the day.

Keath Winters did not hesitate at the entrance, but passed in between the guarding knights, and the two young men stood confronting each other.

"Belus," said Keath, in a low, sorrowful voice, "you and I cannot meet as enemies in the presence of the dead."

"Enemies! Did it seem like that when I offered to help your escape, before suspicion could rest on you?" said Belus, with sudden animation. "Now it is almost too late."

"No, it is never too late for the truth."

"Ah, you are wise to say that—but let us go out from the gloom of this place."

"Not so. You and I can find no more sacred spot. In the presence of the dead, there can be nothing but peace between us."

"As you will," answered Belus, moving toward the door, and leaning against one of the bronze warriors. "You were mad, last night."

"Yes, I was mad to suppose that anything human was ever so vile. You could not have meant it. The accident drove you wild. That is not strange. Had it been me, I should have perished with him, or come back demented enough to say anything."

"Accident. It was an accident. We can believe it, but will others? No, Keath, take my advice, and leave the place."

Keath Winters drew back.

"You say this to me, here, Belus, in that presence?"

"If my brother could arise from his bier yonder, he would urge the same advice upon you; for the honor of his house was dearer to him than life. Cannot you understand that?"

Keath turned his eyes toward that mournful heap of gray, and tears rushed into them, hot and blinding.

"He loved you," said Belus.

"I know it—I know it."

"No poor lad ever found a more generous benefactor."

Keath covered his face with both hands, and his bosom heaved.

"Yet," continued Belus, "you would remain here, and throw suspicion on the brother he loved—on the title he loved. You, the creature of his bounty, would, to save yourself from a little odium, cast the shadow of suspicion on everything he most dearly prized."

Those two hands dropped from Keath Winters' face, and he looked earnestly at the young templar.

"Lord Belus," he said, at length, in a deep,

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solemn voice, "tell me the truth. That alone can help us in this strait. Last night, you said terrible things to me."

"Last night, I was crazed. The honor of our house, the very life of my mother, everything in or about Trevylan, seemed dropping into ruin. Is it a wonder that I talked—wildly charged you at random—threatened where I should have persuaded? The events of that one hour were enough to madden any one. Even now, I would rather lie there, instead of your benefactor and mine, than have a doubt cast on one of his name, even though the bearer of that name were not myself."

"Yes, he loved the good old name," said Keath, with a sad smile; "a stain upon it would have broken his heart."

"And it would be so easy to make that impossible."

"How?"

"By taking that awful accident on yourself."

"Accident!"

"A terrible accident, that might have happened to any one but myself, and the world never question it."

"But why should the truth be doubted now? Why should it ever have been concealed?"

"Because I was alone with him, and his death makes me master of his title and estate."

Keath Winters drew a deep breath.

"Oh, why did I leave him?" he said.

"With you it would have been nothing but the pain and sorrow of our great loss. To me—a Stamford, and his heir—suspicion will cling to the grave. With that, what will life become? It is a terrible thing, Keath, that the last of a noble name should have his forehead stained before the coronet touches it. This would have been double death to him."

Keath looked gloomily toward the bier, and his eyes filled.

"Ah, if he were only alive to council me. I cannot believe that yonder lies all that we shall ever see of him—so grand, so kind—"

"So proud, too," answered Belus; "yet, to-morrow, his sacred remains must be given to the coroner—desecrated by the gaze of strangers."

"Oh, that is terrible," groaned Keath.

"His words repeated, his actions criticized in the public journals, while I, a Stamford, may be disgraced by an arrest."

Keath turned away, pressing both hands to his forehead.

"No, Belus, they cannot do that, by an innocent man," he said, faintly.

Lord Belus saw his advantage, but before he could speak again a noise in the upper end of the hall startled both the young men. They looked in that direction, and saw a woman moving down a staircase that led from the library above.

"It is my mother," said Lord Belus. "Poor lady, this terrible misfortune is killing her!"

"God help us all!" exclaimed Keath, turning away. "She will be hurt to find me here. I will not stay to wound her."

As Lady Colgate came down the hall swiftly, and with her black garments trailing the floor, Keath left it, passing like a shadow between the two house warriors, into the open air.

When the lady came opposite the bier, she drew back, holding out her hands as if to keep it from her; then, turning her back upon it, she came more slowly toward her son, who did not advance a step to meet her.

"Is it true? They tell me that it is found," she questioned, looking back over her shoulder, fascinated by the thing she dreaded.

"Yes, it is true. The storm has done that much for us," he answered.

"Done that much for us, Belus? You speak as if it might not prove a calamity."

"We cannot speak of him here," said Lord Belus. "That presence—the damp, and all the gloom chills one. Come to the library."

"And pass that again?" whispered Lady Colgate, drawing back.

"Why not? To-morrow you will be compelled to face it."

"Compelled—how?"

"The coroner will call upon us to identify him."

"A coroner—here—at Trevylan castle?"

"It cannot be helped—indeed, it is better so."

"And I must look upon his face?"

"That, also, cannot be helped."

"Then let it be now—I must be prepared. The first shock should not come on me in the presence of strangers."

The young man aroused his own half-subdued courage when he saw the fire come back to his mother's face. She was one of those persons who seize upon the inevitable at once. The thing she could *not* force upon herself was patient waiting for a pain that must come.

"Mother, you are brave," he said, taking her hand. "I begin to know you again. We will look upon our old enemy together. Strange, isn't it, that an uncouth heap like that could have stood between us and Trevylan even for one month? Come, now, are you ready?"

The woman's hand was cold as ice; but she moved firmly toward the centre of the hall, and observing that Belus hesitated, stooped down and lifted the sail from the dead face it had covered.

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Lord Belus started back. No wonder—for the storm had done its awful work on that poor body during the hours it had been hurled and beaten among the rocks.

The woman grew faint. Still she would not yield to the weakness, or turn her eyes away, but fastened them keenly on those swollen and distorted features as if she were striving to recognize them line by line.

Directly, the young man drew close to her side; a look of absolute terror had come to his deadly white face. He seemed to be nearer fainting than the lady had been. She turned her eyes upon him, questioningly.

"He is greatly changed," she said. "I did not think that a few hours could do so much."

"Come away into the library—come away!"

The young man was terribly agitated; his voice shook, and his hands trembled, as he drew the old sail back to its place.

Lady Colgate looked on her son in some amazement; she had never seen him so disturbed, in her life, before.

"Yes," she said, "we had better be anywhere than here;" and with a slow step, still forcing herself into an appearance of composure, she moved toward the door.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The old castle library remained just as Lord Colgate had left it. The great ebony table was scattered over with books and papers. Across the base of the massive, silver inkstand lay the pen he had used only a few moments before Lord Belus, in what seemed the excitement of anticipated pleasure, invited him to that fatal sail. The old easy-chair, which he had simply pushed back on leaving the table, seemed to invite occupation. Neither of those persons approached it when they entered the room; but moved across the floor, and stood in the deep recess of a window sunk deep in the wall.

"Now, tell me why it is that the finding of Lord Colgate gives you no uneasiness. It was the thing I most dreaded."

"And the thing I most looked for. Without that it might have been years before Trevylan or the title could have been ours in full possession; for we should have no proof of his death."

"Ah! I had not thought of that."

"No; one cannot think of everything—but now this point is settled. You and I have both seen his face."

The woman did not answer; her mind seemed wandering.

"We are his nearest relatives," she said, at last.

The young man tried to smile.

"So near, mother, that after the poor remains we have looked upon are laid in the tomb, down yonder, no power on earth can question our rights here. You will be mistress of Trevylan, and I earl of Colgate."

The woman turned her gloomy eyes on that young face, and slowly shook her head, as if her soul were already troubled with doubts—for was he not lord of all?

"You doubt me?"

"No," she answered. "I will not permit myself to doubt; but tell me more. If the body, down yonder, had not been found, there would have been trouble about the inheritance. Did you say that?"

"There would have been great delay, at least."

"But that will be settled to-morrow?"

"Yes, mother, if you are as firm then as you have been now."

"Why should anyone doubt that? The first shock is over. I shall be calm to-morrow."

The young man took her hand and wrung it.

"That is, you will be yourself. I ask no more of fate."

They came out of the recess, and stood near the table on which so many things were lying that might remind them of the man whose death they had so coldly discussed. Among them was a letter, just sealed with wax—such as Lord Colgate was in the old-fashioned habit of using—and near it a half-burned taper and some other trifles, such as usually litter a writing-table much in use. To one of these Lady Colgate pointed, with a strange smile. A flash of swift intelligence answered the smile, and Belus reached out his hand.

She started forward, and eagerly touched his arm.

"Do not touch the letter; it is the last he ever wrote. Everything here must be as he left it. Ah! Now come away, and lock the door. No one must enter this room again, until the people you tell me of have seen it."

Nothing more passed between those two. They parted outside of the library; the lady passing toward her apartments, through the old castle, and her son hurrying down the staircase that led to the lower hall, where the dead was lying.

Meanwhile, Keath Winters made his way into the park, so disturbed by his interview with Lord Belus, that he scarcely knew which way to turn. After crossing the stone bridge, he kept along the path that threaded the brink of the stream, unconscious where it was leading him, and so troubled with thought, that he saw

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nothing of the beautiful growth of ferns and wild flowers trampled under his feet.

But a distant view of the rustic pavillion came upon him, with a shock of remembrance. The last time he had visited that pretty building, Stella Winchester had greeted him, from the balcony, and, he had been told since, that Delia Fitch, hidden somewhere in the undergrowth, had watched them, jealously, as their hands clasped over the railing.

Now Delia was dead. In her reckless jealousy, perhaps, thrown away her young life, because of his homage to this other fair girl, to whom his whole being had gone forth in passionate devotion. Keath stood still, in a curve of the path, resolved to avoid that fatal spot, when he saw a flutter of female garments through the green of the leaves, and knew that Stella was coming down the foot-path which he had hesitated to follow. She was walking, very slowly, with her head bent, and her hands falling listlessly downward.

Keath waited. It seemed an age to him since he had parted with her, in the shadows of the park, before all this trouble came upon him—an age, yet less than two days had intervened, days filled with such strange things, such tragedies, as shock the memory through a whole lifetime.

Stella was close to him, when she lifted her eyes, and saw Keath standing there, so changed —so sorrowful of countenance—that she would hardly have recognized him for the joyous young fellow who had parted with her, only two days before, but for the sad events which had plunged so many into grief. Seeing him, she came forward, with both hands extended, and a faint smile on her lips.

"Oh, Keath, it is such happiness to meet you—such a comfort, I meant to say—for how can any of us ever be happy again, now that he is gone?"

Keath took the two fair hands she held out to him, and kissed them, reverently.

"Oh, Stella—oh, Miss Winchester, this is the first bright moment that I have known since we parted, only a little while ago—yet so long—so long."

"Oh, Keath, how pale you look—how more than sad—my heart aches for you."

"It may well ache, my beloved—do not check me; I must say this once more, though we never, never, meet again."

"Never meet again! Oh, Keath, how wildly you talk! What is there in the wide world that can prevent our meeting, if we wish it?"

"I cannot tell. God help me! it is impossible for to say one moment what may come the next. I do not know where to turn—how to act. Oh! Stella, Stella, it may be that, in doing right, I shall drag your sweet name down to the dust. I would rather die than that."

The girl took his hand in hers, and pressed her lips upon it, in a sweet outburst of sympathy.

"Nothing that you can find best to say or do can ever harm me, Keath. Do not think of that one moment. I could bear anything—almost death itself—if it came from you, and because of your love for me."

"My poor girl—my angel. Oh! Stella, Stella, this is the only bit of heaven left to me—must I give it up."

She lifted her sweet eyes to his face, and smiled.

"He—my guardian—consented that we should love each other—it was his wish—his last wish, perhaps. Who then shall prevent it?"

"Ah! my poor darling, you do not know."

"Do not know, Keath; but this I do know. There is not power enough in England to separate us so long as we love each other. This may seem bold and forward, but you are in trouble, and I cannot help it."

The girl spoke with enthusiasm, but it failed to inspire Keath Winters. He knew the obstacles that would henceforward lie in his path, and her very hopefulness filled him with gloom.

"With my guardian's sanction, who shall say that I may not be free to choose for myself? No other person has authority over me," Stella continued, following her own line of thought. "The people are out yet. He will be found, and then—"

"Oh, Stella, Stella, he is found!"

The girl's face took one flash of joy, then clouded over suddenly; for she was looking on Keath's face, and saw that there was no hope in the news.

"He is found?" she faltered. "How?"

"He is lying dead, down yonder, in the old keep!"

"Lying dead—our friend, our only friend—where was he found?".

Keath forced himself to explain.

When fully assured of the calamity that had befallen them, Stella was overwhelmed. In the hopefulness of youth, she had refused to believe that any real harm could have reached her guardian, and the certainty that she would never see him more came upon her with terrible force.

"Tell me, tell me, Keath; I have not seen you for a single moment since we parted, that night—tell me how Lord Colgate came to his death."

"I cannot tell. I abandoned him to his fate on the wharf—I, who should have died rather than leave him to the chance of accident for a single moment.

Stella looked at Keath earnestly.

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"You were not with him—I know that. Who was?"

"Do not ask me. I may be doing harm."

"He was kinder to me than any person that ever lived."

"But with all his kindness, a proud man, as the father was before him—one who would have felt a stain upon the old name as something worse than death."

"Ah, Keath, who would not? The grand old name that has descended so many, many years without a shadow of reproach."

"True, true. What am I compared to that?"

"You speak low—I did not hear you, Keath."

"That is because I have not courage to tell you that this great calamity has swept away all the wild, sweet hopes that my benefactor encouraged and fostered, when it was made known to him that I dared to love you. Now all is over."

"Keath!"

"I dare not claim anything but your compassion."

"Compassion from me? Have I not said that no power on earth could part us?"

"Not even disgrace, Stella?"

"Disgrace?" repeated the girl, smiling in disdain of the words. "That can never reach you. I would as soon connect dishonor with a Stamford!"

"The honor of a fisherman's son does not count for much; that of a Stamford should be immortal, as the man who lies down yonder would have kept it. Stella, I could not save Lord Colgate's life, but there is something left that I can do."

"Keath, Keath, you frighten me! There is something on your mind that threatens peril to our love."

"Peril, dear one? if it were only that some ray of hope might be left; but now there is nothing left for us but an eternal parting."

The young man held out his arms, as he spoke, and seemed as if he would have drawn that pale young creature to his heart, in the madness of its great love.

"Not in farewell, but because he gave us to each other, and, though an angel in heaven, will yet watch over us," she said, yielding herself to that half-offered embrace. For one moment, her head rested on his bosom, her arms trembled around him, and her lips gave back his sorrowful kisses.

"To-morrow, I shall see you again," she said, looking wistfully into his face. "You will not forget that."

"God only knows what may happen, to-morrow," he answered; "but come what may, remember this. Till the breath leaves my body, I shall love you."

The girl smiled. With that sweet assurance, how could she give herself up entirely to unhappiness? Thus the two parted, and slowly wandered away from each other. One keeping the course of the stream that led him through the wilderness, not caring where he went, so long as the solitude was deep enough; the young lady moving toward the modern portion of Trevylan. There she found Lady Colgate, walking up and down the great front terrace, her black garments contrasting in weird effect with the glow of roses that wreathed themselves in clusters around the balustrades, and showered their leaves to the turf below, whenever a gust from the storm swept over them. Two royal peacocks gave the gorgeous splendor of their plumage to the fitful sunshine that was chasing back the clouds. One, perched on a great stone vase, croaked out his delight that the tempest had subsided, and pecked at the wet flowers that overran the vase, with such vigorous delight, that he sometimes tore them up by the roots.

The other moved to and fro on the terrace, sweeping the marble pavement with his half-spread train, with the dignity of a monarch taking the air. This strange creature seemed to be measuring his pace with that of the lady, for a time; but seeing Stella Winchester as she came up the terrace, his feathers fluttered into a half-moon, and he went forward to meet her, croaking a friendly welcome. She paused a moment to smooth his beautiful crest with her hand, while her eyes were turned on the lady moving slowly among all those bright things, like a cloud.

All at once, the lady seemed to become conscious of her presence, and came toward her.

"You have been out. You do not know what lies in the old keep—a sad, weary sight it is for all of us. It is hard that I should be the first to tell you—but—"

"I know, I know," answered Stella, with tears in her eyes. "The best friend I ever had is dead."

"No, you must not say that. The loss will fall terribly on the whole household, but less upon you than others. You who are so beloved by every one."

The lady held out her hand, as she said this, and took that of Stella, fixing her large, wild eyes on the girl, as if her thoughts were somewhere else, and her words spoken at random. A footstep coming up the great stone steps made her start, and clasp the little hand in hers, with fingers that seemed turning to ice.

"It is my son," she said. "Go, now. It is my son—go, now—go."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE MORTGAGE ON THE FARM.

BY HELEN J. MACKINTOSH.

He came into the great farm kitchen, after stamping the snow from his boots, and sat down, dejectedly.

"It is all over," he said. "I can't borrow the money; and the mortgage will be foreclosed."

"When is it to be?" asked his wife, in a choked voice.

"In about a month. God help us!" He looked wearily around the room, and added, "It is not a very luxurious home, but it is a comfortable one. Our children were born here; our little May died here. To have to give it up, after all these years—is—is—hard."

Mrs. Howard came, and laid her hand softly on her husband's shoulder; but when she tried to speak, she could not for her tears.

"For twenty years, wife," he said, "you and I have worked, from morning till night; we have pinched and saved; we have denied ourselves and children continuously. None of our earnings have gone in riotous living. We hoped that when we reached middle-age, we might have a house of our own over our heads. We would have had it, too," he added, catching his breath, "if it hadn't been for draining those meadows, and for the fire that burnt down the barn, so soon after. To pay for these, I had to put the mortgage on the farm—"

"Yes, I know, James," interrupting.

"Since then, we have pinched more than ever, and worked harder and harder."

"God knows we have."

"And if we could only get time, we might yet struggle through. But everything seems to be against us. The times are the hardest known in all my life, and the farm, I am told, will not bring more than the mortgage, which is just half what it cost us."

"Yet it was never in better condition, never really more valuable."

"I don't want to speak hardly of Mr. Jones, who holds the mortgage," said Mr. Howard, after a pause, "but everybody says his father got rich before him, by lending money on farms, when prices were high, and foreclosing, when prices were low. What the father did, the son is doing. It may be right, but I can't see it."

"And how are we to live?" said the wife, hesitatingly.

"I shall have to go out as a common farm hand. We'll find some sort of a hovel, I suppose, to take refuge in."

"If it wasn't for the children, I shouldn't care," said the wife; and then she broke down, and sobbed wildly.

"Let us hope till the last," answered the husband, soothingly. "Cheer up, dear. It is always darkest just before the dawn." And he drew her to him, and kissed her tenderly.

But, alas! the dawn never came for them. What James Howard had foreseen occurred only too soon. The few friends he possessed were, like himself, comparatively poor, and unable to assist him. Many of them, indeed, were straitened themselves, and even threatened with foreclosure. The day of the sale arrived, therefore, without any provision to meet the claim.

It was a bitter, wintry morning, one of the coldest of the year, and very few persons, consequently, were present at the *vendu*. There was no bidder but the agent of Mr. Jones, who got the property, as he had expected and designed, for the amount of the mortgage.

When it was all over, and the few household goods, which the law allowed the debtor to keep, had been packed in a cart, that one of the neighbors lent for the purpose, the exiled family took their way to their new habitation. This was an old log hut, filled in with clay, which had been built many years before, and having remained without a tenant for nearly half a generation, was now in the last stages of dilapidation. With his own unassisted labor, James Howard had patched this rude hut up. But the wind drove through its cracks and crannies, whenever there was a gale; and the roof leaked in every rain.

"I'm afraid, wife, it will go hard with the Howards," said Mr. Brown, a kind-hearted neighbor. "The wife is not very strong, and she can't do much at taking in washing, which, you say, is what she proposes to do. We must help them all we can; I only wish we could do more. I never think of the way in which Mr. Jones has treated them, without recalling what the Bible says about those who add acre to acre, and field to field, unrighteously. If ever a man ground the faces of the poor, it is James Jones, Esquire, as he calls himself."

The unaccustomed life soon told on Mrs.

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Howard, as the Bakers had foreseen. She caught a severe cold, one bitter day, and was taken down with inflammatory rheumatism. Her husband's nights were now spent in nursing, as his days were in toil; he got no rest, or but little; and finally he, too, fell ill. Then one of the children was seized with diptheria, the result, the doctor said, principally of want of nourishment. But for the aid given by the neighbors, the whole family would have starved. Before the spring had come, the mother was in her grave; and two little mounds in the churchyard, one on each side of her, told the brief story of the fate of two of her darlings.

James Howard stood by the graves, when the last one was being filled in, and said to himself, with dry eyes, for he could no longer weep, "Thank God, they are at rest, never more to know cold, or hunger, or pain, or despair!" Then he turned away, with set face, to take up the burden of life, a heart-broken man.

Meantime, Mr. Jones grows richer and richer. He is foreclosing everywhere, and getting farms at half-price, intending to hold them, till better times, as he says, and so double his fortune; "nothing like seeing ahead," as his phrase is. He is a prominent man in the great city to which he has removed. He even affects to be a philanthropist. He never, indeed, gives money in secret. But if the names of the donors are to be published in the newspapers, he comes forward promptly.

It was only the other day, that Mr. Brown, reading his county newspaper, came across the following paragraph:

"We understand that our former fellow citizen, James Jones, Esq., now a resident of New York, has just given five thousand dollars," etc., etc. Then it added, "Such generosity bespeaks the noblest of hearts," etc., etc.

Mr. Brown laid down the paper, pushed his spectacles up on his forehead, and looked across at his wife.

"And that is the justice of the world," he said.

Mrs. Brown, a mild, meek woman, whose face showed that she had passed through trials, but had come out conqueror, answered:

"God reigns, my dear. Vengeance is His, He has said, and He will repay. The end is not yet."

IN THE FIRELIGHT.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

All gone to the opera, pussy, but me;
All alone are we, in this rambling old house.
Afraid? Oh, not I! Come, sit on my knee,
And tell me your dreams of dog and mouse.
Do you hear the wind? How it sobs and grieves,
And the rain falls down on the moss-grown eaves!

Let us turn off the gas, and sit on the rug;
How the firelight brightens the long old room
With its scarlet fancies! Puss, are you snug?
You know in one's youth one should never know gloom,
That is what mamma told me to-day,
When I sighed and forgot one should always be gay.

Do you see any pictures, there in the fire,
Pussy, my dear, with your solemn eyes;
Pictures of river, and castle, and spire,
Or only of milk, and a mouse's surprise?
I see, ah, pussy! soft eyes of brown,
And a brow that is royal enough for a crown.

I see a smile that is sweet and rare,
A hand that is gentle, and strong, and true,
I see a summer-tide swift and fair,
With golden sunshine and skies of blue.
Oh! what shall I do with the long, long years?
Pussy, forgive me! You don't like tears.

The firelight flickers on picture and wall,
On book-case, and bracket, and statue white—
Have you, pussy, forgotten a dance and a ball
That happened a year ago to-night?
One little year. How the seasons bring
Changes that only blight and sting!

"Sorrow is sorrow"—ah, yes—"to the old,
But despair to the young," oh, pussy! I've read.
Perhaps if these curls were gray and not gold,
I wouldn't be wishing, to-night, I were dead.
Not twenty as yet, and all love o'er,
Oh, pussy, pussy, forevermore!

There, there! my pussy, no more, more tears:
Let's have a romp in the firelight's glow;
Other heart's have beat on, and thro' the years,
When love and faith were all lying low;
Mayhap in soothing another's pain,
We forget our own. Just hear the rain!

But to-morrow, I doubt not, the sun will shine,
And the clouds be only a dream of night.
Why should we cherish a woe divine?
Let us hide it away from the sun and light.
Forgetting one's self is hard, I fear,
But we'll each try bravely, pussy, my dear.

Let us say "good-bye" to the dreams of the past,
And, pussy, my comfort, oh! never dare tell
Of the chat that has made these hours fly fast.
And one more run—oh, there is the bell!
Eternal secrecy, pussy, now swear!
I hear them laughing there, out on the stair.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1 is a very good design for a morning-dress of white nainsook, India linen, or cashmere, if something warmer is required. The front is formed of plaits and insertion, edged with a

No. 1. No. 2.

ruffle or knife-plaiting. The bottom of the skirt has a box-plaited flounce six inches deep. The dress is cut to fit the figure, but not quite tight. There is a little shoulder-cape, which is separate,

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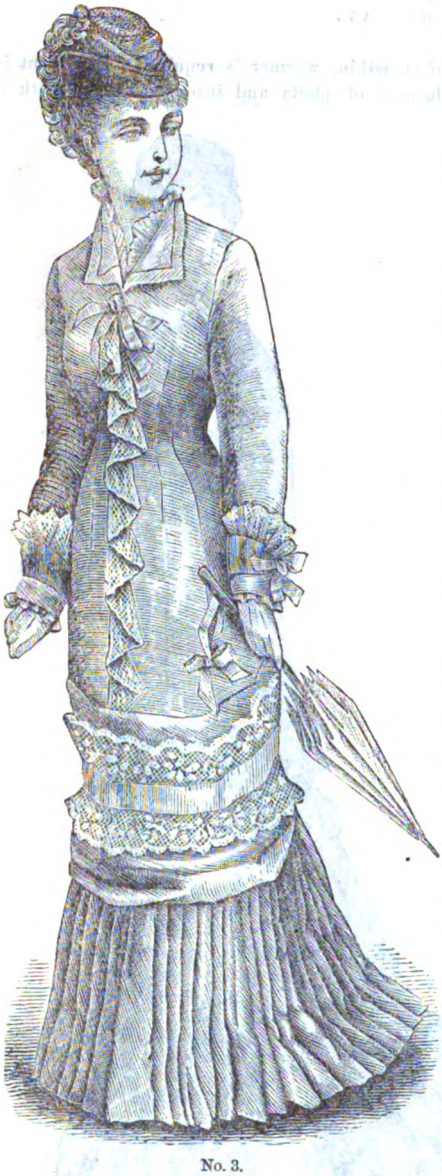
and can be worn at pleasure. It is trimmed with insertion and edging, as are also the cuffs. The pockets are trimmed with plaited ruffles.

No. 2 is a very pretty model for making up a house or dinner-dress of muslin or écrue batiste.



No. 3.

The skirt has a demi-train, and is bordered by a box-plaited flounce six inches deep, edged with Russian or Breton lace. The polonaise has a simulated vest, edged with the lace, buttoning on the right side, the left side is trimmed with buttons to match. The apron-front is draped in deep plaits, and looped in pouffs at the back: this is also bordered with the lace. Bows of narrow satin ribbon of a contrasting color ornament the front and sides, or bows made of three colors are very effective upon white or neutral colored goods. Say cardinal red, or maroon, pale blue and beige, or wood-color. Ribbons less than an inch wide, or not more, are most used when in combination. A deep collar, and coat sleeves with close cuff, trimmed to match.

No. 4—A.

Twelve to fourteen yards of muslin, twelve to fifteen yards of lace, six yards each, or ribbon will be required.

No. 3 is a very simple model for a short costume for seaside or country, suitable for light woolen materials, or for wash goods. It has, first, a round, short skirt, with a deep kilted flounce. Over this a polonaise with the skirt

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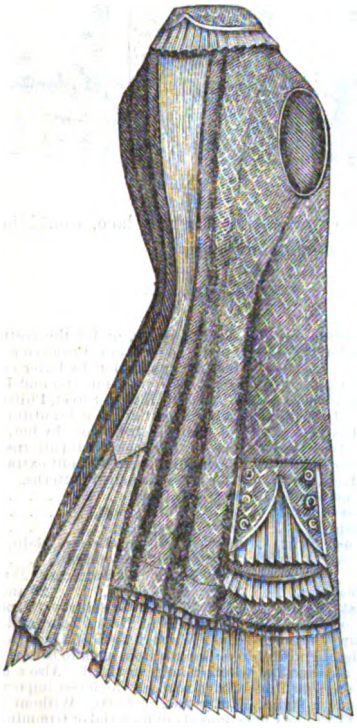
turned up, washerwoman fashion, and trimmed with two rows of Hamburg edging, Russian or Torchon lace, as seen in the design. The lace is put on full down the front, and falls in a jabot. Turn-over collar. Coat sleeves, with deep cuff trimmed to match. Bows made of narrow ribbon in long loops and ends, finish the cuffs, collar, and tie the polonaise at the back. From ten to fifteen yards of material, and ten to twelve yards of lace, will be required. Torchon and Russian laces can be bought for twenty-five cents, and less, per yard.



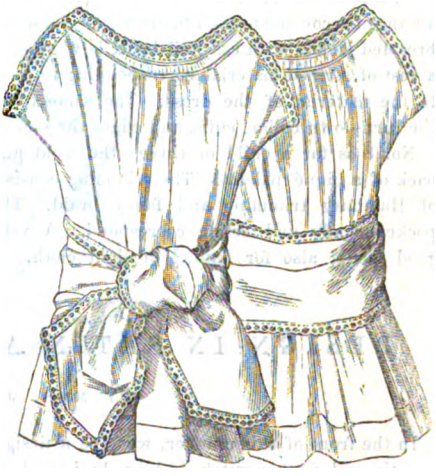
No. 4—B.

No. 4.—A and B. We give the front of a costume for washing material, also the back of the paletot to be worn with it. The materials are checked cambric, and batiste trimmings of a lighter color. The dress itself is cut as a princess polonaise, forming a long tunic at the back, where it is fastened with a drawing-string. The skirt is bordered with a knife-plaiting of the batiste. Sleeves of same material. Both front and back have a plaited piece of the batiste insertion. The pocket, collars, and edge of the paletot are all bordered with a knife-plaiting to match. Ten yards of checked cambric, and four yards of batiste or plain cambric for trimming, will be required.

No. 5 is for a child of one to two years. We have here a dress of white French nainsook, with

No. 5.

an embroidered insertion, either white or done in colored cottons, red or dark blue. If done in colors, the embroidery is done in cross-stitch on canvas, and the threads drawn out. The neck is square, and the sleeves short; but a high neck yoke and long sleeves are easily added to this model.



No. 6.

No. 6 is the back and front of a blouse-pinafore, a most useful article of dress for a little girl of from two to four years. It is made of cambric, fine linen, or plain nainsook, and trimmed with a narrow Hamburg edging or Torchon lace.

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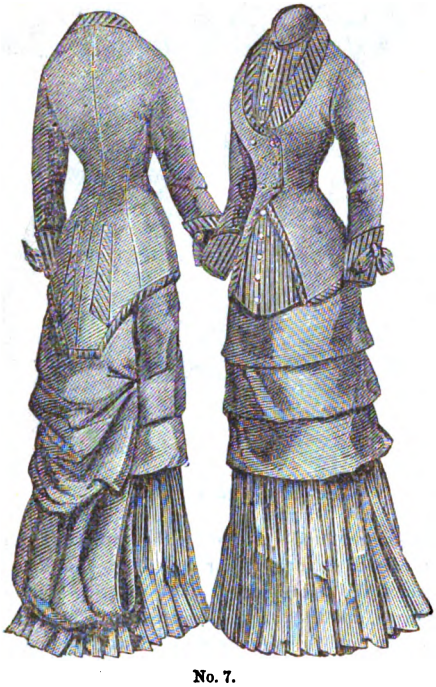
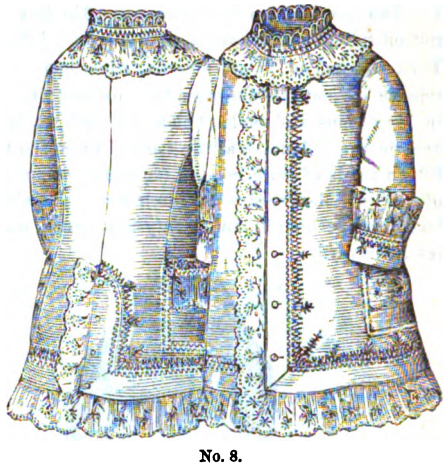
No. 7 is for a young miss of from twelve to fourteen years; a model for a costume of bunting or flannel for the seaside. It has one skirt, with,



No. 7.

first, a kilted flounce. Over this the drapery is arranged according to the illustration. A double-breasted jacket, with coat-tail back, is worn over a vest of striped material corresponding in color to the material of the dress. The same trims the turn-down collar, cuffs, and edges the jacket.

No. 8 is for a child of three; the front and back of a piqué paletot. The trimming consists of Hamburg trimming and fancy braid. The pockets, cuffs and collar correspond. A very good model also for flannel or light cloth. A colored flannel, trimmed with the white em-



No. 8.

broidery or coarse Russian lace, would be very effective and inexpensive.

PATTERNS OF OUR Every-Dresses, or for the costumes in our colored fashion plate, or for our Children's dresses, paletot, etc., may be had on application by letter enclosing price of pattern, of Mrs. M. A. Jones, Importer and Designer of Paper Patterns, No. 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

We also call particular attention to a beautiful line of Patterns for Ladies and Children furnished by her, and for which there is not space in this book. All patterns are put together and styles of trimming sent without extra charge. We give list of prices for a few principal patterns.

Watteau Wrapper,	50 cts.	Talmas, ...	35 cts.
Princess Dress, .	50 "	Waterproofs, ...	35 "
Polonnaise, . . .	50 "	Wrappers, ...	35 "
Trimmed Skirt, .	50 "	Children's Dresses, plain,	25 "
Basques, ...	35 "	Combination Suits, . .	35 "
Coats, ...	35 "	Boys' Suit Patterns,	25 to 50 "
Cut-aways, . . .	35 "	Underwear, . .	20 and 25 "
Over-Skirts, . . .	35 "	Good-fitting shirt patterns,	50 "

For shirt pattern, send size of Neck, Yoke and Sleeve. Measure for Ladies: Bust, Waist, length of Back from neck to waist. For Children: length from neck to bottom of skirt front, also age and whether large or small. Also a new and very complete Dress Chart, with all the latest improvements for modern styles. Fully taught, $5.00. Without instructions, $1.25. Any questions about material or trimming cheerfully answered. In sending orders, please send address plainly written, with county and state, to Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

DESIGN IN SATIN AND FEATHER-STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of this number, we give a design in satin and feather-stitch, to be embroidered on flannel or merino. This pretty design is suitable for an infant's cloak; in that case, it should be done with embroidery silk, upon merino or cashmere. The border alone, could be used for flannel skirts, trimming for breakfast-sacque, etc., etc. For the latter, use colored flannel, and two or three colors of silk, to carry out the design; say light blue for the daisies, with yellow centres, sage-green for stems and leaves, a light green for the branches, and put in the fern leaves with brown, or very dark green. The tiny stars do in pale yellow, for the centres and the long, radiating stitches in pale blue. Button-hole the edge in pale blue. This same design may be used for embroidery on muslin, done in fine French working-cotton.

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MATINEE OF CASHMERE. (WITH SUPPLEMENT.)

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, here, an illustration of a new and stylish article called a *Matinée*, and which may be made of either cashmere or flannel. Folded in with this number, is a SUPPLEMENT, on which are given patterns (full-size), for the various parts of which it is made, five in number, viz.:

No. I.—BACK.

No. II.—SIDE-BACK.

No. III.—FRONT.

No. IV.—VEST.

No. V.—SLEEVE.

The parts are to be adjusted by the notches and letters. Trim with Breton lace plaited or Russian lace put on plain. Large buttons of iridescent pearl or artistic gilt complete the garniture. Three and a-half yards of cashmere, and six yards of Russian lace, or double the quantity of Breton, to allow for the plaiting.

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WAX FLOWERS. No. 8.

BY MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON.

THE CARNATION PINK.

Materials.—One cutting-pin; one bunch fuchsia stamens; one bottle carmine paint; one package single white, and one package very light green wax; three or four pieces green spool wire, cut about three inches long. Arrange the stem exactly as you arranged the fuchsia stems. Then out of

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

the white wax cut about twenty pieces the size and shape of Fig. 1. Rub these on both sides with carmine paint, but do not put the paint any farther down than the straight line drawn across the bottom of the figure. Then roll these pieces with the glass head of the pin (do not dip in water, as the paint prevents sticking,) so that the notched points will turn out a little. Arrange in rows; putting each row on the stem a little lower until the pink is large and full. Finish off with a calyx of light green wax. Closed buds may be made, leaving out the stamens, and covering the outside with light green wax. Figure 2 represents a bunch of pinks, buds and leaves.

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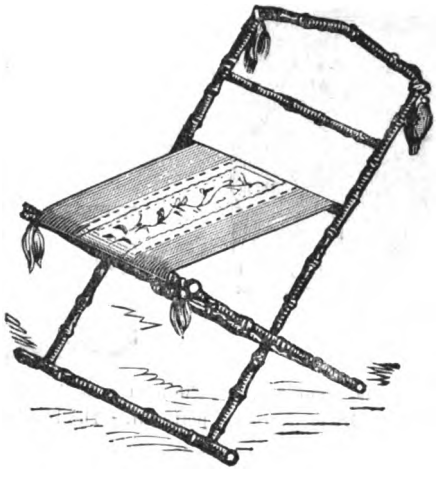
FOLDING CHAIR.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This style of chair is always improved with a band of embroidery, the material of which may be Java canvas, ticking, or crash. The tassels should correspond with the embroidery in color. The seat of the model is of blue cloth, and the band of embroidery is worked in colors.

EMBROIDERY DESIGN FOR APRONS, SACQUES, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

TRIMMING FOR BATHING DRESSES.

It has become the fashion to embroider bathing costumes when they are made of white or light-colored flannel. The design, here given, is carried out in coarse fleecy wool of any bright hue, such as scarlet, blue, etc., etc.

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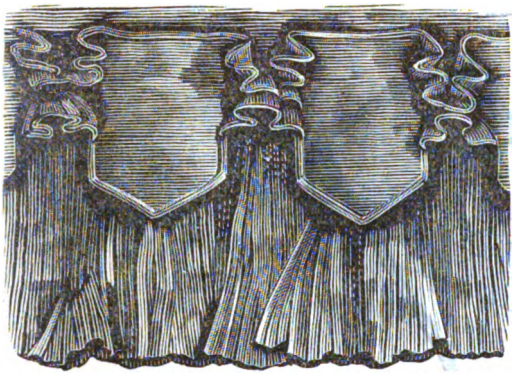
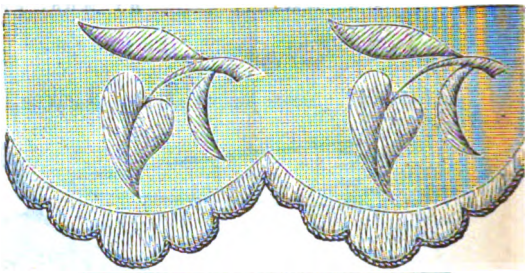
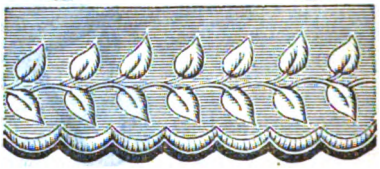
TRIMMING, EMBROIDERIES, ETC., ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER

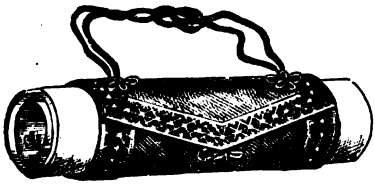


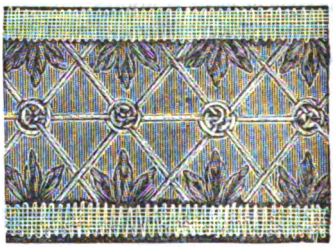




We give, here, three illustrations. The first is a new style of trimming for the skirt of a dress. The next is a design for embroidery on flannel petticoat. The last is in white embroidery.

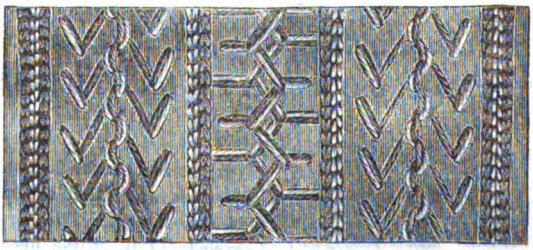
COVER FOR MUSIC ROLL.





Make of kid, cashmere, felt or crash; line neatly with dark silk; bind the edges with silk galloon. We give the detail of the border, full size, which is worked on velvet ribbon, edged with a lace braid, and worked in different colored silks. Silk cord forms the handles. We give a design for the border, full size. See it, engraved, above.

TRIMMING FOR WASHING DRESSES.



This trimming is composed of a band of blue linen, embroidered in long and chain-stitches with dark blue and white embroidery cottons. It is just in season for summer dresses.

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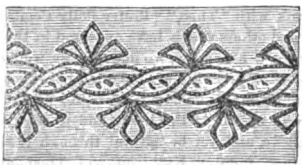
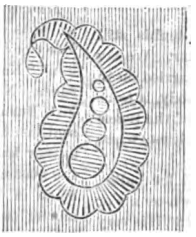
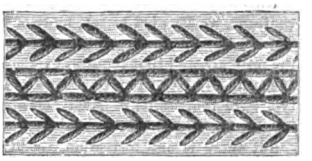
GALONS AND EMBROIDERED PALM.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





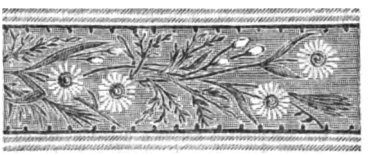


Two galons, the first in chain-stitch, the other in herring-bone and feather stitches. These galons are very suitable for trimming children's frocks, etc. They are worked on canvas braid, and ingrain red cotton is used for the fancy stitches.

We also give an engraving of a palm, which may be used on waistcoats, cloaks, children's frocks, etc., etc. This will look very effective, carried out in floss silks of various shades, at the taste of the worker.

DESIGNS FOR AFGHAN STRIPES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

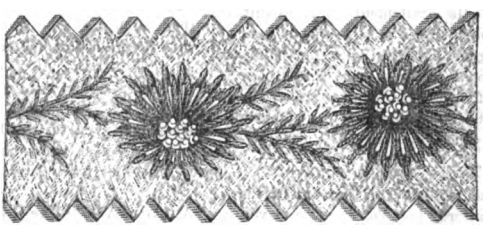


We give, above, two pretty designs to be worked on the stripes of an Afghan. One is of corn-flowers, wheat and oats; the other is of daisies and brown grasses. The corn-flowers, it will be seen, come between every spray of wheat and oats.

The daisies and also the brown grasses are worked alternately. Any stitch may be used in working these patterns, according to the taste of the worker. The leaves should be shaded with tea-green. The flowers and grasses are to be done in natural colors.

TRIMMING: EMBROIDERY ON CLOTH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The foundation is white cloth, and the edges are pinked out; the flowers are embroidered with blue silk, the French knots in gold silk, the connecting leaves in shades of green silks.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Archery For Ladies.—Croquet and lawn-tennis still continue, we are glad to say, more or less popular. We say "glad to say," because any amusement, that is carried on in the open air, and that requires exercise of the body, is to be encouraged. Health and beauty—and beauty of the truest type—are the results of such amusements, at least, when indulged in with moderation.

But there is one recreation, especially fitted for ladies, which is to be recommended even more than lawn-tennis or croquet; for while it is equally conducive to health, it is very much more graceful. We allude to *archery*. Shooting with the bow, as we are all aware, was universal, in England, before the discovery of fire-arms. Every citizen was trained, from youth, to it; the bow became, as a weapon, the terror of other nations; Agincourt, Crecy, and many another battle-field, was won, not by mailed knights, but by the sturdy yeomanry of England, with their "flights of arrows." What could be done with the bow, in skilful hands, is told in many an ancient ballad. Sir Walter Scott, in his wonderful romance of "Ivanhoe," has made the bow immortal.

We are pleased to note, therefore, that archery clubs for ladies are springing up, in a good many places. We hope that they will extend everywhere. Ladies, in the "olden time," practiced archery quite generally. Margaret, the daughter of Henry VII., shot a buck in Alnwick Park, with a bow; and Queen Elizabeth, during a visit to Lord Montacute, killed three or four deer. Roger Ascham, the tutor of Lady Jane Grey, wrote a treatise on archery, and maintained that it was the most graceful of all amusements for ladies. The bow, he said, should be raised gradually by the left hand, at the same time that the string is raised by the right, and when the arrow is drawn about two-thirds of its length, the neck of it should be brought close to the right ear, and the aim taken. A guard of buckskin, or other stiff material, should be worn on the left arm, to prevent any folds which might impede the bow-string when loosed from the hand.

To teach archery, by an article like this, is, however, impossible; it is only practice that will bring perfection. We may say, nevertheless, that, in choosing your bow, get one that you can easily pull at *first*, and change it for a stronger one as you become more expert. Never shoot with another person's bow, as the strength of all differ, and you might have an accident with it, which would be as annoying to you as to the owner. Be careful, also, to keep the bow-string from untwisting or getting ravelled, and do not shoot alone, because you will probably shoot carelessly. To join an archery club adds to the excitement of the pursuit, and, therefore, try and establish one, if there is none in your neighborhood. Prizes are generally given by archery clubs, as they stimulate to exertion: one for the arrow first in or near goal, and the second for the number of shots on the target. Archery implements of all kinds, we may add, can be purchased in almost any considerable city.

It Costs No More to have a stylish dress than one that is not stylish. Consult the patterns in "Peterson," and you will have the latest designs by Worth, Pingât, etc., instead of the outlandish costumes of second-rate Philadelphia and New York dress-makers, which you see in other lady's magazines.

Mrs. Burnett's New Novelet.—This copy-righted novelet is, as our readers have already discovered, a charming love story, fit to rank with "Theo," "Pretty Polly Pemberton," "Kathleen," and others which have appeared in these pages. Nobody writes a love story, we may say, as well as Mrs. Burnett. Stories of this kind are too often mawkishly sentimental, or improbable in incident, or both; but this author knows how to appeal to the heart, and to describe the master-passion, love, and yet be natural through it all. Some of her heroines, notably Kathleen and Theo, are among the loveliest in fiction. Mrs. Burnett can depict tragedy, too, as well. Her "Bebee," "The Tide on the Moaning Bar," "Jarl's Daughter," etc., etc., published in this magazine, are examples. Very few writers unite two such opposite qualities. It was in this magazine that Mrs. Burnett, then Miss Frances Hodgson, made her first appearance. We predict for her a constantly increasing fame. In "Miss Defarge," there is some unusually delicate character drawing, as our readers will discover, before they have finished its perusal.

How to Dress With Taste.—Very few persons possess an innate perception of the beautiful, while all may dress in taste by the observance of certain laws of Nature. Thus, sky-blue is becoming to fair persons because it contrasts agreeably with the orange in their complexion. Light green is also becoming, particularly to fair complexions utterly devoid of color, because it adds the rose tint altogether wanting. Red and yellow are becoming to dark, fresh colored complexions, the yellow by contrast, the red by harmony. Violet, dark green, and pink are more limited in their adaptability, and require to be brought into juxtaposition with the complexion before a decision can be arrived at, as there may be a tone in the complexion that will neither harmonize nor contrast favorably. Then, again, there are gradations in these—some that are not becoming, if placed in direct contrast with the skin, would, with a line of white or black intervening, have a most excellent effect.

Beautiful Homes.—Let your home, large or small, be kept for the benefit of those who live in it. Warmth and light are better than fine furniture, and good beds are better than fine bedsteads. If there is plenty of money, one may have all these good and comfortable things with all possible beautiful surroundings. If not, a woman with taste, industry, and ingenuity, and with her heart in the matter, can make almost any place cheery. The more tasteful, the more beautiful your home can be made, the better always for those around you and for the friends dear to them and you—not for show, not for display; these degrade the mind and the habits.

Subscribers often ask Questions, and desire answers in the magazine. We would prefer, in all cases, that the writers should send their address, for, unless the question is of general interest, we would rather reply by letter. Our space, otherwise, is too valuable.

"Ahead of All."—The Northern (O.) Journal say, "Peterson is received, and, as usual, is *ahead of all others*; it is bright, entertaining, and replete with the lastest fashion intelligence." We have hundreds of similar notices from newspapers all over the country.

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A Good Time To Subscribe.—A new volume began with the last number, affording an excellent opportunity to subscribe. The universal testimony of the newspapers is that no other magazine of its kind unites so many different merits, or gives so much, for so little money, as "Peterson." To clubs our prices are especially tempting. Thus, at $1.62½ each, we send four copies for one year, and an extra copy as premium, to the person getting up the club; or five copies, at $1.60 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of "Christ Blessing Little Children," as premiums; all postage free. Or six copies, at $1.50 each, and an extra copy as premium for getting up the club; or seven copies, at $1.50 each, and both an extra copy of the copy of the magazine, and a copy of "Christ Blessing Little Children," as premiums; all postage free. Or we will send, instead of "Christ Blessing Little Children," any other of our premium plates, if prepared, or either the "Gems of Art," or the "Pictorial Annual." *We can still supply back numbers from January*, to those who wish their subscriptions to begin with the first of the year. Send for a speciman, and get up a club.

Vases for Flowers may be made of common porter or other bottles, by washing and covering them with scrap pictures, adding narrow strips of gold paper round the top and base, and varnishing the whole. Ivy, drooping ferns, or grasses can then be planted in them, so that the pictures form the background to the greenery. From salad-oil bottles, remove the straw work, and then cover with two coats of black paint, on which paste scrap pictures of roses and butterflies, varnish well, and tie bows of ribbon round the neck. Common flower pots may be covered with black silhouettes, and varnished and suspended by cords, and then flowers planted. At very little expense, very beautiful effects may thus be produced.

For a Carriage-Rug, colored sheeting looks very well with a large monogram worked in the centre, and a spray of flowers in each corner. Brown holland, bound with dark blue or red braid, and worked all in either one or the other color, looks well. Also holland with chintz flowers, arranged all round and appliqué on. It also looks well to work a design of flowers and leaves on a broad band of dark blue, green, or red, and stitch this on to a holland or sheeting carriage-cloth, adding long stitches on either side of the band of thread the same color. They should be long "spikey" stitches, which are effective, and also quickly done.

Tidy on Java Canvas.—We have been asked to give a pattern for a tidy in crochet, or on Java canvas, the figure of a man, to match the figure of a woman, given, last August. Accordingly, we give one in the front of the number.

Blue Nankin China, which is now all the rage, is supposed to have been first made in the reign of the Emperor Hwhang-ti, who lived about 5260 B. C., that is, some seven thousand one hundred and thirty-nine years ago.

"Indispensable in Households."—The Central Falls (R. I.) Visitor says, "Peterson is indispensable in every household, as its enormous circulation shows."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Clare and Bebee. By the author of "His Heart's Desire." 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This is a novel of very unusual merit. We do not exaggerate when we say that it is the best American fiction of the year. The story is thoroughly dramatic, full of passionate interest, and yet never violates the probabilities. The author shows, in her treatment of it, how incidents that may happen in every day life, in a quiet, New England village, may yet involve the deepest and saddest of tragedies. The characters, too, are more real than usual. They are, at any rate, human, flesh-and-blood people, and not analytical results, put together like mosaic work. Mrs. Fleming, the scheming, worldly, pitiless, yet conventionally "pattern" mother is drawn to the life; we have all met such women; we have all shuddered at the sacrifices they make of their daughters' hearts and happiness. Bebee is both original and effective —loveable in spite of all her weakness, or rather, perhaps, because of it. Clare is the true heroine of the book, however: a very noble character, even with some faults. In different ways, Fletcher, Max and Paul are capital portraitures; the first two, probably, are more common types than the last. The volume is neatly printed.

Miss Margery's Roses. By Robert C. Meyers. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—There is a tender grace in this writer's stories, which places him, in that respect, at least, far above most other cotemporary novelists. He has also the same honest sympathy with his fellow beings, which characterized Dickens, and had much to do with the latter's popularity. This novel is a love-story, quite original in its treatment. It is told with a simple beauty, and, in parts, with a delicate pathos, that ranks it far above the ordinary melo-dramatic tales of the day. The volume is published in handsome style, to match the novels of Henry Gréville.

Under the Willows; or, The Three Countesses. By Mrs. Elizabeth Van Loon. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is by the author of "A Heart Twice Won," "The Shadow of Hampton Mead," and other popular novels by a well-known Southern lady. The characters of the story are mostly American, but the scene is not confined entirely to this country; on the contrary, it shifts to France and Italy; and the incidents occur in such rapid succession, that the interest of the story never flags. The strong point of this author is the faculty of mixing reality and romance in a way that absorbs the reader's attention from the first.

How to Grow Handsome. By D. H. Jacques. New Edition. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: S. R. Wells & Co.*—This is a treatise on Physical Perfection, and the philosophy of Human Beauty, showing how to acquire and retain bodily symmetry, health and vigor. The author is already favorably known by his work on "The Temperaments." The principal objection to books of this kind is that they lay down rules which they consider infallible and suited to all constitutions, whereas, as the old proverb says, and as experience teaches, "what is one man's food is another man's poison."

The Ghost of Redbrook. By the author of "The Odd Trump." 1 *vol.*, 8*vo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—Those who have read "The Odd Trump," "The Lacy Diamonds," and other earlier fictions by this author, should avail themselves of this opportunity to secure another novel from the same pen. "The Ghost of Redbrook" is full of action, and the interest is kept up to the end. The type, in which the book is printed, is large and clear.

A Mere Adventurer. By Elzey Hay. 1 *vol.*, 8*vo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—An earlier novel by this author "A Family Secret," attracted considerable attention. We find the present story an improvement, in every way, on its predecessor.

Just One Day. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: George R. Lockwood.*—A charming little story, the history of a single day that of a wife and mother, with a loving, yet thoughtless, husband, a story with a moral, and one that we hope will do good.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"CHEAPEST AND BEST."—The universal verdict of the press and public is that "Peterson" is not only the best magazine of its kind, but altogether the cheapest, excelling in its engravings, fashion-plates, stories and Work-Table all rivals at the same price. "Nothing but its enormous circulation," says the Lima (Ohio) Gazette, "could enable it to give so much for the money; it is incontestibly the cheapest, as well as best, magazine of its kind. Every department, in turn, is pronounced 'Excelsior.'" The St. Johns (N. B.) Globe says, "We never recollect to have seen 'Peterson' in better style than it is this year." The Newport (Pa.) News says, "All competent judges pronounce the stories in 'Peterson' better than any in any of its cotemporaries." The Clay Co. (Iowa) Reporter says, "It would seem impossible to suggest any improvement in it." The Goderich (Canada) Star says, "The patterns are pronounced by the ladies to be as perfectly prepared as it is possible for them to be; the ladies cannot have a better general magazine." The Mitchell Co. (Iowa) Press says, "Superb embellishments, capital stories, one number alone is worth the subscription price." The Salem (N. J.) Standard says, "The cheapest as well as best of the ladies' magazines."

AN INVENTION of inestimable value as a beautifier has at length been perfected, in mask form, and is to be worn at night. While being perfectly harmless and easily applied, it secures to the wearer a blooming and faultless complexion. For descriptive treatise, containing full particulars, address The Toilet Mask Co., 1164 Broadway, New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson" has had, for more than twenty years a circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. VIII.—ACACIA—GUM ARABIC.

Though the *acaciae* from which the gum arabic of our drug stores is obtained do not belong to, nor are they naturalized in this country, yet this medicinal agent and article of diet for the sick is so very useful and important, that we feel that the source from whence it is derived should be better known, and its properties more fully appreciated, and for these reasons it is embraced in these papers, and is spoken of here, before we roam in the fields.

These acacias are of all sizes, according to situation, from mere shrubs to trees of medium size, and grow in Upper Egypt, Senegal, and other parts of Africa, as well as in Arabia and Hindostan, where the gum is much used for food.

The trees present a hard, withered aspect, and the main stem is covered with a gray bark, which is quite astringent, and is used in India for tanning purposes. The acacias seem by nature calculated for dry, sandy soils, and flourish in deserts where but few other trees will grow.

Gum arabic is the concrete juice of various species of Acacia, and when pure is transparent, inodorless, insipid, and feels quite viscid in the mouth. Mothers should be aware that mixed with the *true* gum, is often found one of a darker color, rougher surface, much larger, and more globular, harder to break, and less readily soluble.

ALIMENTARY PROPERTIES.—The late Prof. T. D. Mitchell says he has had patients to subsist for months on this gum, without obvious loss of flesh or health. This is also the experience of the writer, with many other observers. We are told that camels attached to caravans derive from these acacias their chief sustenance, in many parts of those desolate regions in which Africa abounds. A caravan of Abyssinians would have starved, on one occasion, but for a stock of this gum among their merchandise, upon which one thousand persons subsisted for two months; and in times of great scarcity of the ordinary kinds of food, whole towns have been sustained by it. The Moors and negroes, also, live on the gum almost exclusively, during the period of collection; and the Hottentots, in times of scarcity, support themselves upon it for days together. Hence, in many cases of disease, our patients can be sustained for quite a length of time upon this *gum water*. It should be stated, however, *en passant*, that dogs fed exclusively upon this article soon perish; but they are carnivorous, whilst man is an omnivorous animal.

MEDICAL PROPERTIES AND USES.—Gum arabic is ademulunt, possessed of softening, sheathing, soothing qualities. Hence its use in strangury, catarrhal affections, irritation of the fauces or larynx, inflammation of the stomach, intestines, dysentery, diarrhœa, cholera infantum or wasting bowel affections. In all of these cases, a thick solution can be advantageously used *ad libitum*, besides possessing the advantage of the best and most suitable article of diet in these and other highly inflammatory diseases—being sufficiently nourishing, not only to support the patient, but to prevent the injurious action of the organs upon themselves. A thick solution of gum arabic may be used (like collodion), to shield recent burns and scalds from the irritating influence of the atmosphere. Thus, mothers can put this familiar article to many useful purposes. Jujube paste, marshmallow and Iceland moss paste are made of this gum, white sugar, whites of eggs and water, or of decoctions of marshmallow and moss, instead of simple water, if strictly made in accordance with the name in the latter two.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

KILTING YOUR FLOUNCES.—A great many ladies send their flouncing to be kilted by machines, as it saves, they think, time and trouble. But for several reasons we would advise our readers to do it for themselves by hand; we regard, on the whole, the truest economy, besides. In the first place, the heat used for machine kilting is very often too great, and we have seen flouncing so scorched in places that it has been at the folds like tinder; and in the second place, in many materials it certainly takes from their beauty, silk especially looking poor from the heat and pressure used, as it does when dyed or cleaned.

To kilt silk, having cut and joined the breadths, next hem them with fine sewing silk, not putting the stitches too close, and drawing the silk as little as possible. Supposing the flounce be required to form its own heading, turn it down at the top, and tack it along on the wrong sides, then, having decided upon the size of the pleats, fold two or three, pin them and crease them firmly, then take out the pins, and measure the width between the folds. You must now fold and crease your length of silk, or should it be a very long one a few breadths at a time, taking the width between the creases from the folds you have already arranged, so that when you begin to kilt you have every fold evenly and plainly marked. You will scarcely need to measure for creasing the folds if the flounce be a narrow one, but be careful to get them even and straight, and the work is then comparatively easy.

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Begin kilting with the top of the flounce to your right hand, turning the pleats away from you and pinning them both at the top and bottom with silk-pins (fine long ones are sold for this purpose which do not mark the silk as ordinary ones would). This done—say about half a yard in length at a time—tack it in the centre on the right side, putting a stitch in each pleat, and again about half an inch from each edge, with a fine needle and thin white cotton. This done it is ready for stitching, which must always be done with *silk*, whether by hand or machine. If you do not want to stitch it upon the dress, tack a tape underneath and stitch it down upon that. For a flounce it is better always to put this tape about a third of the depth from the lower edge, and stitch it before putting it upon the skirt.

With the exception of satin and moiré other materials are not damaged by ironing, and after the hem is made it is better to press it, as also the fold at the top if it is not hemmed at each edge. Muslin, alpaca, and many other materials will crease as silk will, and that will be found the easiest plan, and the soft materials are not injured by being done by machinery.

MANAGEMENT OF INFANTS.

Accustom baby from his earliest toddling days to go about with you, up and down stairs—anywhere, in the *dark;* and at once dismiss the indiscreet, thoughtless nurse, who hints at such horrifying things as "black men," ghosts, etc., etc. This is a very important lesson for early days: a timid child is always unhappy; he sees "black men" in every shadow he cannot account for, and wild beasts lurk incessantly beneath his bed. But few persons have any conception of the strong but unregulated imagination of children. Once frightened, it will take years to eradicate the fear he has felt; no coaxing, no amount of explanation will convince him that *it* is not lying in wait somewhere for him.

It is often tried, in order to get a young child "used to a noise," to put him to sleep in a room where other children are romping and playing, or when a great deal of talking and laughter is going on. And no doubt after awhile the effort will succeed, to the great delight of mamma or nurse: he will drop off in the midst of an uproar; but it will be from sheer fatigue, as it is quite against baby nature to go to sleep in the midst of such excitement.

He will get used to the noise when he is awake, especially the noise made by his little brothers and sisters; it is his delight, and the more the better. But he should be put to bed in a quiet, cool room; this will not make him a nervous, timid child; on the contrary, his rest will doubtless be unbroken, and consequently refreshing. "There is a time and a place for everything," and baby's napping time, and his place for it, should not be in a room that is given up to "hunting the tiger," or when an amateur menagerie is in full swing.

The sleeping-room should be darkened a little, and, in fact, everything done to *promote* sleep naturally. We, ourselves, would hardly choose, for the place of our slumbers, a room full of company, with the sunlight streaming down upon us from windows without shades or blinds.

Older children, especially in hot weather, when the evenings are very light, are often awake for hours after the time they should be asleep; there is nothing to make them try to sleep even, but much inviting matter in an opposite direction. Crib-rails make famous steeds, and splendid precipices can be jumped from one bed to another.

We ought to be able to spare a little pity for these restless little mortals. It is about impossible to "sit still" during the day, but to "lie still" in bed, looking at the walls or at each other, is not within range of their quicksilver nature. They would sleep well enough after a hard day of play, if it were dark, so provide their sleeping-room with *dark shades, or blinds.* Thick, green muslin, or dark brown linen, cut the size of the window, and hung by two rings, are good materials for these shades; the green is pleasanter for the eyes on waking, and so is better on that account.

Keep the sleeping-room shaded in the morning, till after baby is awake; the strong light in his eyes, on first opening them, is very hurtful; after he is accustomed to the light, for a few moments, the bright sunlight may be let in, in a full flood of glory.

A mother should always be able to do a little "doctoring" on her children's behalf. It is pitiable to see her stand by her infant, wringing her hands and moaning, unable to afford it the slightest aid. It is hard on baby, too, when the mother "runs away," stopping her ears in time of trouble, because she cannot bear to see it suffer. Try to overcome this. If the mother could not assuage one atom of its pain, the sound of her voice and the pressure of her lips are priceless to him. The poet says that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," and it is *very* dangerous, when medicines are to be used that require skill and judgment in their administration, so we only propose to speak of those remedies that are harmless, and that can be resorted to, till a physician can arrive, in a serious case. The mother should do all she can, but she must recollect this one most important caution: the *moment she feels herself in doubt* upon any matter, she should not *trust* herself. It must be real, not fancied, knowledge that she should possess, when she appoints herself a "home doctor." In all cases of doubt, not a moment should be wasted, but *reliable* help should be obtained at once.

At all times when baby is a little out of order, look well to his food, and rather under than over-feed him. This rule holds good almost always.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers.☜

No. 28.—A LADDER PUZZLE.

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The uprights are words of nine letters, the right meaning, using the faculty of judging; and the left, pervaded. The rounds, beginning with the highest, mean: 1, To rise out of a fluid; 2, A current of water; 3, The chrysalis of an insect; 4, To lie close.

Harlem, N. Y. MINNIE S. YOST.

No. 29.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A letter. 2. The female. 3. A bundle of grain. 4. A play-house. 5. Devoured. 6. A moor. 7. A consonant.

Marblehead, Mass. G. C.

No. 30.—CHARADE.

UPON the plain beside the bank,
Where calmly now the river flows,
Two armies on the morn will meet;
But in my first they now repose.

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In yonder village on the hill,
The Sabbath's calm is prized by all,
And clouds are gladly hurrying now,
To where my second soft doth call.

In Glasgow town in Scotland's land,
Where the river Clyde flows down,
My whole in years agone did dwell,
A poet he, of just renown.

Ridgeway, S. C. "CHASSIE."

No. 31.—DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

1. To boil. 2. A doctrine. 3. An accomplice. 4. To petition. 5. A dead house. 6. An order of animal. 7. To confuse.

The diagonals read from left to right mean perpetual; from right to left a platform.

Providence, R. I. TWILL.

No. 32.—EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of nine letters.
My 5, 2, 4 is an edible.
My 1, 6, 3 is a boy's nickname.
My 2, 8, 9 is congealed water.
My 7, 3, 6, 1 is to send out.
My whole should be in every house.

Mercer, Pa. MISS ADA YOUNG.

No. 33.—HALF SQUARE.

1. A little flute used to teach birds. 3. A genus of minute parasitical fungi. 3. A holiday. 4. A poem. 5. See. 6. A letter.

Dunkirk, N. Y. "MY DOT."

No. 34.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. An ancient philosopher. 2. A goddess. 3. A group of islands in the Indian ocean. 4. An image. 5. A tree of classical celebrity.

The primals and finals read downward give the name of an animal and its habitation.

Prescott, Kan. ETHA BROCK.

No. 35.—WORD SQUARE.

My first is to expect. My second is a precious stone. My third is to occur. My fourth is otherwise.

Brunswick. "TWO PHOOLS."

Answers Next Month.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

No. 22.

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        M A N S U E T O D E
        A                   S
        L         M         T
        T     A       E     R
        R   N           L   A
        E                   N
        A I       C R A B   G
        T         R         E
        M   F     O     A   M
        E     E   S   T     E
        N         S         N
L E T                     T A P
A                               O
U                               L
D I S S E R V I C E A B L E
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No. 23.

Cricket.

No. 24

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DOTER
COAST
BOYAR
HOLLY
COOMB
CORAL
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No. 25.

I.	II.
LEAST	SWEET
EAGER	WEAVE
AGONE	EATEN
SENNA	EVENT
TREAD	TENTH

No. 26.

LIV-e.

No. 27.

1. Wine, win. 2. Tiny, tin. 3. Pang, pan. 4. Band, ban. 5. Tone, ton. 6. Tune, tun.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

PRESERVES, ETC.

Fox Grape Jelly.—Take green fox grapes, wash them and put them in a preserving kettle with just water enough to pulp them. When they are tender mash and strain them through a sieve, to free them from the seeds and skin. To each pint of the pulp add a pound of the best white sugar, and a piece of isinglass about an inch square, dissolved in warm water. When the sugar has dissolved stir it well, and place the kettle over the fire. Let it boil fifteen or twenty minutes, then try it by dropping a little in a glass of cold water, if it falls to the bottom without mixing with the water the jelly is done. Pass it through a jelly bag, pour it into your glasses while warm, and let it stand till the next day before the glasses are pasted.

Quince Marmalade.—To each pound of the pulp obtained according to the above receipt for jelly, add one pound of white sugar; boil the whole until it is perfectly smooth. It must be stirred all the time it is boiling. If you do not make jelly of your quinces cut them up in small pieces, add a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit, and as much water as will dissolve the sugar; then boil it till it is a perfectly smooth paste; stir it all the time.

Peach Marmalade.—Pare and cut up the peaches in small pieces, and to a pound of fruit add a pound of sugar. When the sugar is dissolved set it over the fire, and let it boil till it is a smooth paste. Stir it all the time it is boiling. Put it in the jars while warm and paste them over the next day.

Preserved Plums.—These are preserved in the same manner as gages, only they are skinned by pouring hot water over them; the skins will peel off nicely and leave the stems attached to the fruit.

SOUPS AND FISH.

Scotch Broth.—Take four pounds of beef with the ribs in, and put into a pot with about five pints of water (which must be boiling), one-half pound of pearl barley, and an ounce of green peas (dried); let these boil slowly for half an hour, then take a carrot and a turnip, cut them in small squares and put them into the pot; also a large leek cut into

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small pieces. The mixture should boil for three hours and twenty minutes; then greens, pulled into small pieces, should be added. While it is boiling it should be skimmed frequently; season it with pepper and salt. This will make enough for six persons.

Fish with Tomatoes.—Cut the fish in pieces; fry it in boiling lard, a light brown, having first rolled the fish in cornmeal. When done, set it to one side, where it will keep warm, and put some tomatoes in the skillet with a little onion, and stir them until they are done; then pour over them a little boiling water. Season with pepper and salt; pour over the fish, and serve hot.

DESSERTS.

Stewed Apples.—Peel and core six apples, put the cores and parings into a quart of water, and simmer gently. Strain off, and pour the liquid over the apples, adding the juice of half a lemon, and three ounces white sugar. Boil gently till the apples are quite tender, then turn out into a basin, and beat up with a fork, gradually adding about a teacupful of cream. When the whole is about the consistency of cream, pile up in a glass dish, and put away in a cool place. Whipped cream or the whites of eggs, well-whisked, may be put over the top before serving.

Custard Pudding.—Into half a pint of milk put the peel of half a lemon very finely shred; when it boils, put in an ounce of lump sugar, take out the peel, and pour the milk on two eggs well beaten. Put the custard into a basin or tart dish, and set it in a saucepan with boiling water reaching only half-way up to the basin. Do not let the water boil, but keep it just bubbling. In about twenty minutes the custard should be set. It may be eaten either hot or cold, and any flavor may be substituted for that of lemon peel.

A Light Pudding.—Boil a little nutmeg and cinnamon in a pint of new milk, take out the spice; beat eight yolks and four whites of eggs, a glass of sweet wine, a little salt and sugar; mix a spoonful of flour, very smooth, in a little of the milk, then put all together, with the crumb of a small roll grated; tie this in a thick cloth, boil it an hour; serve it with butter melted, and wine and sugar poured over it.

Ground Rice Pudding.—To six ounces rice, one quart milk; stir this over the fire till thick; take it off, put in a piece of butter the size of a walnut; when just cold, add eight yolks of eggs, four whites, well beaten; rasp the peel of a lemon, and put to it some sugar with the juice, then mix all together; puff paste at the bottom of the dish; half an hour bakes it.

Baked Pudding (Lemon).—Mix the following ingredients well together, in the order in which they are placed: Moist sugar one-quarter pound; bread crumbs six ounces; butter one and a-half ounces; eggs, well beaten, three; lemon peel grated, and juice, two; bake one and a-half hours in a moderate oven. To be eaten cold.

Cup Puddings.—Three eggs, their weight in flour, butter, and sugar; whip the eggs well separately, and the butter to a cream, then stir in the flour gently, and mix all together. Bake it twenty minutes in small pudding-cups. They may be flavored with bitter almond or lemon peel. Served with wine sauce.

Cream Pie (fine).—One-half pound butter, four eggs, sugar, salt, and nutmeg to your taste, and two tablespoonsful of arrowroot. Wet with cold milk; pour on it a quart of boiling milk, and stir the whole together. To be baked in a deep dish.

CAKES.

Breakfast and Tea Cakes.

Washington Cake.—One pound of sugar, four eggs, one pound of flour, one teacupful of milk, two teaspoonsful of dissolved saleratus, three tablespoonsful of brandy, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a nutmeg, one pound of dried currants washed, picked, and wiped dry. Beat the butter and sugar until it is smooth and light. Whisk the eggs till they are thick, and add them to the butter and sugar. Stir in the flour, brandy, and spice. Flour the fruit and stir it in. Beat the whole very hard for fifteen minutes. Then stir in the saleratus. Line the sides and bottom of your pan with thick paper, butter it well, pour in the mixture and bake it in a moderate oven.

Luncheon Cake.—One pound of light bread dough, two ounces of white sugar, and two eggs. *Beat* these together with the hand, in a bowl, and then set it in a mould for three-quarters of an hour to rise; when light, bake in a quick oven; when cut, it should have the appearance of honeycomb. This cake makes a delicious toast, when stale. The toast can be soaked in boiled custard, and then fried in butter.

Rice Cakes.—Put in a stewpan one teacup of rice and two cups of water, boil till the water is nearly gone, then add one and a-half pints milk, and boil till the rice is very soft; when cool add one gill of yeast, three eggs beaten separately a little salt, and flour enough to bake on a griddle or waffle iron. It should rise very lightly before baking; for baking in muffin rings it should be made a little thicker.

Corn Bread.—Heat one quart of milk; when it boils pour it over one good pint of corn meal, in which one tablespoonful of butter has been mixed. Stir till the batter is quite smooth, then add four eggs beaten very lightly, the yolks and whites separately, stirring them in while the batter is hot, and bake it at *once*. Speed is everything in making this cake successfully.

Flannel Cakes.—Melt one tablespoonful butter in one quart of milk; when lukewarm add three eggs, the whites and yolks beaten separately, stirring in alternately with the eggs three-quarters of a pound sifted flour. Beat well after adding two tablespoonsful yeast. Set to rise, and bake on a hot griddle.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FIG. I.—VISITING-DRESS OF ORIENTAL BARÈGE, with two olive-green flounces, box-plaited around the bottom; the dress is paniered at the back, and trimmed with loops of ribbon to match the colors of the dress; mantilla of black silk, edged with black Breton lace put on in knife-plaitings. Straw bonnet, trimmed with poppies and white roses.

FIG. II.—VISITING-DRESS OF GOLD-COLORED GRENADINE, over a blue under-skirt; the front is draped as well as the back, and is finished by a broad flounce; above the flounce, and dividing the front drapery from the back, is an embroidered satin trimming, lined with poppy-colored satin; the long basque-waist has a vest of Pekin, or of striped silk and satin, of a dark color; the trimmings of the sleeves and corners of the basque are of the same material. Yellow straw bonnet, trimmed with red roses and yellow satin ribbon faced with red.

FIG. III.—SEASIDE OR TRAVELLING-DRESS OF STONE-COLORED BUNTING; the skirt is made quite plain at the top, is cut open at the sides, to give it sufficient spring, and is cut at the bottom in broad "turretts," between each of which appear three ruffles; the over-dress is long and plain, and gathered in at the waist by a leather belt; the front, pockets and sleeves are trimmed with large, horn buttons; two Carrick capes finish the simple and stylish costume. Sailor hat of yellow straw.

FIG. IV.—AFTERNOON WALKING-DRESS OF ÉCRU-COLORED FOULARD, FIGURED WITH DARK BROWN; the short skirt is paniered at the back, much gathered in front, and is flounced and trimmed with brown silk; the scarf-mantle is of brown

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silk, edged at the top with a band of the foulard silk. Dark brown straw hat, trimmed with brown silk and flowers.

FIG. V.—AFTERNOON-DRESS OF LIGHT BLUE MUSLIN; the bottom of the skirt is cut in small "turretts," falling over a knife-plaiting of darker blue muslin; the front of the skirt is slightly gathered, the back rather plain, and is trimmed with a bias band of the darker blue muslin, embroidery, and knots of blue, red and old gold ribbon; the belted basque is open heart-shape in front, is trimmed with embroidery, has a narrow knife-plaited ruffle around the neck, and a plaited vest piece below the belt of the dark blue muslin; the sleeves are made half of the light blue and half of the dark blue muslin, and are trimmed with embroidery. Yellow straw hat, trimmed with dark blue ribbon and poppies.

FIGS. VI AND VII—FRONT AND BACK OF WALKING-DRESS; the under-skirt is kilt-plaited, and made of alternate stripes of watered silk and summer camel's hair; the over-dress is of the camel's hair, gathered in points on each side and at the back, where they are tied with bows of wide ribbon the color of the dress; a simulated vest is worn, made of the camel's hair and watered silk, which comes from beneath the pointed bodice on either side; the bodice is cut with a coat-basque, is double-breasted and has a wide, rolling collar.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-DRESS FOR THE SPRINGS, OF WHITE NAINSOOK; the under-skirt has a deep knife-plaited ruffle, over which falls the embroidery of the skirt, which is put on quite plain; the over-dress is long, paniered on the hips, and is caught up once or twice at the back; this over-dress is trimmed with embroidery like that on the under-dress, but narrower; vest of white piqué, fastened by fancy, pearl buttons. Hat of white straw, trimmed with black velvet and white feathers.

FIG. IX.—CARRIAGE AND VISITING-DRESS of either light blue batiste, trimmed with white Breton lace, or of linen, trimmed with embroidery. The demi-long skirt is bordered with a kilting, which is edged and headed with white lace. The second skirt, which forms a double point in front, is draped and fastened with a large ribbon bow. Long bodice trimmed like the skirt, with the omission of the lace heading to the kilting. It opens over a waistcoat of Pompadour cambric, with a white ground, the flowers being pink and blue. Sleeves, with double cuffs at the wrist. This toilette could be also made in twilled foulard. Straw hat, trimmed with white feathers, and faced with light blue velvet.

FIG. X.—GARDEN PARTY DRESS OF WHITE MUSLIN; the lower skirt has two scant flounces, edged with black velvet ribbon; the upper skirt is trimmed with a narrow ruffle, above which are two rows of black velvet; the basque-waist is trimmed with puffings, embroidery and loops of black velvet; it has a belt and a wide, square collar. White straw hat, trimmed with black velvet and daisies.

FIG. XI.—GARDEN PARTY DRESS OF VIOLET AND WHITE STRIPED LAWN; the under-skirt is trimmed with two ruffles, the lower running crosswise and quite scant, the upper one knife-plaited; the over-dress has one knife-plaited ruffle; the deep basque is trimmed to correspond, is double-breasted, and both basque and skirt have two rows of fancy, pearl buttons down the front; there is a Regency cape, and revers on the basque. Yellow straw hat.

FIG. XII.—BATHING-DRESS OF BLUE FLANNEL, with wide collar; the whole trimmed with yellow braid.

FIG. XIII.—BATHING-DRESS OF WHITE SERGE; kilt-plaited front, and coat-shaped back, embroidered in red crewels.

FIG. XIV.—BATHING-DRESS OF BLUE SERGE, trimmed with broad, white woolen braid.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The bonnet which we give this month is of fine, white chip, with lace strings edged with three rows of Breton lace; the bonnet is trimmed with Breton lace and branches of roses and leaves. The parasol and fan are samples of some of the newest styles out; the parasol is of black silk, embroidered in shades of green.

Many princess dresses are still worn, but modified to suit the newest fashion; old dresses that were formerly fastened all the way down the front, are now opened over an under-skirt of another color, or of another material, and are drawn back in puffs or paniers at the side, and carelessly looped up in the back. The full drapery on the hip and at the back is gaining ground; sometimes this drapery is in the skirt itself, and sometimes it forms a part of the very deep basque, which is cut very long, and then looped up in different styles. If the basque is short, the drapery is in the skirt. Some paniers are made under the point of the bodice, quite close together, and are fastened to the front of the skirt; but they are not so pretty as those at the side of the skirt. Simulated paniers are the most generally becoming; the La Valliere panier is only a retroussé—a tunic opening in front, and draped on the hip; but it is most stylish.

In fact the styles of Louis XVI. are becoming more popular every day.

Black is very much worn, in all kinds of goods; for summer, black grenadine striped with figured satin is very fashionable. White divides favor with black dresses, especially for young people. White India muslin trimmed with Breton lace is very beautiful for an evening dress, but is very expensive also; but any soft, falling, white muslin will make a charming dress. There seems to be a disposition to return to the more decided tints of years ago—not the *intense* blues, greens and reds, but to a less faded color.

Mantalets take the shape of the costume, so there is more spring at the back; they fall less straight than they have done, and are rounded off to drop gracefully over the paniers and puffs.

India Shawls are exceedingly fashionable again in Paris, and fortunate is the woman who has them, as there is an elegance about them that no jacket or mantle made to-day can give their possessor.

Bonnets vary in shape and size to suit the face of the wearer; flowers are very much worn but they ought to be the flowers of the season to be ultra fashionable, and even fruits, as currants, blackberries, etc., are seen on many bonnets.

The hair is dressed in as many varieties of style as there are bonnets, though the low coiffeur is generally worn, especially by young ladies. Still, with the increasing prevalance of the Louis XVI. costumes, the hair will, we think, gradually be dressed higher again.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS OF DARK BLUE AND GRAY PLAID PERCALE, made double-breasted, and fastened by a double row of large buttons; the kilt flounce is sewn on under the sash, which, like the collar and deep cuffs, is of plain dark blue percale. Gray straw hat, trimmed with gray feather and dark blue silk.

FIG. II.—YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS OF STRIPED GRAY AND WHITE CAMBRIC; the skirt is trimmed with a bias flounce; the polonaise blouse fastens in front, is made with a yoke, is confined around the waist with a band and buckle, and is draped so as to form folds on the lower part; the pocket, collar and cuffs are all of plain gray cambric.

FIG. III.—BOY'S COSTUME OF DARK BLUE SUMMER CLOTH; the short trousers, and rather long, loose jacket are trimmed with silk braid and pearl buttons.

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THE NYMPH OF THE FOUNTAIN.

SEE THE STORY "HOWARD BESSIE"

Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine

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LES MODES PARIS

SEPTEMBER, 187

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THE NYMPH OF THE FOUNTAIN.

SEE THE STORY "[illegible]"

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LES MODES PARISIENNES

SEPTEMBER, 1879

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

MA AND HER FAMILY.

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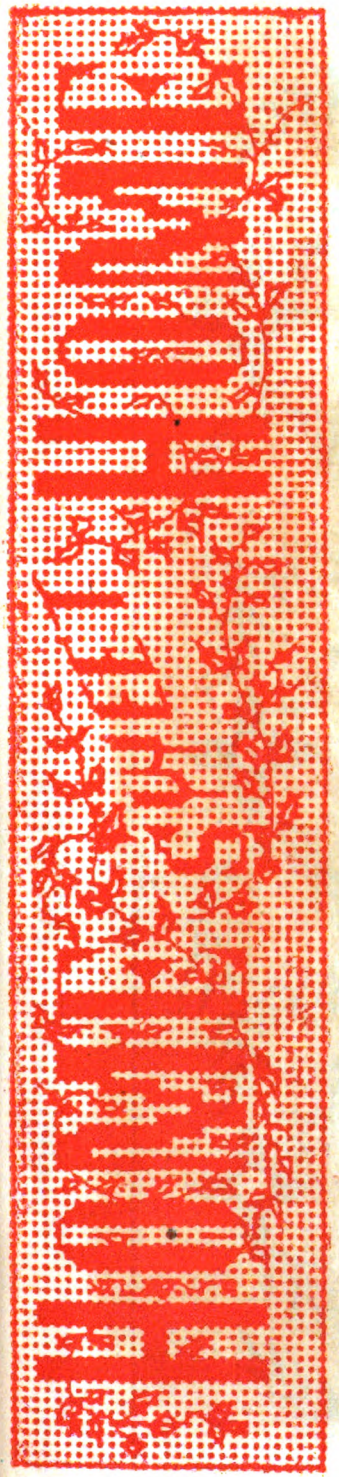

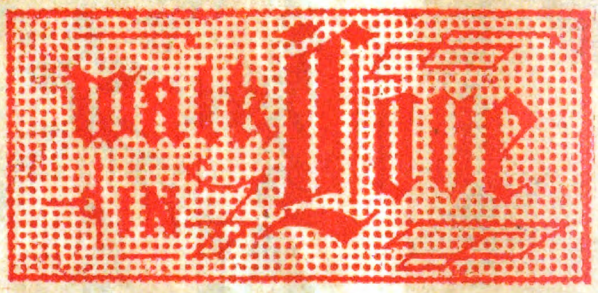

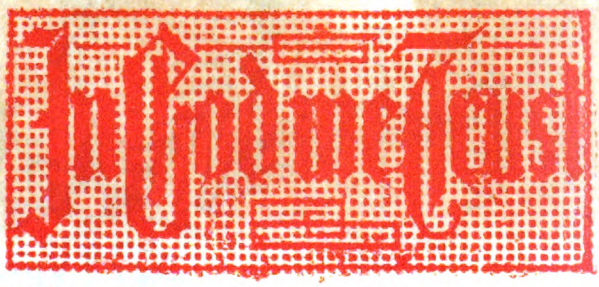

Mottoes for Card Boards.

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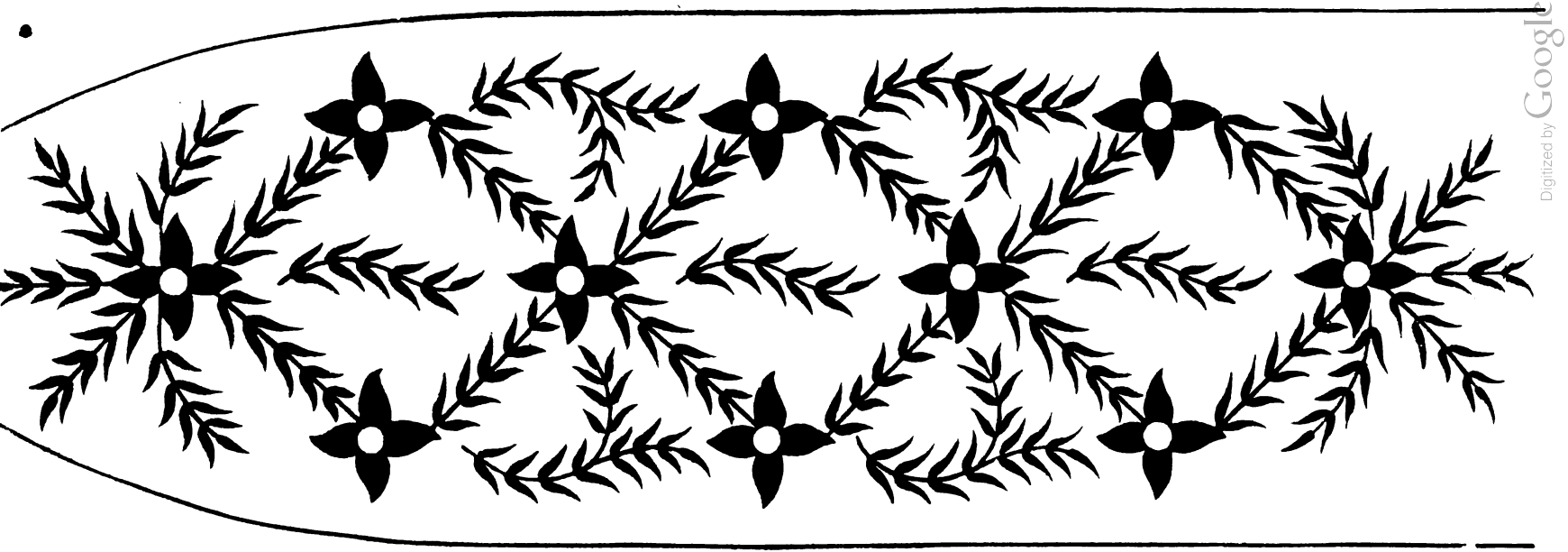

DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERY ON STOCKING.

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LANDING FROM THE BOAT. [*See the Story, "A Wise Prescription."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER. HEAD DRESS FOR YOUNG GIRL.

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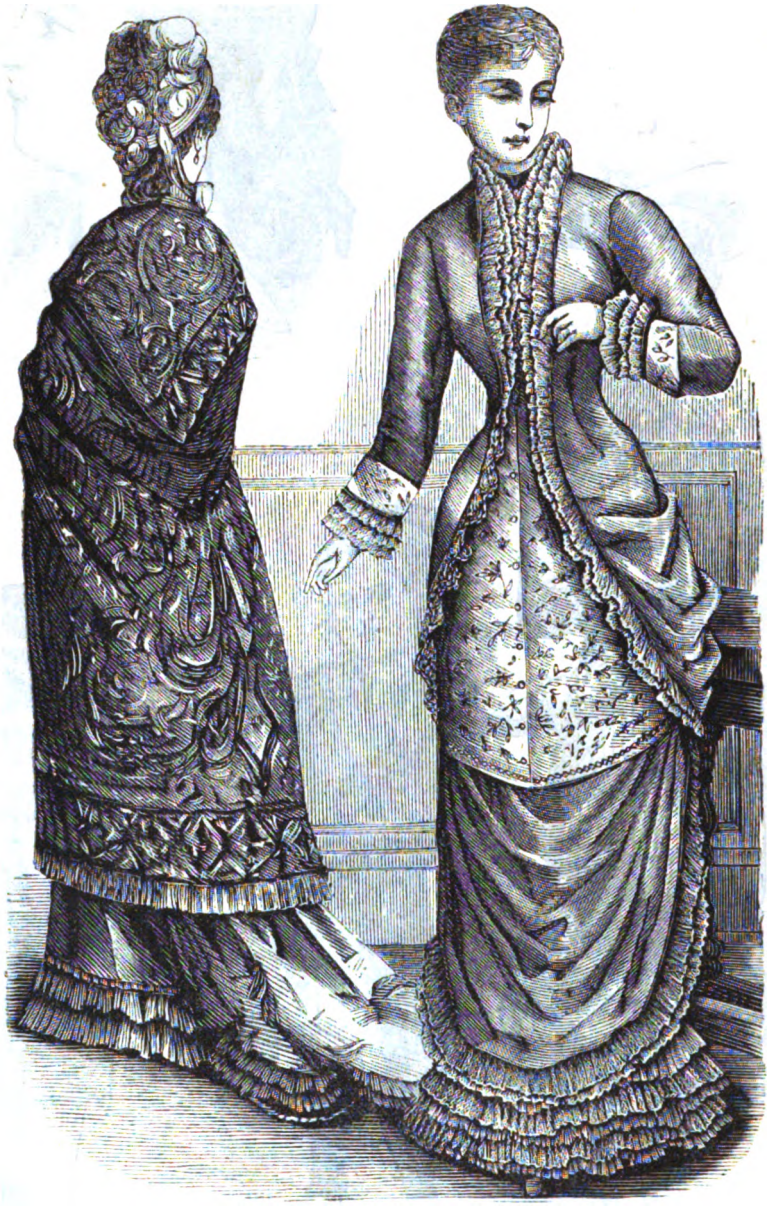

CARRIAGE-DRESS, WITH SHAWL. HOUSE-DRESS.

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CARRIAGE-DRESS, WITH SHAWL. WALKING-DRESS.

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SYLPHIDE MANTILLA. FRONT OF BASQUE. BONNET. GIRL'S HAT.

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MANTILLA FOR MOURNING. BACK OF BASQUE. YOUNG LADY'S HAT. GIRL'S HAT.

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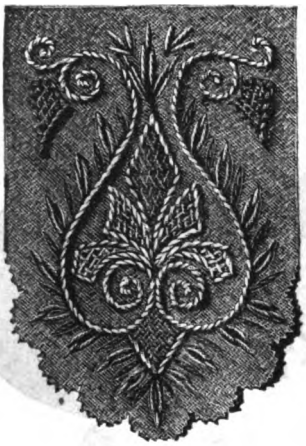

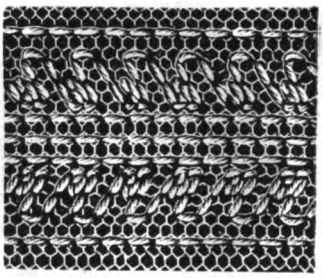

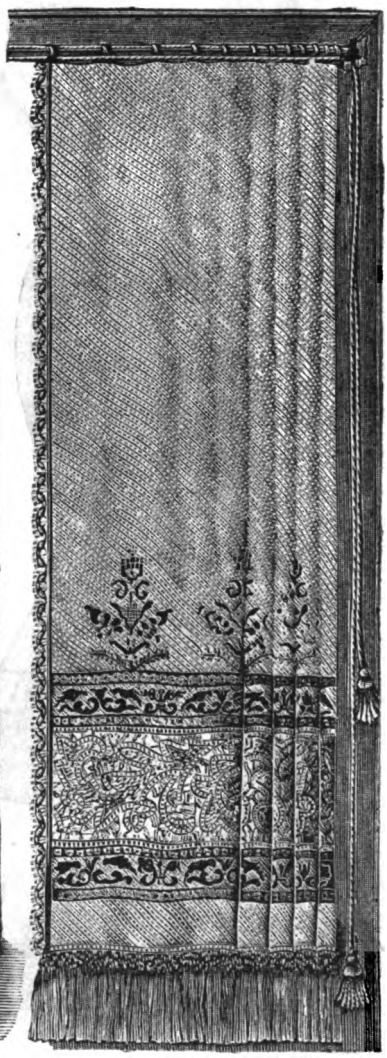

ETEGERE FOR CHINA. CURTAIN. BRETON EMBROIDERY.

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SLIPPER IN EMBROIDERY

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A Thousand Leagues Away!

SONG.

Poetry by W. C. BENNETT. Music by J. BARNBY.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1003 Spring Garden St., Philada.

Allegro con spirito.

1. The wind is blowing
2. I half could be a
3. One kiss; the tide ebbs

f *ff* *p*

fresh, Kate, The boat rocks there for me; One kiss and I'm a- way, Kate, For
landsman, While those dear eyes I see, To hear the gale rave by with-out, While
fast, love; I must not lag- gard be Up - on the voyage I'll hope, love, Will

rall. *a tempo.*

two long years to sea— For two long years to think of you, Dream
you sat snug with me— But I must hear the storm howl by The
give my Kate to me. Pray for us, Kate; such pray'rs as yours God

colla voce.

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——— of you night and day,— To long for you a-cross the sea,—— A
salt breeze whist-ling play Its weird sea-tune a mong the shrouds, A
——— bids the winds o-bey, By for-tune heard, your lov-ing word,—Will

dim. *mezza voce.* *cres.*

p

thou-sand leagues a-way, A thou-sand leagues a-way, dear Kate, A
thou-sand leagues a-way, A thou-sand leagues a-way, dear Kate, A
speed us far a-way, A thou-sand leagues a-way, my Kate, A

p *cres.*

f

thou-sand leagues a-way, While round the Pole we toss and roll,— A
thou-sand leagues a-way, While south we go, blow high, blow low, A
thou-sand leagues a-way, God will befriend the lad you send— A

f

thousand leagues a-way.
thousand leagues a-way.
thousand leagues a-way.

f *ff*

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FRONT AND BACK OF PELERINE MANTILLA. NEW STYLES STOCKINGS. GLOVE.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXVI. PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1879. No. 3.

"BONNIE BESSIE."

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

IT was a spring day, sweet and bright, even amid the shadowy solitudes of the Highland hills, with delicious, woodland odors, and fitful gleams of sunshine, and the tender beauty of bursting bud and opening flower.

Though the day was fast drawing to a close, "Bonnie Bessie" still lingered by the Highland spring, a brooding look of pain, and regret, and half-formed resolve, in her great, dusk eyes. Everybody called her "Bonnie Bessie," from Lady Janet of Duddlestone Castle, to Rob, the herd's lad, of Black Lynn. The clergyman himself, a good, grave, kindly man, had given her the title, when she first appeared at Black Lynn, a slim, slip of a lass, with wild elf-locks, and sloe-black eyes, and cheeks like carnations.

As she grew up to maidenhood, the name clung to her. "Bonnie Bessie" every one called her, and rightly enough; for of all the Highland lassies, who gathered at the little kirk, Sabbath mornings, not one was half so pretty and winning as Bessie. Her young form was as slim, and supple, and graceful, as a tall willow; her voice was the sweetest, when she sang; and the charm of her soft, dusk eyes, and the sweet, shy smile of her red mouth, were irresistible.

Squire Renfrew, of the Red Pass, was desperately in love with Bessie, and sought to make her his wife, in spite of difference in rank. The herds, at the Red Pass, were the finest and largest in the neighborhood; the barn and storehouses were always well filled. He was a bachelor, something over two score years old. And he wanted "Bonnie Bessie," for his wife.

"If the lassie thinks she can fancy me," he said, addressing Bessie's grandmother, as he stood under the low, brown rafters of the little Black Lynn cottage, a hot flush mounting to the shining crown of his bald head, "if the lassie thinks she can fancy me, the bargain's made. I'm ready and willing to lead her to the kirk, to-morrow: and if a good, true husband, and some gold and siller, will make her happy, she'll be as happy as a queen, at the Red Pass."

Bessie listened, with wide, startled eyes, burning cheeks, and quivering lips.

Her grandmother, "auld Mither Burns," as the neighbors called her, looked up, with eager delight in every feature of her hard, time-worn old face. Such an offer was more than she had ever dared to dream of for Bessie.

"The lassie will find no trouble about fancying the likes o' you, Squire Renfrew," she answered, rubbing her hands together, and nodding her head up and down. "She'll jump at the chance o' making the Red Pass her home, and be ready to walk to the kirk wi' you, whenever you say the word. I'll answer for that."

Bessie held her peace, standing, tall and slim, in a sort of stunned silence, until her gray-haired lover had taken his leave. Then she burst forth into vehement, passionate protest.

The old grandmother suffered her to storm until her passion was spent.

"Well, 'tis o'er now, and ye'll simmer down, and keep quiet mebbe," she said. Then, still chuckling gleefully, "I've let ye have your say, and now I'll have mine. We're poor folk, me and you. I found it hard to git bread, when I had but my own mouth to feed; and since I've been burdened wi' you, I've gone to bed mony a night, fit to cry wi' hunger. But I've borne it all, an' done my best, an' always been willing to gi' you a share o' my last crust."

"Oh! but don't ask me to do this," pleaded Bessie.

"But I must. You've a chance now to show your gratitude, an' to pay me back. When you're mistress at the Red Pass, I shall have plenty o' good victuals, an' a warm seat in the ingle-side corner, to the end o' my days; and no need to lift a finger."

"But dearest grandma—" began Bessie.

"Now, lookee here, my lass," interrupted the

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old woman, lifting her bony finger, and glowering fiercely upon Bessie; "if ye're fule enou' to refuse this good fortin, that ends it 'twixt us two. You pack out o' my house, and ne'er cross the threshold agin."

Bessie was silent. The great world, beyond the Highland peaks, seemed so dim and far away, and the old home scenes were so familiar.

The autumn days drifted on, and winter set in. A wild, white, cruel, Highland winter. Leaden skies, and lonesome, wailing winds, and sudden snow-storms, rushing across the hills, like white whirlwinds. "Auld Mither Burns" fell ill with rheumatism, and Rob, the herd's lad, got his arm broken, and the milch cow sickened and died, and Bessie went to bed supperless, many a night.

The constant drip of water wears away the solid stone, and the constant pressure of care, and want, and entreaty, bends the stoutest will. Bessie yielded at last, and one wild night, when Squire Renfrew came down to Black Lynn, she suffered him to put a ring on her finger.

The very next day, the cottage was filled with all sorts of comforts; and a week thereafter, fine garments of linen, and wool, and even silk, were being made up for "Bonnie Bessie;" for in the spring time, she was to go to the kirk, with Squire Renfrew, and be made his wife.

The spring time had come, and the wedding-day was close at hand, when, one evening, just before the gloaming, Bessie went to fill her pitcher, as usual, at the rocky spring near by. She had accomplished her task, had lifted the pitcher to her shoulder, and had started for the cottage, her white, shapely feet twinkling, prettily, below the short petticoat, as she stepped from stone to stone in crossing the little brawling stream, when, suddenly, she uttered a stifled cry, and staggering to a moss-grown boulder, sat down, and put the pitcher hastily on the ground, pressing her hand on her heart, and trembling all over.

"It's his ghaist, it's his ghaist," she cried, "and, oh, how sair he looked at me!"

Whatever she had seen, or fancied she had seen, there was nothing in sight, when she next looked up, however; nothing except the overhanging rocks of the glen, the brook shimmering in the evening light, and the white birch trees swaying, spectrally, against the sky.

"He has come from his grave," she cried, glancing fearfully around. "I dare na, dare na do it. Oh! forgive me, Jamie, that I ever thought o' it."

She drew a silken cord, which encircled her throat, from her bosom, as she spoke, and kissed the slender hoop of silver which depended from it. "I'll never ha' peace, if I marry the squire," she said; "and I ought na to ha' it; I shall feel I'm a traitor. And, oh! Jamie, Jamie, after all, I love no one but you, and never can." And she broke down, in passionate weeping.

"I can't," she sobbed, "I can't keep my promise. I'd sooner die first. I'm just like 'Auld Robin Grey.' Oh! Jamie, forgive me, that I ever thought o' it."

The sunset fires died out, and the wind began to be chill, yet she sat there still, unconscious alike of her neglected pitcher, and of her pet dog who watched her so wistfully. The twilight itself faded; the crescent moon came out above; and the bubbling of the Highland spring filled all the silence.

Suddenly, she rose, with resolution stamped on every feature.

"I must give the squire his ring again," she said, brushing the last tears from her eye. "It is hard for him; but there is no other way. Then Jamie, then, perhaps, you'll forgive me, dear."

Leaving her pitcher there, she tossed back her abundant locks, as she finished this adjuration, and went speeding away, through the falling darkness, with the light foot of a chamois.

When she reached the Red Pass, the bright glow of the warm ingle-side lit the windows. She approached the nearest one, and pressed her sad, tired, yet resolute, face against the glass.

The squire sat within, pretty, tasteful things all about him, a happy, musing expression on his plain, fatherly face. Bessie watched him, for a minute, choking down a fierce sob.

"He'd be as good to me as 'Auld Robin Grey,'" she said, half aloud; "but I—I—oh! heaven help me, I can't bear to think of it."

A minute, and she tapped lightly against the glass. The squire turned quickly, stared, and then started to his feet.

"Well now, well now, what's the meaning o' this?" he cried, rushing across the room, and throwing up the window. "Bessie, my lassie, what's happened?"

"Something that never should ha' happened," she answered, looking at him, with a sort of desperate defiance, and drawing the gold ring from her finger, as she spoke. "I've come to give this back to you, Squire Renfrew. I was wrong ever to let you put it on."

"Why, child, what do you mean?"

"Take your ring," she said. "You've heard of 'Auld Robin Grey,' maybe, haven't you?"

"Yes, I have. But what then?"

"Well, I had a Jamie once," she went on, clutching at the little silver ring suspended from

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her neck, a great throb of pain shaking her; "he give me this, and I can't ever wear any other ring. He—he—went off to seek his fortune," with another repressed sob, "and he was lost at sea. I tried to forget him; but I cannot. I can't keep my promise to you, Squire Renfrew—I—I couldn't feel like she did to 'Auld Robin Grey'—I should hate you—I should—" And here she broke down completely.

He took the ring she offered, and paused for a moment. A look of unutterable pain and regret came into his kind eyes.

"So," he said, slowly, "you have come to tell me this, and to ask for your freedom? And you really think, too, you have seen Jamie's ghaist?"

"Yes. And I shall never return to grandmother again. I dare not. So I am going away."

He laid his hand on her head.

"I am glad you came to tell me," he said; "it is better that I should know this now than later. I am sorry, Bessie. I'd set my whole heart on making you happy. But a bird, caged against its will, hates cage and keeper. You are free."

"God bless you," she sobbed, "and good-bye."

"Nay, nay," he said, tenderly. "not good-bye. Go back to the fold, my poor, pretty lamb; go back to the 'auld grandmither.' I'll make it all right for you. Never you fear."

Greatly wondering, the girl retraced her steps to Black Lynn. The morrow came, and with it, appeared the squire.

"I've come to beg your pardon," he said, addressing Bessie, but taking care to do it in the presence of her grandmother, "and to ask for my liberty back again. I've changed my mind about taking a wife, Mither Burns," and he turned to the old lady. "I am better as I am."

He took his leave, after a few more words, and then the old woman, not for one moment deceived by his generous conduct, turned on Bessie, savagely.

"It's all your silly capers," she cried. "I see it all. He loves you so, that he takes the blame, when it's wholly your fault. Oh! me. Oh! me. I thought to spend my old age in peace and plenty, and now I'm left to starve, and all because of you, you ungrateful child."

All that night, and all the next day, the reproaches went on. Towards the gloaming, Bessie took up her pitcher, to go to the spring for water, glad to escape, for even a quarter of an hour, from her grandmother's rage.

She had filled her pitcher again, and again was tripping across the little brook, her dog following her, when she was startled, once more; this time, by Squire Renfrew, however.

"He is coming to take back his words," she said to herself, and she trembled so, that she almost lost her footing.

"Don't look so frightened, Bessie," said the squire, kindly. "I come with good news—news you never expected to hear."

She looked at him, breathless, palpitating, unable to speak. What could he mean?

"The 'Seamen' has been heard from, at last," he said, with a sad smile, as tender as a caress.

Bessie uttered a short, passionate cry.

"Oh! Jamie, Jamie, is he alive? It was no ghaist, then, that I saw."

"Let him answer for himself," said the squire, and stepped aside, to make way for a tall figure, that had been hidden behind a rock.

"Bessie, my darling," cried the stranger, as his strong arms clasped her.

"But why, why did you avoid me, the other night?" said Bessie, after awhile. "Why make me think you were a ghaist?"

"I had heard of your engagement to Squire Renfrew, and was mad with jealousy and anger," he replied. "I was going away to sea again, when the squire himself heard I was here, and came to me, and—you know the rest."

"Ah! he is the noblest of men," answered Bessie, glancing up from her lover's shoulder, "and I shall always love him as a brother."

A few days after, there was a happy marriage at the kirk, Squire Renfrew himself giving away the bride, our "Bonnie Bessie."

QUERY.

BY MARIA A. AGUR.

The dawn has flushed the towering hills,
And steals with yearning look,
Thro' forest shades and verdant dells,
To kiss the gurgling brook.

The misletoe its tender arms
Twines round the staunch oak tree,
A good example that, I think,
My love, for you and me.

The sun has kissed the rose's cheek,
The rose stands all a-blush,
The shy wind saw; with accents meek,
It whispered softly, "Hush!"

The floating clouds above our heads
Rise up, to kiss heav'n's blue,
Oh! let me whisper in your ear,
"May I, love, kiss you, too?"

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THE END OF A TRAGEDY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

"SEVILLE!" shrieked a green-spectacled little Englishwoman, who had undoubtedly been a gadfly in some previous stage of existence. "Seville!" and she nearly flung herself out of the window of the railway carriage, in her enthusiasm.

"The deuce!" muttered a man's voice, and I am sorry to confess that it was my hero who uttered the ejaculation. I can only state, in his defence, that he was half asleep. The English gadfly had worried him, from Madrid to this present, all night and all day. He had fallen into a doze, with her eternal buz, buz, booming in his ear; her shriek roused him to speech, before it did to consciousness, and the result was the unseemly exclamation, which I have chronicled, according to my duty as a faithful historian.

"Sir!" gasped the Englishwoman, in mingled wrath and dismay.

The other inmates of the carriage, self-contained Spaniards, only stared coldly at the pair, exchanged cigarettes, and murmured for the fiftieth time, "*Ingleses*," in tones which spoke volumes.

Now, if there be one thing more aggravating than another, to the pilgrim from the New World, in his wanderings, it is the fact that the Latin races always will confound English and Americans, because we speak the same language. Thank goodness, at least, we do it through our noses, which is preferable to the Britisher's hot-potato-in-the-throat style of articulation. But the Latins, in their dulness, cannot distinguish between the utterances.

Darrall gazed out of the window, and fairly forgot his tormentor for a few instants. The train was rounding a curve. To the right, stretched the fairy city, rose the towers, gleamed the roofs, golden, gorgeous, purple, rainbow-hued in the sunset, with the great arch of the southern sky spreading overhead. There is no description possible. But no traveler, however hardened, or cynical, if he possesses any imagination at all, ever catches that first glance of Seville, without feeling his pulses quicken, and his head swim.

Only a fleeting glimpse; for the train swept on toward another curve, and the view was hidden. Darrall looked back into the carriage and the commonplace, rendered hideous by the owner of the spectacles.

"Seville!" she cooed. "Oh, how it makes one think of the Cid, and your Washington Irving, and all the rest of the Arabs—no, I mean the Moors—how it elevates and expands the—my goodness, where *is* my little black bag? Somebody has stolen my little black bag. It was that old priest who got out at the last station; I know it was! I knew he was a brigand, the moment I set eyes on him! I'll have him arrested. I'll appeal to my consul—the English Consul. I'll write to the Times. Oh, my black bag! My ticket was in it—my money was in it!"

"And I wish you'd been in it," thought Darrall, while the Spaniards looked on, in wonder as to the cause of this new outburst; but neither they or Edgar could speak, for the little woman was shrieking all the while.

"Stop the train. I'll not be robbed. I'm an Englishwoman. I'm one of her majesty's subjects. Oh, there it is now! That fat man is sitting on it, the wretch!" She pounced upon her neighbour, a mild, ox-eyed mountain of flesh, and shook his arm savagely.

"Get up, get up! You're crushing my black bag, you—oh, he won't stir! Will nobody make him stir? How do you say, get up? *Levante!* What's bag? *Mi bagga*—no, that isn't it. Oh, good gracious, will nobody do anything?" And the little woman began to wring her hands, in a piteous fashion.

Darrall explained, in Spanish, to the fat man what her meaning was; but the man only replied, calmly, in broken English:

"I am sit on my own property—in España one has zat right. If ze señora wish her bagga, she had besser look on her arm."

"Why, to be sure!" cried the woman. "Here it is, all the while. Why didn't you tell me at once, instead of frightening me to death?" And she looked daggers, first at the fat man, then at Darrall, and sniffed disdainfully.

Meantime, the train had stopped in the station, and the guards were opening the carriage doors. Darrall sprang out, and left the Englishwoman to her fate, or he was doing so, when he remembered that she was a woman, and he an American. So he stopped, and said:

"Madam, can I be of assistance—"

But she did not wait for him to finish; she

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had chattered to him, for twenty-four hours, about everything under heaven, from the journey to her own private affairs; but the instant he proposed to aid her, her English mind conceived the idea that he must be a bandit and assassin. She drew herself up, froze him with "a stony British stare," and answered:

"You can do nothing, except stand aside, so that I can alight. I—I have not the honor of knowing you, sir. If you are acquainted with her majesty's consul at Seville, no doubt he would present you, if—if—"

But Darrall had bowed, and was gone, before she could finish her sentence, which would have contained a doubt of his possessing the proper credentials to receive such a favor on the part of her British Majesty's representative.

You think I have exaggerated; but I have not; and I can tell you, for your comfort, that I once saw an American woman behave worse. There can only be one spectacle more disgusting, and that is the way in which numerous specimens of the males of Columbia and Albion behave, during a continental "sight-seeing tour."

Darrall confided his tickets to an hôtel porter, and wandered off through the sunset, regardless whither he went, and quite intoxicated by the magic of the scene. He strayed from street to street, from square to square, past snow-white houses, past stately marble palaces, one and all showing glimpses of the *patio* within. There was music sounding thence, the murmur of fountains, the scent of orange and myrtle, the laughter of children, the bewildering eyes of beautiful women, the whole mixed in inextricable confusion in his brain till he was positively intoxicated with delight.

On, careless whither. On, through Seville, Murillo's birthplace, the gem of Eastern Califs. Here a memory of Maria Padilla, yonder of Don Pedro, then of Cervantes, Columbus, St. Theresa: a column that dated back to the days of Roman domination. Old Paganism, Islamism, Christianity—all meeting, and nothing real; just a dream, from which one only wakes enough to fear that it may fade—ah, there are no words!

Then night came, and brought the moon with her, and Darrall was still straying amid the labyrinth of streets and squares, the beautiful, beautified—romance intensified. On he went, till he reached the promenade by the Guadelquiver, the Paseo de Christina. Just beside him rose the Golden Tower. Then came the sweep of the promenade, away down to Montpensier's palace, lined with Oriental plane trees, oaks, solemn cypresses, graceful willows, tall poplars, the silvery rush of the river distinctly audible even amid the noise of carriages and the crowds of pedestrians. Everybody was laughing, talking, singing—oh, yes, and making love, for really to do that seems a positive necessity in the atmosphere of Seville.

It was reaching that thought, which drove Darrall straight back to his hôtel. His enemies and his demons started up suddenly amid the mysterious light, and dragged him down from dreamland. He jumped into the first empty fiacre he saw, positively shut his eyes to escape the beauty, the rush and intensity of life, and hurried away to his solitary chamber, and the society of those dreariest, most importunate of all companions—memories.

He had suffered a good deal, this man, and he was young yet. Of course this made the suffering harder to bear, because the impatience of youth was added thereto. But he was, to a certain extent, familiar with his pain. It had been his guest for a twelvemonth. Yet, before bedtime, he was roused out of the depths of tragedy, by yearnings as importunate in their way as ever the soul itself could feel. Between Cordova and Seville not a mouthful of food can the traveler by rail procure! Darral had forgotten to dine, and under such circumstances, be one hero or poet, one's corporeal portion will assert itself. Darrall supped, smoked, yes, and slept afterward—soundly, too—for human nature is a bundle of inconsistencies.

The next morning was bright and enchanting, as only a day in Seville can be; Darrall wandered about, from early hours to late afternoon, stumbling, by chance, soon after twelve, upon a little restaurant, where he ate his luncheon. The place was a picture, framed in behind a crumbling old arch-way; the eggs, black bread, and strong wine were served by a girl who might have stepped out of a canvas of Murillo's; and the handsome young fellow who came in while Darrall was talking to her, and seemed half-pleased, half-jealous of the foreigner's evident admiration, ought to have been, and very likely was, a brigand, but stately enough for a prince in a poem. When Darrall paid three times what he ought to have done for this meal, just by way of thanking the girl for being so pretty, this brigand prince followed to the door with the money, and forced him to take back the amount which was his due; whereat Darrall laughed outright, and said, in his best Spanish:

"Since you will not let me leave it, do you accept it, and buy a trinket for your pretty betrothed," and the brigand prince condescendingly pocketed the sum; but Darrall doubted very much if he was allowed to keep it; for before he got through

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the arch-way, he heard the voice of pretty Lola raised in voluble wrath; and he hurried on to escape it, because the tone and words spoiled the picture and the romance.

It was towards sunset, when Darrall found himself in some beautiful gardens, which stretch away towards one end of the town, and which, though private, are easy of access to the wandering stranger, by means of judicious feeing of the guardian at the gate.

He strayed about for some time. Then reaching an acclivity about which wound paths to a little kiosque on the summit, he sat down upon a bench, to rest and watch the sunset. Through a break in the trees, he could catch glimpses of domes and towers and a bend of the river, all bathed in the gorgeous yellow light. About him the shadows began to gather, the birds burst into their evening song, and flowers sent out a sweeter perfume. He sat there, and lost himself in a revery of retrospection, such as he was too much given to, embittering existence by indulging.

He was roused by the sound of women's voices, speaking English.

"We are lost. I am sure we are lost! We must have walked a hundred miles. Oh, what brutes they were not to wait for us. And I *never* wanted to come. I said so! I did my best to stop at home, and you would not let me, you know you would not; and now we are lost! Oh, my goodness, to think of coming away out to Seville to be lost—in a forest, too, among wolves and brigands—oh, oh!"

It was the voice of the English gadfly. The very sound made Darrall shiver. But now the voice died away, and that of the second speaker became audible.

"You will catch cold, if you sit on the grass, for the dew is falling! Do get up, Miss Villars, I am sure this path leads to the gate."

The low, soft tones, reaching his ear so unexpectedly, caused Darrall to start as if the trumpet of doom had roused him, instead of those sweet, pleading accents.

Helen Temple's voice—Helen Temple's! Then, in an instant, came another reflection. There was no Helen Temple. The girl who had borne that name was Helen Harcourt now—Robert Harcourt's wife. And what insanity to suppose it was she whom he heard speak! She had gone to America, with her husband; there was not the slighest probability of their having returned; he had himself heard Harcourt say that it would be impossible for him to come back, at least, for two years.

Just to steady his mind, Darrall sat listening to the complaints of the gadfly, which had recommenced, more loudly than ever.

"Of course, I shall catch cold, catch my death. The grass is as wet as wet. But I shall not get up. I shall die, and those who wheedled and beguiled me, and forced me to come to this awful place, will have a nice burthen on their consciences; yes, indeed!"

"Oh, Miss Villars, how can you be so unreasonable?"

"From first to last, nobody was ever treated so ill as I have been," chanted the gadfly. "I reach Seville, last night. I expect to be received with open arms by my own relations; and they are gone—gone to Barcelona, and—"

"But since they left ample explanations—"

"Am I a woman to be put off with explanations?" broke in the gadfly. "I don't believe a word about my brother-in-law having got a telegram, that his nephew was ill there. If the fellow was ill, he had no business to be—no business to be there at all! It was just one of my brother-in-law's miserable little devices to annoy me. I knew. He thinks I shall be fool enough to leave his children money—not a bit of it—I'd bury it first—I'd—"

"Really, Miss Villars, I must insist on your getting up, or I shall be obliged to leave you—"

"Leave me! Oh, now you mean to insult and outrage me—oh, this is too much—too—"

"It will very soon be dark, when they shut the gardens, and the porter goes away. We shall be locked in."

"Oh, oh! And here you are wasting time. You want me to be murdered—to be eaten up alive by wild beasts or cannibals. Come, this minute. You are the wickedest creature I ever met, to keep me here—"

The sentence remained unfinished. The pair were so near that Darrall could hear the rustle of female garments. Evidently the gadfly had decided to rise. Another instant, and he heard a heavy fall, then her voice again; but this time it was raised in a cry of pain, real, physical pain.

Darrall's first thought was that, for once, fate had served the gadfly according to her desserts; but for all that, common humanity would not permit him to remain passive. He heard her companion appealing to her in turn, to know where she was hurt; he rose and walked down the path, telling himself, as he went, that when he reached the pair, he should find that some chance resemblance of voices had, for a moment, deceived him into the belief that Destiny had been cruel enough once more to bring him near Helen Temple—no, Mrs. Harcourt.

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He reached the open space below the hill. He saw the gadfly's face, distorted with pain. The other lady was bending over her, helping her to get up, speaking kindly and encouragingly.

"Can I be of any assistance? I fear you have met with an accident," Darrall said, hurrying up.

The gadfly uttered a shriek.

"It's a brigand!" she moaned. "It's a brigand!"

"Hush," answered the other lady, in a low tone. "He spoke English. It is some gentleman who was visiting the gardens."

By this time, the gadfly had got seated on a bench. Her companion turned. Once more Darrall was looking in Helen Temple's face!

He stood still. So did she. Neither spoke. The gadfly raised her head, and saw him.

"It's the gentleman in the train," she exclaimed. "Oh! I remember you. Oh! if you are human, do come and help us. I've broken my back, and both my legs. Oh, Helen, why don't you speak? Oh, how pale you look! Is he a brigand, after all? Oh, scream—make the porter hear—help, help!"

"Be still," said her companion. "He is a countryman of mine—Mr. Darrall."

"Oh! you know him. Then we are safe. You are sure you know him?" Darrall was close beside them now. She looked at him, and added, "*Do* you know her—do you?"

She was wringing her hands with pain, and the tears were coursing down her cheeks; but her tongue wagged as fast as ever.

"I had formerly the pleasure of knowing—the lady," replied Darrall, coldly. He could not bring himself to speak her present name. "I trust you are not seriously hurt, madam?"

"I am broken all to bits. Oh, if ever I get back to the hôtel, it will be in pieces—in a basket—a basket!" howled the gadfly.

"But where are you hurt?" asked Helen. "Have you twisted your ankle? What is it?"

She was deathly pale. She did not glance again at Darrall. But fright at the accident, and the confusion of mind which the gadfly's performance must have roused in any spectator, might account for her odd behavior.

"I've twisted all my ankles—I mean both—and my back is broken!" buzzed the gadfly. "Oh, don't you mean to help? Do you mean to let me die here? Oh, Mr. Darrall—we're acquaintances now—she introduced us—no she didn't—anyway she knows you—it's all the same—I'm Miss Villars—the Honorable Maria Dorothea Villars—my cousin is—Lord—oh, oh!

Here a new twinge reduced her to silence.

"I think the best thing is for me to go to the entrance, and have the porter call a carriage," said Darrall.

"Thanks. But our carriage is waiting for us," said Helen.

"Don't leave us. You shan't leave us!" squeaked the gadfly. "You'd never find us again—never! Oh, I must try to walk! I know I can't. But I'll try. Don't desert me, oh, don't!"

"Just sit still a little," said Helen. "Tell me where you suffer!"

For some moments, the gadfly insisted that not a bone in her body but what was out of place, interspersing her lamentations with numerous questions to Darrall as to his history, scraps of personal biography, broken accounts of the horrible fashion in which she had been treated by her brother-in-law. But at length she got sufficiently back to sanity to decide that her injuries consisted in a bruised shoulder and a twist to one ankle. But as soon as Helen tried to console her by saying that neither accident could prove serious, she immediately declared that she should die of her hurts, and it was all a part of her brother-in-law's plan to put her out of the world and get possession of her money—she knew it was!

But between them they managed to support her to the gate, though she had to hobble on one foot, and sit down and rest whenever a friendly bench offered; but all the while that monotonous voice kept up its chant, the only change consisting in an occasional moan or cry of pain.

An open barouche was drawn up in front of the lodge. With the porter's assistance, Darrall got the gadfly into the vehicle, and helped Helen in after her.

"Where shall I tell the man to drive?" he asked.

"To the hôtel—Fonda de Madrid," she replied, and Darrall determined to change his own quarters that very night, for as ill luck would have it, he had descended at that particular establishment.

"But you must go with us. It's quite dark. Oh, you can't leave us!" pleaded the gadfly.

"We shall get on perfectly well now, Miss Villars," said Helen. "We need not trouble Mr. Darrall further. It only remains to thank him for his kindness—"

"There is no need," Darrall said, stiffly.

"Oh, he must go with us. I might be taken worse!" persisted the gadfly. "And, oh, I saw you going down stairs this morning. Why, you must be in our hôtel!"

Darrall had to admit that he was stopping

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there. So there was no excuse for avoiding the gadfly's entreaties, especially as Helen added:

"Then pray let us save you the walk, Mr. Darrall; it is a long way, and I am sure you will find no other carriage near."

The Honorable Maria Dorothea had possession of the back seat, in order to give ample accommodation to her wounded ankle, so Darrall seated himself by Helen, and they drove off, he thinking of a drive they had taken only a year ago, when he had believed her as frank and sincere and true as she was beautiful, and now—now she was Robert Harcourt's wife, and a whole life of suffering seemed to separate him from the events of that vanished season.

The carriage rolled on. The two young people sat gazing out into the moonlight, with faces carefully averted from one another. The buz, buz of the gadfly rose incessantly. Helen answered absently, at intervals, when addressed; but Darrall heard nothing. He was living over the happy weeks which preceded the storm, doing it voluntarily, trying to rouse himself to the scorn and bitterness which he ought to feel for this woman by his side, instead of being so moved by the spell of her presence that he could only remember the awful blank which existence had appeared since he left her.

He and Helen Temple had been fellow-passenger during the voyage from New York to Liverpool, and even in the beginning they seemed old acquaintances, owing to the fact that as a boy Darrall had known her aunt, with whom she was traveling, and that lady's son, Robert Harcourt, had been his classmate in college.

It was in October that they sailed, and from first to last the weather was heavenly, the voyage a drifting in a fairy barque across enchanted seas. Some accident to shaft or wheel, not serious enough to cause even an hour's alarm, retarded their course, so that the sum of days made nineteen instead of nine; but their landing on the storied shores of the Old World only increased the beauty and the intensity of the charm.

Darrall kept within reach of the party of friends with whom Helen and her aunt journeyed, sometimes separated, by force of circumstances, just long enough to render the anticipation of returning to them a pleasure as sweet as that her presence gave. There was a month in Holland, a glimpse of Brussels, a brilliant season in Paris, a summer in Switzerland, and then, after a brief period of solitude filled full of golden hopes, he joined them again in Italy, in beautiful Florence. That is, he went to join them, but before they met, he learned that he had undertaken his journey in vain.

When he separated from Helen Temple in the Tyrol, he had not, in spoken words, told the story of his love, but he knew that no language could have rendered it more patent to her comprehension. And she? She had treated him as a woman does treat a man, whom she knows loves her and whom she means to honor with the gift of her hand and heart. Yes, she had—she had! He would not speak before they parted; the time during which he had known her was too short. But when they met again in Italy. Well, he reached Florence, too late in the evening to present himself at her house, too early to think of going to bed. So he strayed out into the streets, and then went to the opera, where he met an old acquaintance in the lobby, who insisted on giving him a seat in his box. After awhile, his friend left him, to pay a visit to some lady's *loge*. Darrall sat alone, the curtain down, the orchestra silent. At last, he was roused from some blissful dream by voices in the next box, separated only by a partition a few feet in height.

"It was such a surprise to meet you, Harcourt!"

"I just got here, yesterday—I've only a week to stay."

Could it be his old friend, Robert? Neither Helen, or Harcourt's mother, had mentioned that they expected him. Darrall was about to rise, in order to satisfy himself, when he heard Harcourt say, apparently in answer to some remark, which had escaped Darrall's ear:

"Oh! yes, I mean to come back, in a couple of years. Can't, before. This is just a little run over the great pond to secure my wife. I have promised to bring her back in two years. It was not to have come off till next spring, but I found I could get away, so I descended upon the mother, and Helen *à l'improviste*."

"And when the wedding? Oh, you true American—always in a hurry!"

"When? Providence willing, ten days from now will see Helen Temple changed into Mrs. Robert Harcourt. We leave for Paris, tomorrow—"

Darrall heard no further! When he could see, or hear, or think, he was away outside the Porta Romana, tearing along the flinty road, as if an errand of life and death impelled him.

He left Florence, the next morning, at daylight. A year had gone by since then, and beyond reading, in a Galignani, the notice of the marriage of Helen Temple and Robert Harcourt, no tidings of the false, heartless coquette had reached him, until this day, when he found himself forced into her presence.

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He roused himself, quickly, from his revery, to remember that she was sitting close beside him; the moon shining, the breeze, odorous with scented blossoms, whispering past; oh, just as they two had so often sat, in the old days, that looked so far off, and yet so near!

A sudden spasm of rage, at his own weakness, seized him; that he should be triple idiot enough to be moved at all! How long had he sat silent? How long given her time to exult at the knowledge of the power she still possessed over him?

He turned quickly. At that instant, the carriage stopped in a narrow street, to let a regiment of infantry file past, just arrived from some provincial garrison, to take up their quarters in a Seville *caserne*.

"I hope your aunt is quite well," he said.

"She was, when I heard last. She lives in America, now," Helen answered, starting a little—his voice came so suddenly!

He tried to laugh. He was making a superhuman effort to speak jocosely.

"I suppose you have no time to miss her, for of course your husband is with you—I hope he is quite well, Mrs. Harcourt."

She turned, and stared at him, with wide open eyes. Before she could speak, Maria Dorothea raised herself on the cushions, and cried:

"What—what? He called you Mrs. Harcourt. I heard him! What does this mean? I insist on an answer. Have you been deceiving my sister? Are you married? Oh, your poor aunt! I knew her—a charming woman; you're not a bit like her! Oh, I always had my doubts—yes, I had—oh, oh—and here you are not the person you pretended, and I'm alone in Seville with my back broken—and my sister dragged off, God knows why, by her fiend of her husband, and that poor dear little innocent of a Juliana—your pupil—and we've left her for hours and hours—"

Here her utterance failed, died away in a gasp. Darrall's brain was whirling. Through the whiz and rush, he heard Helen Temple addressing him, calmly, quietly, as if no such insect as the gadfly existed! Oddly enough, too, there was a clear, joyous ring in every intonation, very unlike the slow, tired tones, which had struck him, every time she spoke, as they stood in the garden—struck him forcibly, because, though sweet as ever, (the quality by which he had first recognized it), the voice had so completely lost the merry, laughing undernote of old days.

"You are laboring under a mistake, Mr. Darrall," she said. "Robert Harcourt married my cousin. It was a very natural mistake, though, because her name was the same as mine. I wrote her, only the other day, that, if for no other reason, I should have rejoiced over her marriage, because it left me my name to myself. It always vexed me to know, for certain, there was another Helen Temple in the world."

"Oh, that is it—quite a poem!" cried Maria Dorothea.

Darrall did not speak; he could not.

"At all events, Miss Villars, that is the explanation," said Helen, in cold, haughty accents, which produced sufficient impression on the gadfly to reduce her to silence for a little.

The regiment turned the corner. The carriage dashed on at double speed, to make up for the loss of time. Darrall got his senses back, imperfectly though, an impartial judge might have declared, for all he said was:

"Helen!"

Miss Temple apparently did not hear. Her head was turned away. She was gazing out over the lighted, crowded thoroughfare, which they had just entered.

"Oh, my foot!" groaned Maria Dorothea. "Oh, Helen, how odd Mr. Darrall should take you for your cousin—and then, after all, he doesn't know you! Mercy on us, what a predicament—he's not been regularly presented—whatever would people think—and so particular as he is, I mean my cousin, Lord—"

The carriage stopped. They were at the hôtel. Instantly, there was quite a commotion; for the coachman called out to the porter, that one of the English ladies had broken her back, and the porter pulled the big bell, till down rushed waiters, manager and proprietor, thinking that, at least, Bismarck had arrived; and they all danced about the carriage like crazy Dervishes, and when Darrall brought them to order by a few terse, expressive phrases, Maria Dorothea had begun to enjoy the excitement, and relapsed into hysterics, and vowed she was dying, and would have Darrall help to carry her up stairs.

They got her into the first floor rooms, where the ladies evidently belonged, and laid her on a sofa. A doctor was sent for, and Darrall retreated; but to his relief, the gadfly made him promise to come back, in a hour, and inquire how she was.

"Helen!" he called again, as he passed Miss Temple.

She did not hear. She was busy taking off the gadfly's bonnet and mantle. Darrall went away.

Never, in his whole life, had he passed an hour so long as that which the next sixty minutes

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made up. But, somehow, he felt that he dared not present himself one second before the time at which Miss Villars had said he might return, to inquire after her. He paced up and down the corridors, out into the street, hurried back, thinking he had been gone so long that he had overpassed the hour, found he had only consumed ten minutes, then the round began again.

He could not be said to have two tangible thoughts in his head beyond these: Helen Temple not married—he near her! Then a new idea started up, and struck him like a blow. What had she been thinking of him, during these months, he who had so plainly shown her that he was trying to win her love, had set a time to rejoin her, had told her that he should come with a question from his soul to hers, and then had never returned?

And what had the gadfly meant, speaking as if Helen were a dependant of some sort? Impossible! Helen had plenty of money—

But just then he heard the hall clock strike. The hour was up! He rushed away to the apartment, where he had left the two ladies, and knocked at the door.

"Come in!" said a voice, which made him shake from head to foot.

He entered the salon. Helen Temple was standing by a table in the centre of the room. She looked at him, and said, quietly:

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Darrall, I thought it was a servant, with the embrocation the doctor ordered."

"I—Miss Villars gave me permission to come back, and inquire how she was," he stammered.

"So good of you. She has dropped asleep," pointing towards the half-open doors of the inner room, as she spoke. "She will be quite right, in a day or two. The ankle was not even sprained. She will be able, no doubt, to thank you, to-morrow, for your kindness—"

"Helen!" he broke in.

She stopped, and regarded him with an attempt at surprise, which poorly hid her agitation.

"Miss Villars will be able to see you, in the morning," said she.

"I don't want Miss Villars," he cried. "Oh, Helen—Miss Temple—what does it mean? I feel as if I were mad. How does it happen that you are here?"

"It is easy to explain, if you care to know," Miss Temple replied. "Just after Robert and my cousin were married, I lost my money. They wanted me to live with them, but I could not bear to be dependent, so I went out as governess."

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated.

"But I think we must put off further particulars," she added; "we might wake Miss Villars."

Miss Villars was already awake, and listening with both her ears. She scented a romance, and romances are interesting, even to gadflys—of the feminine species.

"Just a moment," pleaded Darrall, with his whole soul in his face and voice. "I want to tell you—I have suffered so. Oh, can't you understand? I thought you had married Harcourt. I had just got to Florence—I was in the theatre—I heard him say he had come to marry his cousin, Helen Temple—"

"Yes, my cousin, too—who had been educated in Dresden. I hardly knew her. But you must have heard her name—"

"Never! Listen—oh, listen! Then I went mad. I hurried away from Florence. Oh, my God, this year—this year. For I loved you. Is it too late? Can you forgive me? Helen, Helen!"

She did not speak. A sudden weakness came over her, and she sank into a chair. Another instant, and Darrall was beside her, his arms about her waist.

A whole hour of sweet explanations followed, a whole hour, and remembering it, Darrall always vows that the gadfly is a sort of celestial insect; for it was not till the clock struck again, that she brought the pair back to earth, by calling:

"Come here, and let me congratulate you. I'm so glad I twisted my ankle, and you may thank me for all your happiness. I'm sorry you don't need money; for I'd leave you all mine, just to punish my brother-in-law—I would, as my name is Dorothea!"

BEYOND.

BY DR. LA MOILLE.

We climbed the rugged mountain to the peak,
And found reward sweet as reward could be;
Below, and farther than strong eyes could seek,
There tossed the billows of the Western Sea.

Ah! thus, beyond life's upward, toilsome road,
Death's restful summit looks across the deep.
With shattered chains, we're free from earthly load,
For so "God giveth his beloved sleep."

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MISS DEFARGE.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

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CHAPTER VI.

"WHAT is it?" said Lady Dysart to Terese, during the next week. "What is it that Roger is doing?"

Terese glanced up from her account book, which she was examining. It would have been impossible for her to have helped seeing that new events had been transpiring, and yet she scarcely cared to make it patent that she had observed them. So she merely smiled, and said, in a speculative tone:

"Doing? Mr. Dysart?"

"Some new whim has seized him," said Lady Dysart, "which rather surprises me, as it is not his way to be whimsical. He leaves his dogs and guns at home when he goes out, and yesterday he was looking over the books which ought to belong to a steward, but do not."

"Perhaps," answered Terese, "he has found out that they need looking over."

Her ladyship laughed, even a little maliciously.

"Do you know what condition they are in?" she asked.

"I can only guess."

"They are Sir Roderick's books," my lady proceeded, "and he has kept them, or not kept them, after a fashion of his own. There has been no steward of Dysart for ten years."

"Then," said Terese, "it is time that some one should undertake the office."

"What," returned Lady Dysart, "to save money, that Sir Roderick may spend it? That is what it would end in."

"If I were a man," said Terese, "that would not be reason sufficient to cause me to allow my heritage to go to ruin."

"True!" said her ladyship, somewhat coldly. "It is his heritage, after all."

This evening, after tea, Miss Defarge found something to be done in the pantry, and with her customary directness, she put on a grave-looking, white apron, and took the work into her own hands. The task was not heavy—nothing more weighty than the examination and arranging of various jars of conserves and condiments, which had emanated from her own genius; but Roger Dysart, who came in late, finding her busy among them, stopped at the open door, with a rebellious air.

"Why are you doing that?" he demanded.

She drew a step backward from the shelves, and put her hands into the imposingly large pockets of her apron.

"For two reasons," she answered. "In the first place, it is necessary that it should be done, and no one else will do it so well; and in the second, because I like to do it. Possibly I ought to put that reason first, instead of last."

"It is a servant's work," he persisted.

"Yes," she assented, "but you see I chose to make it mine. I am not proud."

There was a momentary pause, in which she looked at her jars seriously, and then he spoke in a voice and manner entirely new to her.

"You know that it is galling to me," he said.

It was the newness of tone and manner which made her turn round to look at him. And having done so, she found a novel change in his expression, too. He leaned a little against the lintel of the door, and looked down at her, his face slightly flushed, and his eyes having in their depths a certain excitement which he seemed to be struggling against.

"You have no right to force me to feel humiliation," he said. "I have been trying to please you."

In her amazement at this unexpected suggestion of the possible approach of an unexpected crisis, she said nothing.

"I may as well admit it," he added, no more ceremoniously than ever, and with no better a grace. "My reason for doing the work I have been doing was, at the outset, the weak one that you advised me to do it."

"That," said Terese, "was a reason weak enough."

"Oh, I admit that, too," he replied.

With her hands thrust very deep into her apron pockets, and her figure very erect, Terese stood and met his glance unflinchingly. It had always, through the whole course of a rather large and varied experience, been her habit to carry herself unflinchingly, in any trying or threatening situation, and so she carried herself now.

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"But I should like to know something about your progress nevertheless," she remarked, "if you don't mind telling me."

"Why should I mind telling you? There is very little to tell, that you do not know. Every thing is in disorder, every tenant is dissatisfied. There are difficulties where I had not thought of meeting them, and I see small chance of overcoming the greater part of them."

"But you will not give it up?" said Terese, quickly.

"No," he answered.

"You will become interested," she said, "in spite of yourself."

"If I do not, I shall not give it up."

"I should not, if I were in your place," she answered.

Her interest in her own undertakings increased day by day. Among the vagabond visitors in the servants' hall, she spread consternation. They were no longer left to their own desires, and allowed to perform their several duties, or neglect them, as they chose. Miss Defarge looked after them sharply, and delinquents trembled before her expressive eye. Not one of them could have explained the character of the emotions she inspired them with, and yet they were continually controlled by them. She discovered their pecadilloes, and put down their tendencies to covert impertinence. The appearance of the tall figure, with the large-pocketed apron, fastened about the straight, slender waist, was a signal for a general humility of demeanor, and a scattering of loiterers. Some extra labor was performed every day. The table linen was darned and kept in order; rooms long unclosed and deserted were thrown open to the light of day; the rust disappeared from the armor; the dust from the carvings of cabinets, chairs and balustrades; the library was no longer a musty prison for mould and cobwebs; the drawing-room was no longer tarnished traps for moths. Energy accomplished almost as much as money might have done. By the time winter set in, the inside of the house, at least, was as far renovated as was possible under the circumstances, and the log fires lighted in the huge old fire-place blazed with a suggestion of cheerfulness the place had not seen for twenty years. From regarding Terese with stolid awe and indifferent amazement her pupils developed more amiable sentiments. It was evident that they admired her, and considered her in a measure worthy of their obedience.

"We always hated the other women," said Hugh. "We don't hate you."

Privately, Terese prided herself upon their docility. Perhaps her greatest vanity was a love of conquest; but she always desired that her conquests should be of an original order. She began to devote herself to the development of the trio, with quite a fine energy. When he spent his evenings at home, Roger generally found her reading aloud, or delivering spirited little lectures conducive to general improvement, to which harangues even Lady Dysart listened with some slight semblance of interest. The court had never before settled itself into the aspect of home-like comfort, it began, by this time, to wear. In fact, it actually attracted Elizabeth, who fell into the habit of paying more frequent and longer visits, appearing at various inconvenient hours, with the four children at her heels.

"They will come," she explained. "They say your stories are better than mine, and you never tell the same one twice, which I do. Basely ungrateful little animals children are, and they are always expecting you to exert yourself."

She never ceased to admire and wonder at the genius and energy displayed in Terese's handiwork. As the cold weather approached, she exchanged the white merino (which, it must be confessed, had become rather frayed,) for a resplendent, but much more worn, velvet of dark violet, equally absurd, and equally becoming to her statuesque charms; and lounging in a large chair, with the purple folds of this regal robe lying about her feet, she continually made such a picture of herself as was positively inspiring.

"You *are* are a genius, you know," she would say to Terese, "or you never could have accomplished such wonders. You have actually recovered these chairs, and mended some of them —with glue." (As if this was the climatic marvel, the application of glue being a task requiring superhuman effort.) "They do not totter at all when one sits down on them; and before you came, it really seemed like tempting Providence to sit down anywhere at Dysart. And as to the children—well, one wouldn't know them. They are positively civilized."

CHAPTER VII.

THERE was a change also in Roger Dysart. At this time, Terese began to notice it in secret. They saw but little of him, however, through the short winter days. Only when he made his appearance among them, he seemed in a new mood. His manner was preoccupied and feverish by turns, he spent hours over the steward's book and certain business-like blue papers, he even

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grew thinner, and lost a tinge of the color which had before shown itself under his sunburnt fairness. Terese shrewdly conjectured that her prophecy had come true; that his undertaking had fascinated him at last; and that from indifference he had run into another extreme.

In the rides she still took with Hugh, she made occasional discoveries. There were new tenants upon some of the land, and on other portions of it the old tenants seemed to have bestirred themselves in an entirely new manner —some of them grumblingly, a few with remarkably good cheer.

"Mr. Roger," she heard, "had taken a new turn, and had all at once begun to look sharp after them. He was working things round, and trying to make both ends meet; and a pretty stiffish bit of business he had of it, but he was sharper than any of them had thought for."

Then it was, that, for the first time, Terese began to soften a little towards him. She did not find him, in these days, so objectionably big, nor so stupid; and she was not as severe as heretofore upon his derelictions from the path of good manners. She had been wont to be fastidious, and to resent bitterly in her acquaintances any tendency to ill-fitting clothes, or gloveless hands, or brusque speech; she had upon occasion even gone so far as to hate a man for a dress-coat with creases across the back; but in Roger Dysart's case she gradually slackened her taut rein of restriction. He was still a big, fair young man, with the general behavior of a Goth or a Vandal, but she unconsciously learned to tolerate and feel a faint shade of sympathy and respect for him.

"How should he know any better," she said, "after twenty-six years of Dysart Court?"

On his part, professing to observe her but little, he observed her continually. He could not help it. In truth, they were always crossing each others path. She had too much to do to remain very long in one part of the house. So he met her at all sorts of unexpected times; on the stairs, going down to the servants' hall, with the white apron tied round her waist, and the keys in her hand; in the long-neglected kitchen gardens, which, with the help of a stout laborer who worked under her active direction, she was endeavoring to utilize; in the park, or on the moors, with the children following her; or at the parsonage with Elizabeth, who made no secret of the fact that she preferred her society to that of any other mortal existing. "Because," as she explained, "she never requires me to be violently entertaining, or violently polite, and it is no trouble whatever to talk to her." And possessing, notwithstanding his lack of experience and his isolated life, a blunt tendency to observe, and a degree of success in observation, he made, as time went on, discoveries also. He saw that, despite her strong will and decision, she was not always wholly at ease. He had seen her irritated at times, when there was no outward cause for irritation; he had seen her break off in those admirable and instructive harangues to the children, and frown when there was no outward cause for frowning; he had seen her absent-minded; and now and then, he had seen her in undoubtedly low spirits, as if indeed she bore something upon her mind, whose ill-effects even her practical and rather stern philosophy could not counteract altogether. In fact, Elizabeth herself had verified him in certain of his conjectures.

"If it was possible for her to have done a thing, of which she repented, and which made her angry with herself," she remarked, "I should say she had such a thing on her mind; but I should never think of accusing her of ever having been guilty of not knowing her own mind. That is her only fault, you know; she is so decided, that it disturbs one. Good gracious," classically, "to think of always having one's mind made up!"

She was so seriously disturbed by this view of the case, that, in making one of her frequent visits to the court, that afternoon, she wandered off into a dissertation upon the subject, with a bland directness which caused Terese Defarge some mental disturbance.

They were sitting at opposite sides of the fire; Terese a slight, dark, erect figure in her high-backed, antique chair; Elizabeth fair, ample, langorous, her worn-out, imperial purple falling beautifully about her, her golden coils generally suggestive of a lack of hair-pins, as usual—two creatures who could not have been better foils for each other, or more fitting representatives of utterly distinct types.

"Were you ever," said Elizabeth, "were you *ever* unable to make up your mind about anything, Terese?"

She asked the question with the perfectly unsuspecting serenity, which characterized all her inquiries, however unprecedented their nature, and consequently she had not expected to see her companion color, and look restive, which she did at once.

"About what kind of things?" Terese asked.

"Ah! the kind does not matter. Any kind would do as an example. It was Roger who made me think of it, in the first place We were talking about you; and I said to him that I did

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not think it would be possible for you to waver, or make a mistake about anything; that your mind seemed always in the condition to be made up at once, and that, in fact, that was my only objection to you."

For a moment or so, Terese looked at the fire, and she did not look away from it, when she made her reply.

"Then," she said, rather gloomily, "you can consider your only objection removed."

"Why?" demanded Elizabeth; "because you have done something you have repented, or because you have not done something, and have repented of that?"

"Both," said Terese, with sharp directness.

"Both," echoed the placid goddess. "That is better than I expected."

A less serene temperament might have felt and exhibited some excitable curiosity upon the matter, but Elizabeth did not. She merely smiled benignly, and changed her position, by so far exerting herself as to clasp her lovely hands behind her lovely head, and so to throw the weight of the classic coils against their support, while she rambled into the dissertation, still benignly smiling on.

"As I have said to Roger," sweetly erratic as ever, "I cannot understand people always being ready to know whether they intend to do things or not. For my part I never *intend* to do anything. Why not just let things happen? They will happen, if you leave them to themselves; as they won't happen, just as the case may be. And it saves so much worry. There is Barbara, for instance, who is always trying to *make* things happen. And she visits, and scolds, and puts things down in her memorandum book. And *yet* Forbes gets drunk, and Mrs. Teggs *will* complain about her rheumatism. And they hate her, into the bargain. And I am sure there is no reason why they shouldn't. I should."

"That is affectionate," commented Terese, still somewhat abstractedly.

"Affectionate," with amiable freedom of speech. "We don't profess to be affectionate, you know. Barbara is not an affectionate person, and really it is not our fault that we are so nearly related; and why should we conduct ourselves as if it had been a matter of choice, and we felt called upon to abide by it? I am sure we should both have protested, if we had been consulted."

She was quite safe, Terese thought, now that she had begun to talk languid nonsense; but suddenly her mind appeared to recur, without any particular reason, to the old subject. She stopped, with a little yawn, and a smile even a trifle sweeter than usual.

"What was it you did that you have repented of?" she asked.

Terese almost started. She had not anticipated anything so coldly point blank just at this juncture. She was betrayed into reddening and hesitating; and even after the hesitation, she answered indiscreetly:

"Something very foolish," she said.

"Ah!" with another little yawn. "Any consequences?"

"Yes," rather sharply. "There always are consequences to a folly."

Miss Elizabeth Dysart commented with a shrug of her shoulders.

"Ah, well!" she remarked. "Leave things to themselves, and they will come all right—if they don't, you can't help it."

But on a future occasion she said to Roger:

"If I was a curious person, I should be curious about Terese Defarge. She has done something she repents of."

"How do you know?" asked Roger.

"She told me so. Perhaps—," sagaciously, "she has promised to marry somebody."

CHAPTER VIII.

"About this time of the year," said Lady Dysart, one dark, foggy, winter morning, "it is not unusual for Sir Roderick to come home."

As events went, this remark rather assumed the aspect of a prophesy, said prophesy being verified in the following manner:

Notwithstanding the fog, and general inclemency of the weather, Terese took her ride with her pupil this morning, as was her custom. She had been daring enough to humor the boy to the top of his bent, and as a consequence had become as fearless an expert as himself. On his part, the boy was passionately proud of her progress, and though by nature inclined to a disdainful order of taciturnity, was also passionate in his silent attachment to her.

"He is fond of me, I know," Terese had said. "And we understand each other. His silence is that of the noble savage."

So they took their long rides together, through fair or foul weather, and if neither was effusive of speech, they did not the less enjoy their rather fierce galops across the country.

On her return, upon this occasion, Terese went into the dining-room, before going upstairs to remove her habit. She had intended to stand a few minutes before the fire, but when she opened the door and advanced into the room, she encountered an unexpected obstacle.

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The dog she hated sat upon the hearth, with a couple of shaggy comrades stretched within a few feet of him; the room was in disorder; a large chair was drawn up among the dogs, and upon it sat a handsome, black-haired man of uncertain age and dissolute aspect, who thrust his feet forward and held his hands in his pockets.

"*Sacré bleu!*" he said, with a cool, wicked smile. "This is she, is it?"

Without moving his hands from his pockets, he pushed his chair round, that he might gain a more direct look at the newcomer, and having satisfied himself, he repeated his last words again.

"This is she, is it?" he said. "The Mademoiselle Defarge, who has done so much for us—who has set our house in order, and shamed us into energy and ambition. *Mon Dieu!* but after all, your aspect is not so bad, mademoiselle."

"Have I the honor," said Terese, with creditable calmness, "of addressing Sir Roderick Dysart?"

He bowed.

"That honor," he replied, sardonically. "I am Sir Roderick. I have returned from foreign lands, as you observe: I have taken possession. How do you like the prospect before you?"

But before she had time to speak, he began again, with a short laugh.

"Do you know," he said, "I have been wondering what you will do with *me?* Society in general, and my relatives in particular, usually find it so difficult to dispose of me; and I have heard so much of your prowess. Lady Dysart," taking one hand from his pocket to wave it with ironic grace, "has even condescended to inform me, in a style peculiarly her own, that you are the eighth wonder of the world. You are invincible, and I cannot help being curious as to what you intend doing with me, now you have me on your hands. People who are frank speak of me as a blasphemous, ill-conditioned scoundrel, totally unworthy my name and rank. I have disreputable comrades, who follow me to my house, and turn it into a pandemonium, and gamble, and drink, and hunt, and blaspheme. When I arrive at the court, there is a daily gathering of my creditors, who blaspheme also. I am the worst—as you have doubtless heard—of a bad lot. What are you going to do with *me*, Mademoiselle Dysart?"

"Is it important that I should do anything?" asked Terese, icily. "If not—" And she ended the sentence with a little gesture she had acquired across the channel—a slight elevation of eyebrows and shoulders, and a slight, careless movement of the hands.

"What!" said Sir Roderick, "is it possible that you mean to neglect *me?* What a waste of opportunities! I can assure you, upon my sacred honor, that I am more vicious than Master Hugh, more objectionable than the housekeeper, and as ill-bred as my son and heir himself. My dear—"

At once Terese was fired. The flash of her eye betokened that she had been so indiscreet as to lose her fine temper.

"Don't call me 'my dear,'" she said, quite fiercely. "I won't bear it."

And she turned about, and beat a heated and undignified retreat.

On her way to her room, she encountered Roger.

"You have seen Sir Roderick," he said, looking at her angry face.

"Yes," she answered. "I have had that pleasure."

"Well," he returned, speaking with suppressed passion in his tone, "now you will see the worst."

And his words proved true. She did see the worst. They were spared nothing. Before a week had passed, the whole household was in confusion. As he had prophesied, Sir Roderick's friends followed him. One after another dropped in at the court, and was hospitably domiciled. There was a rascally German baron, and a villainous French count, two or three indescribables of various grades of disreputableness, and a couple of young braggarts of feeble mind, who were the dupes and tools of the rest. By way of amusement, they rioted and drank, played cards and hunted; their dogs held high carnival in the parlors; their horses were turned loose in the park.

After the first three days, Lady Dysart confined herself to her own rooms.

"You will find that you must do the same thing," she said to Terese. "When Sir Roderick's friends are in good spirits, it is hardly pleasant or discreet to confront them."

But Terese did not shut herself up. She kept the children in the schoolroom, and went about her usual round of duties, perhaps inspired thereto by a secret spirit not unmingled with defiance. She took her meals with Lady Dysart, and held a taut rein over her servitors below stairs, who naturally felt that the time for license had arrived. It is possible that she was more daring than wise. She felt no fear of the undisguised admiration of the indescribables, or the furtive glances of their more illustrious comrades. She passed them on the stairs, or in the corridor, with head erect, and cool indiffer-

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ence; and there were few occasions upon which any of them would have felt it safe to address her. I will not say that her sense of security had not been added to from an outside source. On the evening upon which Lady Dysart had retired to her own apartment, she, in coming downstairs, had paused for a moment upon the staircase, to look down at the dining-room, where the company sat over their wine—or rather the fiery French brandy, which was the general taste.

The room was highly lighted, disorder reigned supreme. The two young braggarts of feeble mind smoked ill-flavored cigars, and rejoiced themselves with jokes as ill-flavored, at which the rest laughed, or jeered, as was their humor. Sir Roderick lounged against the mantel-piece, and sneered at the whole company, with equal impartiality. Roger Dysart, who had just come in, ate his dinner grimly, and with little attention from the others, at the end of the table.

Suddenly the count, who leaned forward upon a smaller table, and shuffled a handful of cards, with graceful dexterity, spoke to Sir Roderick.

"This handsome Defarge—you said Defarge, I think—keeps herself closely. There is no approaching her even when one encounters her. *Mon Dieu!* with what scorn and indifference she regards us all. It is trying to a man of gallantry to meet such a look as she gives one from her fine eyes."

Terese's wrath had scarcely time to flame up within her, before a different emotion took possession of her.

Roger Dysart pushed his chair from the table, and advanced to the group at the fire.

"If there is a man among you who cares to settle the matter with me," he said, "let him annoy her."

The count looked up rather uneasily.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he exclaimed again, "who would annoy her? Not I."

"That is well," returned Roger, not too politely, "if, as I said, you do not care to settle the matter with *me*."

"*Ma foi*," said the count, shrugging his shoulders, as he surveyed the young man's powerful frame, "that I do not, since I should be sure to get the worst of it, if you settled it in your brutal English fashion."

"What," said Sir Roderick, with his diabolical half laugh, "is it my lady's governess, Roger? I thought it was Elizabeth Dysart."

"It is any woman," answered Roger, turning on his heel, "any woman I may choose to defend."

Terese waited for him, until he reached the place where she stood, and then she spoke to him, all on fire with spirit.

"I heard it all," she said, in a hurried undertone. "Let me thank you for forcing them to respect me."

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I was on my way upstairs, and the light attracted me. I stopped to look at them, and then that man spoke."

"Don't stop to look at them again," he returned. "No woman has a right to be near them. Where is Lady Dysart?"

"She has shut herself up in the east wing. She refuses to come downstairs, until quiet is restored, which I suppose will be when Sir Roderick, or his visitors, go away."

"It is the best thing she could have done," he answered. "It would be the best thing you could do, too. It will not last long. Sir Roderick seldom graces the court with his presence for more than a few weeks at a time."

Terese frowned.

"I won't be beaten," she said. "They *dare* not interfere with me."

"There are times when they will dare anything," he replied, with gloomy dissatisfaction. "'Wine in, wit out,' and when they are drunk, they are a pack of devils. But if one of them should throw himself in your path to trouble you," in a sudden rage, "I would break every bone in his cursed body."

"I thank you," said Terese, with a softness rather incongruous, considering circumstances.

As her eyes met his, she was alarmed to find herself coloring, and her sweetly melting state smile dying out.

"I—I know you will protect me," she said, trying to recover herself gracefully, and holding out her hand to him.

They had reached the upper landing, by this time, and at this juncture each stopped. Dysart took her hand, and held it in a singular manner; as if, for a second, he did not know what to do with it. Then suddenly, the blood rushed to his face also; he snatched it to his lips, kissed it fiercely, and dropped it.

Terese felt herself change color, again—this time she became pale.

"I did not expect you would do that," she said, trying to speak with cold *hauteur*.

"I did not expect that I should either," he answered. "I would not have done it, if I could have helped it, you may be sure. It was as much against my will as against yours." And he turned from her almost discourteously, and stalked away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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BEHIND THE ARRAS.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

When Dr. Donne came to engage me as a companion for his niece and ward, Miss Marian Hurst, I must confess that I hesitated. I had never seen the young lady in question, and being something of a physiognomist I was anything but charmed with the gentleman's appearance. He was a small, red-haired, freckled man, with thin, sandy whiskers, and an air of suavity that a keen observer could readily see was affected. Yet I did not wonder, as I listened to the artificial honey of his tones, that he had come to be a very popular physician, especially with the fair sex. Women are so easily humbugged by doctors. Dr. Donne informed me that his "sweet Marian," as he called her, was in delicate health. "A weakness, so to speak," he remarked, spreading out his hands, "a general lowering of the system—no positive disease, but a condition requiring much care and attention, which she will of course receive from me. But her aunt has been unhappily compelled to go to Florida for her own health, and anxious as she was to take Marian with her, it was a plan to which I could not consent. The climate would have proved literally pernicious to our dear girl, and, moreover, I desire to watch over her myself. There is no doctor, Miss Wilson, capable of replacing the medical adviser who has studied the patient's constitution from the earliest childhood." He made this remark very impressively. "My desire is therefore to secure a companion for my niece. I have made all necessary inquiries about you, Miss Wilson, and feel that you are exactly the person to suit the requirements of the position."

Well, I accepted his terms. They were liberal enough, and I had no other situation in view. Moreover, I would have been an idiot to refuse a good offer, merely because I did not like the looks of my would-be employer.

My small preparations to leave the boarding-house which had afforded me a temporary shelter, were soon completed, and I speedily found myself seated by Dr. Donne's side, in his handsome coupé, and rattling over the stones, in a very lively fashion. Our drive was not a long one. Leaving the fashionable precincts of up town quite in the distance, the carriage drew up before a large, old-fashioned and yet handsome mansion, not a stone's throw from Washington Square.

"Down town, you see, Miss Wilson—down town," my companion remarked. "I am rather old-fashioned in my love for this part of the city." He then led the way, without ceremony, upstairs, and throwing open the door of a spacious room on the second floor, he bade me enter.

Let me pause and describe the apartment, in which I then found myself.

It was of moderate dimensions, and prettily and pleasantly furnished, in a style combining the advantages of sitting-room and bed-chamber. The furniture was covered with a delicately tinted cretonne, and the low, single bed was draped with ample curtains of the same material. There was no washing apparatus in the room, that being relegated to a dressing-closet, that opened out of the apartment at one side. At the other side was the chamber, as I afterwards learned, allotted to my use—a hall bed-room of somewhat restricted dimensions, but otherwise comfortable and pleasant. These exterior points I did not, of course, take in at first glance. One adornment to Miss Hurst's room surprised me. It was a large piece of antique tapestry. This fine, old tapestry represented a forest scene, with deer, birds, etc., all in dulled, faded shades of blues, greens, and yellows. This somewhat sombre relic of antiquity was hung against the wall, just opposite to a piano, and clothed nearly the whole of one side of the room with its dusky expanse.

Miss Hurst was seated by the fire, with a pocket of old letters in her lap. She rose to greet us, with an air of uneasiness, only slightly tinged with surprise. She was pretty—very pretty—in spite of her pale cheeks and the dark circles under her eyes. I did not wonder that her uncle felt anxious about her health, for she looked far from well.

"This is the young lady of whom I spoke to you, Marian—your new companion, my dear."

Miss Hurst bowed.

"Miss Wilson, I believe," she said, curtly. "Please to take a chair."

I sat down, and wished that I was back in my boarding-house. Meanwhile, Dr. Donne fidgetted about the room.

"Have you taken your powder, this morning, dear child? Yes? And the drops? And pray do not forget to keep your pastilles burning at

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night. A new remedy, Miss Wilson—wonderful for the lungs. Well, now I will leave you to get acquainted with each other. Pray notice this tapestry—genuine antique—quite a sacrifice for me to put it in dear Marian's bed-room, instead of my own library. Well—good morning—we will meet at dinner." And he bowed, and sidled, and rubbed his hands, and finally wriggled himself out of the room.

Miss Hurst looked at me, from under her long lashes, for a few minutes. Then she put aside the letters, that she had been reading, rose, and wandered aimlessly about the room, and finally came up to me, saying:

"Perhaps you are tired. Would you like to go to your own room?"

I disclaimed all idea of weariness, so she stood looking at me, for a few moments longer; and then the pent up indignation in her breast broke forth.

"You are my new companion, I believe. Are you uncle Donne's spy as well?"

I rose to my feet, and looked at her in amazement, saying, indignantly,

"You astonish me, Miss Hurst—nay more, you insult me—and I beg that you will explain your words. So far from being your uncle's spy, I know nothing of his character, or of his family circumstances, save from hearsay; and I never even heard that such a person as yourself existed, till this morning."

I was thoroughly in earnest, and I suppose that I looked so. Something in my face seemed to give Miss Hurst an impression of my sincerity. At all events, the poor child's wayward mood changed suddenly, and she burst into a flood of tears, sobbing out, as she did so, "Oh, if I could only trust you—if I only had *one* friend, in all the world!"

Touched to the very heart, by her tears and her fragile aspect, I soothed and caressed her into comparative calmness. Then, seating myself beside her, I said, as impressively as I could, "Now, Miss Hurst, let us make a compact. I assure you, most solemnly, that I was engaged simply as your companion, and that it is my wish to discharge the duties of my position, with all fidelity to you, and in the fullest furtherance of your interests. If I withdraw, as I felt strongly tempted to do, a few moments ago, the danger may really befall you, that you seem to dread. I may be replaced by a spy, or a tool of other parties, whoever they may be. Try me, then—watch me closely—and if you find me proving false to you, then tell me at once, and I will leave you." And in truth I longed to stay, for my heart yearned over the poor, pretty, desolate child, who seemed so lonely in her charming home.

She looked into my face with a wistful look, that was very winning, in spite of its pathos, and answered:

"Well, I *did* tell uncle Donne that I would not stay in New York, this winter, without a companion. And I think I can trust you. But if you only knew—oh, if you only knew—"

I did know—not just then, it is true—but later. The story that I learned in fragments, I give you now in a connected form.

Marian Hurst was the only child of the only sister of Dr. Donne. Her father, a wealthy railroad contractor, had died when she was about ten years of age, leaving his large fortune entirely under the control of his widow. Some six years later, Mrs. Hurst also died, leaving behind her a will, in which she bequeathed her whole estate to Marian, with the exception of a small legacy to her brother, Dr. Donne, whom she also appointed sole executor, and the guardian of her daughter till the latter should attain her eighteenth year, when she was to be considered of age, and was to enter into the full possession of her fortune. The will further stipulated that, should Marian die before attaining that age, or without a will, the entire property was to pass unreservedly to Dr. Donne. The doctor was, himself, by no means in restricted circumstances. He was a fashionable physician, possessing a large and lucrative practice, and he had, moreover, married a lady of some fortune.

For some time things progressed smoothly between the young heiress and her relatives. But, during the summer preceding the period at which my story opens, Marian had met, while with her aunt at Long Branch, a young artist of good family, named Leonard Spencer. An acquaintance was formed, which ripened into intimacy, and thence speedily into mutual and acknowledged love. It was then that Dr. Donne, who had been detained in New York by the exigencies of his practice, appeared upon the scene. He flatly refused to consent to the newly-formed engagement, insulted Mr. Spencer in the grossest possible terms, and brought his niece back to the city, keeping her under a sort of surveillance that was extremely galling to her proud, independent nature, but which he strove to excuse, under the plea of watching over her health.

"But I shall soon be rid of him, and of all my worries, Jane," she said, exultingly. "In six weeks more—it is the first of November now, is it not?—I shall be eighteen, and then good-bye to uncle Donne forever!"

I had been with her about a month, when she said this, and had gained her full confidence and affection. I had found her a very lovely creature

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animated, intelligent and affectionate. But I was sadly uneasy about her health. She looked so worn and fragile. She appeared to suffer much from loss of sleep and appetite, and from general debility. Her large, dark eyes seemed to grow larger and larger, and the circles beneath them duskier and more extended, with every passing day. The palms of her small hands sometimes burned like fire to the touch, and at others were as cold as ice. Often she was so tortured by blinding headaches, that she could not lift her head from the pillow. She complained frequently of nausea, and of an unpleasant taste in her mouth. And yet she bore up bravely, through it all, looking forward to her eighteenth birthday as the hour of her emancipation, and of her restoration to love, and life, and Leonard.

Alas! as the days passed on, I began, sometimes, to fear that she would never live to see that blissful hour.

The mild beauty of the Indian summer, that lights November with its tender radiance, brought her neither amelioration, nor refreshment. She grew so weak and wan that she scarcely ever cared to stir from her pretty bed-room, with its atmosphere scented by the perfume of those pastilles that Dr. Donne looked upon as sovereign remedies, and over the ignition of which he daily presided. I must say, that all this time Dr. Donne had seemed devoted to his niece. He was now sole physician, and certainly his care and watchfulness were unremitting. He was very particular as to her diet, permitting her to take neither wine nor rich food.

And yet—let me confess the truth at once—I mistrusted Dr. Donne. Ever since the day when Marian, nestling in my arms, had told me the story of her heiress-ship and of her mother's will, I had felt a keen anxiety respecting the proceedings of this uncle-guardian, who was to be his niece's heir, if only she died within a given time, or died intestate. Moreover, I did not think that his treatment of her case tallied with his repute as a physician. Marian was evidently suffering from a low form of malarial fever, and yet he prescribed for her a lowering diet, and all my tests could detect the presence neither of iron nor of quinine in the medicines that he gave her. As to his pet pastilles, I quietly abstracted one and gave it to a skilful chemist to be analyzed, the result of the examination proving that it contained no curative principle whatever, being a compound of a simple odoriferous gum with powdered charcoal.

But what was to be done? I could not call in another physician, in the very teeth of my employer, even if Marian herself had consented to such a measure, which, by the way, she refused to do, declaring, when I suggested it to her, that there was not much the matter with her, that she was only weak and languid, and that she would be quite well when once she was her own mistress, and could see Leonard once more. And I, though tolerably well experienced in illness, could hardly venture to change the treatment of the case, on my own responsibility. At last, however, I made a discovery that changed my suspicions into shuddering certainty, and forced me into immediate and decisive action.

I have already spoken of the great, dusky piece of antique tapestry, that hid the wall on one side of Marian's bedroom. I once asked Phœbe, the old colored woman, who waited on us, and kept our rooms in order, and who had been Marian's nurse in her infancy, about it.

"Well, you see, honey," made answer Phœbe, pausing in her task of dusting, and flourishing her duster to give point to her phrases, "de doctor had de station'ry washstand pulled out of dis here room, 'cause as here, he says, they is'nt healthy. And so the doctor says, says he, 'I won't have no workmen a'mussin' round with their tools and things, a-fixin' of the wall, till next summer, when the folks is all out o' town.' And so he put that big floor-cloth up there, to hide the holes and de ends of dem water-pipes, an' things. But law sakes! ain't it ugly?"

I could not agree with the old woman, as I very much admired the artistic background afforded to the other appointments of the bright, pretty room, by the dull blues and greens of the old tapestry. But finally, I made a discovery that filled me with dismay.

It was a damp, close evening, towards the end of November. Marian had seemed more ailing and languid than usual, all day, and the doctor had been specially urgent respecting the number of his favorite pastilles that were to be set alight, persisting in coming upstairs every hour or two, to see if there was one burning, and fussing about them in a manner to give an ignorant observer the idea that their smoke was a sort of ærial elixir of life, the inhalation of which was sure to restore Marian to health. As I happened to know how utterly inefficacious they were, to do more than impart a pleasant fragrance to the damp, murky atmosphere, I got quite out of patience with him, and was glad when, about nine o'clock, Marian shut him out of the room, and announced her intention of going to bed. I helped her to undress, and saw her fall into a feverish, restless slumber, before betaking myself to my own bedroom for the

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night. This room, as I have before said, was a hall bedroom adjoining Marian's, and communicating with it by a door, which door was, by Dr. Donne's orders, always kept closed at night. But on this especial occasion, seeing that my charge was so ill and restless, I ventured upon disobeying his express commands, and I left it wide open. Just before retiring, in obedience to the last thing he had said before leaving us, I went to light another pastille, one of those of extra dimensions that were adapted to burn all night, which he had caused to be supplied for the purpose. But the box that usually contained them was empty. I had not noticed, the night before, that we were using the last one. So, without many compunctious visitings of conscience, for I was thoroughly persuaded of the inefficacious nature of this favorite remedy, I went to bed, leaving the pastille-burner empty.

I am usually a sound sleeper, and a tranquil one; but that night my slumber was haunted by dreams, at once vague and terrible. Now I was crossing an Alpine road, and was being overwhelmed beneath an avalanche. Then I was sinking in a slimy sea, wherein hideous water-reptiles coiled and swam. Again, I found myself in a mine, whose walls were slowly inclining inward to fall upon me, and crush me. And ever the same sense of sickness and of suffocating, a loathing horror, blended with a difficulty of breathing, ten times worse than any nightmare from which I had ever suffered. Finally I found myself in the clutches of a monster spider, whose fangs were fastened in my throat, while my limbs were becoming hopelessly entangled in the creature's prodigious web. In my struggles to free myself, I started broad awake, but the feeling of nausea and of oppression still continued. I sat up in bed, and strove to collect my scattered senses. All was quiet. A distant church-clock was just striking two, as I awoke, and its vibrations quivered off into total silence. The lowered gaslight, burning in Marian's room, shed its dim rays through the doorway, and revealed nothing, except the ordinary belongings of every-day life. Yet amid the silence and the solitude of night, a deadly agent was at work. The air was filled with a subtle, horrible odor, foul, sickening, and penetrating. This it was that had filled my sleep with hideous dreams and dire oppression.

I rose at once to seek out its source. Hurrying on a wrapper, I stole softly into Marian's room. She still slept, as her hurried breathing and broken murmurs denoted, a restless, unrefreshing sleep; but I forbore to disturb her. Yet, horrible as the foul vapor had been in my room, it was ten times worse in hers. A stench like decaying vegetable matter filled the air, and evidently had its source in the apartment in which I stood. For some moments I remained bewildered, not knowing where to look or what to do. Then suddenly an idea struck me. The stationary washstand, of which old Phœbe had spoken, and which Dr. Donne had caused to be removed, might not the end of the cut off waste-pipe, communicating as it did with the sewers under the house, have come unstopped? I turned up the gas, as the thought struck me, and swept the heavy piece of tapestry aside. As I did so, a fresh blast of noisome vapor filled my lungs, making me literally turn sick and dizzy. Yet, to my astonishment, the wall presented a smooth, unbroken, white surface. Neither hole nor projecting pipe were visible. I stooped, and passed my hand lightly over the wall, in the spot where I thought the pipe ought to have been. As I did so, my fingers encountered a slight depression, and the warmer surface (in comparison with the plaster) of some textile fabric. A moment's further investigation revealed the whole secret of the matter.

The projecting end of the waste-pipe, which had probably been stopped up with either cement or solder, had been broken off by means of a heavy hammer, or small hatchet, the marks of the tool being quite visible on the wall. Over the hole, a piece of muslin had been dexterously pasted, and through that aperture, thus left, the gas from the sewers beneath had been admitetd into the sleeping apartment of the poor, suffering girl. The whole nefarious plan flashed through my brain as I gazed. The pastilles, that we were forced constantly to burn, were contrived to conceal the odor of the foul gases, that were poisoning the air, and bringing the germs of pestilence and death. The lowering diet and weakening drugs were adapted to prepare the system of the intended victim for a more speedy absorption of the venom. With a shudder I recalled the fact, that Dr. Donne's specialty as a physician was the treatment of malarial and typhoïd fevers. He, who knew so well how to cure such maladies, was doubtless equally versed in the causes that produced them.

Yet what was I to do, now that I had found out the secret of Marian's illness? I could not reveal the matter to her; for her weakness, and the sense of her own helplessness, would combine to drive her wholly distracted, and the knowledge of her position in itself might deal her a fatal blow. Besides, I had to act warily, if I would be left free to act at all. Dr. Donne could drive me from his house, at any moment, and it was

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only I, out of all the world, who fully comprehended the situation, and who could hope to cope successfully with this dangerous adversary, armed with the triple authority of guardian, relative, and physician. For suppose that I were to go, and tell the story abroad—to the police, for instance? How trivial the matter of an unstopped drain-pipe would seem; how wholly improbable my deductions from that simple fact. No, if Marian was to be saved, it was I, and I alone, who could save her.

The first and most obvious thing was stop up the hole. This I easily achieved, by means of a cake of white wax, filched from the drawer, in which Marian kept her last white, silk, ball-dress. This, softened over the gas-jet, formed an effectual and easily-applied plug for the opening, through which the pernicious vapor found its way. Then I threw up the window, and let the cold, night-air rush freely into the room, till the atmosphere was thoroughly purified. Through all these movements, on my part, Marian slept heavily, though uneasily. I think now, as I thought then, that the mixture, prescribed by Dr. Donne for her to take on retiring, contained a large proportion of opium. When the room was thoroughly aired, I retired to bed, but I could not sleep. On the contrary, I lay awake, all the rest of the night, revolving in my mind as to the course I had best pursue, in order to save my poor little Marian.

Early the next morning, I went to one of the best physicians in New York, and obtained from him a prescription, to be used in case of impending typhoid fever. This I substituted for Dr. Donne's favorite mixture. Acting still under the directions of the doctor (whom I visited daily), I replaced the pills that Marian had been taking, by others, made up according to his prescriptions, and I persuaded her to defy the orders of her uncle and to partake freely of nourishing food and generous wine. But, alas! my discovery had been made too late for these precautions to avail to save her. Two weeks before her eighteenth birthday, she was stricken down with typhoid fever, in its most virulent form.

My fears now rose to absolute panic. Here was this poor child, suffering from an almost mortal illness, and in the hands of the one person upon earth whose interest it was to wish for her death. I could not help dreading lest, now that the flame of life had sunk so low, the temptation to aid in its final extinction would be more than the mind of her uncle could bear. For it was impossible for him to conceal from my watchful eyes his great eagerness for the unfavorable termination of the case. He came but seldom to her room, merely paying a short professional call, twice daily; but he lingered constantly outside the door, listening and watching, and ever on the alert for the slightest sound or motion. And had it not been for the beef-tea, and the stimulants, and the medicines that I procured surreptitiously by the aid of old Phœbe, Marian would undoubtedly have died in the first ten days of her illness.

As it was, her young and vigorous frame made a hard fight of it with death. Days passed on, and lengthened into weeks, and at last the sixteenth of December, the day so eagerly anticipated by the poor sufferer, came. It found her still living, though fearfully ill. And now the time had arrived for me to dare the grand stroke, that would put Marian out of all danger, so far as any machinations on the part of Dr. Donne were concerned. Once let her will be made, leaving all her fortune to some one else than her uncle; once let that important document be safe out of the house, and in the keeping of a trustworthy third party—and there would no longer be any reason for Dr. Donne to plot against her life.

I feared, at first, to suggest the subject to Marian, in her desperately weakened state, but it was she who first broached it to me, on the morning of the seventeenth of December. "I am afraid I am going to die," she whispered, "and I am of age now. Get a will drawn up, leaving everything I have in the world to Leonard Spencer, and bring it here, and I will sign it."

I scarcely dared to leave her, even for the brief space of time required for drawing up so short and simple an instrument; but finally, confiding her to the charge of old Phœbe, I stole from the house, while Dr. Donne was taking his afternoon siesta, and returned in about an hour with my task fulfilled. And, oh! with what eagerness and trembling I watched my poor girl affix her signature, and then added my own as witness, while Phœbe followed after, with a wonderfully crooked autograph, that looked like the tracks of a tipsy snail. Hiding the precious paper in my bosom, I hurried from the house, nearly oversetting Dr. Donne in my haste, as that worthy was coming up the stairs. Out into the dusk I fled, and straight to the house of a prominent New York statesman, who had been the intimate friend of Marian's father. To him I confided the will, with a brief and hurried explanation of its nature and contents. And then I hastened back to my charge, exulting in the knowledge that I had baffled Dr. Donne at last.

He met me as I entered, and one glance at his screwed-up, peevish face, reassured me as to the

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safety of the patient. He would not have looked so cross had not Marian still been living.

"Where have you been, Miss Wilson?" he queried. "Your conduct is most extraordinary—rushing off in this remarkable way, while your charge is so ill. And I find that, contrary to my orders, you have been giving her soups and wine and other things calculated to increase the fever. Really, Miss Wilson—"

"Pray excuse me, Dr. Donne," I said, with studied politeness, "but dear Marian was so anxious to have the will that she has just made conveyed to a place of safety, that I had no choice but to obey her."

The doctor's sallow face turned positively green.

"Her—will!" he gasped, at length.

"Yes, you know she came of age, yesterday."

"And pray, may I inquire as to the provisions of this important document? You come in for a good legacy, doubtless."

"No, indeed. My name only figures on the paper as a witness. Marian has left her entire fortune to her intended husband, Mr. Leonard Spencer. Messrs. Slung and Holdfast drew up the document in due legal form, and it is now in the hands of Marian's old friend, Ex-Governor Clinton."

Not another word did Dr. Donne say, but he turned, and went back to his office, without so much as looking at me again. And I hastened upstairs to Marian, whom I found not perceptibly worse, though the fever ran very high.

That evening, I received a note from the doctor, ordering me to quit the house. But I refused to obey him, declaring that, now that Miss Hurst was of age, I would take my orders only from her. He saw that he had made a false move, and apologized sweetly, when next we met.

Seeing him so placable, I ventured to propose a consulation, in view of Marian's desperate condition. He acceded at once, in a nervous, frightened sort of way; and the next day, one of the best physicians in the city stood by Marian's bedside. He approved highly of my treatment, (for it certainly was not that of Dr. Donne) but shook his head ominously over the patient.

But Marian did not die. Youth, and a good constitution, aided by the precautions I had taken before the disease declared itself, and by the potent remedies prescribed by her new doctor, enabled nature to triumph over the disease. Her recovery was very slow, however. I went with her to Europe, by the doctor's orders, as soon as she was able to bear the fatigue of a sea-voyage, which was not till the ensuing spring; and it was not till the following autumn that she and Leonard Spencer were married. The ceremony took place in Geneva, and the newly-wedded pair then went to Italy, where they lingered till the great exhibition called them back to Paris. And there I left my Marian, a healthy, joyous, young wife, happy in the love and companionship of her intelligent and devoted husband.

As for Dr. Donne, he sailed for Brazil, about a week after he learned that Marian had made her will. His affairs were found to be in sad disorder, and it was discovered that he had squandered one-third of his niece's large fortune, in reckless speculation, a fact that may perhaps account for his cowardly attempt upon her life.

Both she and Mr. Spencer fully comprehend the danger from which she escaped, and they know that, under Providence, it was I who saved her, by driving away the unseen murderer, who was lurking BEHIND THE ARRAS.

ONE NIGHT.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

WAS it last summer, or ages gone—
That damp, dark night in the August dusk—
When I waited for you by the gate alone,
And the air was heavy with scents like musk?
Swiftly and silently shooting down
Like the lonesome light of a falling star,
I saw through the shadows dense and brown,
The dim, red light of your fine cigar.

Like a king who taketh his own, you came,
Through the lowering night and the falling dew.
Like one who yields to a rightful claim,
I waited there in the dusk for you.

Never again when the day grows late,
Never in all the years to be,
Shall I stand in the dew and dusk, and wait,
And never again will you come to me.

But always and ever when high and far,
The old moon hideth his troubled face,
I think how the light like a falling star,
Lit all my world with a new, strange grace.
The passionate glow of your splendid eyes
Shines into my heart as it shone that night,
And its slumberous billows surge and rise,
As the ocean is stirred by the tempest's might.

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A WISE PRESCRIPTION.

BY ELSIE KELMAR.

THERE was the usual amount of noise, bustle, dust and confusion, that is always attendant upon the departure of a railway train. Dr. Hartwell's large, portly figure completely blocked up the passage-way of the car, as he stood taking leave of his patient. He had at last accomplished a result for which he had worked hard. No one would suppose in looking from him to the frail, delicate young girl clad in deep mourning, lounging back among pillows and shawls, that there ever could have been a contest between them. It seemed as if a breath might crush her, she was so very fragile: yet as she raised her face to his in talking, and one caught a full look at it, the firm, resolute mouth and chin betrayed the undeniable fact, that Leslie Graham had a very strong will of her own.

She had been ill with a long, nervous prostration following her father's death, and it had required all the skill of their old, faithful, family physician, and the most assiduous care and nursing to bring her back to life. Now, although it was two years since her father died, and her physical strength had in a great measure returned, she was very sad, and morbidly melancholy. In hopes to rally her, Dr. Hartwell had insisted on her going to the sea-shore, and had, as we have seen, finally prevailed.

Now, when bidding her good-bye, at the cars, he took out of his pocket a little, red morocco note-book, with a pretty pencil attached, and her initials L. R. G. upon the outside cover, saying:

"Here is my prescription, and all the medicine I shall give you. I do not want you to read, or sew, or think, at all. I want you to lounge about among the rocks and drink in the sea air, and eat and sleep all you can. This book is for your observations of the people around you. Your amusement and your medicine is to consist in studying the characters and the characteristics of your fellow creatures. Write down your first impression of a person, and the ideas you form of that person at sight; then as your knowledge increases you can see how far your intuitions were right. Of course you will make some grand mistakes; but keep on; and your facility at reading character correctly will increase. You must forget yourself entirely, and occupy your mind with all the strange people that I hope to find written out here when you come back."

The whistle of the locomotive sounded. "Good-bye," said the doctor. "Oh, by the way, my nephew, of whom you have heard me speak, has returned from Europe. He was in town the other day. I wanted to bring him round, but he couldn't stop. He was in a hurry to join his mother and sister. I am sorry for you not to have met him. Perhaps, though, I can interest him sufficiently in your case, to induce him, later, to visit you in my place."

"Dr. Hartwell, you will do no such thing!" Leslie exclaimed, indignantly. "I will not have a spy sent down to watch me. Your nephew may be the great prodigy you say; but I shall not like him: I have not the slightest desire to see him—ever."

Dr. Hartwell was very much amused. This was quite like the old Leslie, who was always taking strong dislikes to people.

"Well, my dear, you needn't worry about it now. It is likely you will meet John sometime, I certainly mean you shall, and when you do, you will be surprised to find how well you get on together."

The ride was not a very long one, but it was warm and dusty, and Leslie grew tired before its close. The breath of the sea, which occasionally stole in through the car windows, as they approached the terminus, was very refreshing. Leslie was perfectly delighted when she found they were to stay at the Pico, on the opposite side of the harbor from the town, situated close to the beach. When they woke, in the night time, they could hear nothing but the deep under-tones of the sea, and the swashing of the waves. Really, Doctor Hartwell had been very considerate of her, after all.

She was too utterly fatigued, that night, to think of her prescription. She was scarcely conscious that there was any one in the large dining-room but her aunt Harriet, who had accompanied her, and herself; and she drank her tea, and ate a slice of dry toast, oblivious of the many glances bestowed upon them. The slight, graceful, willowy figure, and the pale, delicately moulded face, with large, blue-gray eyes, and long, dark lashes, would have attracted notice anywhere. The hotel was only half-full, it being yet early in the season, so every newcomer was duly scrutinized.

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There was a party of five seated opposite, a little below them, who seemed to regard Leslie with considerable interest, aunt Harriet thought. An aged lady, with mild, placid features, and soft, white hair put away under a becoming lace cap; two young ladies; and two gentlemen. One of the young ladies was tall, dark, and very stylish; the other was small, fair, and evidently an invalid, for a crutch rested behind her chair. One of the gentlemen was very brilliant and talkative; the other remained silent, but every time aunt Harriet looked towards the group, his eyes were either fastened intently upon Leslie, or just turning away. She thought, perhaps, he knew her; but his face was perfectly inscrutable, and she could not make out whether recognition, admiration, curiosity, or all three, prompted his steady gaze. She told Leslie about them, after tea, in their rooms.

"I think, dear, they are very nice people," she said, after finishing her description of them.

"Well I hope they are, if we are to sit so near them," Leslie replied. Then brightening up a little, she continued, "I suppose I can begin my character study with them; they will probably be as interesting, from what you say, as any one here. I feel very sorry for the young lady who is lame."

Leslie went down to the breakfast-table, the next morning, with her mind braced for its first encounter. She looked over at her neighbors opposite, rather timidly, and after a little, decided to begin with the young man who sat nearest, as his attention was entirely taken up with the lame lady, who sat at his right. He had a remarkably fine head, which he held slightly inclined forward, the chin drawn in, and the forehead projecting. If the features had been less strong, or smaller, the forehead would have been too heavy for the face. The mouth was hidden by a handsome blonde mustache, but the chin was firm and square, giving a great deal of character, though rather a stern expression, to the countenance. His manner was authoritative and commanding. Evidently he was used to being obeyed. He did not notice Leslie in the least, or show any uneasiness under her close scrutiny. She had nearly finished her observations, and made up her mind in regard to him, when he suddenly turned, and looked directly in her face, with an amused, questioning look, which said almost as plainly as words:

"Have you finished me?"

Leslie was quite mortified and provoked. He had been aware, then, all the time, that she was looking at him, and had purposely kept his attention the other way. This was likely to prove a dangerous amusement, she thought, and one that might lead her into uncomfortable straits. Her face flushed very perceptibly, and in her embarrassment, she caught the handle of her coffee-spoon in her sleeve, and overturned her cup. She was thoroughly angry now, but pride came to her rescue. She would not allow this trivial occurrence to discompose her. Surely she had sufficient dignity to sustain her in a moment like this, trying though it was.

"What a stupid performance, aunt Harriet, is it not?" she said. Then with an imperious air, she summoned a waiter, and had him remove the *débris*, ordered another cup of coffee, and drank it with quiet composure, haughtily ignoring the offending individual opposite.

If it had been the young gentleman who was studying character, he would have had a rare opportunity. The metamorphosis was wonderful of the quiet, subdued, sad-faced little girl of the night before. Her features seemed to stiffen and grow cold, her eye-lids drooped a little, her eyes became quite dark, her lips compressed, and her chin looked as if chiselled out of marble. She seemed "every inch a queen."

Soon after breakfast, Leslie went to her room, and entered the following in her note-book:

JULY 8TH, 1874.—Made an attempt, this morning, according to Dr. H's prescription, to study a gentleman opposite us at table. He has a splendidly formed head, the forehead jutting over, deep-set eyes, dark blue, I think, large nose, mouth, and chin, light hair and mustache. He has a way of taking in everything with one glance, and knowing all that is going on in the room; also the power of seeing, apparently, out of the back of his head. His manner is commanding, and rather overbearing, though not really ungentle. I should say that he was born with a feeling of superiority. He likes to place people at a disadvantage and then be magnanimous. He could never stoop to ask a favor: he would demand it as his right instead. He is not quick-tempered; on the contrary, in a quarrel he would be exasperatingly cool, while he would make his opponent's blood boil with rage and fury. Altogether he is quite disagreeable, and I hope I shall not have to make his acquaintance. He turned to me with a most provoking look, when I got through studying him, as if he knew just what I was doing, when, of course, he could not; and then to crown all I upset my coffee. I suppose he thought he had produced quite an impression, to cause so much confusion. He is horridly conceited—not of his looks, but of his power over people. I shall grow to detest him if he stays

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here all summer. I wanted to study the nice old lady, and the lame girl who has a lovely, sweet face, but I shall not dare molest them while such an ogre mounts guard."

After the disastrous result of her first attempt, Leslie had not the courage to pursue her study any further. She tried not to notice these people at all, but she could not help meeting them on the stairs, in the hall, upon the piazza, or out on the rocks, and once or twice it seemed as if the lame young lady was about to speak to her.

Leslie found a delightful sheltered little nook far out on a peninsula of rocks, where she and aunt Harriet could lounge all the morning. She would spread out her heavy blanket-shawl, and lie here for hours, lazily watching the vessels as they passed, till their white sails were lost in the distance, or confused with the white of the clouds.

One day when they were in this favorite haunt, a breeze suddenly wafted into Leslie's lap a dainty light-blue veil. A moment more and it would have found a watery grave, but Leslie caught it. She turned to see if the owner were near, and beheld the lame young lady at quite a little distance higher up on the rocks. The latter nodded, and beckoned with her hand, so there was nothing for Leslie to do but clamber up the steep ascent and restore the property.

"What a naughty, naughty breeze that was," the young lady began. "I thought I had tied my veil quite securely, when away it went all of a sudden, before I could catch it. Thank you very much!" Then in rather a hesitating, timid way, she said, looking up into Leslie's face, "Won't you sit down a little while? I am quite lonely. My brother is reading his papers, and I came out with Arthur and Helen, but they saw some friends going out sailing, and wanted to go, so I made them leave me, and told them I did not care if I was alone. But I should like very much to talk with you, if you do not mind."

This was all said so sweetly that Leslie could not refuse, so she sat down beside her, and aunt Harriet, seeing them enter into earnest conversation, went up to the hotel for a nap, before dinner, leaving Leslie to her fate.

It does not take two girls very long to become acquainted, when one is frank, cordial and communicative, and the other is a sympathetic, appreciative listener. In a little more than half an hour Leslie knew all about Alice Rogers; for that was her name, and almost everything that had ever happened to her. She learned, too, all about her brother, Dr. Franklin Rogers, the subject of her study, who had been abroad ever so many years, studying medicine, and was very learned. He was Alice's half-brother, as her mother had been a second wife, and he was the son of a former marriage. She also learned that the dark, stylish young lady was Helen Spencer, one of Alice's intimate friends, and the young man so devoted to her was Arthur Campbell. He was very much in love with Helen, but Alice thought she could not quite make up her mind to have him, although he was wealthy. Helen had had so much attention, and so many offers, it was hard for her to decide the momentous question. They were chatting away very fast when they heard footsteps approaching. Alice turned, and saw her brother close behind them.

"Frank, I want to introduce you to Miss Graham. I *have* got acquainted with her, and we are already very good friends."

He lifted his hat, with a courteous bow, and seated himself.

"I am afraid, Alice, you have taken by storm what some persons have to toil years for. I should judge that Miss Graham's friendship is not always easy of acquisition." And he looked at her, inquiringly.

"But you are altogether and entirely wrong, Frank," Alice went on, in her perfectly child-like way. "She was not hard to get acquainted with at all, and I did not have to 'do it all,' as you said I would."

He laughed at this, but did not seem in the least disconcerted.

"My dear Alice, you should not betray me in this manner. It was very foolish in me to make such a remark, and I beg Miss Graham's pardon most sincerely."

Leslie Graham was a remarkably truthful person. In her heart she knew that his judgment of her was correct. She did not make friends easily, and she was too honest with herself not to acknowledge that he was right. The most provoking part of it was, that notwithstanding his apology, his look into her face seemed forcing her to the confession that he was correct. After a momentary struggle, she said, with a sort of proud defiance in her tone:

"You are perfectly right, Doctor Rogers; I do not make acquaintances easily. It is quite wonderful to me, I assure you, the way your sister has succeeded with me in so short a time. I never knew such a thing to happen before."

He received her admission with a satisfied smile, which did not tend to lessen her indignation towards him. They talked a little while longer, and then the dinner-gong sounded, and they gathered up their shawls and wraps, and went up to the house. She could not help noticing how carefully he guided his sister over

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the rough rocks, lifting her in his arms over all the hard places. He was so very careful and tender with her, that Leslie was forced to make an amendment in his favor, mentally.

After this, there was no more of quiet solitude for Leslie. She was constantly with some of the Rogers family. She and Alice grew to be very fond of each other. The physical affliction of the one, and the sorrow the other had passed through, drew them closely together, and a secret bond which neither could explain or understand, united their hearts. There was little time either for character study, outside the Rogers group. She made a few sketches, but did not have opportunities of following them out. Of Helen Spencer, and Arthur Campbell, she made very correct estimates, changing nothing in her first sketch, as her acquaintance progressed. With Mrs. Rogers, too, and Alice, she thought she did very well, but Doctor Rogers completely puzzled her. One day, kind, thoughtful, deferential, and exceedingly entertaining; the next day, commanding, tyrannical, quarrelsome, and altogether disagreeable. Sometimes she thought her first judgment had been absurdly harsh and unreasonable, and again she would think it not half severe enough. He took it upon himself to look out for her, and care for her comfort in manifold little ways, the same as he did for Alice. It was very aggravating to Leslie, just after he had provoked her almost beyond endurance by some of his ironical speeches, to have him perform some unusually kind and thoughtful act for her. At such times she would either receive his attentions haughtily, or reject them entirely. Finally he said, one day, after such an occurrence:

"You do not like to have things done for you, to be waited upon, do you, Miss Graham?"

"No. I prefer always to wait upon myself." Then thinking this might sound a little rude, she added, "I am quite an independent individual, and have always been used to looking out for myself."

"Yes, I have discovered that. Well, I do not like to be thanked for every trifling service I render, so let us make an agreement. You shall allow me to wait upon you, and care for your health and comfort, as I think the occasion demands, and you shall receive it all as a matter of course, and I will not require any thanks or expressions of gratitude till the end of the season, when you can do it up wholesale."

Leslie glanced up at him, quickly. She suspected that he knew it was irksome to her to be under obligations to him, and hence the agreement he had proposed. But he was looking out on the water, and she could tell nothing of the tenor of his thoughts from his indifferent expression.

Once he was telling her of some delightful excursion he took in Europe, when the thought suddenly occurred to her that perhaps he had met Doctor Hartwell's wonderful nephew, so she asked:

"Did you ever meet a Dr. John Hartwell, abroad? He is my doctor's nephew, and I have heard a great deal about him. That is—I presume his name is Hartwell—I don't know why I should either, for now I think of it, I have never heard him called anything but 'my nephew, John,'"

'Dr. John Hartwell? Let me see," and he kept his head bent down over the stick he was whittling, his hat shielding the amused look in his eyes. "No. I do not ever remember of meeting any one of that name. Is he smart?"

"His uncle thinks he is; but I have no doubt his talent is over-estimated. Liking will go a great way towards prejudicing one's mind," Leslie said.

'Yes, that is very true, and so will dislike," and he looked at her, significantly.

What could he mean? She bit her lip with vexation, and turned away. He was accustomed now to all her change of moods. He delighted in bringing the angry flush to her fair cheek, and the darker light to her beautiful blue-gray eyes. He liked to watch the small lips grow stern, and the chin harden into marble, and the slight figure draw itself up into cold stateliness. He knew just what turns in the conversation would do all this, and he was proud of his knowledge.

The summer wore away to its close, and Leslie Graham was very much improved. She was really sorry that the season was over, and that she must part with these friends whom she had learned to like so well. Yes, she liked them all, not even excepting Dr. Rogers. Her sketch of him had undergone many changes. She had crossed out, rewritten, added to, and taken from, all the characteristics she had at first given him. But now, at the last, she decided that she had been very unjust to him, and that she had treated him with undeserved rudeness many, many times. She realized now that he had been very kind to her, and that he had done a great deal for her comfort and enjoyment. She was too intrinsically noble to let him go away without telling him as much. They might never see each other again, and he would always have the remembrance of her temper, and unlady-like behavior in his mind.

On the last afternoon, Dr. Rogers came through the hall, looking quite disconsolate, just as Leslie

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was coming down stairs. He brightened up when he saw her.

"Oh! Miss Leslie, you are the very one I want to see. Do come out rowing with me. Alice is taking a nap, and Helen is off somewhere with Arthur. I know you don't like sailing, so we'll go a mile or two inland, to the lake, and I'll row you across it. This is the last afternoon we shall have, you know," and he waited with an eager, entreating look, for her answer.

Yes, she would go. It would be such a good opportunity for her to say what she wanted to, and apologize for her rude behavior. They might not be alone again.

When Dr. Rogers had rowed half way across the lake, Leslie, who had been rather silent all the way, began, with her head half-turned away from him:

"Dr. Rogers, I have something that I must say to you, before you go away; I owe it to you, and to myself also. I want to thank you now for the many kindnesses you have done for me, and for all your care and attention, which, at the time, I received so ungraciously. I was really grateful then, only my pride kept me from acknowledging it, and if you will add to all your kindness your pardon for rudeness to you, I cannot be too grateful."

She was going on, but he stopped her.

"I am well aware why you did not like me to care for you. I knew it was hard for you to accept favors from me, so I arranged our little agreement. It is all right, and please don't say any more. I have never thought you rude, Miss Leslie."

So then, he would not permit her to apologize. She was not satisfied with this. She had meant to humble her pride, and if he would not let her do it this way, there yet remained others. She had not understood the full meaning of his remark. Perhaps he did not intend that she should.

"You do not understand me, Dr. Rogers. It was not because I did not like to receive favors, but because I did not like you. I took a great dislike, that first morning, at breakfast, when I spilled my coffee—do you remember?"

She was approaching dangerous ground. Since their acquaintance, she had forgotten her feelings on that memorable morning, and her idea that he had suspected she was studying him.

"I do understand you, Miss Leslie. I knew perfectly well that you hated me, that morning; but I would not stop, on that account."

Leslie began to be frightened. Did he know everything under the sun? Did he know of her sketch-book, safely locked in her bureau drawer at the hotel, and what was inside of it? He was the hardest person to accept an apology that she ever saw. She leaned over the side of the boat, and dipped one hand in the rippling, cooling water; then laid it upon her hot face. She was uncertain what to do now. At last, with a desperate effort, she took a rash step.

"You are right. I hated you thoroughly, that morning. Dr. Hartwell wanted me to study people's faces and characters, and gave me a little book to write down my observations in. I began with you, with what success, you know. My first impressions, after you startled me so, were not very flattering, as you may suppose; but I have since changed my mind," and she gave a nervous little laugh.

Dr. Rogers turned to her a radiant, triumphant face. He had been waiting for this. In a low, trembling voice, he said:

"I knew all that, too, Miss Leslie."

Leslie was very angry now. She had meant to ask forgiveness for having wronged him; now she was sure her first judgment was correct. With flashing eyes, she said:

"Dr. Rogers, you will turn this boat round, and row back; and when we land, you will please understand that we are to meet as strangers henceforth, forever." Her voice was quite tragic, and freezingly cold.

In an instant the reaction came, and she covered her face with her hands, crying bitterly. She felt as if she would like to drop over the side of the boat, and find a hiding-place in the dark waters. She could not think what it all meant, she was so disappointed, so baffled, and perplexed. Dr. Rogers had become quite pale, at her last words; but he laid down the oars, and came and knelt beside her. He took one of her hands away from her face, and kissed it many times. She dropped her head on the railing in the stern, hiding her face from him, but did not take her hand away.

"You did not mean those dreadful words you said?" and the love in his voice could be disguised no longer. "How can we meet as strangers, when you are more to me than all the rest of the world? My darling, I know it was dreadful to deceive you so; but look up, and let me tell you all. Please!"

She lifted her head, and looked drearily at him through her tears, as if he were a long distance off. It seemed as if nothing whatever that he could say would ever affect her again. She was unconscious that he still held her hand.

"I was sure you would find me out, long before this. I am Dr. Hartwell's detested nephew;

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but my name is not Hartwell, as you innocently supposed, one day, which amused me so I was on the point of letting out my secret. Dr. Hartwell is my own mother's brother, and the only one of the family who calls me John. I met him in Boston, on my way here, and he told me of you, and of his plan about the character study. He did not know where to send you, and I suggested this place, and agreed to look out for you a little. He told me you were not over-anxious to meet me, and so together we formed this scheme; but I did not dream but that you would see through it, as soon as we became acquainted. When I first saw you, I repented heartily of the part I had agreed to play. Still the temptation was very great to make you take some notice of me, aside from my character of Dr. Hartwell's nephew. It was cruel, and I cannot hope for your forgiveness; it is too much to ask; but if you will let my life, my love, my whole heart and soul make atonement, I shall be perfectly happy."

It was impossible to withstand his pleading look. One glance into his earnest, glowing face disarmed her utterly. After all, most of the blame had been Dr. Hartwell's, who wanted her to like his pet nephew, and knew she never would, unless her prejudice was overcome. Her face softened. Perhaps the best way to gain ascendancy over this man, who was kneeling at her feet, would be to accept his love, and be his queen forever. In her weakness and doubt this seemed the easiest way out of her difficulty. She was afraid, too, that she was beginning to love him a little, that is before all this happened—now she did not quite know—.

He was very quick to perceive her relenting.

"My own, my own," he cried in his joy, "you are not going to send me away—you will keep me here forever, close beside you, and take my whole life and love into your dear hands. You are mine now, forever and ever, and nothing can ever part us;" and he folded her in his arms.

Long before Dr. Rogers had rowed the boat back to the shore, all Leslie's hauteur was gone, and perfect peace reigned between her and her lover. If you had seen the tenderness with which he handed her to dry land, and the shy consciousness, with which she accepted his aid, you would never have supposed that she started out with the intention of breaking off with him forever.

Dr. Hartwell was perfectly satisfied with the result of his prescription. He often teases Leslie Rogers about it. But her husband never seconds him, for it came near proving a fatal prescription —to him, at least. Among his choicest treasures, he carefully and tenderly guards his wife's wedding gift, the little red morocco book, which contains the portrait of himself, drawn by her hand.

LAST YEAR, AND THIS.

BY MARY W. M'VICAR.

LAST year when summer's blossoms woke,
Smiling and nodding to the breeze,
And birds were singing all day long
From branches of the leafy trees.

Two eyes of heav'n's own tender blue,
And pure as angel's eyes can be,
From out a flower-like little face,
Looked up in trustful love, to me.

The fairest flowers of all the year,
I gathered for him just to see
Smiles dimpling o'er the baby face,
The hands outstretched so eagerly.

This year the blossoms wake the same,
But his fair face is hid from sight,
His tender, trustful eyes look now
I hope on visions of delight.

This year, there is a vacant place,
A sense of loss in all the hours,
And only for a tiny grave
This year I gather fairest flowers.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

LOVE weaves her spells with nice caprice,
A turmoil sweet with grief inlaid;
But friendship signs an armistice
To all the conflicts love has made.

Love is but for the sunny hours
That wait on youth, and strength, and bloom,
But friendship is a plant that flowers
'Mid days of darkest dread and gloom.

Which will you, maiden, then, I pray,
Love, wilful as the winds, and wild,
Or friendship, like a beacon ray,
Guiding a wandering, weary child?

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THE ROMANCE OF A MAGIC LANTERN.

BY LUCY LEE PLEASANTS.

"It is part of the slide of an old magic lantern," said my uncle, holding up the bit of painted glass in the last yellow rays of the waning sunshine. "Where did you find it?"

"I turned it up with my spade, when I was digging the border for cousin Polly's mignonette," I said. "But where did it come from? I don't remember that we ever had a magic lantern."

"It was broken up before your time," said my uncle; but he held the fragment still, and looked at it, in a way that excited my curiosity.

"Is there any history attached to it, that you look at it so strangely?" I inquired.

"Yes," he said, smiling. "It is connected with one of my most romantic adventures. You must know that, one summer, when I came home from college, my chum, Fletcher, and I, went in for a 'lark:' that is, we thought it would be rare fun to pretend we were pedlars, and go about the country seeing life. So we laid in a lot of brass jewelry, cotton lace, pins, needles, thread, tape, etc. I bought a magic lantern also, 'for,' said I, 'if the brass jewelry fails, we can fall back on that.'

"Well, we went by rail a day's journey into the interior, so as to be quite distant from our native city. The next morning we began offering our wares. It was at a neat farm-house, where a couple of rosy-cheeked damsels regarded our stock in trade with delighted eyes. It was before the days of traveling agents, and the pedlar was then as welcome as he is now unwelcome. All through the lonely country, the well-to-do farmers were glad to receive him, both for the sake of his wares, and for the news that he brought from the outer world; so Fletcher and I had often great difficulty in persuading these kindly, simple-hearted people to accept any remuneration for the board and lodging so generously proffered.

"After awhile this became monotonous, however. Our trip, financially, had been a success. All our wares were gone, and our pockets were better filled than they had been for many a day.

"'The stage starts from ——, at six this evening,' Fletcher said, one day; 'let's go home.'

"'What?' I cried, 'before we have given an exhibition with the magic lantern?'

"'Well, then, we had better go to some town with it. It would hardly pay to bring it out for the benefit of a solitary farm house.'

"We consulted our map. The nearest village was a small place called Jonesboro, lying in a gorge of the mountains, so we turned our steps thitherward.

"Jonesboro consisted of rough, wooden houses, grown dark with the stains of time and weather, relieved by an occasional log cabin, whitewashed and thrifty by contrast, and one tavern.

"Well, we announced ourselves to the landlord, as traveling showmen, anxious to give an exhibition of the wonderful scenes of foreign lands, and above all, anxious to secure his co-operation. The landlord, a stout gentleman, with a jovial expression and a red nose, entered into the scheme with enthusiasm, consented to rent us a room for the exhibition, a large apartment, comprising nearly the whole of the ground floor of his house, and gave us good advice about advertising. There were no means of getting out handbills, or printed announcements of any kind; but we were informed that, for the moderate sum of half a dollar, a boy and horse could be hired to go around to the neighbors, and spread the news of the entertainment, the hour thereof, and the price of admission.

"Returning from a walk, I saw, at a vine-covered window of the tavern, a very pretty girl, who sat sewing. When I looked at her, she smiled and blushed. So I took off my hat, and said good-morning. She returned the salutation very graciously. She was the landlord's daughter, she said, and her name was Mary, but she was generally called Polly.

"'Then I will call you Polly?' said I.

"'You don't look like a showman,' said Polly, surveying me dubiously. I've seen several. Last Christmas, there was one here, who pulled yards of tape out of his mouth, and pumped water out of people's heads. They had a dreadful row, that night.'

"'Who had?'

"'Everybody. They are a rough set, up here. They think nothing of fighting, and getting drunk, and swearing most awful.'

"'I don't think you are very rough, Polly.'

"At this point of our conversation, somebody rudely jostled my elbow, almost pushing me away from the window. I turned immediately to resent what I felt to be an intentional affront, and encountered a tall, powerfully-built young

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fellow, in his shirt-sleeves, who glared at me out of a pair of light blue eyes, with an expression of mingled contempt and defiance.

"'What do you mean, sir?" I exclaimed, angrily; but Polly rose quickly, and laid her hand on the new comer's arm.

"Pray, excuse him, sir,' she said to me. 'Sam, this is Mr. Collins—'

"But Sam turned his back upon me, without acknowledging the introduction.

"'Yer mother wants yer, Polly,' he said. 'Yer better go 'long in to her, an' not be foolin' an' fiddlin' with strange chaps yer don't know nothin' about.'

"Polly folded up her work, and tripped away, giving me a sidelong glance of encouragement, out of her blue eyes, as she departed.

"The belligerent Sam surveyed me for a few moments, with a supercilious stare, as if he could demolish me utterly, if he thought it worth while; then seeing that I bore his gaze without flinching, turned on his heel, and strode away.

"I did not mention to Fletcher the circumstance of my flirtation with Polly. He had made many acquaintances among the loungers about the tavern, and seemed quite contented to get along without my company.

"In the course of the afternoon, I caught several glimpses of Polly; but whenever we essayed to continue our conversation of the morning, the bullet head of Sam would be thrust in at window or door, with some errand or message that would stop the interview.

"Supper was served in the long room of the tavern, to the passengers of the stage who stopped here for refreshment, and as soon as the meal was cleared away, Fletcher and I got things ready for the exhibition. Sheets were hung at one side of the room to receive the magical pictures, and by means of an improvised screen, we arranged that the operator should be entirely invisible to the spectators. We decided further that Fletcher should take charge of the magic lantern, while I described the pictures.

"At 'early candlelight' our audience began to assemble, I standing at the door to receive the money. Our messenger must have discharged his duties admirably; for people came from far and near. The roughest class of mountaineers, who, to break the intolerable monotony of their lives, would have gone anywhere, or done anything, for the sake of a new sensation. Women in limp calico gowns reaching to the ankle, and long tunnel-shaped sunbonnets, in which face, head, neck and shoulders were alike undistinguishable; almost every one of these was provided with a baby similarly arrayed in a long, dark cotton gown, and small, square-folded flannel shawls. Men came in their shirt-sleeves, with trowsers stuffed in their boots, and their mouths furnished with short, black pipes, or huge pieces of chewing tobacco.

"Soon the room was filled, and outside the windows, the negroes of the establishment collected to see what was going on, with their black faces flattened against the pane, in vivid contrast to the whites of their eyes, and the gleaming of their ivory teeth.

"I locked the door to prevent the entering of stragglers, and went to look for Fletcher. He was at the bar, with a very questionable-looking individual.

"'Come, Fletcher,' said I, 'the audience are waiting for you to begin. The room is crowded, and I have got more money than my pockets will hold.'

"He set down his glass immediately, and followed me, accompanied by the seedy-looking gentleman, his late boon companion, who insisted that he would not miss seeing the show, and borrowed a shilling from Fletcher wherewith to pay his way at the door.

"The audience was rather turbulent, and it was some time before order was established. When the first picture appeared upon the sheet, however, everybody's attention seemed riveted. It represented a camel with its Bedouin rider. They listened to my description, at first, in silence; then I heard tittering, and subdued comments of a derisive nature; and was rather relieved when the picture was withdrawn, and replaced by another. The next was a palanquin, containing a Chinese lady of rank.

"'This, ladies and gentlemen,' I said, 'is a wonderful example of one of the customs of foreign countries. The Chinese lady of rank is rendered unable to walk, by the barbarous practice of binding and strapping the lower extremities, in infancy. So that when she is grown, her feet are no larger than those of a baby—'

"A loud laugh interrupted me here, and I heard giggling in various parts of the room. It was too dark for me to see the perpetrators. So, though I began to feel very angry, I continued, 'and she is consequently unable to walk at all, and is obliged to be carried about.'

"Another guffaw greeted this announcement, and a voice, that I recognized as Sam's, said: 'Now lookey here, mister, yer needn't be tellin' us them lies; fer we aint a-goin' to b'lieve a word on 'em. *We* warn't born in the woods to be skeered by crickets.'

"I turned toward the speaker, and opened

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my mouth to reply; but my words were drowned in a clamor. I looked towards the sheet. To my horror, I saw the elephant—the crowning glory of the collection—standing on his head, with his four huge feet erect and motionless in the air. The slide had been put in, upside down!

"Anything more absurd could scarcely be imagined. Convulsed with laughter myself, it was in vain that I began, 'Ladies and gentlemen, owing to some unfortunate mistake—'

"But the audience, instigated by some malicious person, and too ignorant and suspicious to form their own conclusions, were now thoroughly satisfied that their dignity was insulted, and that Fletcher and I were making game of them. In the dim light, I saw threatening and ominous glances. Then a man got up, and said, 'Feller citizens, this 'ere show's a humbug. We hev been drawed here to be cheated, an' made fools of, an' I move that we goes fer the chap wot took in our money at the door, an' gits it back from him.' Somebody turned up the lamp, at this juncture, and I saw that the speaker was Fletcher's friend of the bar-room, naturally anxious to recover the shilling he had borrowed.

"The next moment the lamp was blown out, and in the dark, I felt a pair of soft arms put around my neck. 'Keep quiet,' said a voice in my ear. 'I will put my bonnet and shawl on you; and you can steal out without their knowing. Creep upstairs to the loft, and hide yourself there.'

"The lamp was lighted suddenly, but not before the voice had ceased, and the arms had been withdrawn. If I had had time to think I would probably have decided to face the crowd, come what might. But the sunbonnet and shawl were already on me, and I was in the midst of an angry, and excited throng. In the dim, smoky light, the room, with its bare rafters, presented a strange scene. The women were huddled together in a corner, some of them screaming, and the babies all yelling in chorus. The men were gesticulating violently, and looking about for me with angry, menacing eyes. Every moment the uproar increased, benches and chairs were turned over, and the din of shouting and cursing was fairly deafening. To have thrown off my disguise now could only have covered me with ridicule, and would not have lessened my danger. So I opened the door, and ascending the stairs, found myself in a large loft, or attic, which was only partially floored. The moonlight streamed in through the unglazed apertures that served for windows. Concealment, here, seemed at first impossible; but under the roof, close to the stairs, I discovered some long, dark 'cuddies,' in one of which I fancied I might escape detection. I stepped with long strides across, on the beams, and crouched in one of these, listening intently to the sounds below.

"The noise, from a kind of low growl, had increased into a positive roar, above which I could hear the shrill screaming of a frightened woman, and men's voices raised in angry denunciation. All at once, the door was opened, and I heard the tramping of feet in the narrow passage and up the rickety steps. My pursuers were plainly on my track.

"There was an old hair-cloth trunk thrust back into my cuddy. I drew it before me as a screen, and waited for my fate. Two or three men came into the loft. One of them had a candle, and holding it up, stood peering about for me. Without the candle, they would have found me inevitably; but the faint light seemed to intensify the darkness, and fill the room with perplexing, duplicate shadows: so, finding nothing to excite their suspicions, they withdrew, after awhile, muttering.

"Then I heard voices and footsteps around the house, growing fainter and fainter as the search proceeded farther and farther away; then silence settled 'wide and still' over the din of words; and I, doubling up my shawl and sunbonnet for a pillow, fell into a profound and dreamless sleep.

"I was awakened by the curious sensation of a light coming toward me, in a flickering, uncertain fashion, disappearing and re-emerging after the manner of a Jack-o'-lantern.

"It was not till Polly laid her hand on my shoulder, that I knew that it was she. 'Wake up,' she said, shaking me gently. 'It is 'most day; if you don't get away before it is light, they will catch you after all.'

"'Who will catch me?' said I, sitting up, and feeling utterly bewildered.

"'Those men.'

"'What should they catch me for?'

"'They think you cheated them in the show,' said Polly, frankly, 'and they want to get their money back again.'

"'Oh, now I remember,' said I; 'but you know I did not cheat them, Polly; that it was all a mistake about the elephant.'

"'Yes, I know,' said Polly, confidentially, "and I thought there would be a row, for Sam told me he meant to break every bone in your skin, as soon as he got the chance.'

"'Sit down here, Polly,' I said, drawing her down beside me, on the old, hair-cloth trunk, 'I want to talk to you a little.'

"She sat down, demurely, and begun plaiting the hem of her apron.

"The candle flickered smokily on an adjacent beam.

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"I captured the small, busy hands. 'Now what does Sam want to beat me for?' I said.

"'Ah! I can't tell you that,' said Polly, archly.

"'If I guess, will you tell me?'

"'You would never guess.'

"'Is it be because you like me?' I ventured.

"Why, how did you know?' she exclaimed, innocently.

"Just at this moment, by accident, or design, the candle disappeared from the beam, turning swiftly over and over, until it extinguished itself, with a slight thud, on the floor of the lower room.

"In the ensuing darkness, I put my arm around Polly.

"'How can I go away, and leave you?' I whispered.

"'But you must,' said Polly. 'You know you couldn't stay here with Sam.'

"'Confound Sam! You must come with me. I have got lots of money now, and we can go to housekeeping immediately.'

"But Polly only laughed.

"'No, no,' she said, 'you must go alone. Some of these days, you can come back for me, if you do not forget. But listen; the birds are singing, and your friend will be tired of waiting for you.'

"She freed herself from my detaining arms, and springing lightly from beam to beam, challenged me to follow her. Together we descended the narrow stair, and in the doorway, Polly held out her hand.

"Fletcher was standing, with his back to us, half-leaning against a tree.

"'How did he escape?' I said, glad of any excuse for lingering.

"'He jumped out of the window, at the beginning of it all,' said Polly.

"'And the magic lantern?'

"'I took care of it, and gave it to him, this morning.'

"An ominous rattle of pots and pans, from the region of the kitchen, warned me that the household was astir.

"'Indeed you must go,' said Polly.

"'Well, I will; but look here, Polly, if you don't want me to be robbed of this money, you must take care of it for me; those men will be sure to come after us, and take it all back again.'

"I poured the silver coins into her apron, before she had time to reply, kissed her suddenly, and stepping out of the door, seized Fletcher's arm, and hurried him away."

"Was that the last you ever saw of Polly?" I inquired, as he paused in his narration.

"Hey?" said my uncle, jumping up suddenly, and dropping his meerschaum on the marble hearth.

"Was that the last you ever saw of Polly?" I repeated, for I did not realize that my uncle had been simply pursuing a train of his own reminiscences, without any recollection of my presence.

"Nonsense, boy!" he said, sternly. "Who is talking of Polly? Go, and tell your aunt and cousin—they're both named Polly, as you know—that we are ready for tea, and see that somebody brings in some wood for this fire."

A LOVE SONG.

BY MRS. LAURA H. CARPENTER.

THEY say all songs are love-songs that bring our darlings near;
All day a tender little lay has sung of you, my dear!
You may not now remember your own beloved tune,
Or the room so still and shaded, on that sunny afternoon;
Yet the little song came flying about me all the day,
Like a sweet, imploring spirit that would not stay away.
It told me to remember how you sung it once to me,
When my heart was very lonely and my time passed wearily.

The miles that lie between us as nothing seem to be.
Your dreamy eyes are smiling as they ever smiled on me;
You sing the old love ditty in your sweetness and your youth,
With your love of ancient story and your passion for the truth.
And I listen, while I see you through tears that come and go;
And wonder if the flying years will always find you so;
Will always find you ready with a word and with a tear.
You were so quick with others to weep or smile, my dear!

Oh, the river still runs sighing beyond the garden wall!
We hear a sound of voices—a merry shout and call;
They are playing in the shadows where the willow drops its leaves,
And the woodbine clings and flutters from the windows to the eaves;
But you do not cease your singing in that sweet, impassioned tone;
You do not rise and leave me in that silent room alone.
Ah, the little song has brought you, in soul so very near,
With your smiling and your singing and your loving eyes, my dear!

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THE TRAGEDY OF TREVYLAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XXIV.

"MOTHER!"

Huldah lifted her face from the cushions, on which Lord Colgate had so often rested, and hushed the sobs that had deadened the noise of her son's approach.

The strain upon him was terrible; she saw that, and reached out her arms.

"My son!"

He knelt down beside the couch as she attempted to leave it, and laid his head in her lap.

"Mother, *you* believe me innocent of Lord Colgate's death."

"Believe you innocent! My poor lad—my dear, dear son! How can you ask that of your own mother?"

"Because it is only of her I think—but for her I should not care if—if—oh! mother, what am I to do?"

The woman stooped her head to his, and kissed him tenderly.

"That which the good God places before us to do, my son. How else can human souls be guided?"

She tried to say this calmly; but her voice shook, and a great sob seemed to break against her heart.

"Oh, mother! Why is it that men are so strong? If I could only die here at your feet, all this struggle would end."

"This struggle, Keath? There is nothing to struggle for now. He is dead."

"Dead. Yes, lying up yonder in the darkness of the old keep. Oh, mother, it is enough to break one's heart."

"You have seen him?" asked the woman, in a hoarse whisper.

"Oh, mother, mother! I could not endure that. The very knowledge that he was lying there, with all those dim, old things about him, was enough to break my heart."

"Alone, Keath—tell me, have they left him there quite alone?"

"No. Lord Belus was keeping watch."

"Ah!"

Keath still held her hands, and was looking into her face with troubled eyes.

"Mother, tell me, was Lord Colgate a proud man like the old earl?"

"A proud man like the old earl," she answered, kindling all over through the gloom that was on her. "No, not like him, but nobler, grander, more like a king in his pride. Sometimes that of the old noble faltered and was trailed in the dust. That was never so with *our* lord!"

"But both were proud of the old name—of the untainted lineage."

"Yes, both. But the old man was personally proud. To him all that was grand in the family history centred in himself. To him all the generations that have come and gone from Trevylan seemed to have been heaping up greatness that he might embody it. But with the man who lies up yonder those traditions of honor were a trust of noble deeds to be transmitted as grandly as they had transpired. With him it was neither the pride of wealth nor the love of power; but the honor of his house lay in the very core of his heart. Ah, yes, *he* was in this the proudest of them all!"

"Then he would have felt even suspicion on a Stamford as a stain upon his name," said Keath.

"A stain that he would have died to prevent," answered the woman.

"And you, mother? You who understood him so well—who was like a sister to him—what would it be to you if a stain of suspicion should fall on the old name?"

"I would give my life to prevent it!"

He wrung her hands with a force that pained her.

"So would I," he said; "so would I. What are a hundred like us to a wish of his?"

The woman looked at him, earnestly. Some new idea, a sudden gleam of alarm, changed the expression of her face; but before she could speak, he gathered her in his arms, with a passionate embrace, kissed her upon the forehead, and was gone.

A little later than this, when Huldah lay upon the couch, with her eyes fixed on the ceiling, and both hands folded on her heart, lost in that gloomy dreaming which is sometimes the repose

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of grief, the small boy we have seen at the head keeper's cottage came into the porch, and knocking at the door, timidly, as if afraid of being heard, entered.

"It isn't for no harm I'm coming," said a plaintive voice; "only if you would be so kind, I'd just like to see her face, before they bury her out of sight. Just once, marm; 'cause I want to whisper one word to her. She knows that I'm going to plant the red rose bush she used to think so much of right where they are a-goin' to bury her; but that isn't what I want to say to her. It's something of more consequence."

But Huldah lay motionless, gazing on him with her great, dreamy eyes, without answering. Poor woman, she had not heard a syllable of his piteous appeal.

The lad drew nearer to her, and with instinctive homage to the awful grief in her face, knelt down by the couch, and reverently touched her dress.

"She may lie still," he said, earnestly, "but it won't be real rest, till I have promised her something. I know it won't. Please tell me where she is."

Huldah aroused herself, and wearily staggered up to one elbow.

"You want something of me—what is it, little Jim?"

"I want just to go in, and see her."

"See who?"

"Delia—her as used to sit on the rocks a'most every day, and watch the boats go out."

"Delia—God forgive me; I had forgotten her," cried the woman, sweeping one hand across her forehead. "Delia—she is dead."

"That's why I came here to see her. If she'd been alive, it is to the rocks I should a-gone. She a'most lived there."

"Yes, she almost lived there, my poor, poor girl."

"But now she lives here along with you, ever since—"

Huldah put a hand to her head. To her it seemed years since Delia Fitch had been brought home on that litter of pine boughs.

"Here, and I have left her alone so long—so long."

"She hasn't been quite alone," answered the lad, and the tears gathered into his dark eyes. "I've been a-sitting under the winder, with nothing but them white muslin curtains atween us, every minute I could get. I knew she'd be kind of expecting me, 'cause I was sure to be about them rocks, when she was there, and she might know I'd be round if she was dead; but it's so lonesome and chilly outside. Won't you let me go where she is?"

"Yes. Oh! yes. Why should any one prevent it? As if there existed any human soul that could give me a sight of one dead face—but I must not, I must not. There is nothing for me to do but sit here, and hear my own heart beat—beat like a funeral knell. Come, my poor lad, you shall see Delia, where she lies sleeping."

The lad reached out his hand to grasp the folds of her dress. He was trembling all over.

"She always smiled when I came up from the Lamphire rock—will she smile now?"

"It is only the dead that can smile now, I think. Come."

The lad followed her close into a little room back of the house—a white, cold room, where every object appeared to be woven from man save one, and that seemed frozen in it.

Upon the narrow bed Delia Fitch lay like a marble thing, faintly covered. Through the thin muslin that veiled her face came soft gleams of gold from her hair, and the outline of two hands clasped upon her bosom.

"May I see her?" questioned the lad, awed out of his trembling fit by the white stillness.

Huldah lifted the muslin from that beautiful, girlish face, reverently, and tears broke through the old trouble in her eyes as she looked down upon it.

The girl did not smile in her death sleep. On the contrary, a look of wild horror seemed frozen on her features, and partly lifted the eyelids until a line of soft violet shone through the half-entangled lashes.

The lad cast one glance, then covered his face.

"She knows it! She knows it!" he said, shuddering.

Huldah looked down upon the little fellow with infinite compassion.

"Do not be frightened," she said, gently. "The dead may be happy, yet fail to smile. All that was good in her is with the angels."

"Is—is that very far away?" questioned the boy, earnestly. "Very far away?"

"I have been praying and praying to know; but God refuses to answer," said the woman, very gently; "perhaps He will be more merciful to a little child."

"If it isn't very far off I should like to go, too. So long as there was a great, great sea with beautiful white ships taking you from this world to that, I should not be afraid. But then—but then—"

"Well?" said the woman, wondering.

"I might not find *her* there, and then that world would be more lonesome than this is. Tell me now, should I find her?"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes! This would be a miserable world if it were not so."

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"Nay," answered the boy, thoughtfully, "that would be most miserable. Who would want to live in that other world all alone with strange angels, and everybody you loved away somewhere else. I want to be sure!"

"Oh, boy, boy! If only the great God would make us sure—but He will—He does. Yes, yes, you will see this poor child again."

The lad took one of the hands she had just wrung apart in her great agony of doubt, and kissed it, as if she had been one of the angels they were speaking of.

"And you will be there? Delia will want you as she will want the sea."

Huldah stooped down and kissed that earnest, upturned face.

She was not thinking of Delia, but of that other soul that had gone out of her life like the flight of a bird. That form lying up yonder in the old keep, at Trevylan, seemed outstretched before her, in place of the slender girl.

"I *shall* be wanted there!" she said. "That thought should make me patient, and keep me strong; but how can I wait?"

"Must we wait?" asked the lad. "But why?"

Huldah turned her great, questioning eyes on that childish face. In his innocent words there was a great temptation for her.

"We *must* wait," she said, impressively, as if to some thoughts in her own soul, "or we may never find those that have gone before us."

"And she will be going farther and farther off," said the boy, with mournful impatience. "How can a little fellow like me catch up with her?"

Huldah did not answer; she was too busy with the thoughts in her own mind for perfect sympathy with the vague ideas that death had aroused in the child. She was worn out in all her energies of mind and body. As she stood there, her limbs trembled, and her head ached; she had no power of endurance left.

She reached forth her hand to veil that dead face again.

The boy gave a faint cry.

"Don't—oh, don't!"

The woman drew her hand back. It trembled, and fell down helplessly.

"I am tired. How weak I am," she murmured, wearily. "Come away, my child."

"No, no, let me stay."

"But it is a mournful place, and you are so young."

"But I'm not afraid. How can I be, and she here? Let me stay."

Huldah hesitated. It seemed strange to her that a mere child like that should have the courage to remain alone with the dead.

"She knows that I want to stay," pleaded the boy, "and will listen, when you are gone."

"Listen, Tim? Who told you that?" questioned Huldah, startled by his quaint earnestness.

"I don't remember—only I know."

"But she is dead."

"In heaven?"

"Yes, I hope so."

"Then she isn't far away. Heaven is all round us, the parson says, and just full of little children. So she's sure to find out if one wants to tell her something very much, and is waiting for a chance."

"It may be," thought Huldah, impressed by the innocent faith of the boy. "It may be. Who can tell of that which lies in the hereafter? Christ has told us that there is wisdom in the hearts of little children. Why should this one be forced from the friend he loved?"

"Nothing shall touch her, while I'm here," said Tim, looking tenderly on the dead. "I'm big enough and strong enough for that—only just leave me here, all by myself, a little while."

Huldah went, slowly, from the room, and closed the door after her.

Then a strange scene transpired by that little, white bed. The boy crept close to it, and kneeling upon the edge, laid his cheek on the pillow, so close to that fair, lifeless face, that the chill of it struck to his vitals, and almost stopped his breath.

"Little lady," he whispered, awe struck but resolute; "for you was a lady more 'en many of 'em as wear silks and satins. Listen now, if you have to come down from heaven for it. I was there, under the cliff—that is what I've come to tell you—on the Lamphire rock, low down, where the water keeps it green, and I saw all they did in the boat. First, there was two of them—you know that; for I saw you there, watching them go out, and knew I'd better keep away, 'cause you alus wanter to be alone, while the boats kept in sight. That is why I was down there, and saw every bit of it—the awful thing he did. Don't start. I'm not going to speak his name, if you are dead. I'll keep it buried deep down in my heart till I die; because you loved him. I will, I will. That is what I came to promise, while I had a chance; for they mean to bury you so deep, that the roots of my red rose can never reach your pretty hands; and I shall not know how to talk to you, when turf is heaped over you, and the flowers are growing. But now, while you can understand, I want you to remember that little Tim'll be faithful, as he ales was, and kept a close mouth, when people asked about his meeting you on the rocks.

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Didn't you say, then, that I was a trusty little friend that you should ales love dearly? Well, little lady, keep sure of that, if you are in heaven; for a gamekeeper's gun jammed full to the mussle shan't scare me into telling. That's my promise. Now you can sleep in peace. Only I wish you wasn't so awfully white, and hadn't cared for him so much. One thing more: I've coaxed Beaver home with me, and I mean to feed him like a prince, and give him the foot of my bed to sleep on, all for your sake. That ought to warm you up a little, but it don't; nothing does; and I've waited, till my heart is cold as a stone."

Poor boy! he spoke the truth; that death chill had struck through him with a force that made his teeth knock together, and filled his little frame with icy shivering.

He drew back upon his knees, and gazed upon that wan face, with a dreadful yearning to kiss it; but something more holy than fear held him back. Then the child dropped down to the floor, noiselessly, and lay there cold and still.

CHAPTER XXV.

A DOUBLE inquest was to take place that morning. One at the old castle, over its dead lord; the other down at old Winters' cottage in the bay, where the same jury would assemble, when the more imposing ceremony at Trevylan was ended.

Of course the general interest was fixed on the man who awaited burial, in the ancient keep; for mysterious doubts about the manner of his death gave thrilling interest to the examination; besides this, no landholder of the county had ever been more popular among his people, and the power of his usefulness had only commenced when this awful crime or accident had cut him down. Crime or accident? That was the great question to be decided by the jury, thus summoned to the old castle keep, where the body lay, undisturbed by any attempt at funereal arrangement, or show of mourning. The law has no sentiment; but seizes on facts, sweeping fancies on one side with a ruthless hand.

They came, in solemn silence, crossing the old stone bridge, entering the keep through the great oaken portals, and defiling one by one between the two bronze knights, into the dim hall. There the dead was still lying, shrouded under that old sail, that was now becoming dry in patches, though stains of salt water spotted the stone floor all around, and a faint smell of the sea prevailed in that portion of the room.

Chairs had been placed for the coroner, the jury, and such magistrates as took a legal or neighborly interest in the event which had brought them together. Large, high-backed chairs, carved and ritualistic, such as Cardinal Woolsey had used when he outshone royalty, and lifted the crosier to a level with the crown—tall, narrow chairs, with sloping backs, cushioned with dim-colored leather, from which the gilding was worn away; or half-circular, low-seated structures, supported by cross-bars underneath, such as Mary Tudor sat in, when she married Philip of Spain, and thus sealed her own misery. The men who occupied these rare, old seats thought little of the centuries they represented, but took them gravely, like men who had solemn duties to perform, and could think of nothing else. Still these antique surroundings, gathered from the dimness of past ages, must have deepened the funereal significance of the gathering, all the more because no pomp of grief could be visible, until justice had cleared a pathway for that body to the tomb.

First, it was necessary that the remains should be identified—a mournful and perhaps difficult ceremony; for they had been given up, for more than twenty-four hours, to the fury of a great storm, subject to disfigurement from the rocks against which they had been dashed, and perfect recognition might be impossible.

The coroner's court had been organized, and had been waiting some minutes, when Lady Colgate came down the staircase, sweeping the worn oak with her black robes, and leaning on the arm of her son; a stately, proud woman, who had nerved herself to go through a painful scene with dignity. She had put on no appearance of grief, beyond that of her recent widowhood; but her face was white, and her lips were set, like one who struggled against strong emotion of some kind. Still she seemed rather to support her son, than lean on him for strength, though he walked firmly, and seemed, more than herself, observant, and ready to take his part in the scene.

Now the old sail was partially withdrawn, and the dead face revealed. One glance, and the jurors turned away; but Lady Colgate, still leaning on the arm of her son, drew close to the bier, threw back the crape veil that had covered her face, and looked down upon the dead, with a fixed gaze.

"He was best known to you, Lady Colgate," said the coroner, faltering a little; for the scene had disturbed him. "Can you recognize Thomas Stamford, Earl of Colgate, in the dead man before you?"

Lady Colgate made an effort to speak. She failed to command her voice, at first; but another moment brought it out, firm and clear.

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"It has been bruised by the rocks. The water has changed it; but, through all, I recognize the features of Lord Colgate so distinctly, that, under oath, I believe them to be his."

This was her reply, clearly given, but with the slowness of a person who had carefully assured herself of the truth she was about to utter. Then she moved deliberately back to her seat, leaned her head against the cross of carved work that loomed above it, and seemed about to faint.

The coroner, seeing this, was reluctant to urge further effort on her, and consulted, for a moment, with the magistrate, who sat nearest to him.

"Give her time," said the personage. "In fact, it is better to have this part of the evidence over with as soon as possible. The whole scene is enough to overwhelm a stronger person than she is. Give the lady time to recover herself; but go on with this part of the case."

Just then a stream of light came in, through the entrance door. Several persons had grouped themselves near the bronze knights that guarded it, hesitating to approach. One of these persons was Huldah Winters, and near her stood the old fisherman.

Lord Belus turned a quick glance from face to face. The one he dreaded was not there.

"Lord Belus."

Leaving his mother's chair, Lord Belus stepped forward, and reached forth his hand to be sworn; then he turned, suddenly, like one who was afraid of faltering, and walked up to the bier. It was an agitating moment, and no one wondered that the young man was deathly white.

"You are the half-brother of Lord Colgate," said the coroner, "and will be able, no doubt, to recognize his features. Look upon the dead man before you."

Lord Belus did look, long and earnestly, on the human form, which seemed to have lost all traces by which it might be identified.

"The features are so changed. I think it is my brother—I know it is my brother—but it behooves me, above all persons, to make myself certain. That I cannot do by the face alone."

The coroner ordered that more of the sail should be removed. This was done reverently from the bosom, over which both hands were folded.

Here Belus reached out his hand, with a broken cry, and checked further exposure.

"It is enough. I have no doubt now. This man is Lord Colgate, my brother."

The coroner and magistrates, startled by this sudden exclamation, gathered around the bier.

"The hands are unchanged, the face is more clearly revealed," said Belus. "I know it—yes, I know it well now; before, I was doubtful."

"Here is something," said the coroner. "A ring upon the hand. This may help us."

He stooped, and drew a seal-ring from the finger of one hand.

"It is the Stamford seal—that which the old earl always wore. This is enough. We need not continue this painful part of the examination farther. No one but Lord Colgate could have worn the seal ring of the family. There can be no identification so certain as that."

The coroner appealed to the jury as he said this, and they accepted his reasoning with grave, satisfied faces.

"Now, gentlemen," he continued, "shall we adjourn to some other room? The saddest part of our duties here are over."

Jurors and such magistrates as had been drawn to the scene, moved, breathing more freely as they went; for it seemed like escaping from a tomb. Lord Belus gave a key to the coroner, at the foot of the stairs.

"You will find the library exactly as my brother left it," he said. "That was the last room he entered before we went from the castle."

Lady Colgate did not move; she had evidently overestimated her strength; for her face looked wearily white against the carved ebony, and her breath was labored.

Belus came back from the staircase, and approached her.

"Is it over?" she questioned, opening her eyes, as she touched the hand in her lap. "Is it over?"

"All that need shock you so—but there is great need of composure. Are you breaking down?"

The lady sat upright.

"Breaking down? No; but the room—that! Take me anywhere else, and I shall be well enough."

"They have all gone to the library. We must follow them there."

Belus had taken the lady's hand, and was about to lead her away, when he observed that light was coming in from the entrance, and that a group of persons were hovering about it. One of them—a woman, with a black scarf woven among the blacker tresses of her hair—came forward, moving like a creature of midnight, through the dusk.

"Let me look upon him," she said, "before you bolt the doors—let me look upon his face."

Lady Colgate started from her chair, erect and haughty.

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"You!" she exclaimed, pointing her finger at the intruder. "You, Huldah Winters! Is there no shame even in your low blood? Would you cast disgrace on the dead, as you fastened it on the living? Is he to be followed to the very grave by tramps from the cove?"

"Lady, forbear," said Huldah Winters, drawing close to her enemy, whose white lips quivered under the venomous words that passed through them. "Lady, forbear, and do not forget that you are in the presence of death."

"I am in the presence of a living disgrace—of an audacious woman, who dares to drag her infamy into the solemn rites of a funeral, and there blazon it before the whole world, that it may sneer over a weak man's memory!"

Huldah almost smiled; for scorn of this tirade would break up even through the weight of her sorrow.

"Lady, I say again, forbear. These hot words are sacrilege in this presence. I only ask the poor privilege of looking on the face of my benefactor, and that I must have."

"Nay, but you never shall. If needful I will call down an officer of the law, to force you hence," answered the lady, panting with rage.

"Then I, too, will appeal to him," answered Huldah. "I will demand the right as a witness to assure myself and the law that Lord Colgate is indeed lying there."

That moment the two women were grandly matched: one in the pride of circumstance, the other in the force and dignity of native grandeur. There was no faltering in Huldah's speech—no fury in her eyes; but she stood erect before her tormentor, firm as a rock, quiet as the moss that grows on it.

"Unveil his face," she said to Lord Belus. "I have a right to see it. You are master here."

"It cannot be," was the answer. "The court has so ordered it. Else I would make no objections. To-morrow my brother will lie here in state. Then you can see him with the rest."

The young man spoke firmly; but he was far more gentle than his mother, who had gathered up her draperies, as if she feared that they might touch the low-born woman, and stood guard upon the scene.

"Come, mother, let us go. This good woman will be content to wait, until to-morrow," said the young man."

The countess stamped her foot upon the stone floor. She was beside herself with impatient wrath.

"No," she said. "I will not leave the keep, till this woman is thrust out of the door, and that thrice bolted behind her."

"The place must indeed be closed," said Belus, addressing Huldah. "It is so ordered by the coroner."

Huldah stood, irresolute, with her sad eyes turned mournfully on the coarse, gray pall, that seemed to cover up her own soul.

"To-morrow, you can see him with the rest," repeated Lord Belus.

At the same time, he beckoned to some one at the door, and the new gamekeeper came forward.

"You are put in charge here. See that the keep is cleared, and that no one enters, until you receive further orders.

John Winters bowed.

"As for this woman, treat her gently; but she, like the rest, must retire. The presence of strangers disturbs my mother, and is not permitted by the court. Persuade her to go away, quietly, if you can."

As these orders were given, both Huldah and Lady Colgate stood face to face, without seeing each other, clearly; for Huldah's eyes were turned on that gray pall, and those of the countess searched the face of her son.

The gamekeeper approached Huldah, and touched her arm, something he said to her, in a low voice, that seemed to change her purpose; for she lifted her head from its listening attitude, and turned to go away. Lady Colgate watched her, as she moved down the dim twilight of the keep, and passed into the open air. She did not change her watchful position, till the doors were closed, and the bolts drawn. Then she allowed Belus to take her away.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The door of the great library was unlocked, and the coroner's court entered it, with a sense of relief; for the scene below had depressed the strongest of them, with a feeling of unconquerable awe.

Here all was light and splendid coloring. Sunshine poured in, mellow and rich, through windows of painted glass, set deep in the thickness of the walls. Book-cases rose half-way to a ceiling barred with oak, on which some artist of worth had lavished years of rare imagination; thus mellowing the rude strength of medieval times into artistic beauty. Between these beams came the rich glow of gilded leather, which also extended from the cornice down the wall, forming a background for the ebony book-cases, crowded with costly volumes in white vellum, crimson, green, and dun-colored leather that threw out gleams of gold and rare coloring, even richer than that upon the walls.

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In the centre of this apartment, standing upon a large Persian rug, in which all the tints of the room were harmonized, stood the great ebony table, littered with papers, and a few books. On this, in front of the chair from which Lord Colgate had risen, when he went on that fatal excursion, stood a small desk of Oriental workmanship, open, as if it had just been used; for a sheet of note paper lay on the lining of purple velvet, and, near it, was a tiny lamp, which might have been dug from Pompeii, at which a taper had been lighted.

The coroner seated himself in the great library chair, leaned his elbow upon this desk, and keenly examined the articles upon the table, while the jury were arranging themselves.

Another man might have hesitated in doing this; for there is something that seems almost like sacrilege in occupying the chair of a dead man, while the same roof covers him and it; but, as I have said, the law has no sentiment, and this particular officer reflected that the seat was roomy, and the cushions elastic. It was nothing to him, if a human being had gone forth from this seat to his death. That was always a question to be elucidated, with as much comfort as could be arranged. Such scenes were not entirely new to him, or altogether against his taste. But there was a certain dignity in presiding at an inquest where a peer of England was the subject, and a certain sense of grandeur in occupying that nobleman's empty seat.

All at once, the coroner reached forth his hand. Close by the antique lamp, a letter was lying, with the seal uppermost.

"Here is something that confirms our evidence," he said, taking the seal-ring from his pocket, and fitting it to the wax impression. "This is probably the last letter that Lord Colgate ever wrote. See, it is stamped with the ring we took from his finger. This is indeed a marvelous confirmation."

The letter and the ring had been passed to the jury, and back again, when Lord Belus and his mother came into the library, and the examination proceeded. The countess had recovered from her faintness, and was ready to go on; but she had not much to say. Her son and Lord Colgate had been on the water a good deal of late, she said, and she regarded it as nothing strange that they should have arranged to go out, on that afternoon. Indeed, she might not have remembered it so particularly, but for the fact that, on that day, she had wished to go over some accounts with her son, and had privately asked Lord Colgate to send him back to the castle, if any other trustworthy person could be found to take charge of the boat.

The two went out together, from the old castle entrance, and she saw neither of them again, till Lord Belus came back, some time before dark. Indeed he had only been absent long enough to reach the cove, and walk leisurely back again. They had spent some time in her closet, looking over some papers. Then both had retired to dress for dinner, and were waiting for its announcement, when news was brought them that the boat that Lord Colgate had gone out in was found adrift and empty, while he was missing. The lady told her story with great precision, and when it was ended, seemed anxious to be questioned. But it was clear and simple enough, and no one cared to examine her closely; for nothing that she said bore with any weight upon the real tragedy.

Lady Colgate did not retire, at once; but seated herself in a recess of the window, and listened, intently, while her son was before the jury. She had been very pale in the keep; but now her face was flushed, and her eyes were full of feverish anxiety.

Lord Belus was examined more closely than she had been; and, sometimes, when he seemed to hesitate, she would close the large, black fan which she had moved to and fro while speaking, with a leisurely movement, and grasp it till the stick broke in her hand; but this, the only sign of agitation she made, was observed by no one but herself.

Belus told his story exactly as the mother had done, until he came to the cove. There, he said, Lord Colgate rested awhile, in old Winters' cottage, before he went down to the beach, where Keath Winters was getting the little yacht ready. Lord Belus himself strolled down to the beach, and was talking with Keath, when the earl came from the cottage and joined them. Then Lord Belus aided his brother to enter the craft, and saw him seated by the helm. When himself about to leap on board, Lord Colgate had prevented him, spoke of his promise to the countess, and insisted that Keath was quite able to manage the craft, while he would take the helm. Lord Belus had protested against that, but the earl persisted; and, at last, he left the boat, with great reluctance, and went back to the castle, leaving two persons on board, Lord Colgate and Keath Winters. He could not swear that they had put out to sea at all; for the craft was at the beach, when he left it; but that was the last time he saw Lord Colgate alive.

At what hour did he get back to the castle?—about half-past five—certainly before six. It

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was a little before five, when he left the cove. But his mother could give the exact time; for she dropped her watch, as he came in—some spring was broken, and the pointers never turned again. If the watch had not been mended, the jury could get the exact time on its face.

The watch was brought, shattered and silenced by a fall upon the stone floor. The pointers stood at fifteen minutes before six.

After a few questions, courteously put by the coroner, and deliberately answered, Lord Belus closed his evidence. Then Huldah Winters was called.

She came into the library, alone, calm then, but with traces of past excitement in and around her eyes. No marble could be whiter than her face—no Greek statue ever embodied more suppressed misery.

The woman had nothing of moment to tell. Lord Colgate had stopped at her cottage to rest himself, after his walk to the cove, as was usual with him. He had seemed in good spirits, and spoke cheerfully of the little sea trip, for which the smack had been put in readiness by her son, Keath Winters. Lord Belus, who was with the earl, did not stop at the cottage; but went down to the beach, and also busied himself about the craft. After awhile Lord Colgate went down to the water, walking slowly, as he always did. Old Winters had laid down his work, and wanted to follow him, but the earl waved him back, smiling pleasantly, and went down alone.

Huldah had waited in the porch to make sure that he reached the boat in safety; for the path, downward, was dangerously steep, and she was anxious about him. She saw him enter the boat and seat himself. Both of the young men were aboard, and both seemed anxious to seat him comfortably. Then one leaped ashore, and went up the opposite side of the cove, waving his hand back toward the boat.

"Which one was that?" questioned the coroner.

"I cannot swear to that," answered the woman, after a pause, in which she lifted her hand to her throat, as if a spasm of pain had seized her there. "Lord Belus and my son were dressed alike in the clothing of young fishermen. They are of the same height, and the distance was so great that I could not see the features clearly enough to be certain. Still there was something in his walk, and the gesture he flung, back convinced me then that it was Keath—my son."

"Are you sure of this?"

"I cannot swear to it; but that was my belief."

"And is this all?"

"All, save that I saw the boat put out into the cove a few minutes after the young man left it."

"And you never saw Lord Colgate again?"

The woman could not answer at once. A quiver stirred the whiteness of her face; a painful movement of the lips brought forth no sound; but the effort seemed to wring tears from her heart, that mounted with pathetic slowness to her eyes.

"You never saw Lord Colgate again?" repeated the coroner, less deferential to this woman than he had been to the great lady, sitting there in the recess, and watching these proceedings with feverish impatience,

"I never saw him again," answered Huldah, with a wild effort to speak calmly, "save at a distance, when they took him from the water."

Huldah could hardly stand now; the strain upon her nerves had been too great. She moved away from the tables slowly, and with dignity; but held out her arms, with pathetic entreaty for help, when she saw old Winters standing by the door.

If she had been an angel the old man could not have supported her more reverently.

"Bethink you," he whispered, as her head fell upon his shoulder, "bethink you, these people should not see such grief. It is beyond their understanding. My lady will make an offence of your tears."

"Keath Winters!" called out a voice from the library.

Huldah lifted her head, suddenly.

"Keath—Keath! Great heavens, where is he?" she said, wildly questioning the old man.

"Keath Winters!" repeated the voice.

Silence for a moment; then the coroner said: "Let the woman be called back."

Huldah stood before him again.

"Your son—he does not answer to his name. Where is he?"

"I do not know. Since yesterday I have not seen him."

"Not since yesterday? That seems strange."

Here Lady Colgate leaned forward, clutching her fan so fiercely that the costly thing was crushed to splinters in her hand. When the coroner spoke she drew back with an unholy smile on her lips.

Lord Belus did not move or even look at his mother. Of those two, the young man, with the first silken down of youth upon his lips, was the most composed.

"Let a search be made for the young man. So far the evidence clearly points to him as the last person who saw Lord Colgate alive. Until he is found, it may be well to adjourn the inquest. We

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have still another painful duty to do down at the fishermen's cove."

There was a general breaking-up of the inquest now. Those who had gathered in the old castle left it with grave faces—some anxious and doubtful, and all wondering that Keath Winters, generally so prompt and earnest, should be absent when much depended on his evidence.

As the day grew older, these feelings deepened into anxiety, then distrust followed, and at nightfall the whole neighborhood was in a state of excitement over Keath Winters' disappearance. When the coroner's jury met at the cove, and stood around the little bed on which Delia Fitch lay, shrouded in white like a folded lily, there was no room for turbulent emotion. That had been exhausted over the great man at the castle. With regard to the girl, no evidence whatever existed. There had been no marks of violence on her person—no reason produced why she should have been obnoxious to any human being. Even a vague theory of suicide was abandoned; for the girl had seemed happy enough, so far as the primitive people in the cove could remember, and no possible reason for a violent death, either by an enemy or her own hands, could be discovered.

Delia had always been a creature of vagrant habits, who spent half her existence in the open air. From her first childhood, she had loved to roam in the wild places of the park, bathe her feet in the fresh mountain stream, and wade sometimes waist deep, for water-lilies, in the beautiful season of their blooming. And this was the summer time, when the deep pools were white with them. Was it improbable that the wild thing had gone beyond her depth and been dragged down to her death among the flowers she loved? One of them was grasped in her hand when they found her floating there among the green pods—a flower untimely plucked as she had been. They brought in, accordingly, a verdict of *Accidental Drowning*.

One thing some of the more observant jurymen observed with curious interest. All the time of the inquest, a little boy, with soft, questioning eyes, and the noiseless movements of a hare, hovered around the room, and listened to all that was said, but crept away if anyone spoke to him, or even looked earnestly in his face, as if frightened by the least approach to observation. Some one asked if this pretty lad was akin to the dead girl, but was answered promptly:

"Oh, nothing of the kind. That was only little Tim, the grandson of old Markham, head keeper at the park. But he was fond of Delia Fitch, and used to follow after her like a pet lamb, when she perched herself among the rocks or roamed about the wild haunts of Trevylan. That was why he could not bear to leave her, now that she was dead. He was a silent, fanciful boy that no one could fully understand, but sweet-tempered and gentle as a tame pigeon."

So the inquest ended, and the next day poor little Delia was carried out from Winters' cottage on a rustic bier, for the people in "the cove" loved her, wild as she was, and could not bear that she should be shut up in a hearse. Enough strong young fellows, who had been admirers of the girl, could be found among the fishermen, to carry her light form from "the cove" to the church away yonder in the village of Trevylan, where the yew trees kept their greenness all the year round, and one of the oldest churches in England cast its shadow on the turf below.

"It," said one of them, with tears in his honest eyes, "will be within hearing of the sea, and Delia loved that. She will feel the waves sob and the winds moan. Who knows that her prayers up yonder, in heaven, will not keep us from harm, when the storms rage fiercest. Make sure she will do it, if the angels will let her."

With low-spoken words like these, the neighbors took their last farewell of Delia, lying serenely in her coffin, clad in snow-white robes, and a crown of water-lilies on her golden hair; for Tim had plucked the flowers, fresh from the kisses of the water, and besought Huldah to weave them around Delia's head, that the sweetness of their breath might be with her in the grave. Huldah humored him, though her own heart was aching sadly with a deeper grief than the death of that fair girl could ever bring.

When the funeral procession came up from the cove, little Tim followed it, afar off, carrying a rose bush, heavy with blood-red blossoms. All the time, his eyes were full of tears, and his lips moved with whispered thoughts, he was giving to the flowers, which he fully believed would reveal them to his dead friend, at night, when the dews were falling over her. For he intended to plant it above her heart, and hoped that it might stir a little, when the roots crept downwards.

If any of the mourners saw the boy, toiling under his sacred burden, they gave no sign. When the service was read, and the crowd went slowly away, Tim crept out from the deep shadows of the church, and, with his small hands, removed a square of the newly-cut turf, and, scooping out the earth, planted his rose, with soft, hesitating touches, as if he were afraid of disturbing the fair, dead thing underneath.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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HOW I GAINED A HUSBAND.

BY MAY E. STONE.

It sounds odd, I know, but I should probably never have married Charlie, had it not been for Peterson's Magazine. Every month, when it comes, now, looking so fresh and inviting, I feel just like exclaiming, "Oh, you dear creature! here you are again. You can't guess how much I owe you! Where would this nice home, and that great, noble husband of mine be, but for you? Why I should as soon think of wearing my winter bonnet in dog-days, as to get along without that magazine."

Almost every one in our set had made up their minds that I would marry Ralph Arnold. I thought a good deal about it myself. He was rich and handsome; but somehow he didn't suit me. Ralph proposed regularly every week, and I had to keep putting him off. More than once, I was on the point of saying "yes," but then an uncomfortable feeling would intrude itself, that it would be a terribly dismal thing to spend one's whole life with such a man as Ralph Arnold.

But grandmamma favored it, and continually urged me on. "I can't see what you are thinking about, Estelle," she would say. "You know very well that when I am gone, you will be all alone in the world—and poor."

This, alas, was very true. Our little hoard had almost all been spent in endeavoring to keep up appearances. Grandmamma was my only living relative, and when she died, I would have no one to look to.

One dismal afternoon, in early winter, I sat by the parlor window, looking out on the dreary scene. I was dreadfully low in spirits. We had just put another mortgage on the old place; and grandmamma, in consequence, was unusually fretful. She had driven me almost frantic with her reproaches. At last, when I could bear it no longer, I said, recklessly, "If you won't say another word to me on the subject, grandmamma, I'll tell Ralph Arnold, to-night, I'll marry him, and let that end it."

Upon this she kissed me, and called me her "dear, good child," saying I would never regret it, and that I had made her "so happy!"

But all this didn't ease my heart in the least, which grew heavier and heavier, and I kept winking the tears back that would persist in filling my eyes.

"I won't be quite an idiot," I said, sharply, to myself. "I'll do something, this very moment." Then I happened to think it was the night for my magazine to come. "I'll go down to the post-office for it," I thought; "if anything in this world can cheer me up, that will."

So, wrapping a thick shawl about me, and tying my scarlet hood over my head, I started out. I found my magazine awaiting me, and had just turned the corner, by the court-house, to return home, when who should I see coming up the street towards me, but Ralph Arnold?

Of course he was by my side in an instant; "so glad to see you," he said, effusively.

In return, I only bowed.

After we had walked for a block or so, and I had favored him with short, crusty answers to all his overtures, he said, in a trembling voice:

"Have you made up your mind, Stella?"

Now, I knew perfectly well what he meant. But I feigned ignorance, and inquired, in an innocent tone:

"What in the world do you mean, Ralph?"

"Why—ah, you know—Stella; didn't I—ask you—the other night, if—if—you'd have me?"

Horrors! What a feeling of disgust came over me. Was this the knight who had always haunted my imagination?

Was this the hero of my dreams? Was this the man I was to choose, for better or worse, to be my husband, to lean on, and to love, as long as life should last?

This Ralph Arnold, with his sickly, yellow hair, and a face as devoid of expression as the painted dolls I saw, every day, in the shop-windows.

I turned faint.

But my promise to grandmamma came to me. "I might as well say 'yes,' and be done with it," I said, bitterly, to myself. "Ralph has money, and that is all that is needed, they say, in this world. Perhaps, he insn't any more of an idiot than the rest, after all."

"Ralph," I said aloud, "I *have* thought the matter over, and have concluded to say—"

"I beg your pardon, miss," interrupted a strange voice, at this instant.

I turned, suddenly, and there stood a great, noble-looking man, with the blackest eyes and hair I ever saw, holding his hat in one hand, and my Peterson's Magazine in the other

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"You dropped this, a moment ago," he said, bowing, and holding my magazine towards me. "I have taken the liberty to return it."

I managed to stammer a few words of thanks; and with another low bow, he walked away.

"What a great popinjay that fellow is!" exclaimed Ralph, looking angrily after him. "I never heard of such impudence."

"I don't consider it at all impudent in him," I retorted, sharply. "It is no more than any gentleman would have done. I would not have lost my magazine for a good deal."

"But he might have handed it to me—the clown!"

"You didn't drop it," I retorted. "I won't hear another word against that gentleman, Ralph Arnold."

By this time, we had reached our gate. "Won't you answer my question, Stella?" said Ralph, leaning over it.

"No, I won't," I replied, thoroughly angry; and running up the steps, I slammed the door after me, leaving Ralph to do what he thought best.

Dropping into a low chair, before the grate, in my own room, I opened my magazine. The stories were unsually good, but I could not get interested in them. A handsome face, and a pair of black eyes, kept getting in the way.

Grandmamma scolded, at my being so absent-minded, at the supper-table, and fretted the whole evening because Ralph did not put in an appearance.

"You'll lose him, Estelle, as sure as you're born," she exclaimed; and when he did not come, the next evening, or the next, she grew almost wild with anxiety.

On the night of Nellie Briggs' party, which occurred about a week later, she superintended my toilet herself, even going so far as to lend me her diamond necklace, which, always before, she had declared, "Was not fit for a young girl to wear."

"Now, do your best," were her parting words. "Don't, for mercy's sake, let him slip out of your hands, to-night."

The getting a dress, for this evening, had been quite an event; but here PETERSON came to our aid. We selected one of his patterns, and made it up ourselves; and no other girl had so stylish a dress, not even Miss Bond, who had just returned from Paris.

"How lovely you look," cried Nellie, rushing up to me, as I entered the room. "Your dress is simply perfection—such taste—all the rest look like dowdies beside you."

I heard her, with a beating heart; for the very first pair of eyes I had encountered, was a dark-eyed pair, that I had been continually dwelling on, ever since I dropped my magazine. Nelly went on, breathlessly:

"I am so glad, too, you are looking divinely; for I want to introduce you to a gentleman here, from New York—he came here with the Van Cleets—a Mr. McGregor. He's perfectly grand, and—would you believe it?—he has been asking me all about you. I promised to introduce him as soon as you came. All the girls are wild over him."

"Very well, Nellie, just as you think best," I said, trying to look composed, though my heart beat faster and faster.

She was back in a moment, with the very identical hero of my lost magazine.

I acknowledged the introduction gravely, and accepted Mr. McGregor's arm for a promenade.

"Have you thoroughly perused PETERSON, Miss Wood?" he asked, presently. "Just think, if I had not come to the rescue, you would have foregone that pleasure."

"Oh, indeed! are you the gentleman who found my magazine," I said, pretending great surprise. "I am sure I thank you very much, as PETERSON and I are such inseparable friends that I should have felt its loss keenly."

Poor Ralph glared at me all that evening, whenever I danced or promenaded with Mr. McGregor, which was very often, as he paid me exclusive attention. When he assisted me into the carriage, he requested permission "to call," on the following day. You may be sure it was readily granted.

He came, and came again and again, much to grandmamma's disgust, who, as well she might, considered him a formidable rival to Ralph.

From his conversation, I inferred that he was poor; but only from that, as the Van Cleets, whom he visited, were the wealthiest and most influential people in town. Having always been obliged to pinch in every possible way, in order to carry out grandmamma's rôle of keeping up apppearances, I looked on being poor as decidedly the most disagreeable thing under the sun; but viewing it in a new light now, I gradually lost all my old distaste, and often caught myself picturing love in a cottage, like the heroine of a fourth-rate novel. At last, when Charlie asked me to marry him, which was one evening late that fall, I answered "yes," without the slightest hesitation, or any such a feeling of disgust as I experienced in poor Ralph Arnold's case.

We were to be married at Christmas time. Grandmamma, after evincing considerable dissatisfaction, had given her full consent, and I was supremely happy. Only one thing troubled me: Charlie was so extravagant. He would persist

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in sending, every day, the most beautiful bouquet the hot-house afforded, besides making me presents of articles that I knew to be far beyond his means. At last, when he slipped an elegant solitaire upon my finger, as an engagement ring, I felt called upon to remonstrate.

"I don't care for this ring, Charlie," I said.

"Why, Stella?" he asked, in a surprised tone. "Would you have liked a larger diamond? I can easily change it."

"I didn't want a diamond ring at all, Charlie. You cannot afford it: you are poor, you know."

"You little goose," he said, with a low laugh, "who said I was poor?"

"Why, I judged so from your own conversation—nothing else."

"My darling," he said, seriously, "I confess I gave you that idea, but I never said so. I wanted to be sure of your heart, Stella," and I think he was.

I will not deny that it was a pleasant surprise, when I learned that he was even richer than Ralph Arnold; besides it silenced grandmamma's complaints. Still, I had loved him for himself, and even if he had been poor, would never have repented.

"Do you know," Charlie said to me the other day, "that I nearly fell in love with you at first sight? But my thraldom was complete when I saw you at the party, in that exquisite dress. I never tire of having you wear it, as you are aware."

"Well," said I, "we owe it all to PETERSON. Your picking the magazine up for me was the first thing; and that dress I owe entirely to my pet periodical. Even you could see how much more style there was in it, than in the monstrosities copied from others."

"Yes, the rest of the girls looked like frights beside you," he said, bending down and kissing me.

If ever my unmarried readers get married—as of course they will—I hope their husbands will be as nice as Charlie. If they are it will be, no doubt, because of PETERSON.

A RAINY DAY.

BY FAITH LINCOLN.

ACROSS the plain and o'er the hill,
The wintry winds are whistling chill,
And floods of rain are driven fast,
Like mist before the sweeping blast,
The lowering sky is downward bent
In heavy masses, torn and rent;
And sudden gusts of wind sweep by,
With moaning sound and wailing cry.

The low, dull sobbing of the rain
Sounds like a human soul in pain;
The pouring out of bitter tears
O'er buried hopes and wasted years.
The night draws on, and darker gloom,
Like gathering shadows of the tomb,
Steals o'er the earth and hides the sky,
And still the tempest rages high.

My heart grows sad, my eyes will fill
With bitter tears against my will;
I murmur at the storm of life,
Its days of tempest, years of strife;
Forgetful of the former days,
When I was led in pleasant ways,
By sparkling water, cool and sweet,
On paths made smooth for stumbling feet.

Shall I not drink one bitter draught,
Since Thou a deadlier potion quaffed?
Shall I be free from pain and loss,
When Thou hast borne a heavier cross?
Lord, help me come into the light,
And walk by faith, nor ask for sight,
To trust in Thee, in Thee abide,
While storm and tempests roar outside.

ON THE SHORE.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

THE waves were lapsing on the shore,
In whispering, idle mood,
His hand clasped hers, as oft of yore:
Expectantly, they stood.

The sunset clouds were tipped with gray,
No breezes were astir,
His eyes were looking far away,
His thoughts were all of her.

"Good-bye," they said, still side by side;
No other words would come.
But when heart-doors are opened wide,
The lips may well be dumb.

One look, one kiss, they walked on air.
The way was dark no more:
A new-born light made all things fair,
It swept from shore to shore.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give (No. 1), this month, a front and back view of a dinner-dress of satin and cashmere, either in black or light colors. Both the front and back view is given. The robe is cut in the

No. 1.

princess shape, and with a long train. The dress is of cashmere; around the bottom is a ruching of satin. Also, the entire plastroon front is of satin. From under the lace the cashmere is very much

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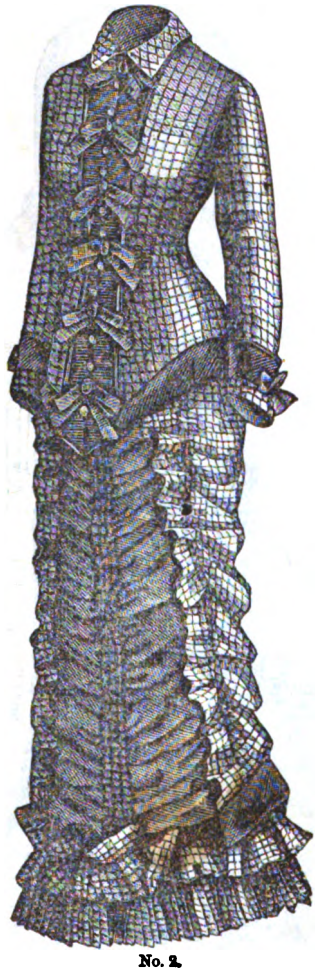
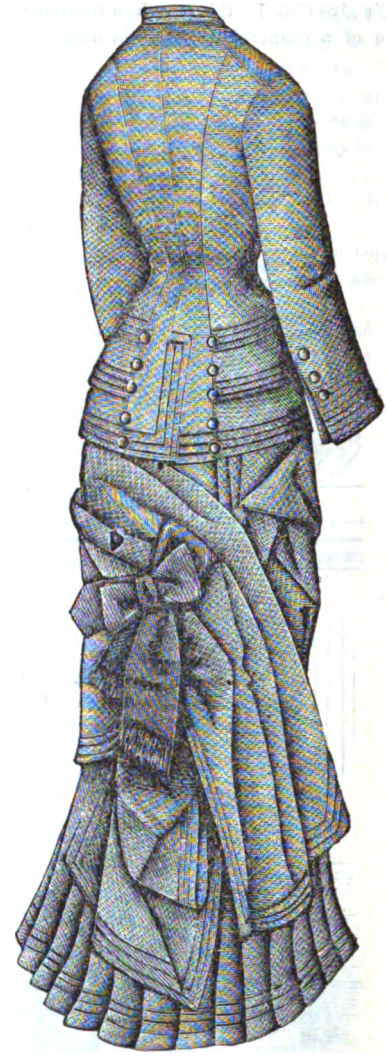
wrinkled, for the sides, and the back is laid in a double box-plait, down which the lace is put on in a jabot, with loops of satin ribbon between, finishing with a flat bow just below the waist-line. The front, which is cut square in the neck, is trimmed with the lace laid on flat, turned in to shape to the figure at the waist, and so carried around the neck. Large, flat-looped bows of the satin ribbon ornament the front. Elbow-sleeves, edged with lace, finished by band and bow of ribbon. Imitation, Mechlin, Spanish, or Russian lace will trim well. Ten to twelve yards of cashmere, and four yards satin will be required. Twelve yards lace, and twelve yards satin ribbon.



No. 2.

No. 2 is a short costume, of plain and plaid camel's hair material, suitable for early autumn wear. The very narrow, round skirt has, first, a knife-plaiting of the plaid; then upon the foundation, upon which it is made, the front of the plain material is arranged, being gathered very full, with four rows of shirring exactly in the middle. Then the second trimming on the skirt is placed; this is a plaiting, sewed in the



No. 3.

middle, so forming a heading. The back of the skirt commenced at the sides, very far in front, and is of the plaid, gathered very full at the sides; in the back it is quite bouffant; the edge is bound with a broad bias of the plain material. The bodice is a long basque, turned up on from the front, over the hips, and coming to a point again in the back to correspond with the front. The basque is made of the plaid, and the vest

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and turned-up edges are of the solid color, also the cuffs. Bows of narrow satin ribbon to cor-

No. 4.

respond, finish this pretty costume. Eighteen yards of double-fold plaid goods, and two yards

No. 5.

of plain, same width, will be required. One piece of inch-wide ribbon.

No. 3 is a morning-costume of tan-colored serge, or de bege, trimmed with brown worsted braid. The skirt which is kilted, is ornamented with three rows of brown braid. The tablier, short in the front, crosses at the back with ends, which are fastened down with a brown silk or ribbon bow and ends. The coat-bodice is trimmed with braid to simulate a triple basque, and is finished with buttons of smoked pearl. The cuffs, to correspond, are opened up the back seam. Ten to twelve yards, double width goods, or double the quantity of single-width material.

No. 6.

Two dozen yards brown braid, twenty-eight buttons.

No. 4 is a design for a coat-bodice, with vest. Suitable for a walking or house-costume. The vest is entirely separate, and made of striped silk and satin, corresponding with the color of the costume. The coat is cut to fit the figure to a nicety, and buttons on both sides on to the

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No. 7.

No. 8—A.

vest, holding it in place. As it is very much cut away, this buttoning down is necessary to keep it in place. The collar turns over in front, and a jabot of lace is worn with this jacket. Coat-sleeves, with plain cuff. A good design for black cashmere, with striped silk and satin for vest, and a little of it upon the skirt to carry out the design in the whole costume.

No. 5.—For a girl of six years, we have a claret serge costume. It is trimmed with fancy braid and gilt buttons. The princess frock has pardessus fronts; it is edged with a knife-plaiting. Collars, cuffs and pockets to match.

No. 8—B.

Nos. 6 and 7 is the back and front of a dress for a girl from twelve to fourteen years of age; the dress can be made of camel's hair, cashmere or of any woolen stuff, and the collar and cuffs can be of silk, velvet or velveteen; or the whole dress can be of velveteen, if preferred. The deep kilt-plaiting is attached to a cambric skirt, and the deep basque and vest come well over the plaiting. The jacket and vest can be made separately, or the vest can be attached to the under part of the jacket.

No. 8.—A and B. For a boy of five to seven years, we give the back and front of the costume,

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No. 9.

which consists of tight, knee pants, vest and jacket. The vest and jacket are made together. The suit is trimmed with narrow, white worsted braid, and made of navy blue flannel. For morning-dressing use, make of fine, white flannel, and trim with blue braid and gilt buttons.

No. 9 is a cashmere mantelet for a young girl, to be made of black for the street, white, pink or pale blue, for evening wear, or a seaside wrap. The ends are pointed, and a hood is simulated at the back, and ornamented with bows. The edge is finished with a tasseled fringe to match.

PATTERNS OF OUR Every-Dresses, or for the costumes in our colored fashion plate, or for our Children's dresses, paletot, etc., may be had on application by letter enclosing price of pattern, of Mrs. M. A. Jones, Importer and Designer of Paper Patterns, No. 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

We also call particular attention to a beautiful line of Patterns for Ladies and Children furnished by her, and for which there is not space in this book. All patterns are put together and styles of trimming sent without extra charge. We give list of prices for a few principal patterns.

Watteau Wrapper,	50 cts.	Talmas,	35 cts.
Princess Dress,	50 "	Waterproofs,	35 "
Polonaise,	50 "	Wrappers,	35 "
Trimmed Skirt,	50 "	Children's Dresses, plain,	25 "
Basques,	35 "	Combination Suits,	35 "
Coats,	35 "	Boys' Suit Patterns,	25 to 50 "
Cut-aways,	35 "	Underwear,	20 and 25 "
Over-Skirts,	35 "	Good-fitting shirt patterns,	50 "

For shirt pattern, send size of Neck, Yoke and Sleeve. Measure for Ladies: Bust, Waist, length of Back from neck to waist. For Children: length from neck to bottom of skirt front, also age and whether large or small. Also a new and very complete Dress Chart, with all the latest improvements for modern styles. Fully taught, $5.00. Without instructions, $1.25. Any questions about material or trimming cheerfully answered. In sending orders, please send address plainly written, with county and State, to Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

DESIGN FOR A CURTAIN.

The curtain, of which we give an illustration in front of the number, may be made of almost any material that is convenient. Double-width, colored Canton flannel, brown holland, grey linen, unbleached sheeting, or colored flannel for blankets all look well, though it should be borne in mind that the color of the curtain should harmonize as far as possible with the tone of the room in which it is placed. Our illustration is a curtain of gray linen; the wide part of the border has the linen cut away, and the open spaces are button holes, and filled in with many fancy lace stitches; the narrow borders are done in cross-stitch, with coarse, colored crewels on canvas, and the canvas threads are pulled out after the working, leaving only the pattern to be seen; the upright patterns are done in the same way, and the fringe is made by drawing the threads of the linen, and then knotting them. A coarse lace is sewed on the edge of the curtain lengthwise, and large brass or wooden rings are attached to the top, and these slide easily over a plain rod, by the cord which is put through the rings.

The curtain may be made much more simply by substituting a braiding pattern for the cut-out lace-work, or even by taking a piece of crétonne, of pretty color and pattern, about half a yard in depth, and omitting the embroidery above and below if desired. Colored flannel that will harmonize with the room, put on with black braid, the braid either stitched on plain, or put on in feather-stitch or chain-stitch, with a yellow or red crewel, looks admirably.

For instance, the broad stripe may be of maroon or dull red flannel, and the upper and lower stripes may be of rather a dull blue or olive-green or any other color that will look well with the furniture, and these stripes may be separated and edged above and below, by black worsted braid, and across the braid may be cat-stitching in yellow worsted or crewel. An ingenious seamstress can vary these curtains in a dozen ways.

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BLOUSE FOR LITTLE BOY. (WITH SUPPLEMENT.)

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, here, an engraving of a BLOUSE FOR A LITTLE BOY, of from three to five years of age. Folded in this number, is a SUPPLEMENT, giving, full-size, the various parts of the pattern for this pretty blouse.

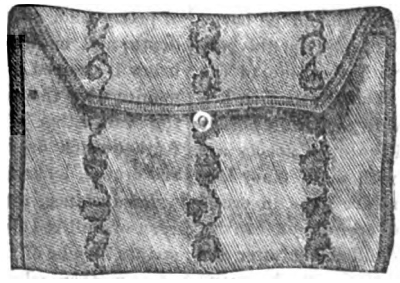
It will be seen, that there is, first, a kilted skirt attached to a petticoat-body. Over this is worn the blouse.

The pattern consists of seven pieces, all of which are numbered and lettered where they are to be sewn together. The front is double-breasted, and the dotted line indicates the middle. It buttons over on the side.

Make of plaid woolen, double-width material. For the back, lay first the plaits, and then cut by the pattern. The dotted lines show where the plaits are to be put. The belt is separate, and bound with braid, also bind the cuffs, collar and pockets.

BOOT AND SHOE BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This travelling-bag is intended for enclosing boots and shoes in wear, so as to keep them, when packed, from too close contact with more delicate wearing apparel. It is of brown holland or crash, and the interior is divided into three or four compartments. The edges are bound with scarlet worsted braid, and the embroidery is worked in scarlet wool.

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WAX FLOWERS. No. 9.

BY MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON.

THE PERIWINKLE.

Materials.—Steel cutting-pin, one bottle crimson paint (dry), one package white wax, one spool green cotton-wound wire, one bottle green paint, dark. These materials will make a cluster of periwinkles, a cluster of white and a cluster of crimson verbenas, leaving enough for a handsome spray of ivy and tea-roses.

Have ready a cup of water and a clean sheet of writing paper. Cut of stiff paper or card board a pattern like Fig. 1. Then lay a sheet of wax

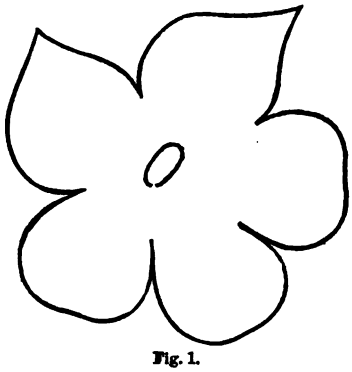

Fig. 1.

down smooth on the writing paper. Wet the point of the pin in water, and carefully cut out exactly by the pattern. Three of the size and shape of Fig. 1, will be enough. Then wet the ball part of the pin in water, shake off the drops; then place your "periwinkle" in the left hand, and roll the curved edges cup-shaped with the ball part of the pin. This can be easily done.

Each one of the three should be prepared in this manner, and laid aside until the stems are ready. Cut from the spool wire one stem two and one-half inches long, make a hook by bending the wire over at one end; on this hook a small piece of wax should be placed (about as large as two pin-heads); this can be done with the very small scraps of white wax. Color this small ball with the crimson paint, rubbed on with a small Canton flannel cloth. Cut two more pieces of wire one and one-half inches long, and prepared in exactly the same manner. Then you place the "periwinkles" on their stems. This is done by carefully punching the stem-wire through the centre of the flower (just enough to bring the ball through on the right side), pressing the flowers up neatly and carefully around the stem, leaving the longest or centre stem to project half an inch above the others. You can now make the leaves.

Cut a card board pattern like Fig. 2. Then

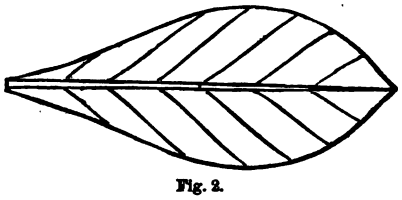

Fig. 2.

out of scraps of white wax, cut by the pattern six pieces like Fig. 2. These when stemmed will make three leaves. For the stems, cut of the wire three pieces one and one-half inches long. Take two leaves and lay together, with the wire laid in between nearly the whole length of the leaf; press together firmly, then lay down on the table, and with the pin (first dipped in water,) make small veins, as represented by Fig. 2.

The three leaves are stemmed together with the cluster of flowers, the leaves projecting above the flowers.

DESIGN FOR STOCKING EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give, as an extra embellishment, a colored design for embroidery for stockings.

Place the design not so far upon the toe of the stocking as we have given it. Want of space necessitated it here; but upon the stocking, if so placed, much of the work would be lost.

Use fine embroidery silk, of a contrasting color to the stocking, upon which the embroidering is to be done.

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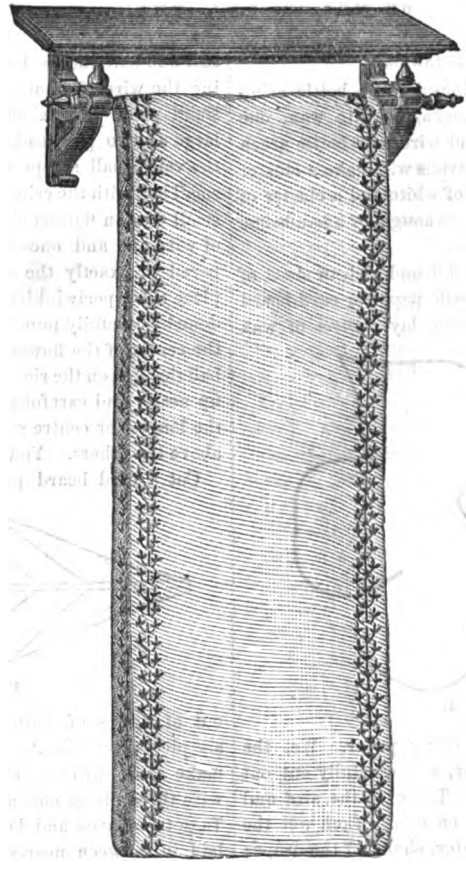
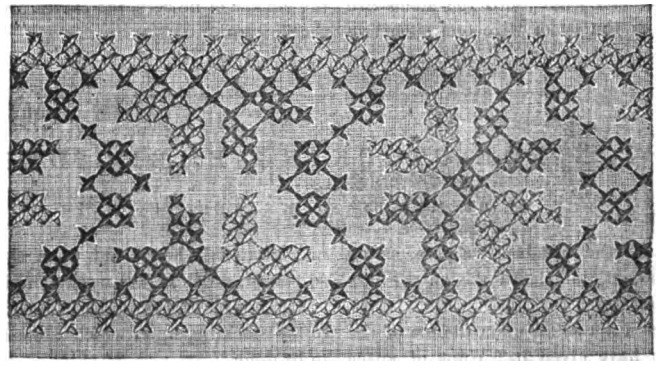
BATH ROOM RACK AND TOWEL, WITH DETAIL OF BORDER, FULL SIZE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



These towels are made of fine Russia crash, and the border is worked with red or blue, or both in combination. French working cotton in simple cross-stitch, a design for which we give in full-size.



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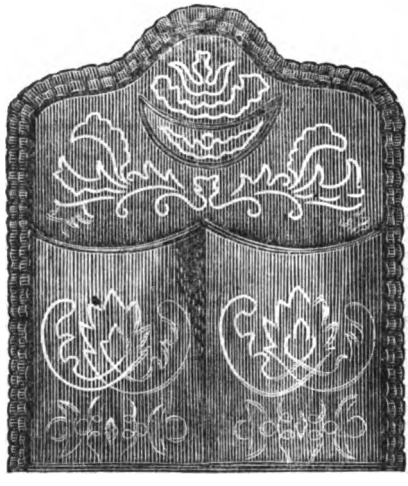
BRUSH BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This useful bag can be made any size desired. The material is brown holland, which is braided with crimson, and bound with crimson braid. The small pocket in the form of a crescent is bound all around with the braid, before being sewn on the bag, which is finished by a quilling of crimson braid, as may be seen by the engraving. A loop is attached to hang it to the wall.

ETEGERE, FOR BOOKS OR CHINA.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give an engraving of an *Etegere*, and also of design in embroidery for the lambrequin with which it is decked. This *Etegere* may be used either for books, or for china, or for the various nick-nacks that all refined women delight to collect.

Any carpenter can make a set of deal shelves, that can be stained black; there is no need for the elaborate ornamentation which is seen in our diagram, on the sides at the top; the back can be of quilted silk, of some dark color, if preferred; but if books are to be placed on it, that is unnecessary; and if it is for the purpose of displaying china, etc., the black wood will answer just as well.

The *lambrequin* (of which we give a pattern), which ornaments the edge of the shelves, may be of crimson, blue or any other colored cloth, that may be fancied; it is cut in large scallops, and these scallops are pinked out on the edges; and the embroidery may be in different colored crewels.

SLIPPER: IN EMBROIDERY.

In the front of the number, we give an engraving of a slipper in embroidery. Two illustrations are for the toe and heel. The pattern (in order to get it in the page,) had to be cut in half; but the lower part of the pattern joins exactly, as will be seen, to the upper, and so completes the one strip.

Cloth, or dark velvet, may be used for the foundation of this pretty slipper; and the edge may be dispensed with if required. The embroidery is worked with silks of darker shades, but of the same color as the ground. The edge is soutache, barred down with silk of a darker shade. The design also looks well worked in shades of gray and white silks on a black satin ground.

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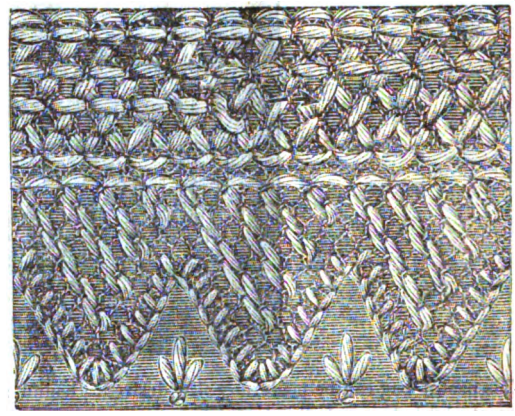
BAG FOR SOILED COLLARS, LACES, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The foundation of the bag is scarlet or blue cashmere, lined with white linen. It is cut in three pieces, measuring twelve inches long, and seven inches wide, cut to a pointed form at the bottom. These three parts are ornamented with darned mosquito net, part stripe of which is given in the full size, and two rows of embroidery worked with white linen flossette. The three parts are sewed together, the seam covered with a fancy linen or cotton braid. A hoop of cane or wire is sewn in at the top, to keep the bag in shape. The top is trimmed with torchon lace, and three lengths of ribbon are joined at the top under a bow. A bow of ribbon is also placed at the bottom of the bag. A most useful as well as ornamental contrivance for the purpose.

NAMES FOR MARKING.

Berthe Claire Céline
Cécile Elise Gabrielle
Hélène Isabelle Jeanne
Louise Lucy

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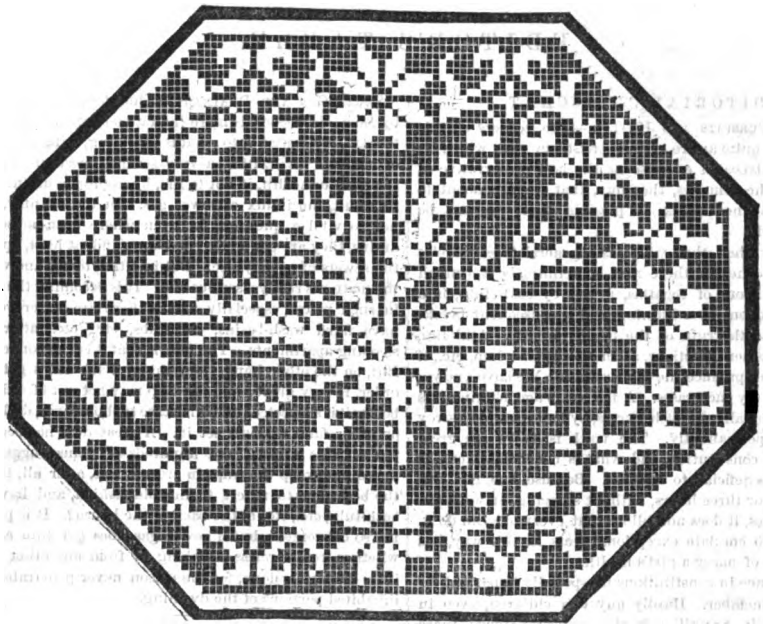
BREAD-CLOTH: IN CROCHET.



The materials for this useful article are about five reels of crochet cotton.

Make a chain of 160 stitches, and work on it one row in Dc.

2d Row.—Begin with one chain, and work two Dc in each of the two first Dc of last row. One Dc in each of the others, except the two last, in both of which work two, and end with a chain-stitch.

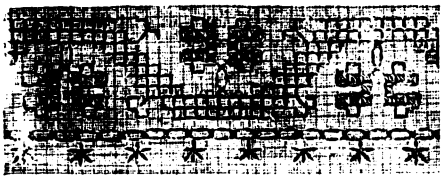
The remainder is to be worked from the design, in ordinary square crochet, but as there is first an increase of a square at each end, and afterwards a decrease, to the same extent in every row, the space in the centre only being without either increase or diminution, we will describe the way in which the decrease is so effected as to leave a regular edge; the increase being always done as we have described in the second row. There re two close squares at each end.

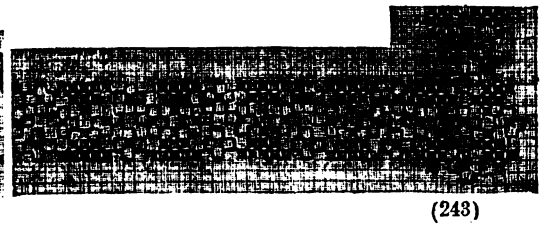
For the Decrease.—Slip on the first stitch, Sc on the next, Sdc on the next, Dc on the fourth, do three more Dc, two Ch, which form the first open square in the line. At the other extremity reverse the process, working on the four last stitches, one Dc, one Sdc, one Sc, one slip. In the succeeding rows that are decreased, make the slip stitch on the first Dc stitch of the previous row, at each end, thus shortening every row by three stitches.

The edge being of two close squares, allows for all the ends being worked in, which should invariably be done.

Work one row of open square crochet all round, with the Dc stitches sufficiently close at the corners to set flat; and in every square knot a fringe of twelve or sixteen strands, and two inches deep.

BORDERS: CROSS AND ITALIAN STITCH.





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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Athletic Pursuits and Health.—The readers of this magazine are quite aware of the persistency with which its pages have advocated exercise as the best preservative of health. In the remarks, therefore, that we are about to make, we do not think it possible that we can be misunderstood.

We will say, then, that, while, as a general rule, exercise is conducive to health, there may, sometimes, be too much of it. The history of regattas, rowed by boat-clubs, is a history of frequent over-training, and a consequent break-down, often to the ruin of the health for life. Athletics, practiced in other directions, as in the gymnasium, etc., if pursued too far, produce the same results. We have known, personally, many such cases. A few years ago, skating was carried, occasionally, to such excess, by ladies, as to destroy their health permanently. The truth is, there are great differences in constitution, and what is beneficial to one, is not always beneficial to another. Because one girl can skate for two or three hours, without stopping, or walk ten or twenty miles, it does not follow that every one can do it. The attempt to emulate exceptional feats, in this way, has been the ruin of many a girl's health.

This difference in constitutions is especially important for parents to remember. Hardly any two children, even in the same family, are alike in this respect. Hence, there can be no greater mistake than to insist on every child taking the same amount of exercise; for the result is that the stronger vitalities furnish the rule, and the weaker ones are, so to speak, over-trained. This danger is well illustrated in a story, told by an eminent physician, in regard to a swimming school that he once visited. Some twenty boys went into the water together, and the lesson lasted half an hour. At the end of that time, the more robust came out all in a glow; but others were blue with cold, and did not get over the bath all day. In the latter cases, five minutes, or, at most, ten, was the utmost time that they should have stayed in.

Many parents, and even school-teachers, believe in what they call a "hardening process," and think that they can strengthen weak children by exposure, etc. But the result is simply to kill the weak. There are tens of thousands of young infants, and even older children, who die, every year, in consequence of this erroneous notion. Parents might take a lesson, if they would, from plants and flowers. You cannot make a tender rose any hardier by leaving it out in the frost all night. Are your children the only ones that can defy the laws of Nature?

This is a very serious matter. We call attention to it now, because of the general rage, everywhere, for athletics, and the danger there is of their being over-done.

It is Economy to take a magazine like "Peterson." The Supplement gives you a pattern, every month, by which you can cut out a dress for yourself or children. The variety of fashion engravings enables you to select such of the very latest styles as are best adapted to your looks. The Cook-Book, Work-Table, etc., save you money continually. The magazine, too, educates your taste and that of your family. The steel-plates are the most costly and beautiful embellishments in art, and the best of ornament, therefore, for your centre-table. Lastly the tales and novelets while away many a tired hour.

Sewer Gas and Drainage.—The story in this number, by Lucy H. Hooper, is more than a mere story. It calls attention, incidentally, to what is becoming, with the advance of material civilization, a very serious question—we mean the peril to health, if not to life, by improper drainage, and its result, the influx of sewer gas. In the country, this is not so vital a question, for even where farm-houses have drains, they are generally good ones, and, at least, open into the sewers of nobody else. But in cities, towns and villages, the matter is really a serious one. It is becoming the fashion in such places, especially where there are water-works, to have fixed wash-basins, bath-tubs, etc., etc., attached to sleeping apartments. The plea is that it is "so convenient." But, on the other hand, the danger, if the traps get out of order, is very great; and the trap may get out of order long before it is suspected; in which case typhoid fever, diphtheria, or other fatal diseases set in. A great deal has been written on this subject, and hundreds of plans suggested to make and keep the traps in order. But, after all, is it not the best plan to revert to the old fashion, and have your bath-tubs, etc., etc., at the back of the house? It is probably not so convenient, but if sewer gas does get into a house, whether from careless plumbing, or from any other reason, little damage is done, for the poison never penetrates to the inhabited portions of the dwelling.

Use of "Shall" and "Will."—The proper use of "shall" and "will" is one of the surest tests of "good English." So many half-educated persons fall into the habit of using "will," instead of "shall," that now "shall" is often employed, where "will" is the proper word. Yet the distinction is clear, and the rule easy to remember. "Shall" primarily denotes obligation, and "will," purpose or inclination, the futurity of the action being naturally inferred. These verbs are now used only as auxiliaries, but they still retain to a great extent their primary signification. The following examples will show their proper use: "I will write now." "You shall write now." "He intends that I shall write now." With reference to future time we should say: "I shall go to-morrow." "He will go to-morrow." And in asking questions: "Shall I sing?" "Will you sing?" "Shall you be at home to-morrow?" "Will he arrive in time?" "Shall" is used instead of "will" after certain conjunctions—if, provided, though, unless, etc., and adverbs, when, before, after, until, while, etc. "Should" is used in the past tense in place of "shall," and "would" in place of "will." "He intended that I or you should write—he (himself) would write." "I should be glad to see you to-morrow."

"Living By Bread Alone."—Something more is wanted, with persons of refinement, than the hard, dry bread of life: books, newspapers, magazines, and other things that gratify the sense of the beautiful. It is not necessary to spend more money, in order to subscribe for a good magazine; it is only necessary to spend a little less on the more material things in life. Bread alone, after all, is dry eating.

Mottoes for Cardboard.—For our colored pattern, this month, we give, by request, several mottoes for cardboard. These mottoes can be worked large or small, according to the size of the holes of the cardboard.

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It Is Never Too Late to subscribe for this magazine, and back numbers can be furnished, if desired, from the first of the year. Club subscriptions must begin with either the July, or January numbers; but, two dollar subscriptions may begin with any month. Single subscriptions for six months from July, are taken at one dollar. Subscribers, beginning with January, get the whole of Mrs. Stephens' powerful story, "The Tragedy of Trevylan." Those, commencing with July, will get the whole of Mrs. Burnett's not less attractive novelet, "Miss Defarge." No other two dollar magazine, we claim, can be compared with this. "Peterson's, as the newspapers universally declare, is both *the cheapest and the best* of the lady's books.

Bed-Wraps for Invalids.—Two and a-half yards of flannel can, at a pinch, be converted into a bed-wrap for invalids in two and a-half minutes. No cutting, no shaping being required, you fold the flannel together, and take the two sides by the selvage, about a quarter of a yard from the double end. This forms the hood of an elegant bernouse. You have only then to fold back the two lower corners and tack again, and you have the cuffs through which the hands are slipped; and the thing is done.

A Pretty, Three-Fold Screen may be worked in crewels upon dull blue English serge. Upon one panel may be used a design of oranges, their leaves, fruit and blossoms; upon the next, a branch of foliage holding a bird's nest with a few butterflies floating around it; the third may have honeysuckle, either the coral variety, or the creamy, fragrant kind, so popular as adapted to the art-work of the period. Mount this in a frame of ebonized wood.

Begin Early To Get Up your clubs for 1880. In no other way can your friends get so much for their money as by subscribing for this magazine. Compare "Peterson" with other lady's books, if you doubt this. As a compendium of current art, literature and fashion, we claim that it is unrivalled.

From Every Direction we hear accounts of the extraordinary crops and the increasing business of the country at large. The "hard times" seem, at last, to be really over. We are on the eve of a career of prosperity, which never, perhaps, had its equal.

Pledge Yourselves to subscribe for nothing for 1880, until you have seen a specimen of "Peterson." If you take only one magazine, "Peterson" is the one for you. If you take more, take "Peterson" first.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Nile Days; or, Egyptian Bonds. By E. Katharine Bates. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—If this is a first attempt at novel-writing, it may be considered a remarkable success. It is true that a writer has exceptional advantages, who locates his, or her story, on the Nile. People never tire of reading of the pyramids, the Sphinx, the temples at Luxor, Thebes and Philæ, the matchless skies of Egypt, and all that half-dreamy, Oriental life, which recalls the days of Haroun al Raschid and the stories of the Thousand and One Nights. But our author has merits far above the mere selection of a captivating theme. She has, consequently, made a most readable book. "Nile Days," in fact, in some respects, is better as a book than as a novel, though even as the latter, it is quite a success. The characters, for instance, notably that of O'Grady, are particularly well-drawn. Of plot, however, there is very little. Nor are the descriptions of Nile scenery nearly as vivid as those in "Kismet." But the book is full of thought, and, in that respect, is superior to ordinary novels. The publishers have brought it out in very neat style, with clear type and warmly tinted paper. We can cordially recommend it.

Major Jones's Courtship. Detailed with Humorous Scenes, Incidents, and Adventures. By Major Joseph Jones, (Of Pineville, Georgia.) With Twenty-One Illustrations by Darley. Author's New Edition. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—In the rush of more recent works of humor, we should not forget old and deserved favorites; and among these, no book holds so high a place as "Major Jones's Courtship," a new edition of which is before us. This edition, the publishers inform the public, has received the last touches of the author, and is, therefore, of increased value. We find, rather to our surprise, that the Major is not less mirth-provoking than ever, and does not suffer, in comparison, with younger rivals in the field of American humor. We are too apt to fancy that what is newest is best, but it is only necessary to read "Major Jones" to discover that, sometimes, this notion is a mistake.

The Last Athenian. Translated from the Swedish of Victor Rydberg. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—It is an encouraging sign, when a new edition of so excellent a novel as this is called for; for it settles, beyond controversy, that the public taste is not deteriorating, to say the least. The scene of the story is Athens, and the period the fourth century. In its historical knowledge, and graphic force, it is quite equal to "The Last Days of Pompeii." The translation is a good one. The volume is both handsomely printed and bound.

Maid, Wife or Widow. By Mrs. Forester. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Henry Holt & Co.*—A disappointing book, in more ways than one. It is not only very far inferior to "Her Dearest Foe," or "The Wooing O' It," earlier novels by the same author, but it is not a novel at all, hardly a novelet even, but only a slight sketch, printed in exceptionally large type, in order to swell it into the dimensions of the volumes that preceded it.

The Ladies' Work-Table Book. With Twenty-Seven Illustrations. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This pretty volume contains full instructions in all kinds of fancy and plain needlework, as well as embroidery, knitting, netting, tatting, crochet work, etc. The engravings add greatly to the value of the book, for they illustrate the various stitches. The volume is handsomely bound in morocco cloth.

Mr. Grantley's Idea. By John Esten Cooke. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This little story has one great merit, it is full of local color. The scene is laid in Virginia, and it is clear that the author has lived there. In addition, a very noble moral is inculcated. No one can read the book, without being wiser and better.

Poor Papa. By Mary W. Porter. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.*—This is one of the best stories of its kind that has recently come under notice. There never were two children more graphically drawn than Jack and Bessie. The book is fresh, original, and full of humor. We, note, especially, the new version of the story of Cinderella.

The Mac Dermots Of Ballycloran. By Anthony Trollope. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is another of that popular "Dollar Series" of books, which this enterprising firm is issuing; a series that, for cheapness, general literary merit, and mechanical neatness, is without a rival. A new edition of an old favorite.

How to Train in Archery. By Maurice Thompson. 1 *vol.*, 16*mo. New York: E. I. Horsman.*—A treatise on archery, the amusement now so fashionable. The book has been compiled by Maurice Thompson, assisted by W. H. Thompson. It seems to be full and comprehensive.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WHAT THE NEWSPAPERS SAY.—The newspapers, universally, pronounce "Peterson's" to be the best of the lady's books. We receive, every month, hundreds of notices to this effect. Our last number seems to have been especially popular. Says the Taylorsville (Ill.) Journal: "Peterson has the finest corps of contributors of any ladies' magazine; its steel engravings and fashion plates are unexcelled; as a magazine of literature, art and fashion, as well as for excellence in all its departments, and for cheapness, it has no superior." The Iowa (Ackley) Times says: "It is a standing wonder how so splendid a magazine can be furnished so low." The Bristol (Tenn.) News says: "Its reputation is world-wide, and it is still growing in popular favor; it is always fresh, and always has something novel; it is the cheapest and best magazine in the country." The Janesville (Wis.) Recorder says: "It would be worth while subscribing merely to get Mrs. Burnett's charming love-story." The South Rapids (Min.) Sentinel says: "Mrs. Burnett's new novelet is one of the very best ever published, even in Peterson's Magazine. If you are not already a subscriber, send a dollar for six months, and test this for yourselves." Now is the time, too, to begin to canvass for clubs for 1880. We intend so many improvements, that we expect to double our large list.

MAYOR BEATTY'S GENEROUS GIFT.—Washington, N. J. July 10th, 1879.—A large gathering of children was held in the M. E. Church at Washington, New Jersey, on Children's Day. An address was delivered by Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, (of Beatty Piano and Organ fame,) the Mayor of the City, who presided at the meeting. The audience was also entertained with recitations and singing by the children. Beatty's Orchestra furnished excellent music. The gathering of the children was the largest ever known in Warren County. The pleasant announcement was made by the Pastor, at the conclusion of the ceremonies, that Mayor Beatty had presented the Sabbath School with a new Library, valued at $360. This is only one of the many gifts the Mayor has contributed to the Church and the poor within the last few months.—*New York World.*

SAPANULE.—The virtues of this article are endorsed by no less a person than Mr. Bergh, President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who writes as follows: "Fourth Avenue, New York, March 4, 1879. Messrs Samuel Gerry & Co.: A lotion, ("Sapanule") manufactured by you has been given to me for the purpose of testing its curative effects on mankind and animals. I have not yet had occasion to apply it to the latter, but I have done so to myself, and have received immediate relief. Being an animal myself, I have every reason to believe that brute creatures would experience similar benefit from its use. This society will so employ it whenever the necessity shall present itself, and in the meantime I recommend it to the patronage of all having need of relief from suffering. Henry Bergh, President."

THE FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, LATIN, AND ITALIAN LANGUAGES WITHOUT A MASTER. By A. H. MONTEITH.

French Without a Master. In Six Easy Lessons.
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UPON investigation we find that Madame Rowley's medicated Toilet Mask is recommended by eminent medical experts to be the only rational means for beautifying and preserving the complexion. A descriptive treatise, containing testimony of well-known society ladies, is mailed gratuitously by The Toilet Mask Co., 1164 Broadway, N. Y.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson" has had, for more than twenty years a circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. IX.—ACONITUM NAPELLUS.
(WOLFSBANE—MONKSHOOD.)

The natural order to which Aconite belongs is the Ranunculaceæ.

Its flowers are of a dark violet-blue color, large and beautiful, and are borne upon a long, thick, spike-like raceme. The ancient Greek and Latin name for this plant is probably derived from *Acone*, in Bithynia.

The *habitat* of Aconite is especially in the mountainous regions of France, Switzerland and Germany, but it is cultivated in the gardens of Europe, and it has been introduced in this country as an ornamental flower.

There are but two species found in, or are indigenous to, the United States—the *A. uncinatum*, along streams of southwestern New York, and southward along the mountains; and the *A. reclinatum*, about Cheat Mountain, Virginia, and southward in the Alleghanies. The former has a slender, erect but weak stem, and disposed to climb; leaves deeply from three to five lobed; flowers *blue*. The latter, called *trailing* Wolfsbane, as its specific name implies, has a stem three to eight feet long, leaves also deeply cleft, divisions wedge-form, incised, etc., flowers *white*, in very loose panicles. This is a marked characteristic of this species. Aconite is allied to the *buttercups* of our fields, and the ranunculus of our gardens.

The term *Monkshood* was derived from the form of the blossom, which is shaped like a hood or cowl; and that of Wolfsbane, from the fact that the roots of some species growing on the lofty pasturage of the mountains in Switzerland were formerly pounded, and mixed with food, to form a poisonous bait for wolves.

The *A. napellus*—called the purple helmet flower by old English writers—possesses the most intense acrimony of all the species, and hence deemed to possess the greatest virtues, and consequently this one has been placed in the front rank, and made the officinal plant.

The root has been unfortunately mistaken for the horse-radish root, to which, however, it has no resemblance (being dark brown); but, on this account, it has wisely been advised not to have it cultivated in gardens. More danger, however, arises—the writer thinks—from the odor of its tall spike of dingy purple flowers, so conspicuous and attractive in the summer months, that sickness and fainting have resulted to children and persons in delicate health who have handled them, or even approached so near as to inhale the scent of the flowers. The poisonous action of aconite was well known to the ancients, it having been resorted to for the purpose of destroying criminals under sentence of death. Yet this poisonous effect, at least of the leaves, is entirely destroyed by prolonged ebullition, as the following incident will show: A man once noticing a woman gather-

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ing the leaves of the monkshood, and fearing a serious accident from her supposed ignorance of the plant, inquired what she meant to do with them. The reply was, "I am going to cook them for *greens*, for dinner; will you dine with me?" The man stared, but accompanied her home, witnessed the boiling, and subsequent eating of them by the family without the least injury! Thus it sometimes happens that the old mothers, in the country, know more than our learned professionals, and from whom, the late Prof. J. K. Mitchell often said, young practitioners could learn much. The absolute poisonous action of the unboiled green leaf has been attested by the following fact: A person became crazed, or maniacal, as was supposed by his friends, from eating the green leaf, as a salad; but the surgeon called in ridiculed the idea; denied that such properties belonged to the vegetable, and to confirm his declarations, ate freely of the leaves, and in great agony, "died, as the fool dieth." In one case of poisoning, life was attributed to be saved by a strong infusion of *huaco;* another by the administration of hartshorn, followed by infusions of the blessed thistle, (carduus benedictus), freely given, till he vomited copiously. No doubt any other simple agent that would produce vomiting would have resulted as favorably; as our main reliance in this kind of poisoning is the stomach-pump or the emetics first, next mucilaginous drinks, warm lemonade; stimulants, if needs be, even to intoxication, hot bath, turpentine, or compound tincture lobelia injections, powerful friction with strong liniments to spine and limbs, sinapisms to spine, stomach and extremities, etc.

The medical uses of aconite will be noticed in next number.

MANAGEMENT OF INFANTS.

Little Ailments, and the beginning of big ones. And now, perhaps, the young and inexperienced mothers, for whom these simple directions are written, will be glad to receive a few hints respecting the little illnesses, and aches, and pains, that haunt baby-land.

It is often both expensive and inconvenient to send off for a doctor, every time the young monarch of a household plunges and kicks for no especial reason.

Stomach-ache is baby's *bête noir*, and he has plenty of it usually, when young; it visits him at all times, and in all seasons, and, moreover, it is a complaint he cannot possibly endure martyrwise. For this there are many so-called remedies, but we have never known one that was really efficacious; the constant giving of gin, or whiskey, and hot water, herb teas, etc, is a most injurious one; and as good a remedy as any, perhaps, is to place the baby in a sitting posture, bend his body rather forward, rub his back, and pat it with gentle vigor, and the enemy will usually be dislodged, for a time, at least. This is in case of ordinary "colic" or stomach-ache, brought on by eating a meal too fast, or by sucking from a spoon, but sometimes there is something that can only be got rid of by a little gentle medicine. And this brings us to our little medicine-chest, with its simple remedies.

An ordinary, good-sized work-box, or any other box will answer our purpose; but it should be kept locked, or out of reach of children, or ignorant servants; the key, however, should always be placed where it can be got at once, in case of need.

Your box should contain sticking plaster, some linseed meal in an air-tight canister. This is better to use when fresh, but some should always be kept in the chest; it is sometimes required in the middle of the night, in a hurry, and is always good to put on "wheezy" people.

A small bottle of camphorated oil should be added; it is excellent for chest-rubbing in case of cold. Fine ointment is better than cold cream for chafing, and mutton suet nicely prepared is also excellent. Even a lump of common whiting should receive admittance, put in a tin box, so that it will not powder the other things; it is an astounding cure for burns and scalds, when scraped, wetted and placed thickly on the injured parts.

Castor oil is a very safe medicine for a baby, and strange to say he does not very much dislike it; half a teaspoonful for a very young child is enough, but one of six months may be given from a teaspoonful to a teaspoonful and a-half. Put it in a *warm* spoon in which is a little sweetened water; it can thus be given easily; it often removes stomach-ache.

A packet of senna leaves should find a place in your box; rightly prepared they make an excellent cooling medicine for children. Put half an ounce of the leaves, and one ounce of figs in a jug, pour a pint of boiling water upon them, cover it, and let the mixture stand for five hours, when it can be strained off; a small teacupful is a dose. Sweetened, it is not unpalatable, and children generally take it without difficulty.

A word here about medicine giving: never deceive your children by telling them it is *nice*. They will speedily find out for themselves that you are telling them an untruth, will lose all faith and trust in your word (which should be to them as unfailing as that far-famed "law of the Medes and Persians"), and you will have a repetition of the same fuss with them every time physic-day comes round. Tell them plainly that it is not nice, and put it to their good sense that it is to be taken for their benefit, and therefore they should not act like babies about it.

Again, do not get into the habit of administering medicine to them upon every trivial occasion. Constantly giving the little doses of the nursery is very often productive of more harm than good.

Also keep some finely-powdered alum; it will be found of use in whooping-cough—viz., a grain to each year of a child's age given in a little sugar three times a day. If your chest will hold them the following are most useful recipes where there are children, who we know are constantly getting cuts and blows in their play, and who also usually suffer from chilblains more or less. Mix, or it would be better that your chemist should do this for you, half a drachm each of oil of thyme and camphor, two drachms of spirits of lavender, and one ounce of spirits of wine; it is a simple and good application.

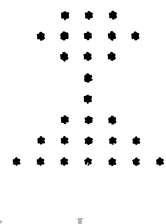
Sore throats, too, are of common occurrence among our big babies; a good embrocation to keep always at hand is an ounce of olive oil mixed with half an ounce of spirits of hartshorn. Grown people can usually bear equal parts of each.

A pair of scissors, for cutting plaster, etc., a reel of cotton, and some linen rags should always find a place in the "domestic" medicine chest. Such a chestful will do for an inexperienced mother to practice with; she had better not meddle with anything more elaborate or complicated, until she has gained for herself actual experience, and if she has a large family, this will soon come to her.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, Marblehead, Mass. All communications are to be headed: "For Peterson's." All are invited to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers.☜

No. 36.—COMPOUND VANE PUZZLE.



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TOP: *Diamond Word.*—A consonant. For. Beyond. A numeral. A consonant.

BASE: *Pyramid Puzzle: Down.*—A letter. A musical note. A curse. A haven. Since. A prefix. A consonant. *Across.*—A consonant. A fur tippet. Liberal. Triflers.

The centrals, read downward, mean to enchant.

Providence, R. I. TWILL.

No. 37.—ANNEXATIONS.

1. Annex a vowel to a system, and form a level surface. 2. Annex a consonant to a deep hole, and form strength. 3. Annex a vowel to a peg, and form a tree. 4. Annex a consonant to a native, and form a strain.

Marblehead, Mass. "LITTLE BUTTERCUP."

No. 38.—DOUBLE ZIGZAG.

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1 * 1 * *
* 2 * 2 *
* * 3 * 3
* 4 * 4 *
5 * 5 * *
* 6 * 6 *
* * 7 * 7
* 8 * 8 *
9 * 9 * *
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A crustacean. The thigh-bone. A card. A lattice in form of a harrow. A bird. An inhabitant of the Bahama Islands. A vessel formerly used by the Dutch. A measure of distance. A beginning.

First zigzag from 1 *to* 9.—A mollusk.

Second zigzag from 2 *to* 9.—A crustacean.

Dunkirk, N. Y. "MY DOT."

No. 39.—GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

Cities and Towns in South Carolina.—1. Mighty rulers, and the largest of the vegetable kind. 2. A boy's name, and a large collection of houses. 3. An out-door building, and a spring. 4. A boy's name, and a weight. 5. Modern, and a small fruit. 6. A ladies' attendant, and a fortified place. 7. The furthest extremity, and a piece of enclosed land.

Ridgeway, S. C. "CHASSIE."

Answers Next Month.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

No. 28.

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R       P
EMERGE
A       R
STREAM
O       E
NYMPHA
I       T
NESTLE
G       D
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No. 29.

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    T
   SHE
  SHEAF
THEATER
  EATEN
    FEN
     R
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No. 30

Camp, Bell. Campbell.

No. 31.

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ESTUATE
ATOMISM
ABETTOR
ENTREAT
CHARNEL
EDENTAL
EMBROIL
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No. 32.

Timepiece.

No. 33.

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ZUFOLO
UREDO
FETE
ODE
LO
O
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No. 34.

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S ocrate S
N ymp H
A lmirant E
I do L
L aure L
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No. 35.

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HOPE
OPAL
PASS
ELSE
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will "Lurline," Key, Ark., send *real* name, also, answer to the puzzle sent a few months since, to the editor of this department?

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

PRESERVES, JELLIES, ETC., ETC.

Green Tomato Pickle.—Cut some green tomatoes in slices, sprinkle them with salt, and let them stand twelve or fifteen hours, drain, and put them in a saucepan over the fire with fresh water, changing it until all the salt is washed out. When thoroughly scalded and partially cooked, drain them again and put them into a boiling hot syrup, made with one pint of vinegar, three pounds of sugar, one-half ounce of cinnamon, one-quarter ounce of cloves, simmer them in this until tender, then carefully lift them out, and put them into jars, reduce the syrup and pour it over them. After a day or two boil up the syrup again, pour it afresh over the tomatoes, and when cold tie them down carefully.

Apple Jam.—Peel and core the apples, and cut them in thin slices; then put them into a preserving pan or enamelled saucepan, and to every one pound fruit add three-quarters pound white sugar, broken small, and put in, tied up in a piece of coarse muslin, a few cloves, a small piece of ginger, and the rind of a lemon very thin: stir with a wooden spoon on a quick fire for twenty minutes or longer. If the apples are juicy, when sufficiently boiled, the jam will cling to the spoon. Remove the cloves, etc., and put the jam into jam-pots, and when quite cold, tie them down with thick paper or bladder. To be kept in a cool, dry place.

Barberries to Preserve.—(1) Put them into a jar in layers,

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a good sprinkling of salt between each layer. (2) Take some bunches of barberries and tie several together; make a syrup with three-quarters of a pint of water to every pound of sugar, clarify it with white of egg. When quite clear throw in the bunches of fruit, and boil quickly until the fruit looks quite clear. Put them into jars, pour the syrup over them, and when cold tie them down.

Plum Jam.—Take equal quantities of fruit and sugar, pound the sugar, pare and cut up with a silver knife some ripe plums, lay the fruit in a dish, strew over them half the sugar, and leave them till the following day; then boil and skim the remainder of the sugar, add the fruit, boil it up quickly, well skimming and stirring for twenty minutes; add the blanched kernels halved, boil for ten minutes more, and the jam will be ready to pot.

Quince Jelly.—Slice the quinces without either paring or coring. Put them into a preserving kettle, and just cover with water; put over the fire, and boil until soft. Remove from the stove and strain off the liquor. To every gallon allow four pounds white sugar, and boil very fast until it becomes a stiff jelly.

Tomato Catsup.—Cut the tomatoes in slices, lay them in the kettle, sprinkle salt upon them, boil three-quarters of an hour, and strain through a sieve; to six quarts of juice add two quarts of vinegar, one ounce cinnamon, one of nutmeg, and one-half ounce cayenne pepper, ground, then boil fifteen minutes.

SANITARY AND TOILETTE.

Washing the Hair.—It is occasionally necessary to thoroughly cleanse the hair. One or two precautions must be taken, however. Never use soap if you can avoid it; if you do, let it be the very mildest and unperfumed. Avoid so-called hair-cleansing fluids, and use rain-water, filtered. The yolks of two new-laid eggs are much to be preferred to soap; they make a beautiful lather, and when the washing is finished, and the hair thoroughly rinsed in the purest rain-water, you will find, when dry, that the gloss will not be destroyed, which an alkali never fails to do. The first water must not be very hot, only just warm, and the last perfectly cold. Dry with soft towels—but do not rub till the skin is tender—and afterwards brush. Be always careful to have your brushes and combs perfectly clean and free from grease.

Crimping Hair.—To make the hair stay in crimp, take two pennyworth of gum-arabic, and add to it just enough boiling water to dissolve it. When dissolved, add enough alcohol to make it rather thin. Let this stand all night, and then bottle it to prevent the alcohol from evaporating. This put on the hair at night after it is done up in paper or pins will make it stay in crimp the hottest day, and is perfectly harmless.

Strengthening Jelly.—Two quarts of water, three pound knuckle of veal, one-half pound lean beef, a little white pepper, salt, mace, and onion. Boil to half the quantity, then add the juice of half a lemon, and the whites of three eggs. Put all into a saucepan, stir well, and let it boil; then strain through a jelly-bag. It may be taken either hot or cold.

To Cure Hoarseness.—When the voice is lost, as is sometimes the case, from the effects of cold, a simple, pleasant remedy is furnished by beating up the white of one egg, adding to it the juice of one lemon, and sweetening with white sugar to taste. Take a teaspoonful from time to time. It has been known to effectually cure the ailment.

To Cure Coughing.—A celebrated physician of London says that coughing may be prevented by pressing on the nerves of the lips in the neighborhood of the nose, by pressing in the neighborhood of the ear, and by pressing very hard on the top of the mouth.

To Cure Toothache.—The worst case of toothache may be cured, except it is connected with rheumatism by taking alum, reduced to an impalpable powder, two drachms; nitrous spirits of ether, seven drachms. Mix and apply to the tooth.

A Cure for Burns.—Charcoal has been discovered to be a cure for burns. By laying a piece of cold charcoal upon a burn the pain subsides immediately. By leaving the charcoal on one hour the wound is healed.

For Dyspeptics.—Eat a peeled apple every night before going to bed. A sure cure from this distressing complaint, as one can testify who has suffered from it for over twenty years.

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE RECIPES.

Breakfast Dishes.—To one tablespoonful of rice, boiled till soft, and drained, add a piece of butter, the yolk of an egg, one tablespoonful of Harvey's sauce, a little white pepper, cayenne, and salt; set on the fire, and stir well together; add any dressed fish, cut into pieces, warm it gradually and send to table. Sole and haddock are excellent.

Barley Sugar.—Dissolve one and a-half pounds loaf sugar in half pint of water, with the white of half an egg; when it is at candy height add a teacupful of strained lemon juice, and boil it quickly till it recovers its former state; pour it over a marble slab, and when it becomes stiff, cut it in strips and twist it.

Lemon Sauce.—Boil the thinly-cut peel of a lemon in a little water till the flavor is extracted, rub some lumps of sugar on the lemon to take off the zest, and add to the water in which you have boiled the lemon-peel, and make a thin syrup; add the juice of the lemon; pour around the pudding, and serve.

To Harden Pickles after they are taken out of the Brine.—A lump of alum put in the vinegar, and horse-radish cut in strips will make them crisp.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FIG. I.—VISITING-DRESS OF BLACK SILK; for a young girl; the petticoat is trimmed with many narrow knife-plaited ruffles; the over-dress is paniered, looped carelessly at the back, and is trimmed with white lace; the vest is of gold-colored silk, also trimmed in front with white lace, which seems to be an extension of that on the skirt; the jacket is close-fitting, is cut so as to button at the waist, and opens a good deal over the vest; black straw hat, trimmed with a yellow wing, and gauze veil.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS OF GRAYISH-BLUE, CHECKED WOOLEN MATERIAL; the skirt is trimmed at the bottom with a broad, box-plaited flounce, above which is a broad band of plush put on to simulate the "milk-maid skirt;" the back is looped up in loose puffs; the jacket is nearly tight-fitting, is made double-breasted, and has collar, cuffs and pocket of the plush; gray straw bonnet, trimmed with poppy-colored satin ribbon.

FIG. III.—LITTLE BOY'S DRESS OF BROWN VELVETEEN; the body is plain, but rather loose; the skirt is plaited, and a band of the velvet is worn as a belt.

FIG. IV.—HOUSE-DRESS OF BLACK SILK, for an elderly lady; the back of the dress is trimmed with four ruffles, not put on full; the front has a double apron, the lower one falling to the bottom of the skirt, and each is trimmed with a bias band of silk and a row of fringe; a mantle, trimmed in the same, way is added for warmth.

FIG. V.—HOUSE-DRESS OF A DELICATE FAWN COLOR, for a young girl; the under-skirt is made with a deep knife-plaiting at the bottom; the over-skirt falls quite low, and is trimmed with a bias band of blue silk; it is looped gracefully up on the hips, falls in a puff at the back, and is finished with long, straight, broad ends; the jacket basque has

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a rolling collar which extends to the bottom, and opens over a blue silk vest which also has a small open collar; the bottom of the basque is cut in turrets and finished with large buttons.

FIG. VI.—VISITING-DRESS OF BLACK SILK; the front of the dress is laid in kilt-plaits, and is finished with four knife-plaited ruffles; the upper dress is very much paniered on the hips, and then falls in a long, narrow train at the back, finished by a narrow, knife-plaited ruffle; the corsage has a small coat-basque at the back, and is cut with a long point in front, and finished with a cascade of dark crimson satin ribbon. Black straw hat, trimmed with crimson satin ribbon. This dress, as well as that of the first figure, are equally suitable for the house.

FIG. VII.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF DARK BLUE SILK, made with two knife-plaited ruffles; the cashmere shawl is what is called a long shawl, and is draped so as to fall square at the bottom, and in a small point over the shoulders.

FIG. VIII.—HOUSE-DRESS OF WHITE CAMEL'S HAIR; the under-skirt is trimmed with alternate rows of knife-plaited camel's hair and Breton lace; the apron front falls low in full folds and is edged with the lace; the over-dress is princess shape, very much paniered on the hips, and falls in two puffs on the back of the under-skirt; the waist and back is trimmed with the Breton lace; the vest is of white foulard silk, with Pompadour flowers over it.

FIG. IX.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF BLACK SILK, trimmed with ruffles; long apron-front, and panier puffs at the back; the cashmere shawl is a square one, not doubled in a point, as they used to be worn, but folded straight, and worn as a scarf mantle.

FIG. X.—WALKING OR TRAVELLING-DRESS OF DARK BROWN WOOLEN STUFF; the bottom is trimmed with a deep box-plaited flounce, the upper dress is long, with drawn up puffs at the back; the close-fitting jacket-basque is double-breasted, has a wide, rolling collar, and opens over a chestnut-brown silk vest; the collar and deep-pointed cuffs are of dark and chestnut-brown plaid silk. Hat of chestnut-brown colored straw, with darker brown plumes.

FIG. XI.—THE SYLPHIDE MANTILLA is made of black Indian cashmere, and trimmed with plaitings of the same edged with a narrow lace; the long scarf-front is trimmed in the same way, the back part is doubled over, and finished with a bow of black satin ribbon.

FIG. XII.—THE MOURNING MANTILLA is made of black cashmere or bombazine, and is trimmed with a broad fold of English crêpe, and a knife-plaiting of the cashmere; a fold of the crêpe at the back reaches from the neck to below the waist, where it is finished by a small knife-plaiting of cashmere; below this is a deep kilt-plaiting of the cashmere.

FIGS. XIII. AND XIV.—PELERINE MANTILLA, front and back; this mantilla is made of black cashmere, and trimmed with satin and jet; the two rather short ends terminate in points, and the front opens heart-shaped; the mantilla is edged with three fine knife-plaitings of black satin; at the back it descends lower than the waist, and is ornamented with a rich gimp trimming, terminating with turrets.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give a large number of some of the newest of the many new styles that are now appearing. The double-breasted basque, of which we give both front and back views, is made of dark gray cloth, and has collar and cuffs of black velvet; this basque is short enough to be worn with the puffs and paniers now in vogue. The bonnet is of dark brown chip, close in shape, and with a trimming of narrow Breton lace in the front; the feathers and satin on the outside are of very dark old gold color. The child's hat is of gray felt, trimmed with a band of black velvet, and is trimmed with cords and tassels. The second hat for a child is wide and round brimmed, of black straw, and trimmed with loops of red ribbon. The hat for a young lady is of black straw, faced with black velvet, and has a large rosette, and two loops of yellow ribbon in front, with a yellow plume falling over the hat. The black silk stockings are embroidered in red, on the front of foot, and the white ones have the clocks embroidered in blue. The long glove is of gray kid, with insertion of white lace; underneath this lace the kid is cut away. The style of coiffure given for a girl is of the very latest; the hair "vandyked," or banged, in front, and plaited at the back in plaits, and fastened by a bow of ribbon.

As will be seen by our illustrations the greatest latitude is allowed in the making of dresses, mantles, bonnets, etc. Many still cling to the close-fitting princess dress; others, especially slender persons, eagerly adopt the panier, either is worn in the extreme of fashion, or modifications of it, and we have seen a dress from Paris with a round waist from which the skirt fell in plaits all around—such a costume as was worn thirty or forty years ago; it was *not* handsome to our eyes. The waists with five seams in the back are exceedingly popular, as they are much more becoming to most persons than those with two or three seams, except to very slender people. The fronts of skirts still cling closely. Many colors are now seen in one costume, even on the street, for dress is nothing now if it is not effective, and great is the difficulty to keep within the line of good taste when handling these gay colors. Some years ago nothing but one color in all articles of dress was considered correct, and even now this severe style of coloring is allowed, if it is stylishly worn. Red is very much worn as a trimming for dresses, bonnets, etc., and has in some degree superseded the peacock and gendarme blues. Large bunches of red roses are worn at the belt or on the waist with toilettes of all colors.

One of the prettiest of the new style of dresses is called the Parabère; it has three flounces in front, and paniers at the back; sometimes these paniers are one with the bodice, and sometimes they are fastened to the skirt. Black is very much worn in the evening, and black striped grenadine, trimmed with Breton lace, or jet or satin, with red or yellow roses make a most stylish dress.

Mantles, Visites, Casquines, etc., are as various in style as the fancies of the wearer; they must all be cut with more slope or spring, if they are to be worn over panier dresses.

Bonnets and Hats still retain the summer shapes, and they were so varied that it seems almost impossible to invent anything else new for the coming winter.

Feathers are much more generally worn on hats this season than flowers. The Rembrandt hat, laden with feathers, and forming an aureole of velvet round the face, with a feather or two falling over the aureole, is most becoming to blonde heads, particularly when the feathers are black.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—COSTUME FOR A YOUNG GIRL; the dress is of gray camel's hair, trimmed with a plaiting; the over-dress is simply draped; the paletot-bodice opens over a waistcoat of blue and white striped material; the collar, cuffs and pockets are of the same striped stuff. This dress is very pretty in any cotton fabric. The hat is of gray straw, with blue feather.

FIG. II.—BOY'S DRESS OF LIGHT BROWN CASHMERE; the back is kilt-plaited, and the front plain, with a wide braid on each side; the very loose waist falls over the belt, and has a collar fastened with a ribbon in front. Brown straw hat.

FIG. III.—BOY'S DRESS OF DARK BLUE SERGE; back and front are plaited on a yoke; at the sides the short skirt is cut in points, and trimmed with buttons; the collar is square, and is trimmed like the belt with black braid.

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IN "THE GOLDEN AGE."

Engraved expressly for the Lady's Magazine.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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THE OPERA BOX. [*See the Story "The Eight-Buttoned Glove."*]

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FASHIONS FOR YOUNG GIRL AND CHILDREN.

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LOUIS XV. COAT AND BASQUE. MANTILLA.

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NEW STYLE WAIST. PANIER-DRESS.

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WALKING-DRESS. VISITING-DRESS.

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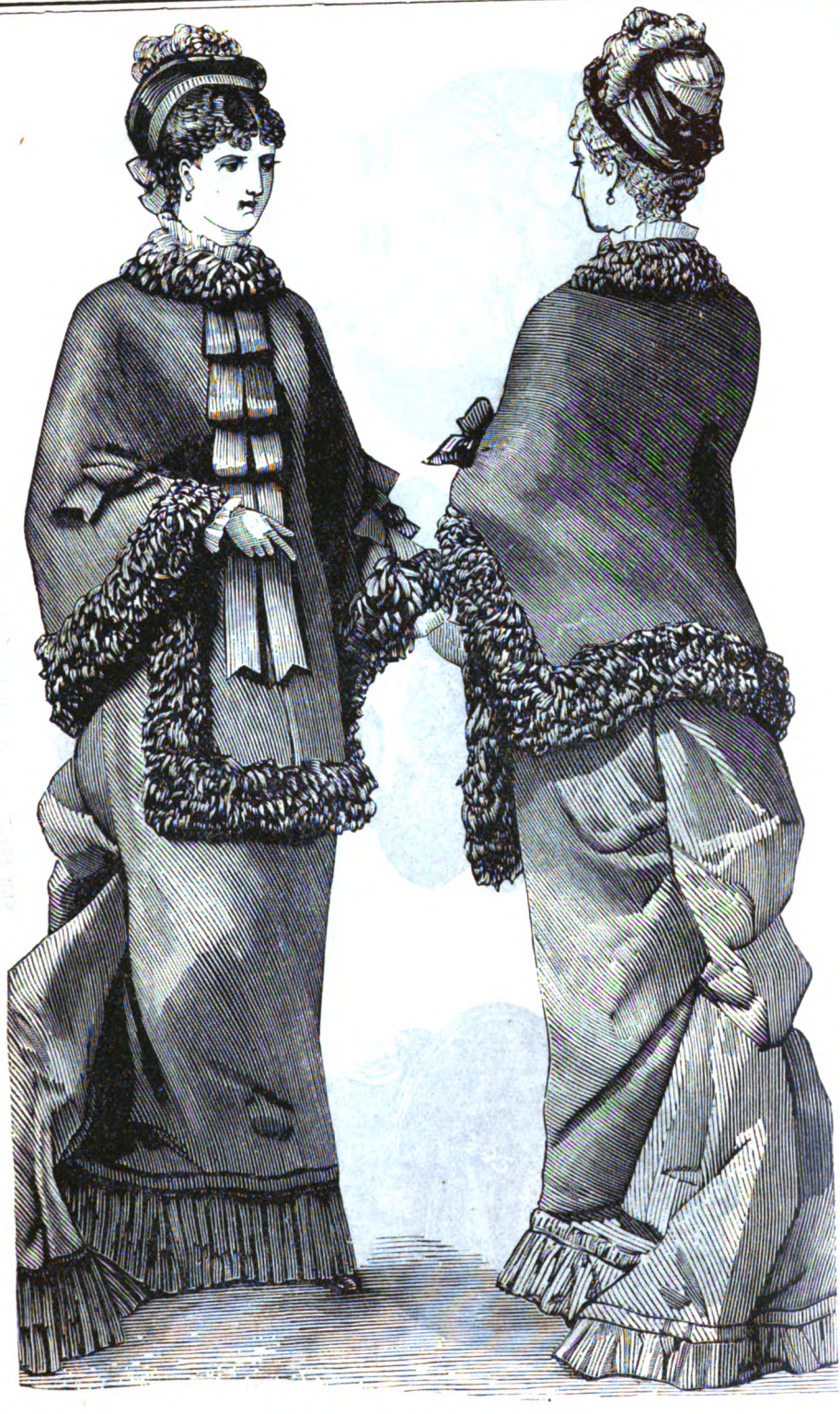

CARRIAGE-DRESS: BACK AND FRONT.

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NEW STYLE BONNET AND HATS FOR FALL.

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NEW STYLES FOR DRESSING THE HAIR.

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FATINITZA MARCH.

FRANZ VON SUPPE.

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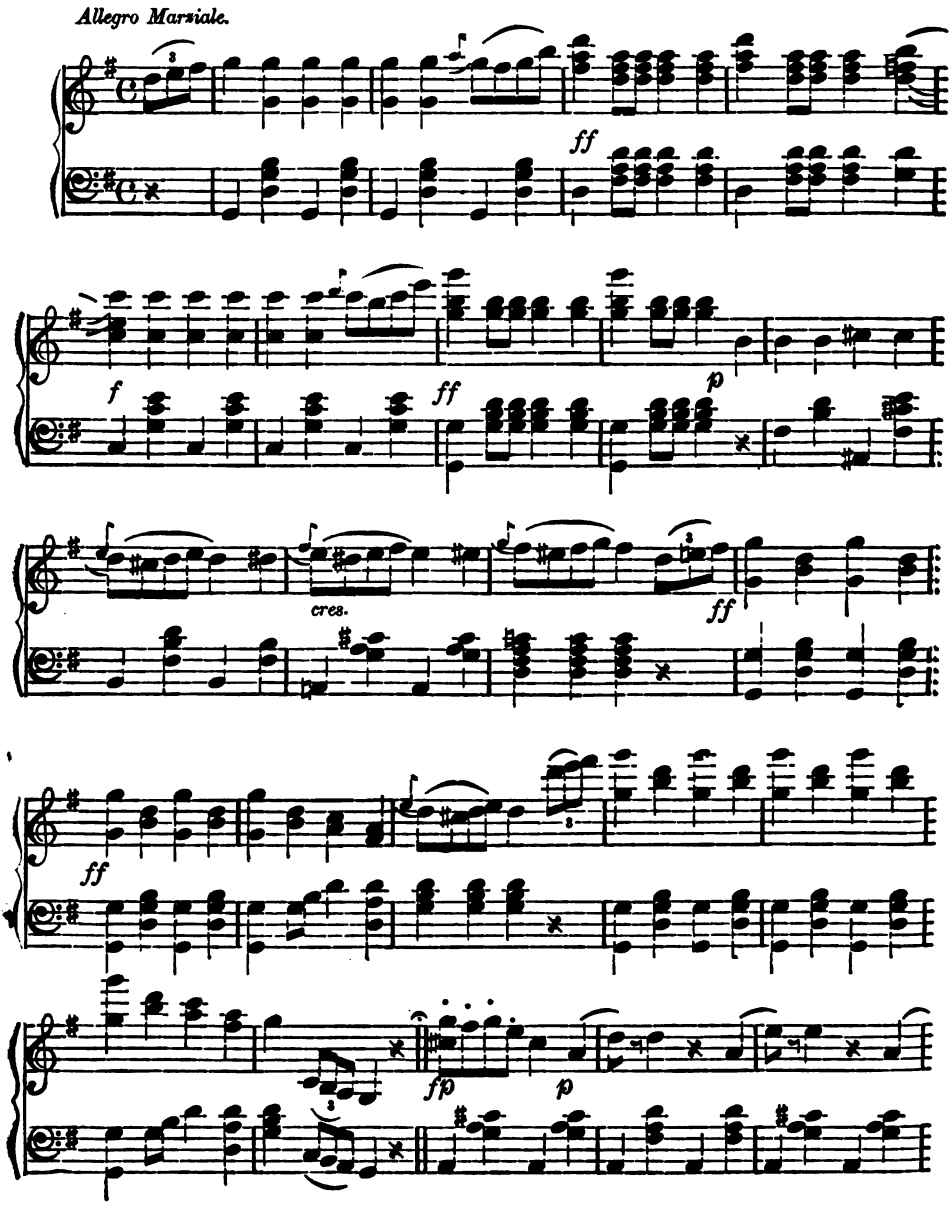

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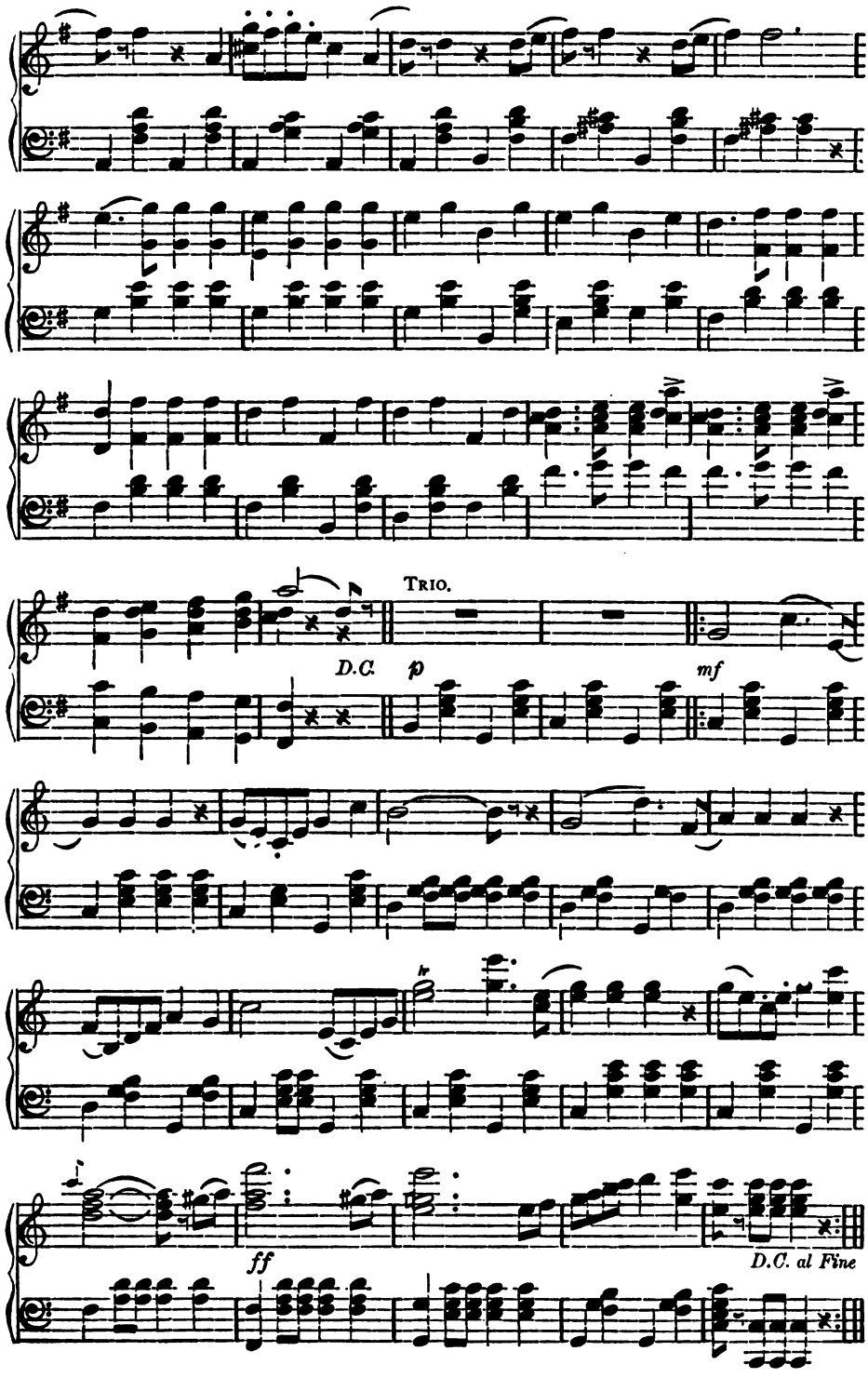

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NAMES FOR MARKING.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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THE EIGHT-BUTTONED GLOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THAT LOVE OF A MAN," ETC., ETC.

I PICKED it up in front of Stewart's. It was an eight-buttoned glove that had evidently belonged to a small, exquisitely-shaped hand. It was still warm, and exhaled a delicate perfume.

I looked up and down Broadway. "Perhaps," I said to myself, "the owner will return for it, and then I shall see if she is pretty; surely such a beautiful little hand must have its counterpart in the fair wearer." But though I waited for some time, no one came to claim the glove. Then I put it it in my pocket, and continued on my way.

That night, I took out the glove, to look at it again. My bachelor rooms did not, somehow, look as pretty as usual. They lacked that finishing touch which only a woman's hand gives.

I spread the glove—it was a real Despres—out on my table. It felt so soft, that I lifted it and laid it against my cheek. Its subtle touch suggested the warm contact of the hand itself, and instinctively I kissed it.

From that time the glove never left my possession. I carried it, wrapped in a bit of silver paper, in the breast-pocket of my coat; and not an evening passed, but I took it out and looked at it lovingly. I never saw a new face, coming up the street, that I did not, for a moment, fancy it was that of the owner of the glove.

It was the same at drives, parties, or the opera. "I shall know her," I fell into the habit of saying, "if ever I meet her." But never yet had I seen a hand that could wear that tiny glove.

The fall and winter passed, and spring set in. Gerster was to sing at the Academy of Music, in La Somnambula, for the last time. The house was crowded. General Fitzmaurice was in town, and as he had been an old friend of my dead father, I invited him to go with me and hear Gerster.

"My young friend," said he, "it is a revelation. I have listened to every Amina, for the last half century, but I never knew what the character really was, till to-night." It was after the first act, and we were standing up in the parquette, scanning the pretty faces and elegant toilettes in the boxes. "Ah, who do I see there?" he cried, suddenly. "My dear Mrs. Mowbray and her lovely niece. Come, Charley, if you want to know the prettiest girl in Richmond, I'll introduce you."

I followed the direction of his eyes, and saw, in one of the smaller boxes, a woman in her ripest beauty, superbly attired, and accompanying her, a lovely girl of nineteen or twenty. My heart leaped into my throat, for as this high-bred beauty slowly waved her fan, I saw, or thought I saw, the hand the eight-buttoned glove fitted.

We were soon knocking at the door of the box. Mrs. Mowbray received the general with effusion; he was unmistakably a favorite. The girl welcomed him with hardly less warmth. The white-moustached old soldier bowed over the hand she extended to him, and lifting it to his lips, kissed it, in the courtly fashion of a generation or two ago.

I had hardly, however, exchanged a dozen words with Miss Courtenay, for such was the name by which she was introduced to me, when the curtain rose, General Fitzmaurice made his *adieux*, and I, of course, followed him out.

After that my eyes continually wandered in the direction of the beautiful Southerner. The general observed it, and whispered to me:

"Didn't I tell you so? Isn't she lovely? What a low, sweet voice! You must come to the White Sulphur, this summer, and make her acquaintance; for she and her aunt are only passing through New York now, on their way to Niagara. They are going away to-morrow, in fact. Ah! they are leaving now," he added, as the curtain fell on the second act, "to get plenty of beauty sleep, I suppose, as they start by a very early train. If we had only been a little quicker, my lad, we might have taken them to their carriage. The Mowbrays and Courtenays are two of our oldest families."

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From that time, the vision of the beautiful Courtenay was never out of my mind. Moreover, I had quite convinced myself that she was the owner of the eight-buttoned glove. It was an absurd idea, I said, in my more rational moments, for she had probably been in Richmond, when the glove was lost. Nevertheless, the notion continually returned to me, and, at last, became somehow a fixed delusion.

"One thing is certain," I said to myself, "I will go to the White Sulphur. Meanwhile," for, by this time, New York was beginning to thin out, June having set in unusually hot, "I will run up to Redwood, and see cousin Kate. It will be a couple of weeks yet before I can go south. I feel as if I wanted somebody to talk to about Miss Courtenay, and Kate is the kindest and most sympathizing creature in the world."

For Kate and I had known each other from childhood, and had shared a good many secrets together before. We were the very best of friends. But there was no love, or any danger of it. Kate was a pretty, and stylish girl, but she had big hands and feet, and as my weakness always was for little hands, I never could have fallen in love with her, even though she had not been a cousin.

I was in the habit of running down, every few months, to my uncle's, unannounced. I went, now, unannounced, and leaving my trunk at the station, started to walk to the house.

Redwood stood in the midst of large grounds, the lawn occupying some ten acres, with shrubbery scattered about it, and numerous noble old trees. I entered the lodge-gates, and struck across the grass, instead of following the winding carriage-road. About half way up to the house, I saw my cousin sitting under the deep shade of some Spanish chestnuts, the giant limbs of which actually swept the ground, making, as it were, a bower around her. She had her back to me, and was absorbed in a book she was reading.

"She has on the same old navy-blue," I said, "that she's worn, the last two summers. It's very nice, but quite out of style; I wish she would think a little more of dress. But she's a good girl. Now to surprise her."

I approached stealthily, over the soft grass, that gave back no sound to my footsteps, and leaning over the bench, took her head between my two hands, lifted it a little backwards, and kissed her.

But even while kissing her, or just as I had finished, to speak more accurately, I saw that it was not Kate, but some one else.

"How dare you? How dare you?" cried my victim, springing away from me, her eyes flashing, and her bosom heaving. She stamped her foot angrily. "Oh!" as she recognized me, "this is too great an insult."

She broke down at this, dropped her book, covered her face with her hands, and fled towards the house. As she skimmed over the grass—the motion was too graceful to be called a run—I thought Atlanta had come back from the Homeric age.

"What have I done?" I cried, sinking into the garden seat she had left. "And Miss Courtenay of all girls! She will never forgive me."

For, in the very act of perpetrating the insult, I had recognized, in the fair face, held so firmly between my hands, and flushing all over with sudden indignation, the lovely features I had worshiped at the Academy of Music.

"You have done a nice thing for yourself, Master Charlie," was the greeting of my cousin, as, ten minutes later, I made my way to the house. "I intended to ask you down here, as soon as I heard that my old schoolmate was going to stay with me, for a week, on her way from Canada to the White Sulphur. I should have written to-day. You two are just made for each other. But now, if it wasn't for seeming inhospitable, I'd advise you, as the best thing to do, to take the next train back to New York."

I endeavored to explain. "Why, Kate, of course you know, that it was you I thought I was kissing. I recognized the old navy-blue. You've told her that, surely—"

"I've had no time to tell her anything, except that I always knew you were an impudent fellow," said Kate, saucily, "and thought every girl in love with you—"

"Oh! how could you?"

"But about the navy-blue? You see, Ella's trunk missed some connection, yesterday, and will not be here until to-day, so I had to lend her one of my dresses. Fortunately we are about the same height."

"For mercy's sake, go and explain," I said. "I would not, for worlds, have done it."

It was decidedly an embarrassing moment when Miss Courtenay and I met, two hours after. Fortunately, it was just as dinner was announced, and Ella was led off promptly by the master of the house, so that time was given to me to recover.

For several days after, I made but little progress with my cousin's friend. Miss Courtenay was invariably polite, but ice could not have been colder. "I don't think she'll ever forgive you," said Kate to me, daily, by way of consolation. "You see she has the strictest notions, and you outraged her maidenly reserve beyond pardon. It's a pity, too," with a malicious gleam of the eye, "you're such a lady-killer generally."

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But all this time I had not forgotten the glove. I still carried it in the breast-pocket of my coat; and still, at night, regularly took it out to look at. "I'm certain it's her's," I said, more confidently, every day. "I've watched her hand, till I know it by heart, and no other hand could fit the glove." And then I kissed the glove again.

At last the angry beauty began to thaw a little. I tried to be attentive, without being obtrusive; and my devotion had its effect, at last.

"She really," said Kate, "admits that you talk well, and are even handsome, 'much handsomer than any man I have ever seen, the impudent fellow,' were her very words, Charlie."

To remain angry began to be impossible, and when once she abandoned her indignation, the rest could be foreseen. By the close of the week, her departure for the White Sulphur was postponed for another week, Kate saying she would take no denial. Before the end of the second week, we were acknowledged lovers.

"I congratulate you," whispered Kate, when she first heard it. "But you may thank me, altogether. I went down on my knees to her, day after day, and told her it was all my fault, or rather the fault of my dress. No doubt you think it your good looks and your Sir Charles Grandison manners; but that's a mistake: she first began to thaw, when she told me of meeting you at the opera, and said as you were such a pet with General Fitzmaurice, there must be something good in you, after all. I suppose she gave you the benefit of the doubt, as they do a criminal in the dock."

The next day, walking through the grounds, Miss Courtenay and I came up to the garden seat, under the great chestnuts. Ella blushed, when she recognized it. I put my arm about her waist, drew her down on the bench, and—repeated the offence.

"I declare," she said, extricating herself, "you *are* the most impudent jackanapes alive. I told Kate so, from the first."

But the look in her eyes hardly corroborated her words, and I gained courage to introduce another topic.

"It isn't the first favor," I said, with a saucy air, "after all, that you've awarded me. Months ago, unless I mistake, I was the happy recipient of another."

"What do you mean, sir?" she said, rising. "Months ago! Why, I had never heard of you."

But I took the pretty hand, which, at first, she attempted to withdraw. "Nay, nay," I said, "haven't you promised it shall be mine? It is such a small hand, too; and I think I have a glove belonging to it; let me measure."

I had, with my disengaged hand, taken the glove from my pocket, and now laid the delicate, eight-buttoned trifle on the rosy palm.

"Where—on earth—"

"Weren't you in New York last October?"

"Yes! On our way home from Newport. Oh, now I remember! I lost a glove, one day, when out shopping. I suppose at Stewart's, for I took it off, when inside, to try on some others. How did you find it?"

Then I told her the whole story. "And ever since that day," I said, "I have been in love with the loser, and vowed never to marry any one but her. I was sure it was you, when I met you at the Academy, and I was going to the White Sulphur solely to see you."

"Well, you are a faithful knight," said the fair girl, after a pause; and blushing furiously, she added, "and ought to be rewarded—there!"

She put up her pretty, pouting lips. It was the first time she had done it since our engagement. And I kissed them, you may be sure—wouldn't you?

"I shall call you, after this," she said, tenderly, putting her hand in mine, and leaning fondly on me, as she looked up into my face, "I shall call you, after this, my chevalier of the EIGHT-BUTTONED GLOVE."

IN THE GOLDEN AGE.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.

In the old, old days, as poets have sung,
  Ere wars had begun to rage,
Were the happy times, when the world was young,
  And they called them the Golden Age.
Then life went by, like a lover's song,
  Or swans on a summer stream.
And nowhere was sorrow, or want, or wrong,
  But all was an endless dream!

All the women were fair as they fair could be,
  And the men were noble and true.
And over the mountains and over the sea,
  The breezes of Paradise blew.
But now there's a work-a-day world instead,
  With sorrow, and want, and care,
And the Golden Age has forever fled—
  The dream, it has vanished in air!

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MISS RENSHAW'S DINNER-PARTY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

THE lumbering stage rolled through the street of Newburgh, and stopped at the doctor's door. Everybody in the village told everybody else that Miss Renshaw had arrived, to make her annual visit to her brother. There were no comments; but a good many quiet smiles, and significant liftings of the eyebrows. The old doctor laid down his book, and hurried out, a half-scared smile of welcome on his mild, withered visage. Janet, his rosy little daughter, was close behind him. Old Barbara stood at the kitchen door. They all felt as if a raw easterly wind had begun to blow through the sunny little house; but being kindly, gentle folk, they nerved themselves to meet it, in a Christian spirit. Only Colonel, the dog, seeing who was coming, betrayed the general discontent by retreating, with a howl, to the stable.

Miss Renshaw paced up the tan-bark path complacently. She had told her friends, in Pittsburg, that she was going to see James. She "felt it to be her duty to visit poor James, at least, once a year. A widower, you know, with the flightiest child for housekeeper—you can imagine the condition in which I find everything. I look upon it as missionary work, indeed, to go and set house, and servant, and my neice to rights. I never flinch from duty, thank heaven!"

Everybody in Newburgh suspected the effect of these visits on the old doctor. But the present was to be momentous beyond precedent.

A week after her arrival, Miss Renshaw was waiting at the breakfast-table, one morning, while the doctor sipped his coffee and read his paper. He said,

"I see that those Turks are at their old work again, Miranda. It is curious to observe how the traits of each race reproduce themselves, inexorably, age after age. Now the Aryan stock—"

"Good gracious, James! Do eat your steak! It will be as cold as if it never had been cooked. I wish you would not dilly-dally so, over your meals. It is such an untidy, ungenteel habit."

"Oh, certainly!" gulping down his coffee. "I did not wish to detain you. But I often trace out these historical truths to Janet. Now, the Mohammedans, in every race, appear—"

"I'm sure I don't want to trace out the nasty creatures any where. Bigamists, every one of them. Did you know that the Ashers are coming?"

"Ashers?" Peering at her from under his spectacles. "I really do not recall the name, Miranda."

"Oh, I suppose not! It is well poor Janet has somebody to look after her interests. When she was in Baltimore, last winter, the Ashers were very polite to her. Very wealthy, stylish people! They've come now to spend the summer, in the village; and we ought to show them some attention."

"Certainly! I remember, now, the child told me how kind they had been to her. You will ask them to stay with us, until they are comfortably settled." The doctor had one of the most hospitable souls in the world.

"Ask them here!" almost shrieked Miss Renshaw. But what was the use of trying to make James understand? He might be a great naturalist; but in ordinary matters, he was little better than an idiot. The Ashers, in Miss Renshaw's eyes, were of the *haut ton;* they dwelt on sombre, aristocratic heights, to which mere fashionable people could not aspire; their house was magnificent; they kept carriages, a full suite of servants; and James would ask them here, as if they were mere nobodies! Here? She looked around her at the worn ingrain carpet; the cheap white dishes; at old Barbara, in her kitchen, who would come in, presently, and lecture the doctor about changing his coat, as if she were an equal—and shuddered.

"We may possibly manage to invite them to tea, after I have prepared for them," she said, calmly.

Being the only rational person in the family, it was her duty to be calm, to take this affair in hand, and conduct it to a successful conclusion. She had heard from the village gossips of how George Asher, the son and heir, had fallen in love with Janet. (Though what he saw in her, her aunt could not divine. A girl absolutely without style!) His mother, it was reported, was a widow, and humored the lad in every whim.

"No doubt," thought the astute Miranda, "she has come to look into our family and social position. What a providence it was that I came! I'll put our best foot foremost, with the blessing of heaven!"

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The next morning, having elaborated her plans, Miss Renshaw began the attack, as the doctor was filling his saddle-bags, preparatory to his daily round.

"James, you must have another servant."

"What, eh? Servant! Why, where is Barbara?" staring into the kitchen.

"It is absurd to talk of Barbara. She rules you and Janet with a rod of iron."

"She has been a friend to us, for twenty years, Miranda. When Susan died, it was on Barbara's breast she lay."

"Oh! very well; but it is not a friend you want; it is a servant. I ought to know what is due to Janet's social position."

"Janet's social position? Barbara?" said the bewildered doctor.

"And here is the luckiest chance," his sister went on, breathlessly. "A colored man, just from Virginia, a competent waiter and butler, who is willing to come and turn his hand to anything, for his board and clothes. Oh, you must secure him, James! At least, until the Ashers have been to tea. Nothing can be more stylish than a colored footman."

"Do as you please, Miranda. Only remember the purse is very shallow. I must save all that I have for my little girl."

Doctor Shenley rode away, laughing to himself at the shallowness of women. Except Janet. She seemed to him set apart from the rest. The old doctor and his little girl had always been intimate friends.

Miss Renshaw shrugged her shoulders, as he jogged down the shady street. "The best way to invest his money for Janet is to secure her a good husband," she said.

Upon that hint she went to work. Alphonse, the new waiter, a dapper, brisk mulatto, with a furtive eye, arrived. and took possession of the house. Barbara glared at him unnoticed. He appeared before Miss Renshaw, in spotless apron and jacket.

"Where shall I find the china-closet, madam? That person outside wishes me to set the table with the kitchen dishes."

"Presently, Alphonse." Miss Renshaw hurried to the store, and ordered home a full set of much-begilt china. It would never do to lose caste in the eyes of the footman.

Janet and her father glanced, quizzically, at each other, as they sat down to their supper of bread and honey, served with much ceremony. Aunt Miranda, stately, in purple ribbons, was behind the tea-urn. But secretly she quailed before the eye of Alphonse. He was her judge, testing her social position, by the cut of her dress, the quality of these very ribbons.

Janet drew her father into the garden, as soon as tea was over.

"It is so uncomfortable in there," she said, as she lighted his pipe, and sat down at his feet, on the grass.

"Never let trifles reach you, my dear. What says Epictetus? 'What matters to me anything which happens, if my soul is above it?'"

"Yes, of course." She laid her father's hand on her head; she liked to feel him draw the brown curls through his fingers. Old Colonel came out of the stable, and curled up on her dress. The happy tears were in Janet's eyes. She was not thinking of Epictetus.

"Father!"

"Well, my dear?"

"Mrs. Asher is coming, this evening, and—and her son."

The old man might be dull, in ordinary matters; but he was keen of sight and feeling, where Janet was concerned.

He stroked her head, softly, and did not speak for a minute or two.

"He is a friend of yours, Janet?"

"A very good friend, father. I—I think—"

"Yes, yes. I understand—"

The old man could not go on. He put his hand over her eyes, as her head rested on his knee, that she might not see how greatly he was moved.

Janet was very young. She had never had lovers, like more forward girls. This thought of love or marriage was new both to her and the old man. They had not as much worldly knowledge about it as many children. They sat silent for a long while.

"He never has said that he cared for me, father. And perhaps he has forgotten me. I don't know," said Janet, at last.

"I do not believe that he has."

As he spoke, a young man came hastily up the road, and catching sight of them, jumped the fence, hurrying straight to them.

"Who is this, Janet?" whispered Dr. Shenley.

"Miss Shenley," cried the young man, eagerly, before Janet could answer. "You must forgive me. I have brought all the dust of travel with me. But I could not wait. Will you not present me to your father?"

He was flushed and embarrassed, and Janet was quite as awkward. But the old doctor, who had a certain simple graciousness, when dragged away from books and beetles, managed to put them both at their ease.

Miss Miranda sent to summon the doctor to the house presently. Hugh Asher looked after him, with reverence.

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"And that is Dr. Shenley?" he said. "I used to hear my father speak of him, as the first of American naturalists. My father was a naturalist, too, though in a small way," he added, proudly. "I wish I could have mentioned that to Dr. Shenley. It might have made him think better of me," with an almost boyish blush.

"Who is that in the garden?" demanded Miss Renshaw.

"A young man, named Asher. A good, honest lad, he seems to be," added the doctor, thoughtfully. "He has a most ingenuous face."

"Good gracious! Asher! And you in your old dressing-gown! And Janet in her blue calico! What shall I do?"

"Do? Invite the lad in, to drink a cup of coffee. He is tired with his journey, no doubt," said the doctor, as he went into the dingy office, where his patient waited.

Miss Renshaw raised her hands in amazement. "He'd bring an Asher in to drink a cup of coffee, just as he would John the postman or the ploughboy," she said. "Inside of this house an Asher don't come, until it is ready for them!"

Miss Renshaw kept her resolution. The next day the faded old carpet was taken up, and a gaudy imitation of Brussels took its place; a pair of staring vases (all bought at "the store" on credit,) decorated the mantel shelf, instead of the doctor's case of Floridian beetles.

Miss Tibbert, the village dressmaker, was busy, meantime, in altering a sleazy silk of Miss Miranda's, to fit her neice.

"Make it as stylish as possible," urged Miss Miranda. "The girl has nothing fashionable to wear. Piece the back width into a long trail, so as to sweep the ground nicely. Baste this imitation lace into the neck and sleeves."

Leaving Miss Tibbert at work, she donned all her own finery, and sallied forth to call upon Mrs. Asher, who was boarding at Squire Gray's, a mile out of the village. Mrs. Asher was in, and Miss Renshaw, as she left, said to herself that the call had been a great success.

"They must be astonished to meet so fine a a conversationist, in this out-of-the-way place," she reflected, as she marched triumphantly down Squire Gray's lane. At the stile she met Hugh Asher, and bowed with the mingled reserve of a stranger, and the affection of a future aunt.

"Who is that strange creature?" asked Hugh, when he went into the house.

Mrs. Asher, a mild, little woman, looked perplexed and grave. "Dr. Shenley's sister," she replied, briefly.

"Now we are having an insight into the family relations of your 'Fair Maid of Newburgh,' Hugh," cried his cousin Julia, clapping her ringed hands. "That is her aunt. She came to invite us all to dinner on Tuesday. If the Shenley family have a strong point, it is 'social position.' There is nobody, in the village, whom they could ask to meet us—wretched plebians all! Oh, we know all about it," shaking her head gleefully, until the hooped ear-rings rang. "I thought the charm of your village maiden lay in her sweet simplicity? Why, the family are leaders in style and fashion. Aunt Miranda *dixit!*"

Hugh did not answer his cousin. There was a reason why Julia should dislike poor little Janet; and the lad, though no coxcomb, knew it.

When she had left the room, his mother said to him, gently:

"You have not yet asked Janet to marry you, Hugh?"

"No, mother. But—"

"Yes, I know all that you would say. But do not be rash. Wait but for a day."

"What is it?" hotly. "What do you fear, mother?"

"Everything, where you are concerned. It would kill me, Hugh, to see your life wrecked, by a sham, vulgar wife. Little Janet impressed me as a true, noble girl. But it seems impossible that anything genuine could come from such a stock as that. Only wait until we look further."

"Oh, I will wait!" said Hugh. "But I am willing to stake my life on the result."

Now a great chance of social triumph came in Miss Renshaw's way. In this wise:

On the morning of the dinner-party, Alphonse knocked at her door. He carried a mysterious box. In it were a quaint, silver epergne, and a couple of silver cups, all marked with a crest. Alphonse begged her to buy them, offering them at one tenth their value. "Ole missus, in Londoun, gave them to me, with my free papers," was his story. "'Here, Alphonse,' she says, 'you have served me faithful, and its all I have left to give.' The Stuarts was dreadful impoverished by the war."

"Stuarts? This monogram has an S," said Miss Miranda, eyeing a goblet keenly. "J. S. It might be Job Shenley, eh?"

Here was an addition to her dinner-table! The Ashers, of course, would ask no questions. They would take it for granted that this was the family monogram and crest.

"Very well, Alphonse. I will take the articles. My brother, Dr. Shenley, will pay you—some time. Direct Barbara to polish them, with the rest of the plate."

The 'rest of the plate' consisted, as she very well knew, of half-a-dozen spoons and forks.

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The momentous hour drew nigh. Janet, half-crying, half-laughing, at the absurdity of her own figure, had been forced into the gaudy new dress; her hair rolled and puffed after some astounding fashion, insisted on by her aunt; her aunt's paste diamonds hung in her ears; and a gigantic Scotch cairngorm fastened in her breast.

"No matter how I look," said Miss Renshaw, heroically, as Janet protested, putting her objections so as to hurt her aunt's feelings the least, but half shrinking from what she felt was a vulgar display. "It is you who are to unite the houses. You ought to wear the family jewelry—at least, for to-day."

Janet, red, hot, and awkward, took her post in the gay parlor; but feeling, sometimes, as if she would like to sink through the floor.

"You can be turning over the leaves of a book, when they come in. Elegant leisure—that is the idea."

Miss Miranda surveyed the room complacently, as she spoke, and hurried to the kitchen, where Barbara was dazed and enraged, struggling with a dinner of six courses.

The doctor had been called to a country patient, and would not be back until night. For which Miss Renshaw secretly thanked heaven. James was hopelessly ungenteel.

The gate clicked—they had come!

Miranda left the kitchen, rushed upstairs, and struggled into her best dress. Meantime, below, the meat was not half done, the fish were burning up—the soups!—

She hurried down, with that agonized smile, which belongs to housekeepers of vaulting ambition.

Now Janet was a sensible little soul, and keen-eyed, as we have seen. She knew exactly what that amused glitter in Julia's eye meant, as it glanced over the room, and then rested on her; she understood Mrs. Asher's chagrined, cold manner, which she vainly tried to bring back to her old cordiality. She understood Hugh's half-defiant devotion to herself. More than ever she wished the floor would open and swallow her.

The poor little girl was not able, like Epictetus, you see, to possess her soul, and look down upon these things.

Miss Julia tapped her paste diamonds, playfully.

"How becoming splendor is to you!" she said. "You did not dazzle us with these in Baltimore."

"They are not mine," said Janet, bluntly.

"Heirlooms—family heirlooms," said Miss Miranda, coming in, and rushing to the rescue. "I may bestow them upon Janet, if she marries to please me," smiling significantly.

The dinner followed—the interminable, dreary dinner; made more wretched by the sudden disappearance of Alphonse, who vanished, white apron, gloves and all, at the appearance of the guests, and was seen no more. Barbara, in the worst of humors, wrestled with the six courses, and made wholesale disaster with all.

Hugh, seated by Janet, was deaf and blind in happiness. Mrs. Asher grew more grave, with each moment, and Julia a little more daring in her impertinence. Miss Miranda observed that her eyes rested curiously on the silver epergne, which consoled her for all her disappointment.

The dinner was over at last, and the guests sauntered out into the garden, where the late twilight was falling slowly.

"What did I tell you, aunt?" said Julia, triumphantly. "Do you think this will cure Hugh?"

"I confess I am greatly surprised. I thought I was coming to the quiet home where high thoughts and noble living prevailed. Dr. Shenley is a great scholar, and Janet—"

"You always overrated Janet. Now you see the vulgarity, the pretension, in which she has been reared. But there was something more," lowering her voice to a shrill whisper. "Did you see the goblets? The epergne? I could wager my life they were yours—those that were stolen from you, last winter. They were across the table. But I was certain I detected the crest and the J. S.—your initials before you were married."

Mrs. Asher drew back indignantly. "You do not mean to accuse Janet of theft?"

"No-o. She would not have been so idiotic as to put them on the table. But no doubt the girl has bought them in Baltimore, of the thief, or a pawnbroker. I assure you the plate is yours. I'll convince you of it in a minute," she added, energetically, running back to the dining-room door. "Your mother wishes to speak to you," she said to Hugh, as she passed him.

"Can I have some water for my aunt, Miss Renshaw? In one of those beautiful goblets? Thanks."

Miss Miranda walked loftily beside her, down the path.

"Fine old piece of plate? Yes, Miss Julia, I should think so! It has been in the family for a hundred years. You observe the coat of arms, Mrs. Asher—and the initials, J. S.? My brother is the third Job Shenley."

Mrs. Asher grew very pale, as she held the goblet. Hugh took it from her, and looked at it, with blank dismay in his face.

"I must go, my son. I am not well," she

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whispered. "Let us go away from this place, and never return—never!"

"What is it, mother?"

"To think how nearly you have been entrapped. You must give up Janet at once—at once!"

"You are not surely going so soon?" cried Miranda, rushing forward. "There is my brother," as the doctor opened the gate, and came up the path.

Mrs. Asher stopped. Something in the gentle, benign presence of the old man, suddenly calmed her, lifted her to other levels of thought. She remembered how her husband had, all his life, hoped to know this man.

In a moment she was seated beside him in the arbor. The twilight fell. Hugh sat beside her. Janet, who had torn off her gaudy dress, was on the other side, the simple little girl Mrs. Asher had known and loved. It seemed to her that she was living in a purer air than she had ever known. She told this old man of her husband, his work, all that he had done or hoped to do.

Miranda, her dinner, her sham splendor, were forgotten. But she rushed in upon them, at last, from the house.

"Brother, the constable is here! He has arrested this man! He was escaping from town, with your horse and buggy!"

The constable appeared with his victim, at the gate.

"Hugh!" cried Miss Julia. "It is Alphonse. Your footman, last winter."

Hugh caught up the goblet, and confronted the mulatto with it.

"Yes, I took one," said the scared wretch. "I sold them to Miss Miranda, this morning. Be merciful, for God's sake."

"Let him go, Hugh," said Mrs. Asher. She gathered Janet's hand in both of hers. "Your poor aunt—" she said, laughing, nervously. But she never finished the sentence.

Miss Miranda left Newburgh, the next day. When Janet was married, in the fall, she sent an elaborate pair of pillow shams, as a bridal present. But she did not come to the wedding.

LINES.

BY MAY M. JOHNSON.

I sat in the lonesome twilight,
With empty arms on my breast,
My heart was heavy with anguish,
Yet wild with a mad unrest.
I knelt by my little one's cradle,
And thought of a new-made grave;
And I cried, "Oh, death, you were cruel,
To come for the child God gave."

I thought of her out in the darkness,
With the rain on her little bed.
And no arms to fold about her,
Or pillow her sunny head.
And fancied she woke from her slumbers,
Frightened, and calling on me;
And I cried, "Oh! death, you were cruel,
But what is my grief to thee?"

And a voice that was sweet with pity,
Said, "Peace, be still, sad heart."
And I saw, in a swift, still vision,
Heav'n's gate smiling wide apart.
And there was my blue-eyed baby.
Oh! vision of bliss to tell—
In Paradise, swinging and playing,
'Mid meadows of asphodel.

Smiling, and happy, and playing,
What more could I wish to know?
Could I give her such peace, such safety,
In all the wide world below?
With even a mother's love, guiding
Her feet in the paths of right,
Would she ever have entered in heaven,
With a soul so pure and white?

OCTOBER.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

A bacchanal fair, at the edge of the wood
She stands, where the grapes hang purple and low.
Her crimson bodice is torn aside,
And her soft, pale bosom gleams out like snow;
Amber buds in her tresses droop;
Her sensuous lips are red and rare,
And curved in a dazzling, treacherous smile;

Her arms and her feet are white and bare;
Her cheeks are stained with the blood of the vine,
A jeweled serpent is on her neck;
Her sleepy eyes are filled with the light
Of baleful beacons in time of wreck.
A Circe of beauty, half divine,
Yet wholly earthy—a queen of wine!

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MISS DEFARGE.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 204.

CHAPTER IX.

"REALLY," said Elizabeth, "I must go and see Terese. It is impossible that I should deny myself any longer."

"You do not mean to say," protested Barbara, glancing up from her note-book, "that you are thinking of attempting to go to the Court."

Elizabeth rose from her sofa, and sauntering up to the mantel, began to arrange her hair, indolently, by the help of the pier-glass, touching up a stray, careless loop here and there.

"I am not only thinking of attempting to go," she replied, sweetly, "but I am thinking of going. I have not seen Terese since Sir Roderick came home."

"It is my opinion," said Barbara, severely, "it is my opinion, Elizabeth, that you are insane."

"Insane!" echoed Elizabeth. "Really insane now, Barbara; like that stout, red, old Mr. Cushing, who thought he was a young lady of seventeen, and insisted that he should have his waist laced in, and wear low-necked, gauze dresses? My dearest Barbara—"

"You are talking flippant nonsense," interposed Barbara. "And you know that Dysart Court is not the proper place for you, and that you are not the proper person to go there, under the circumstances."

"Under the circumstance, meaning when there is a crowd of men there, who will stare if they should see me. My dear Barbara, let them stare. I am used to it. People always do stare at me, though, for my part, I scarcely see why."

"Everybody else sees why," was the elder Miss Dysart's sharp rejoinder. "And you ought to know yourself—though I positively believe you don't—that it is because you are handsomer—than you deserve to be," with a jerk.

Elizabeth's response was prefaced with a serene laugh—a laugh without the faintest excitement of elation in its comfortable composure.

"Because I am handsome—and handsomer than I deserve to be," she answered. "I wonder how it is that Roger never tells me so." And she sailed out of the room, with the hat with the red rose set side-ways upon her beautiful head, and the purple robe dragging two feet behind her.

She took her usual short cut across the park, towards the tottering bridge, which had once been regarded as ornamental, it being her habit always to risk her neck in crossing this bridge, rather than go around, and enter by the gate at the end of the avenue. But upon this occasion, she encountered a peril she had never met with before, and which she certainly had not anticipated.

The stream over which the bridge was thrown was wide and rocky, though shallow—scarcely more, in fact, than a broad, rough bed, containing in winter a few feet, and in summer a few inches, of water.

"An ugly place for a fall, however," Roger had said to her, more than once. "And you had better go around than cross it. You are not a sylph, Elizabeth."

But she had never gone round yet, and she did not go around this morning.

"It looks a little shakier than ever," she said, with a sigh, as she stepped on to it. "I suppose I shall be *obliged* to go round, in course of time."

She had reached the centre, when she met with her adventure, and it came upon her with a suddenness which paralyzed her. She heard wild shouts beyond the incline, on the opposite side of the stream—drunken, frantic shouts, mingled with the clatter of horses' feet—and then there appeared, upon the summit of the rising ground, a drunken, frantic rider, urging to his highest speed his excited horse, and making his way furiously towards the narrow, crazy bridge.

Elizabeth started forward, crying out aloud, and losing all semblance of self-control and discretion.

"Go back!" she shrieked. "You are mad! It won't bear—it won't—"

She saw it was no use, and staggered backward, giving herself up for lost. In ten seconds the animal would have been upon her, had not a miracle occurred. A figure sprang up in the middle of the path, as if it had sprung up from the centre of the earth; the slight, well-knit, well-dressed figure of a man, who flung himself upon the horse's bridle, and clung to it with a strength astonishing to see, and sufficient to drive the beast back upon its haunches. A string of

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oaths, French and English, thanked him. The rider, who was one of the youthful braggarts, naturally lost his balance, and falling off promptly, sat upon the ground, panting and raging.

"If you had broken your neck," said the miraculous stranger, in an angry, young tone, "it would have been less than you deserved. Be assured, I did not stop you, on your own account. Don't you see there is some one on the bridge?"

The fallen one picked himself up carefully, and tried to look majestic, but failed in consequence of a slight inability to stand upon his legs.

"No right er stop me," he protested. "Wasn't goin' er hurt young lady. Had er bet with f'ler behind; Sir Rod'rick D'sart. Said daren't ride ove' bri'ge. Said I could. Let young la'y stan' out er f'ler's way. King's highro'. I'll call yer rout."

The stranger put both his hands into his pockets, and regarded him with high contempt.

"I won't come out if you call me," he said. "I know nothing of you. You are a drunken cad, and ought to be cooling your heels in the county jail. Mount your horse, and go to the deuce." And he turned away, and advanced towards the bridge and Elizabeth.

"Call y'out for callin' me drunken cad," said the other. "Mush gen'leman's yerse'f. Visitor at Court. Sir Roderick callyerout. Baron callyerout—all family—callyerout—." And then all at once, as if stricken dumb at the sight of Elizabeth, who was coming forward, he stared a second or so, scrambled excitedly on to his horse again, and disappeared in manifest confusion and humiliation of spirit.

Elizabeth's eyes were wide with terror. She was red and white by turns. She tottered to the end of the bridge, and sat down upon a fallen tree, breaking forth into unconventional ejaculations.

"I will never cross it again!" she cried. "Never—never—never! Roger told me to go round, only I was too lazy. And he will be furious. And Barbara will say it served me right. Oh, how terribly the little wretch frightened me! I am trembling all over."

"I do not wonder that you were frightened," said her hero, standing before her with bared head, completely overwhelmed with the spasm of admiration, which had naturally seized upon him as soon as he saw her plainly. It is not every day that a young man rescues from death a young lady, who turns out to be a goddess, who is so deliriously earthy as to sit down helplessly at his feet, and look up at him with great, alarmed, amethystine eyes.

"Frightened?" said Elizabeth. "I feel as if I should never get over it. And they will be sure to scold me, and Barbara will be a little glad, too, I know, because she gave me such a lecture before I left home, and I only laughed at her."

If she had been less beautiful, the young man might have felt some amazement at the confidential nature of her communications; but as it was, he could only regard her with the deepest possible reverence.

"Surely," he said, "no one could be glad that you have met with such a hazardous adventure."

"Ah!" said Elizabeth, "you don't know Barbara." And she drew a long breath.

"No," replied the young gentleman, with becoming gravity and deference, "that is true. I do not."

Then Elizabeth awakened, to some extent, to a sense of her position. Her eyes softened, and she bestowed upon him a delicious smile.

"Oh, how stupid of me not to thank you!" she exclaimed. "I ought to have done it at first. But that is just like me. I do all the things I ought not to do, and leave undone all those things I ought to do—like the person in the church service. You ran a great risk for me. You might have been killed yourself."

"Pooh—no!" said her preserver. And then he added, with pointedly soft significance, and most delicate gallantry, "I am glad indeed that I was not."

"Glad?" cried the guileless goddess, entirely unsuspicious of the presence of a compliment. "Dear me, I should think so!" Then she added, having at last picked up a few of her threads of thought, "But where did you come from? You seemed to spring out of the earth."

"I was sitting almost exactly where you are sitting now," he replied, "but you were not in the position to see me. I was sitting there when you came within sight, and—the fact is, I was watching you."

"Ah!" commented Elizabeth, and immediately it occurred to her to ask another question: "Are you one of Sir Roderick's friends?"

"I have not that honor," was the polite reply.

"Ah!" said Elizabeth, "it isn't an honor, by any means. I am very glad you are not. It is nothing to be proud of. I am a relative of his myself, and I am not proud of it. My name is Elizabeth Dysart," she added. "I come from the parsonage, at the other side of the park."

"I," responded the young man, with equal frankness, "come from the 'Hand' in the village, where I arrived last night. My name is Basil Howth. I am of the Howths, of Huntingdonshire. I am on my way, this morning, to

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the Court. By the way, perhaps you have seen Miss Defarge."

"Terese?" exclaimed Elizabeth. "She is the only friend I have in the world—if I don't count Roger—and I am going to see her now."

"So am I," said Mr. Basil Howth, and strange to say there was a sudden tinge of gloom in his hitherto charming manner.

But he soon got over it, when Elizabeth smiled again.

"I am so glad," she said. "Now I shall have some one to take care of me all the way. I might meet that tipsy little object again."

"If he dared to alarm you again," with a grand air of protection, "I would fling his miserable little carcass through the park gates myself."

"He is one of Sir Roderick's friends," said Elizabeth. "And the rest are like him. Barbara prophesied that I should have trouble with some of them. Now," rising to her feet, "let us go, and pay our visit to Terese."

Not very long after this, Terese, looking out of her school-room window, caught sight of two figures sauntering across the brown grass, and under the wintry, bare trees, with a leisurely air of good fellowship and enjoyment, which would better have suited balmier weather. One of these figures was Elizabeth Dysart's; and the sight of her companion caused Terese to start as if she had been stung.

"I might have known," she exclaimed, angrily. "I might have known he would come. And I have no right to complain, either. It is what I deserve, for my folly."

She was obliged to brace herself quite sternly to meet her difficulty. When her visitors sauntered complacently up to the hall door, and saw her standing ready to greet them, neither of them guessed, ever so faintly, at the extent of her mental perturbation, though Basil Howth observed at once that she was pale, and noticed, with some irritation, that her manner was somewhat cold.

"You looked," said Elizabeth, afterwards, "as if you were not very glad to see him. Were you?"

"No," answered Terese, frowning. "It would have been better for us both, if he had stayed in Huntingdonshire."

"Why?" placidly interested. "Is he in love with you?"

Terese turned about, and confronted her.

"What do you think?" she asked.

Then, for the first time in the course of their acquaintance, she saw Elizabeth Dysart look reflective.

"I will tell you what I think," was the reply she received. "I think it would not be quite so objectionable in him as it would be in other people. It always struck me as being rather stupid to have any one save your life, and be forced to think about the person who did it as your Preserver, with a capital P; but, somehow or other, though Mr. Howth has saved mine, I don't feel as ridiculous as I might, under the circumstances, and I am grateful accordingly."

CHAPTER X.

THE frame of mind in which Mr. Basil Howth had made his way to Devonshire, and Dysart Court, was by no means a pleasant one. It was an injured frame of mind, a dejected one, and, it must be confessed, also a somewhat resentful one. During the last year, he had gradually declined from the high estate of an unreasonably happy lover to that of an unreasonably unhappy one. Perhaps I should not, however, use the word, "unreasonable." At least, he felt that he had reasons sufficient for his dissatisfaction.

"Every letter you have written has been colder than the last," he had said to Terese.

"Were any of them ever very warm?" Terese had asked, inwardly disgusted with herself, and much pricked by conscience.

"No," he answered, bitterly. "You took care they should not be that."

"Did you come here to quarrel with me?" she demanded.

He looked at her a moment, in distrust and anger.

"Upon my soul," he broke forth, suddenly, "I do not know what I came for. Unless it was to make myself more miserable than I was before."

Almost immediately, however, he found himself relenting. The tears had rushed into her eyes, and she turned her head away, in an impatient gesture.

"You are not more miserable than I am," she said. "You have wronged no one; and I have."

"Yes," he could not help answering, despite his relenting. "I believe now that you have wronged me."

It was not a comfortable state of affairs. Even Elizabeth could see that, though she could only make random guesses at the truth. The folly which Terese regretted was plainly connected with this visitor of hers, who was evidently restive and out of humor when he was near her, and yet found it difficult to tear himself away. Nothing was as comfortable as it had been, Elizabeth complained. Sir Roderick and

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his friends had thrown the Court into confusion; this excitable young man was a disturbing element; Terese was altogether unlike herself; and strange to say, even Roger was at his worst, and was moody, and savage, and ill-behaved, by turns.

"What is that fellow doing here?" he asked of Elizabeth.

"He is generally either making love to Terese or quarreling with her," she replied, without a shadow of hesitation. "And Terese does not like it."

"Why doesn't he go away then?" growled Roger. "A man must be a fool to force himself upon a woman."

"Oh!" responded Elizabeth. "You see they are engaged, or something, and I dare say it is only a kind of a row, and will be over in time." And she opened her blue eyes upon his darkened face, with unsuspecting tranquility.

"Everybody has rows," she observed. "We should have rows, if I was that kind of person—fiery and proud, like Terese. How thankful I am that I was born—as Barbara says—without a grain of decent self-respect about me."

But Roger did not seem to hear her. He sat astride his chair, his arms folded on its back, his eyes fixed on the floor, his lip bitten.

"Lizzie," he said at last, quite hoarsely, "do you think—does she care for the fellow?"

"Lizzie" was actually roused into sitting upright, and staring at him.

"Care?" she echoed. "What do you say?"

"I asked you," he said, in the same tone, "if she cared for him."

The flush which rose to Elizabeth Dysart's face, mounted even to her white forehead, and the roots of her hair; and then she sank slowly back into her chair, laughing a short, uncomfortable laugh.

"I don't know," she said. "Do you?"

"If I did, I should not have asked you," he returned, and said not another word, but relapsed into silence, and sat gnawing his moustache, and staring viciously at space.

From this time forward, the change touched Elizabeth also. There were signs in her manner of some slight mental perturbation. She ceased to goad Barbara with jocular remarks of a mild and easy nature. The children were reduced to one fairy story a day, and these of an inferior and tame class, utterly devoid of giants and dragons. Occasionally she appeared abstracted, and again more wide-awake than was her wont.

Mr. Basil Howth remained at the "Hand," in the village, and paid gloomy visits to the Court.

Now and then, also, he found his way to the parsonage, and scandalized Barbara by sitting before the parlor fire with Elizabeth. In fact Elizabeth's mode of conducting herself towards him was unusually tolerant. When he was in a particularly bitter and dejected mood, she allowed him to be sardonic and misanthropic at his pleasure, and to any unlimited extent. It did not disturb her, and since he appeared to find some relief in giving this outlet to his feelings, she was amiably willing to listen.

And it is not to be supposed that such complaisance on her part could be other than satisfactory, to some extent, to the young man, however sardonic his mood. Is there not a suggestion of consolation even in the mere presence of a golden-haired goddess, whose amethystine eyes at least dwell upon one without frowning? The despair of youth may be a terrible thing at times, but I will confess that the despair of Mr. Basil Howth was not as heart-rending a sight as it might have been, if it had not been possible for him to pour out his wrath and misery in his confidential little interviews with Miss Elizabeth Dysart, over the parsonage parlor fire.

"Terese has trifled with me," he would say, with a dangerously becoming aspect of gloom. "She has robbed me of that which I can never regain."

And then, because she could think of nothing sympathetic to say, without a too trying exertion Elizabeth would sigh gently, and fix her beauteous eyes upon the fire, and secretly congratulate herself that it was not necessary to do anything involving intricacies of conversation and mental exercise.

"I have often wondered," said Mr. Basil Howth, upon one of these occasions, "I have often wondered why you have never asked me any questions."

Elizabeth paused a moment or so. She had never asked questions, because, in such cases as this—it had occurred to her—questions were troublesome things. It had struck her that there were questions which might be asked, and questions which might not, and it was too much trouble to decide before speaking which class of inquiries the one suggested to one's self belonged to. But she did not enter into this elaborate explanation.

"I don't often ask questions," she replied. "And if I had asked them you might not have cared to answer."

"You would never ask a question I could not answer," he said.

"I should be sure to, if I asked any at all," she returned, beaming at the fire, because it was a good one, and she felt luxuriously comfortable.

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She was so wholly charming, that the soul of the luckless one warmed within him. He could not help regarding her almost tenderly, as he assumed a suitable expression of dark and impassioned melancholy.

"You know that I am wretched?" he said.

"I thought," replied the goddess, reflectively, "that perhaps you had had a kind of a—well, I was going to say 'row,' but perhaps that is hardly the word—I mean a kind of a—a—well, an unpleasantness with Terese. You always look at her as if you had, and she always looks at you in the same way, and so I concluded that must be it."

"It wasn't a row," said Basil, desperately. "I wish to the Lord it had been."

"Ah!" commented Elizabeth. "Not a row! What then? For my part, you see, I prefer anything to a row. Rows involve so much exertion, and always seem to privilege themselves so. What makes you wish it was a row?"

"Because I love her," burst forth the young fellow, "because I love her frantically, and if we had only quarreled, and she was only angry, I might hope the time would come when we could make it up, and—and be happy."

"Married, I suppose?" suggested Elizabeth.

He dropped his forehead upon his hands, and so sat, clutching his brown locks with his fingers.

"That was what I looked forward to," he groaned. "And now I should be an imbecile, if I did not see it was all over. But it serves me right. I was an imbecile, at the very outset. I ought to have known. And I half believe I did, though I tried to persuade myself out of the feeling."

"Why ought you to have known?" said Elizabeth.

"She did not care for *me*," he answered. "She had not even the grace to profess to," with rank injustice. "She was a teacher in a miserable school at Geneva, and she was not happy. My sister was fond of her, and brought her home to spend the holidays with us; and I fell madly in love with her. She refused me twice, but I would not give up, and then there was a row among my people. They considered that such a marriage would be a misalliance, and they told her so, and the insult roused her pride. Between us all, she was more than half bullied into it, and one day, after a scene with my idiot of an uncle, Major Ponsonby, she told me that she would marry me, and packed her trunks, and went back to Switzerland. She was in one of her high and mighty desperate moods. She said if I loved her so much that I wished to marry her, in spite of everything, I ought to be gratified."

"I don't wonder," sighed Elizabeth. "I should have done it myself. Imagine being mixed up in that kind of thing. *Any* body could marry me who persevered. But it is just like Terese to refuse you, because she did not love you; and then accept you, because she hated somebody else, and had struck fire against them. She is as proud as Lucifer."

Mr. Basil Howth was conscious of experiencing some slight, inconsistent, inward discontent. He forgot his woes, for a moment, in his involuntary objection to one of his companion's phrases.

"*Any* body could marry you," he quoted.

"I said anybody who persevered," answered the naïve Elizabeth.

"But '*any* body,'" objected the despairing swain, with great indignation rife in his wounded bosom.

His tone was such, and his fine brown eyes were so full of reproach, that, quite unexpectedly to herself, Elizabeth blushed for the second time in this history of mine—which was a very extraordinary thing.

"Ah!" she said, "I meant, you know, that I hate rows—and—and, somehow, I always give in."

CHAPTER XI.

LADY DYSART looked up at her governess, with a gloomy, bitter smile.

"What should you suppose," she said, "that I am going to do?"

The whole room was in confusion. Wardrobes and drawers were open, and their contents strewn upon bed, and ottomans, and chairs—faded finery of every shade and material; dresses of silk, and satin, and gauze, some torn and frayed, some crushed and stained, all more or less out of date, and unavailable through fashion or cut. And Lady Dysart sat in the midst of the disorder, and smiled her gloomy, bitter smile, when Terese, entering the room, paused, and looked about her.

"What do you suppose," she repeated, "I am going to do?"

Terese shook her head.

"Unless you think there is something you might utilize—" she began.

The poor woman's dark cheek reddened, and she laughed as gloomily as she had smiled.

"I am trying to fit myself to do honor to one of Sir Roderick's select entertainments," she said.

"One of Sir Roderick's," Terese repeated, in amazement.

"A few years ago," said Lady Dysart, "he

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was seized by a mad freak, during one of his visits to the Court. He gave an entertainment to his friends—filled the house for the night with his familiars, and turned it into Bedlam let loose; and now he is seized with the whim again, and I—*I* am to assist him to do the honors."

The tone of the last few words was indescribable. She rose in a sudden passion of humiliation, and stood upright before Terese.

"*I!*" she repeated, and struck herself upon her breast.

"Do you know what order of people he will force me to receive?" she went on, in a suppressed, passionate voice. "Do you suppose there will be a gentleman or an honest woman among them? No, you know him too well for that. There is not a gentleman or honest woman, in the county, who would cross the threshold of Dysart Court when he is here; and they understand my wretchedness too thoroughly to come when he is not."

Naturally one of her fine, indiscreet rages of feeling seized upon Miss Defarge. Her eyes flashed, and her breath came sharply.

"Why not refuse, and defy him to do his worst?" she cried. "I would suffer death itself—"

Lady Dysart settled at once into calm irony. She pointed to her surroundings."

"If you were in my place, you would do as I am doing," she said. "If I were to refuse, I would have Sir Roderick and his friends upon my hands for six months, and that is not a pleasant alternative. There is no need that he should threaten to murder me, though he would not hesitate, if it occurred to him as a happy method of disposing of a difficulty. He will not kill me—he knows too well how to manage me more easily."

Her momentary passion had died out into the old defiant indifference. She even smiled again, as she looked round at her scattered wardrobe.

"Look at them," she said. "The best of them belonged to my bridal trousseau. Some of them have been lying away for ten years. What is one to do with them? Those which are not too short are too narrow, and the rest—. You can see for yourself."

Suddenly she bent down over some dresses lying upon the floor. One was a maize satin, and she picked it up, and held it up in her arms, regarding it with a half sneer.

"Would you believe," she said, "that when this poor rag was new, I was passionately in love with the man downstairs? I made what is called a love-match. He was as villainous and poor then as he is now, but I was too young, and had led too secluded a life, to understand or believe when I was told and warned. And the dress has worn better than the passion." And she let it fall to the floor.

In her turn Terese picked it up.

"Give me this—and that," she said, pointing to a black velvet dinner-dress. "And you shall at least have something to wear."

She wore her determined air, and held her head high. She was capable, in such a humor, of any act of defiant daring. In one thing Lady Dysart had made a mistake. Terese would have braved the worst, and would scarcely have been conquered in the end. Secretly her ladyship was moved to strong admiration of her fire and courage, indiscreet though both might be.

"Take all you please," she answered. "You may make something of them, though I doubt if any one else could."

"Once I was called upon to dress myself on a hundred francs a year," said Terese. "And it taught me a great deal."

She turned over one article after another, in rapid examination. The task she was on the point of undertaking was by no means displeasing to her, particularly after she had made a discovery of black lace.

"Black lace and velvet and maize satin are by no means to be despised," she said, knitting her brows, as she looked forward to the possible effect to be produced upon Sir Roderick. "He shall not sneer at her," she was saying, mentally. "If she out-generals him, even in such a trifle as her dress, it will force him to feel a kind of respect for her."

"It was from my wardrobe that Elizabeth got the purple velvet," said Lady Dysart. "Its day was past for me, and she saw it, and admired it."

"She is handsomer in that than she was in the white merino," commented Terese. But she spoke mechanically. She was scarcely thinking of Elizabeth. A new idea had occurred to her. She stood with the maize satin and velvet upon her arm, hesitating, as it were, for a moment or so. At last she made up her mind.

"There is one thing I should like to ask of you," she said.

It was plain that she might ask what she chose, and would not be refused.

"It is," she added, "that I may help you to receive Sir Roderick's friends."

In her amazement Lady Dysart almost started.

"You!" she exclaimed. "You share the humiliation with me?"

She did not understand at all at first, but when she saw Miss Defarge's delicate nostrils dilate,

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and her eyes sparkle, she began dimly to comprehend the spirit which moved her.

"I am not afraid of them," said the girl, a little fiercely. "I don't know what fear is. I never did. They are more likely to be afraid of me than I of them. Ten to one, they are only coarse cowards, and one can force them into a kind of subjugation, if one faces them with a fire and spirit they are not used to. Sir Roderick may not be easy to manage; but I think we can subdue his friends, by defying them. Two well-dressed women, who do not deign to flinch before them, will hold them in check, at least."

"You are a bold girl," said Lady Dysart, firing a little herself under the influence of her fearlessness. "You are bold enough not to fail, even in such a bold stroke as that. You may stand by me, if you choose."

Terese carried the velvet and satin away with her to her own room. She gave the children holiday, and for three days kept herself shut up, and applied herself to developing her material. She threw herself into her work with her whole soul, as was her habit, bringing actual genius to bear upon it. She cut, and shaped, and designed quite fiercely, contriving with an art wonderful to behold, frowning over her task, in the intensity of her interest in it, the snip of her sharp, gleaming, little scissors sounding fairly dangerous. On the fourth day, she finished her work, and took it to Lady Dysart. The black velvet, and lace, and maize satin had evolved themselves from scant dubiousness into an evening-dress a Parisian *modiste* need not have blushed at designing. Her ladyship almost blushed herself, with pleasure, at seeing it.

"I have not owned such a dress for fifteen years," she said.

"It is as I said," replied Terese. "Black velvet, and lace, and maize satin are not to be despised, if one has a passion for contriving to make ends meet."

On the eventful night, she made her way to Lady Dysart's dressing-room, fully prepared for action. She looked a creature all fire and nerve. Her dark hair, which was dressed high and wonderfully upon her head, made her half a foot taller, one would have fancied; her dress was thin, and black, and elaborate to a marvel, though its material was simplicity itself; starry trails of yellow jessamine fell from her hair and her bouquet.

"You are startling to look at," said Lady Dysart, "though there is no hint of color about you but your flowers."

Terese laid down her bouquet, and unfolded the great apron, which she had brought with her.

"Now I am going to dress *you*," she said. "That is what I came for."

A seven-year apprenticeship to miscellaneous hair-dressing, served in the Geneva boarding-school, had made her quite an adept, and in her ladyship's heavy black locks she had abundance of material. She labored steadily, for an hour, before she put the finishing touch to the massy coils and puffs, but the culmination of her effort was a work of art. My lady flushed faintly, as she regarded the image the glass reflected. She was a handsome woman, of a dark and rich-hued order, and when her toilet was complete, the result was an effect entirely new.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MEMORIES.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

THE morning is bright with sunbeams,
That have come to gladden the day;
But I marvel not at its beauty,
For my thoughts are far away.

The child at my side looks wistful
Without, at the birds, and bees;
Still full of a childish wonder
At all she hears and sees.

But I answer so at random,
That she lifts wide-growing eyes,
While the lips that seemed so tireless,
Grow mute with a strange surprise.

For the tide of thought sweeps onward,
Like a wild and troubled sea.
And I float away on the current,
Till the present is nought to me.

I am carried back to a morning,
And a sky as bright and blue,
When I battled, oh, so fiercely!
With the first great grief I know.

Ah, me! How the sudden darkness
Enshrouded my youthful head,
For I only knew I was living,
And one that I loved was dead!

But a hand in mine is stealing,
And a bird-like voice so clear,
Recalls me from by-gone shadows,
Saying, "Mamma, I am here!"

Oh, the winning grace of childhood
Has a beauty all its own!
The dreams that defile or darken,
Are still in the dim unknown.

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MORE THAN HIS DESERTS.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

As Harold Gray and his friend, Ray Fisher, passed through the lower hall of the boarding-house, on their way to Mrs. Langham's reception, they were met by a bright-eyed young girl.

"Who is she?" queried Ray, as soon as the door closed behind them.

"Oh! the girl we met in the hall? She is a sort of cousin, or niece, or something of the kind, of the landlady; Aggie Rogers, by name. Why?"

"She has rather a striking face, I thought, and remarkably beautiful arms," Ray answered, lighting a cigar.

"Has she? Indeed, I never noticed it. The girl annoys me by her lack of delicacy. She is always in the hall, or by the door, as I go out and in. She is a good girl, and has a rather hard life of it—half servant, half poor relative, as she is in the house. I feel sorry for her. Not that she does anything improper; only she seems fond of being seen, and anxious to attract attention. Perhaps she has been told that she has a striking face. I wish some one would tell her not to wear so much soiled ribbon."

They fell to talking of other things then, and time fled, as when these two men had been college chums. Now, one, Harold Gray, was an ambitious and successful journalist, in a large city, and his friend, whose misfortune of riches had prevented him from making more than an accomplishment of his artistic talents, was visiting him, for the first time in five years.

They had been talking busily, for half an hour, of college days, and no further thought of Aggie Rogers had crossed either mind. Yet, as they entered Mrs. Langham's brilliant drawing-room, Aggie Rogers' face rose, with curious distinctness, before Harold Gray's mental vision. The dark, pleading eyes; the luxurious, dark hair, in loose disarray; the pale, clear skin, with its promise of tints underneath; the beautiful, sad mouth; but the whole effect spoiled by the cheap dress, and soiled ribbons.

The hostess' daughter, Pearl Langham, was gliding forward to receive and welcome the guests. Certainly, there could not be a greater contrast between two faces. Pearl's all pink and white, like a sea shell—exquisite, lovely, though he knew it was partly due to prepared chalk—the bloom was her own, but the pearly tints were increased by powder; her pretty, blonde hair all crimped and frizzed down over her white brow, till only an inch of forehead showed; her baby mouth, wreathed in smiles; her toilet like a dream of the sea, all billows of white and palest green. How perfect her manners were; how gracious and cordial to her friend Harold's guest; how modulated her voice.

Poor Aggie, the contrast was a sharp one, and cruelly against her. Thank heaven, she could not know of it, sitting drearily in the shabbily-genteel boarding-house parlor, and wondering what a grand reception was like, and if she would catch a glimpse of Mr. Harold, in the morning. Poor child, poor starved woman soul, her one bright spot in the dreary twenty-four hours was the few moments she saw Harold Gray.

And yet her aunt, Mrs. Harris was never unkind. But, like many a burdened woman, she had no time to think of anything beyond her daily duties. The family, dependant upon her for support, had food and clothes: what more could any one of them ask of her? And as Aggie found time for drumming out tunes on the piano, and was given all the discarded ribbons of Mrs. Harris' blooming daughter, Rose, who was in a fashionable milliner's establishment as apprentice, what more could *she* want?

Aggie believed herself remarkably well treated, and yet she did want something more. She wanted to be noticed by somebody, to be told something of life outside of that dreary boarding-house. But nobody talked to her; nobody looked at her, until Harold Gray came. The first month of his stay he had always a kind word, and a pleasant smile for her. And once he had met her on the street, and actually lifted his hat to her. No man had ever lifted his hat to her before, and it made the whole week pass like a bright dream. Then the cook laughed, and pinched her cheek, one morning, after Mr. Harold had spoken a few words to her, as she brought him his coffee.

"Our little missey is flirting with the 'andsome gentleman, is she?" laughed the cook. "Oh, she needn't a-blush so. Hi've seen it hall along. A purty face *is* a purty face, wherehever it is found."

It was the first intimation Aggie had ever received that she was possessed of any of beauty's

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gifts. Could it be true? She rushed to her room and consulted her mirror. The large dark eyes, the soft, rich hair, the pale, clear skin—oh, they *were* pretty! and if she had fine clothes—and so the Eve awoke in her, and she grew full of a feverish longing for fine apparel and more admiration.

Then came hours of standing before the mirror, and trying the effect of knots of ribbon and bits of lace, and crushed flowers, that had been given her by the milliner's apprentice, and had served their term upon that buxom maiden's garments.

Then came little schemes and stratagems to meet Harold Gray in the hall, as he came out and in; to attract his attention; to be admired by him. Poor, silly child, it was only the Eve in her, which shows in many of her sex, in a more cultivated manner: in the dropping of a glove; the carefully careless arranging of a rose or a curl; the train that grows suddenly *so* unmanagable at a crossing, just as young Augustus happens to be coming down the street; the glove that will not button until Charles takes the dainty hand, and thus sees the perfect symmetry of the wrist; but while the one is so charming to the ordinary masculine mind, even when sufficiently perceptive to see and understand its source and origin, the other, tactless and verging on boldness, especially if in connection with soiled ribbons and torn lace, is repellant and disenchanting.

And so the kindly interest, which the young journalist had taken in the dark-eyed dependant, grew less and less, as her efforts to increase it multiplied. While the skilful adroitness, with which Pearl Langham brought about interviews, the delicate *finesse*, with which she attracted his attention, the exquisite toilets she wore to augment his admiration, all succeeded admirably. So much difference is there in the same emotion, expressed in a crude or in a cultivated manner.

Coming home to dinner, a few days after the reception, Harold was somewhat surprised to find Aggie standing in the hall, near his room door, in conversation with Ray Fisher. He bowed gravely, and passed into his room, closing the door behind him. A second later, Ray followed him.

"I have just been asking Miss Aggie," said Ray, "if I might paint a picture of her. I think I could give the world a lovelier creation than 'Evangeline,' if I could catch the expression her face wore, as I came upon her unaware."

"Has she consented?"

"Yes. I am to begin the picture, this afternoon."

Harold Gray could not have told why, but a sharp sensation of annoyance, and almost anger, took possession of him. Why should not his friend use his wasting talents, as he had long urged him to, and when the desire seized him? And why should not this poor girl sit for him, in her leisure hours, at home? He could think of no reason why it should not be, and yet he went away, feeling out of sorts and ill-humored. He was walking leisurely down the avenue, his mind preoccupied, his brow yet contracted with a frown, when a sweet "Good-afternoon, Mr. Gray," fell upon his ear. He glanced up, and saw Pearl Langham in her pretty phæton, reining her pony near the pavement.

"I am going past the 'News' office," she said. "Will you ride? and then I will have an opportunity of telling you what I want you to do, at our charade party, next week. I was wondering how I was to see you about it."

Cosily ensconced beside this lovely girl, Harold Gray forgot his annoyance and ill-humor, speedily. Pearl talked, and he listened, and the sun shone, and Ray Fisher and Aggie Rogers were forgotten, until a query of Pearl's suggested them to his mind.

"And, of course, your friend, Mr. Fisher, will come? I wonder if he will be willing to help us?"

"I have no doubt he will, though he is off on a painting tangent now—it will have to have its run, like a fever, I suppose," answered Harold, a little tartly, as Miss Langham thought.

"Painting? And what is his subject?" she asked.

"A girl's face—a sort of poor cousin of our landlady, Mrs. Harris—Aggie Rogers by name. Ray was struck with her face—it is a rather remarkable one, I think, though the girl is very ordinary, and entirely uncultured. But he hopes to make a famous picture."

Pearl Langham's fair face was suddenly grave. "Don't you think it a little bit dangerous?" she asked. "Young, pretty, ignorant girls are so often susceptible, and Mr. Fisher is a very handsome man. You had better caution your friend to be careful."

Harold laughed. "A romance is the first thing to suggest itself to a woman's mind," he said, looking into her earnest blue eyes, with his dangerous smile, which perhaps he did not know was fatal to the peace of Pearl Langham's warm heart. "I think Miss Aggie, although perhaps ordinarily susceptible, is in no danger from the fascinating young artist."

Pearl shook her head.

"Miss Aggie is scarcely seventeen," he said, "and has had no advantages—no life but one

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of drudgery. It is not at all likely she would so far forget her station as to fall in love with Ray Fisher, who has wealth, family and talents. And now, here we are at the 'News' office; a thousand thanks for this pleasure; I am the most fortunate of men, and I will surely be on hand for the charades. *Au revoir!*"

He touched his hat, as only Harold Gray could, and she rode away, with the memory of his smile warming her like sunlight. Oh, youth; oh, life; oh, love—how beautiful!

"And how does the picture progress?" asked Miss Langham, the evening of her charade party, as she chanced to stand alone with Ray Fisher, for a moment.

He was looking her in the face, chatting gaily when she spoke; but he turned his eyes away, as he answered, indifferently: "The picture? Oh, rather slow—I am a lazy fellow, and do not work very persistently. It is progressing, however."

His face, his manner, impressed Pearl Langham oddly

"I want to see the picture when it is done," she said. "I am told the girl is handsome."

"Very," Ray answered, with considerable emphasis. "It seems too bad that she has led the sort of life she has; there are possibilities in her of better things. But she doesn't know it, and as she doesn't know it, I suppose she is just as well off. I will show you the portrait, when completed."

Pearl Langham repeated the conversation to Harold, an hour later; and again Harold felt that rising up of bitter, angry emotions. Was it not enough that Ray Fisher should paint the girl's picture? How dare he talk in this free-and-easy manner about her? Was it not bad enough, and sad enough, that the possibilities *were* beyond bringing out now, without telling them to every stranger? Why would people persist in talking about this girl to him? He wished he need never hear her name again. He abruptly changed the conversation.

The picture grew slowly, and Ray Fisher's visit was prolonged in order to complete it. The last few weeks, Harold had seen but little of his guest, and but little of Aggie. No more meetings now in the hall; no more causes of annoyance by her uplifted, sad eyes, her poor attempts at toilets. And much as he had disliked these things, he felt half angry at Ray, for having been the means of their discontinuance. And yet Harold Gray was not thought to be a vain or weak man. But the state of his mind was strangely complicated. He had quite determined to change his bachelor condition. He wanted a home, and something better than a boarding-house life, and it seemed to him the dainty grace and perfect loveliness of Pearl Langham would wonderfully adorn his castle in Spain. Why did he so delay the question which would settle his fate? Why, indeed? Pearl Langham would have liked to know.

He was spending a quiet evening at the Langhams, and thoughts which trembled on his lips, spoke in his eyes, and brought the warm blood to Pearl's fair cheeks, when the servant ushered in Ray Fisher, with something held carefully in his hand. It was the picture—completed at last.

"I promised you a look at it, Miss Langham," he said, with a pleasant word and bow to Harold. "And, as I take my departure from New York, to-morrow night, and the picture goes with me, I thought best to bring it up, this evening. How do you like it? I call it, 'Hopeless Longings.'"

It was a simple picture—just a girl's face, looking off into space, the head thrown back, the chin resting on the two clasped hands, the eyes hopeless with brooding melancholy—the whole face despairing, as if with sudden knowledge of missed might have beens—Aggie's face, yet idealized and beautified with the beauty of thought and intense feeling. A glimpse of this beauty Ray had, one day, caught upon her face—the rest he had supplied.

Pearl was earnest and unsparing in her praise of the picture. Harold was moodily silent. To him, it was a sharp, bitter pain, and surprise. It was Aggie's face—yet a new Aggie, the Aggie that ought to be, but was not. Why should Ray Fisher create such an ideal, to mock the poor real, to make impossible more impossible yet? Whatever had trembled on his lips, no longer looked from his eyes, as he said a grave good-night, and accompanied his guest home.

The next day, he met Aggie Rogers, in the dining-hall. It was the first time he had seen her in days. He spoke to her, and strove to draw her into conversation even, but she was strangely grave, never lifting her eyes; and he noted, with considerable surprise, the almost tasteful toilet. Her sittings had taught her, at least, the rudiments of good taste in attiring herself. He did not see her again, until evening. She stood by the door, as he passed out, and simply said, lifting her dark eyes, gravely:

"Good-night, Mr. Gray."

Ray had gone out earlier, and had bidden his friend farewell. "I am to dine with some artist friends, to-night, old fellow," he had said, "and will go from thence to the station. So, good-bye, and a thousand thanks for your hospitality and kindness, during my visit."

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That very afternoon, Pearl Langham had been surprised by the sudden arrival of an old friend, a childhood's playmate, from Maine. She was on her way for San Francisco, and could only remain a few hours, she said. At midnight, Pearl ordered the carriage, and was driven with her friend to the station, determined to see her until the last moment. She was just about re-entering the carriage, having kissed her friend farewell, and seen her safely in the Pullman car, when she sprang back upon the station platform, with a suppressed cry. Gliding past her, wrapped in a dark cloak, was a slight, girlish figure. The gaslight fell upon the face. She recognized it, in a moment, as the original of "Hopeless Longings."

Where was Aggie Rogers going, alone, at this hour of night? It all came over her, with lightning like rapidity. *Ray Fisher was to go away, that night*—this girl was eloping—going to her ruin.

Pearl rushed forward, and caught her arm. "Come with me, quick," she cried. "I am sent for you—the carriage waits."

Before the frightened girl knew what had happened, she was hurried into a carriage, and driven rapidly away, beside a woman whom she had never, in her life, seen before. Out of the carriage, up stately steps, through a broad hall, and up a winding stair, into a bower-like chamber, she was almost dragged. Then, closing and locking the door behind them, Pearl Langham threw back her hood, disclosing her pale, lovely face, and seated herself beside her companion, on the divan.

"You are Aggie Rogers," she said, rather than asked. "Now tell me all about it. I want to know where you were going, when I found you."

Aggie looked at her, with big, solemn, admiring eyes. "I promised not to tell a living soul," she answered; "but I suppose you are some one he sent to me, or else you would not know my name. I was going away with Mr. Fisher—he has promised to make a lady of me."

"Was he to make you his wife?"

"Oh, dear, no—I would never think of being his wife—"

"And you were going away with him, knowing you were not to be his wife? Oh! it is worse than I had dreamed."

"Worse? Why, what could there be wrong in it? He is a good, kind man—he knew I was unhappy, and told me I could do better to go away. I asked him if I could ever grow to be like other ladies—such ladies as men like him and Mr. Harold went to see—and he said yes. Then it was all arranged that I should go with him, to some friends of his, and stay until I learned all their ways; and then I might return, if I would—and that was what—I so longed to do. And what I will do; for I suppose you are the lady he has sent me to, only I thought I was to go on the cars, and he was to meet me there; and when I am grown graceful and lovely, as he says I will, in a few months, and wear fine dresses, *then* Mr. Harold is to be sent for, and won't he be surprised and glad, of what has happened to me, and all through his good friend, Ray?"

"Oh, child, child!" cried Pearl Langham, her eyes raining tears. "I did not know—I did not dream there was such ignorance as yours—such blackness of heart as his—in God's fair world. Aggie Rogers, God sent me to you, to snatch you from the awfulest chasm of blackness that ever a human soul was thrust into. Listen to me. It is hard and pitiable, that, to save a pure soul, I must sully your white mind, with things you never dreamed of; but I must tell you what you are saved from."

And the gray morning light fell upon the white, scared face of Aggie Rogers, as she sat folded in her new friend's arms, trying to fathom the abyss of darkness she was rescued from—trying to understand the terrible peril her ignorance and vanity had led her into.

"And now, do not let us talk of it any more," Pearl said, tenderly. "You are to stay with me—as my *protégée*. I will teach you what I can, and if you are apt and ambitious, you shall have all the learning and culture you crave. In return, I only ask your entire confidence and your companionship, and such duties as your time and inclination prompt."

When Harold Gray heard the story, it was from Mrs. Harris, who had been apprised of Aggie's whereabouts, and was astonished and delighted at the eccentric freak of Miss Pearl. And Harold, hastening to offer his words of warm praise and approbation, was greeted by the two women, between whom he had so recently drawn a sharp contrast, who came forward, arm in arm, to receive him.

Handsomely attired in a dark silk of Pearl's, her rich hair beautifully arranged, Aggie was strikingly beautiful. She said little, but her dark eyes haunted Harold Gray, all night, with their mournful beauty. And the words he had thought to say to Pearl remained unspoken.

Although not visible to other callers at Miss Langham's, Aggie was always at home to Harold Gray. "You must study and learn many things before people are allowed to criticize you," Pearl

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would say. "But Mr. Gray is an old friend, and he will do nicely to practice, what you are learning, upon. We will use him as a lay figure, dear!"

But to herself Pearl Langham said, "This girl loves Harold Gray, with all her soul! She was going blindly to her ruin, believing she was to be made a lady, worthy of his regard. Now, if she can win his love, she must have her fair chance. If I can keep him, God knows I will—but if she can win him, he is hers."

And there came a day, not many months later, when Pearl Langham looked destiny bravely in the eyes, and knew that she had lost, in the game that meant, if not all of happiness, at least the greater part of it for her.

Harold Gray had been in the west, on business, for three months. On his return, he called, and the two girls went down, together, to meet him. Three months of absence made him quick to note the changes he would not have observed perhaps day by day. Aggie had been ten months under Pearl Langham's roof and care, and she had unfolded like a rose in the sun. The constant companionship with Pearl was better than a dozen schools, to teach her taste and grace; and her terrible experience had taken her vanity—at one fell stroke, and left her modest and shy. As she came forward, with extended hand, to welcome Harold, his eyes fell on her, with such a look, as drove all the blood out of Pearl Langham's heart, and left it cold and dead. She knew her fate, and Harold Gray knew his heart, at last. He loved Aggie Rogers—he had always loved her. Even in her days of ignorance and poor taste, she had drawn him, with that subtle, nameless force, that we call magnetism; and now, in her beauty and grace, she was like a magnet to the steel.

Pearl Langham was a fair, sweet girl, whom he admired and respected, and, under some circumstances, could have tenderly loved. But Aggie Rogers was a rich, royal-natured woman, whom he madly adored.

It was a year before the marriage took place. The Langhams gave the wedding, which was characteristic of the Langhams, for its quiet elegance. After the guests were gone, and the bride and groom had flown, Pearl sat before her mirror, and looked, with pitying eyes, at her own fair reflection, and talked to it, in a tender, gentle way.

"You have done a brave, good act," she said, "and you are glad and thankful that a sister woman is saved, and two people are happy. And you are young, and have many suitors, and some day you will make a choice, and go forth a smiling and not unwilling bride. But all the same, you know just what life means to you; it means to love one man, with a still, steady, remorseless, and undying love, so long as the world lasts. To love him, and yet be loyal to his wife, your friend and companion, and loyal, too, to the man you will, some day, marry. You will try to live it down, Pearl Langham; but you know you cannot do it. But you will do your duty, and God will give you peace, and, at the longest, life is brief."

Oh, life! oh, youth! oh, love! thou art not all beautiful. And so the years go by.

HIS GRAVE.

BY JENNIE JOY.

When the moon hangs low in the western skies,
And the stars cast a feeble light;
With a weight on my heart like the weight of sighs,
Far out in the voiceless night
I go: whilst the breath of the odorous blooms
Of the lilacs over my head,
Sends a chill to my blood like the air from tombs,
Or the perfume about the dead.

Through the shadows cast by the gloomy pines,
I creep like a guilty thing,
A-start if but whisper the low-voiced winds,
Or a cricket chance to sing;
And down the green avenues swift I pass,
The fireflies my guiding light,
Till I reach a mound with its warm, dank grass,
And its shaft of spotless white.

Oh, it is not much just to lay my head,
A-weary and wanting rest,
But for one brief hour on that grassy bed,
With my heart o'er a pulseless breast!
That I needs must steal through the dreadful dark,
When earth's happy are all asleep,
Lest some prying eye my going should mark,
And question my right to weep.

Oh, it is not much, just to murmur low,
With that calm face hidden there,
A name that the brightest angels know,
Though that name I do not bear:
That I needs must listen with stifled breath,
Lest some evil bird be near;
Which would pierce the sanctity even of death,
For a tale that the world may hear.

And yet like a thief through the dark I go,
Whilst earth's happy are all asleep,
For the only need such loving may know;
To lie on *his* grave and weep,
And our God, he sees how my heart hath striven,
'Gainst this worship of poor dead clay,
Which He made so fair it outdazzled heaven,
And took all earth's brightness away.

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"DON'T TRUST APPEARANCES."

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

My aunt had gone to Menton, on the Riviera, to visit a friend, leaving me master of our Florentine home, which was a pleasant, second-floor apartment, in a commodious house, in one of the new streets, overlooking the sunniest of gardens. She had taken with her the woman who was her maid, or table waitress, according to need; and the remainder of our domestic staff consisted of the cook, and a growing boy in buttons, whom she kept, I imagine, more for show than use, as he was a worthless little rascal.

It was a Tuesday morning, and I rose in an amiable and Christian mood, for my sleep had been haunted by no prophetic visions of evil. The sun shone, the late autumn birds sang in the garden, my soul was peaceful and at rest. I had no shadow of reason to suppose that I had done anything to irritate Fate. There had been no sign that the capricious old harridan had any intention of dealing me a sudden and awful blow.

I was nearer thirty than twenty, and not an unpleasant object, I think, either physically or mentally. My name was—and still is—Frederic Grafton, and among people who were partial to me, I had the reputation of possessing a poetical nature. This belief was founded on the fact that I had perpetrated a volume of verses, which I had generously given to the world. I sometimes favored certain newspapers and magazines with little sketches and tales. On this particular morning, I had risen with a plot for a story, and proposed to write it out that day. It was nine o'clock when I established myself at my desk—just nine. People who scribble, or people who paint, are expected to indulge in certain eccentricities: unless they did, their friends would never believe in their owning a gleam of genius. Now my eccentricity consisted in wearing a peculiar garb. The coat was a loose sack, which had been drab in color once, but was a sickly yellow now, which brought numerous ink spots into bold relief. The trousers were blue flannel, and the left leg was patched with black and the right red. I wore no neck-cloth, and my shirt-collar was open. The shoes were not mates: one was a low-cut, Oxford tie, the other a Congress gaiter, with a gray top; the shoe had no tongue, and the boot had very little sole to speak of. I make no excuses for this description, or for being attired so capriciously. I only assert, calmly but emphatically, that in no other suit of clothing could I compose a paragraph.

Ten o'clock came. The muse had not been very propitious. I had progressed but slowly. I remembered a note I wished to send a friend. I rang the bell for Buttons.

"Take this, at once," I said; "it is most important."

"But the cook is out, sir—the postman may come—the—"

"Do your errand," said I, sternly; "I will open the door, myself, if you are not back; but you needn't be gone ten minutes."

Buttons departed, and I returned to my story. It had suddenly become easy to write. I was roused, by a thundering peal at the bell—the postman's ring. I hastened into the anteroom, found the little basket, with the long string attached, which the servants were in the habit of letting down for the postman to put the letters in, so that they need not have the trouble of descending the stairs.

I opened the great door that gave on the general staircase. I lowered the basket, and I was drawing it up, when a sound like thunder boomed through the house. The door of my apartment had closed behind me with a bang! I dropped the cord; away went the basket, and I flew to the door, losing the Oxford tie, which rolled down several steps. I pushed at the door. It would not stir; it was shut—shut. I could no more open it and get into my dwelling, than a man buried alive could open the door of his tomb, and get out.

On the first floor dwelt a cross old Englishman, with whom I was not on speaking terms. The people who lived on the ground floor were still absent in the country. There was nobody there, at present, except the porter, whose duty it was to pump water, and light the lamp on the staircase, though he usually omitted both duties.

The noise which the door made in shutting was positively awful. Cook had stupidly left a window ajar in the anteroom; the Tramonta was blowing its fiercest; a gale rushing in through the casement met a gale rushing up the stairs, and banged the door in its face—in mine too.

The intolerable din brought the old English sinner's woman servant out on the landing; it brought up the porter and his two children from

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below. I should hardly have been surprised if it had brought the dead from the English cemetery in the Viale near by, but it did not.

I explained what had happened, and added to the porter:

"Bring your keys, Antonio, and open the door."

"But I have none, signore mio!"

"The proprietor must have duplicate keys of the apartments," I said: it was the proprietor who occupied the ground-floor.

"But he has not left them with me," said Antonio.

"I will try the key of our door," called, good-natured Assunta, and she came up therewith; but it did not fit.

Antonio flew back to his door, and after a little, returned with a huge bunch of keys, which he had found in the cellar.

"They are old affairs," he said, "but one of them may answer."

He tried a dozen in turn. As well have tried to lift a steam-engine with a straw! Some would not enter the lock; others would go in, and turn smoothly round and round; finally one seemed to fit. "At last!" cried I. Not a bit of it! That diabolical key would turn just far enough so that we could hear the bolt stir, then it would stop, with a little creak that sounded in my ears like a fiendish laugh. Antonio tried. Assunta tried. I tried. So did the children. The key creaked, Antonio groaned, the children giggled, and Assunta called on the saints; but no one of the adjurations had any effect.

Buttons did not come back. Assunta knew that cook had no intention of so doing until noon! Assunta offered me a shelter in the Englishman's apartment. But it was impossible, under the circumstances, to accept it. The porter had no shelter to offer, for he did not live in the house. The proprietor's apartment was locked. Antonio had only admittance into the back yard. I was better off on the stairs.

The porter and one child went in search of a locksmith, the other children to look for Buttons. Assunta brought me up the basket, and the letter it contained, and went off to market. Mercifully I found a pipe, and some tobacco, in my pocket. I began to smoke, and to read my letter; for I might as well take the matter calmly, I thought.

Nobody appeared, neither Buttons nor Antonio. Half an hour elapsed. Up the stairs came a man with vegetables. I bade him set his burthen down and go. He obeyed, but his wondering glances made me recollect what a singular object I must appear—a kind of cross between a gipsy and a beggar, with all the picturesque part left out. I sat down on the top step, and nibbled pensively at a turnip. I was cold—I was furious—I reviled fate. Then to forget my woes, I opened my letter, and read it. It was from aunt Joan, kind, affectionate, but oh! mockery of mockeries, she said how glad she was to think of me as comfortable in her absence, the apartment was so pretty, cook so trustworthy, even Buttons tolerable, as boys go! And I read this, seated on the stone stairs, a perfidious wind blowing up the legs of my trousers, and the door of my own domicile shut in my face!

I grew colder and colder. Visions of neuralgia and pneumonia began to haunt me. I tried to button my coat, but it had no buttons. I strayed across a friendly pin or two on the lappels, and fastened the garment over my chest, as well as I could. By the mercy of Providence, and my own carelessness, I discovered three handkerchiefs in the pockets. I tied one round my jaws, one round my neck, and the third round the ankle of the foot, which sported the low-cut Oxford tie.

The porter's oldest child came back to say that he could not find Buttons, and father could not find the locksmith: father had gone in search of another, but when the child told me where that one lived, I knew Antonio could not return for an hour; but I said it was no matter; for the calmness of despair had begun to come over me. The child went away.

The outer entrance-bell, which connected with our apartment, rang again. It was a second postman; I had been there an hour! After awhile, appeared an old man, with plaster images to sell; he took me for a tramp, and warned me, in a friendly fashion, that I would get myself arrested, if I did not "move on." A sharp-eyed, inquisitive-nosed boy ran up, whistling; he passed me, with a glance of contempt; in his hand he carried a bill. He rang. He rang a second time. Then he looked at me over his shoulder.

"They're all deaf, I think," said he.

"Ring louder," said I, feeling a fiendish glee at his discomfiture.

He did so. He rang till he was tired. Then he stood still, and cursed the dwellers in that apartment, root and branch; then he gave me a special curse, in my character of beggar, unaware that he had already settled my affairs; then he departed.

A man came to sell a guinea pig; a woman came with a package for cook; a hump-backed girl came with a message, and observed, (apropos of nothing, for I had neither spoken or lifted

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my head), "that I needn't make eyes at her, for she was not that sort of person." Some children, (instigated, I believe, by those little demons belonging to the porter,) came and grinned at me, and rushed shouting and whooping away, when I dashed forth upon them. An old woman came, a peripatetic bundle of rags; she asked for a centime; I asked her on what terms she would swap shoes with me, hers were mates. She stared, touched her forehead significantly, and departed in silence.

The clocks struck, the bells rung twelve o'clock. As I hope for salvation, I had been there two hours! Buttons appeared; I was too far gone in misery to do more than cuff each of his ears, and that far too mildly.

"Open the door," said I.

"But I've no key—I—"

He dodged at some movement I made, but I could not think of vengeance. I sat down on the stairs again.

"I'll go and meet cook," he proposed; "I know the way she comes home, and I'll run back with the key."

"Go, if you choose," said I, with the indifference of desperation. He fled, like a bird from the clutch of the snarer, like a lamb from the claws of the wolf; he did not care whither he went, just so he escaped from my presence; and I did not care either!

He would never return—I knew it! Cook would never return, nor Antonio, nor the locksmith! There was no cook, no porter, no locksmith, no Buttons, there was nobody, and nothing in all the universe but me and my misery!

Great heavens, yes, there was! I heard a carriage stop before the house; our bell rang violently; then, in a few seconds, I heard voices in the entrance, English speaking voices, one was a lady's, such a sweet, musical voice!

"We may as well go up, Lord Edward," it said. "There is no telling if those Italian servants will ever come down. I know that Mrs. Forester is out of town, but I want to get her address, for I have to write to her, about a little matter a mutual friend interested me with, before I left America."

"Aw—of course—looks rather high up," returned in drawling English tones; "but can't I go for you, Miss Eveleth?"

Miss Eveleth—had I heard aright!

I had never met Constance Eveleth, but I knew her pretty well. She was the daughter of my aunt's most intimate friend; I had even her portrait—oh, such a pretty creature! We had corresponded; for when my poor verses were published, she took a great fancy to them, and wrote about them to my aunt, and so out of that sprang a correspondence between us, which had lasted eighteen months.

I had known that she was coming to Europe, that autumn; that she was to be in Florence: and I had looked forward to meeting her, with emotions which the dullest person can have no difficulty in comprehending. In short, between her photograph, her letters and my own fancies, I had fallen tolerably deep in love with her, though I had never set eyes on her. But I was about to do so now!

Merciful powers, how I had dreamed over that encounter! How I had fancied a score of romantic incidents, wherewith Fate, if she chose to be good-natured, might surround it! I had pictured Constance Eveleth in peril, and myself rescuing her; in trouble, and I aiding her; in —but never mind—there was an end of dreams; Miss Eveleth was at hand, and so was reality!

They were mounting the stairs, laughing and talking, gaily. Good heavens, there actually existed human beings who could laugh! As the novelists say, "I lived an eternity in those brief instants!" There was no escape for me, unless I dashed myself headlong down the dizzy space, which the curves of the winding staircase left in the entrance hall! A photograph of me Miss Eveleth had seen, as I knew; for, without my consent, aunt Joan had sent it to the young lady's mother; foolish aunt Joan liked it because it was taken in a gypsy costume I had worn at a fancy ball. I reflected now, with horror, that though the garb was a combination of velvet and chamois skin, and my present attire battered and worn, both had a sufficient family resemblance of disorder and unlikeness to prevailing fashions, to render a recognition of me possible!

I drew the handkerchief closer about my face. I rose, and crept softly into a niche on the landing, where a statue ought to have stood, but did not. The steps and the voices sounded nearer and nearer. Then I saw the pair. Oh, Constance Eveleth was a thousand times lovelier even than her photograph, and her companion, (infernal deities, how my chilled blood suddenly boiled as I glanced at him!) was, so far as physical beauty went, one of the finest specimens of the Anglo-Saxon race I had set eyes on, in my whole life.

I crouched lower in my niche. I crossed my arms over my bosom, and seemed buried in meditation. Engaged in conversation, the young couple passed me, unnoticed; and the gentleman rang the bell, rang and rang, of course with no result.

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"The servants must be absent, too," said Miss Eveleth. "I am so sorry—I can't imagine how I am to get Mrs. Forester's address."

"Aw—try the bankers," said Lord Edward. She laughed, merrily.

"I suppose there may be, on a moderate computation, a dozen here in Florence, with whom strangers have dealings. Will you go about, till you find Mrs. Forester's special man?"

"Well—that would be an undertaking! You know I like to please you better than anything in the world, but perhaps we may hit on some other way of finding out the lady's whereabouts," said he. "Oh, didn't you say Mrs.—what do you call her—had a nephew?"

"Yes, but I believe he is absent. Otherwise, of course, I should have dropped him a line, and asked him to come and see me."

"I don't see why 'of course,'" returned Lord Edward, discontentedly.

"Even if you do not, I should have done it," she answered, still laughing. "But really, I think there is no use ringing any longer. Poor mamma will think we are lost, and she will freeze, besides, sitting in that open carriage."

"Oh! she is wrapped in rugs to her nose," said Lord Edward. "'Never give up' is my motto! The servants are asleep; Italian servants always are, you know; it's our duty to wake them before we go; why, they might burn up, or something, and be none the wiser!"

It was evident that the handsome, insolent-faced young man had no objection whatever to stopping, an indefinite length of time, on the staircase, with his present companion. I knew all about him, though he was personally a stranger to me—a good deal more than Miss Eveleth possibly could know. He was a gambler, and a *roué;* had run through two fortunes already, and had publicly boasted that he meant to set himself right, by marrying the first pretty American girl, with a fortune attached, who came across the sea, within the twelve-month.

"I think we must leave them to their fate, and go back to mamma," said Miss Eveleth. As she spoke, she turned round and spied me crouching in the niche. She uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"What is it?" asked Lord Edward.

"Why—why—there's a man!"

"So there is. Perhaps he can tell us"—Lord Edward broke off, and addressed me in a loud, authoritative tone: "I say, you fellow, what has become of all the people?"

I sat dumb. Miss Eveleth laughed again.

"You are talking English to him," said she.

"Confound my stupidity, so I was! But you see I can't talk Italian!"

"And I very little, and my ear is so unaccustomed, that I can't at all understand what is said," she replied, "unless the person speaks very slowly. But what *do* you suppose he is about here?"

"Waiting to beg, probably—or steal, if he gets a chance."

Miss Eveleth looked at me fixedly for an instant. I shivered away down in the depths of my soul, partly at her scrutiny, partly from an insane desire to assault her companion.

"Is there no one in there?" she asked, in slow, hesitating Italian, pointing towards the door.

I shook my head.

"Does the idiot mean there is nobody, or that he does not understand?" inquired Lord Edward.

"Now that last clause is casting a doubt on my skill in the soft Tuscan accents," said she, merrily, still intently regarding me.

"I couldn't doubt your doing anything and everything more perfectly than human beings ever did!" cried he.

She looked away. I was glad, for I was feeling myself change color under her gaze. Heavens, if cook or Buttons should return! Oh, would the pair never go?

"Please don't speak in that exaggerated fashion, Lord Edward," said she, with sudden gravity. "I have told you so many times during these last two months, that I dislike it."

"It's not exaggeration," he persisted, and furious as I was with him, I could not help admiring his boldness, and his readiness to take advantage of opportunities. "Is it only two months I have had the bliss of knowing you? Why, it seems as if I had done so all my life: yet the weeks have gone like so many hours."

"That is poetical, but confused," said she, blushing slightly, yet laughing. "But there is no time for poetry or prose—we must go back."

"You never will let me speak—you always find some excuse—"

So far Lord Edward got, then my sense of decency told me that, though dressed like a beggar, the instincts of a gentleman bade me check further revelations. I really had no right to listen.

"Scuse," said I, as gruffly, and in a tone as unlike my natural voice as I could, "Speak ze Englis'—un poco-io!"

Miss Eveleth grew perfectly scarlet.

"What's that—what's that?" cried Lord Edward. "What does the animal say, Miss Eveleth?"

"Something about understanding English," said she. "Have you a pencil? I will write on a card, and slip it under the door. Just to say to Mrs. Forester that, I am here. The servants

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may perhaps send it to her with her letters—if there are any servants."

She hastily wrote a few lines, holding the pasteboard against the railing. Lord Edward pushed it under the door, talking all the while, in an injured tone.

"You really are not fair to me, Miss Eveleth, and that's the truth—"

"There is only one truth that concerns us, and I am its utterer: we must go," she interrupted.

"Just a moment!" pleaded he. "Let me say—let me tell you—"

I gave an involuntary start, and uttered a low exclamation. Would the fellow make love to her, before my very eyes? No, I'd choke him first!

"Do you know what the peasants call this flower, Lord Edward?" she asked, as if she had not heard his words, or my mutterings; and as she spoke, she held up a white, feathery blossom that she had plucked from her bouquet. "The flower-woman told me, this morning—*Non se fida*—rashly translated into English, that would mean, 'Don't trust appearances.'"

She threw the flower from her. Either by accident, or purposely aimed, it landed on my arm. Then away down stairs she ran, and Lord Edward followed.

I picked up the blossom, and sat gazing at it, dazed by a thousand diverse, swift-rushing thoughts. Had she recognized me? Did she love Lord Edward? Was she dazzled by his title? Had I—

Then up the stairs came cook, panting and red, and full of apologies for a disaster, which was certainly no fault of hers; and in her wake strutted Buttons, rampant, audacious, and without any apologies, or any idea of making any for all his sins.

But I was tired and confused, and I said very little to either of them. I got into my dwelling, picking up the card, as I passed through the hall, and entered my writing-room. I looked at the bit of pasteboard, read the lines traced in that familiar hand, and debated as to what I should do.

Better put a bold face on the matter, call at the hotel where Mrs. Eveleth and her daughter were stopping, say I had been given the card, regret my aunt's absence, and so forth. Could I do this unflinchingly? I thought so. I dressed (not an instant longer in that rig could I rest, and I ordered cook to burn it, destroy it, get it out of my sight in some fashion); then I set forth on my errand. But when I reached the Lung'Arno, and was in sight of the Hotel d'Italie, my courage gave way. I stopped short, turned into a tobacconist's, and bought a cigar; but while I was doing this, I saw a carriage pass. Miss Eveleth sat therein, with an elderly lady beside her, whom I supposed must be her mother; they were going away from the hotel. I walked on, went in, wrote a note to say I had found the card for my aunt; that I would forward it at once; would do myself the honor of calling again the next day. Then I went home, and gave myself up to despair, divided between a dread that Constance Eveleth might recognize me for "that animal" when we met, and a belief that Lord Edward would win the prize—my prize—yes, I knew that I had loved her for months!

It was four o'clock, perhaps, when Buttons roused me from my dismal revery. He had a note in his hand. I seized it, tore it open, and read:

"DEAR MR. GRAFTON:

As usual, mamma makes me her amanuensis. We were so sorry we were out, when you called! Mamma is most eager to see you, and ask a thousand questions about her old friend, Mrs. Forester. If not better occupied, she begs that you will waive ceremony, and come to dine with us, to-night, at half-past seven, to meet a few people, who have promised to keep us company, and give her the opportunity of making your acquaintance; I, you know, have made it already—on paper—and I am,

Yours very truly,

CONSTANCE EVELETH."

Of course I went. I was rather late, and the people were all there, among them Lord Edward, and a young artist whom I had known, when he was in Florence before. It seemed that he, Charles Larcom, had made the journey from America, in the steamer with Mrs. Eveleth and her daughter.

The elder lady received me charmingly, the younger very pleasantly; but, somehow, I felt as if all that letter writing, in which we had indulged, had not greatly helped my case, though it did certainly give me certain airs of acquaintanceship.

Lord Edward must have noticed this. He had managed, neatly, one after another, to put the rest of the men out of countenance, and he tried it on with me, in the course of the evening.

"I declare," said he, "Miss Eveleth, here's a question in magnetism, or something! Mr. Grafton looks like that man we saw, to-day, at the door of his house. How do you account for it, Mr. Grafton? They say you're a poet, so you ought to be able to give a reason for such mysteries. Was it because he had sat so long on your threshold—was it—"

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"Oh, I can no more account for it than I can for your aunt, Lady Lemoine, once assuring me that she could never tell you from her Cornish footman, when you were in evening dress," I replied.

The retort was a poor one, and rather rude, also. But the lady had really said it to me, and it served to set Lord Edward down, and make the rest laugh, which was what I intended.

"Never trust appearances," said Miss Eveleth, and divided a very wicked look, quite impartially, between Lord Edward and myself.

That he had not recognized me, I was certain, I was as certain that the lady had; and I went home, a miserable man! I might as well put by my dream, I said to myself. There could be no hope for me, none whatever, after the manner in which I had presented myself before her at first—no woman would ever forget or forgive it.

Charley Larcom walked with me. We had always been great friends. He had no mind to keep his own secret, and began to tell me that he was over head and ears crazed about that girl. I stopped him, at once.

"Don't tell me anything," said I, savagely; "I'm not old enough to play confidant, and not too old to fall in love myself."

So, for a time, Charley and I were on rather cool terms, but friendly, while as for Lord Edward and myself—why, we were declared enemies, after that evening's encounter.

I only set out to relate to you the misadventures of a morning, so I will not bore you with the story of my troubles, during these next two months.

From the first, I accepted my destiny. I placed myself among the list of Miss Eveleth's friends, and if I failed in the *rôle* I had set myself, it was only now and then, and at intervals. I suppose my real feelings would break out occasionally; I could perceive, sometimes, that my struggles rendered my manner changeable; that she seemed a little surprised often; but on the whole, I flattered myself that I hid my secret, very well.

My aunt came back, about three weeks after the arrival of her friends, and of course I saw more of them than before; they were frequently at our house, and we at theirs; indeed, seldom a day passed, without our meeting.

That either Lord Edward or Charley Larcom was to carry off the prize, I felt confident; but which would be successful, I could not decide; and they were very jealous of each other, and sometimes of me. That last seemed an absurdity, but so it was.

Midwinter came. I really could not endure my sufferings any longer, for I did suffer terribly! My love might have begun with romance and poetical folly, but it had gone far beyond that; had become an absorbing passion, so deeply seated, that I knew it must take years to eradicate; even if uprooting were possible, the scars would remain as long as life did! I was old enough now, and understood my own nature well enough, to be certain of this. I had never been given to youthful fancies, and had always known that when love really came to me, it would be for once and forever.

An acquaintance of mine was going to take a trip to the East, up the Nile, into Syria, and would not return to Europe, until driven back by the heat of late spring. I decided to go with him. I announced the fact very abruptly, one day, to aunt Joan, and the kind old soul was greatly distressed, but, as usual, the most self-sacrificing of mortals. She said she had noticed, for some time, that I was restless and unhappy; perhaps it was better that I should go; the journey might do me good. As she spoke, the dear aunty looked at me wistfully and sadly, over the top of her spectacles. I fancied then, for the first time, that she had discovered my jealously-guarded secret, and knew how utterly vain it would be to offer hope, or bid me remain.

After our conversation, I went out for a walk, and it was dusk when I returned. I opened the door with my latch-key, which I always carried in my pocket, for after that doleful experience, I had a small lock arranged for my special benefit. As I passed through the Via Cerretani, I had seen, in a florist's window, some of the lovely buff roses, which aunt Joan loved, and I had brought a bunch home with me. I went into the salon; the room was dark, save just where the fire cast a glow; I saw the outlines of a woman's figure standing in the window.

"You romantic aunt Joan!" cried I, for I had come home determined to be in good spirits. "What are you doing here, all in the dark, watching the moon come up? Here are some of your favorite roses. Never say I am not a thoughtful old boy!"

I moved forward, and held up the roses for her to smell.

"They are delicious, but, alas! not meant for me," said a voice, which was not aunt Joan's.

"I—I beg your pardon, Miss Eveleth," said I confusedly.

"Why? For letting me smell delicious roses? I am mistress here, you see: that is, it is so dark you can't see. Mamma and I came up to sit awhile with your aunt. She insisted on our stopping, to have a family dinner with her and

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you. The two elderly ladies have gone out to visit some *protegé* of Mrs. Forester's—somebody who is ill—and that is how you find me here alone. Did you take me for a burglar, or a ghost?"

It struck me that she spoke in an unnaturally quick fashion. Her voice sounded as if she had been crying. On the instant, I formed a resolve. Proofs of Lord Edward's utter worthlessness had lately come to my knowledge; I was to leave in two days; I might not see her alone again. It was my duty to tell her the truth, and I would do it. At the same time, so far as I could, without impertinence, for I wished to be just, I would point out the virtues of my friend, Charley Larcom.

"I am going to Egypt," said I, abruptly.

"So your aunt told us," she answered. "It is sudden, is it not?"

"Rather so. But you see I have nothing to keep me—"

"Then you are quite right to go," she added, when I paused, conscious that I had not said what I meant to. "I envy you. I shall never get East. Mamma has a horror of the journey."

We talked for a few moments—about Cairo, the pyramids—goodness knows what! I proposed lamps, but she said she liked to watch the moon come up. Dinner was to be late. I had a full hour to wait before our relatives would return. She hoped I was not ravenous—men usually were, and dreadfully cross under such circumstances—and—so on—and I did my best to talk nonsense too for a little.

At last, I recollected that I was wasting time. I must speak. I burst out:

"Perhaps you will think me impertinent, but you see between our letters—our relations' long friendship—these weeks—I seem to know you very well—"

Here I broke down.

"Well enough to say anything you like, without fear of my considering it impertinent," she answered, calmly. "Go on, please."

"Miss Eveleth, I—if I don't say it all in a heap, I can't say it at all. If you marry Lord Edward, you will be a wretched woman. If you marry Charley Larcom, you will at least marry an honest man, who loves you, and does not think of your money."

When I heard myself saying this, I was aghast; but I could not stop, different as it was from what I had thought to speak.

"Good heavens," I cried, "I beg your pardon! I talk like a maniac—I didn't mean—I—"

"You have spoken as a friend ought," she interrupted, "and I thank you. More than that, I know you have told me the truth. I know it, for I am not so blind and silly, girl though I am, as you are in the habit of thinking me."

"Blind—silly—you!" cried I, so hurt by her words, that I was utterly carried out of myself. "You—the pearl of women—you, whom I worship as man never worshipped woman—"

Then I got my senses back. I stopped.

"Go on," she said, softly.

"Forgive me!" I groaned. "I never meant to speak! I knew, from the first, you could not care, after that ridiculous figure I made, the first day you came here—"

Again I broke down.

"*Non se fida!*" I heard her say, softly.

I thought I had gone mad!

"Constance—Miss Eveleth!" I stammered.

"If what you say in regard to yourself is true, I wonder you are so determined to give me away to somebody else," said she.

Oh, you know what followed. It was a full hour, before the elderly ladies opened the salon door, and roused two young people, sitting side by side in the moonlight.

"Good gracious!" cried Mrs. Eveleth.

"Mercy on us!" echoed aunt Joan.

I had my arms about Constance. I rose, drew her forward, and stood before the pair.

"Is it—are you—oh, oh!" they both cried at once, and began to cry for joy.

"Fred is not going East, and I have promised to embroider him a new writing-coat as a reward," said Constance. "Mother, aunt Joan is kissing him—do you kiss him, too!"

Then after a little, we all went in to dinner.

LINES.

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

You'll come and look, when I am dead,
  Although so long estranged,
And stand a moment by my bed,
  And calmly say, "How changed!"

Yet one would think, since years on years
  You slept upon my breast,
A rush of wild, remorseful tears
  Would wake me from my rest.

But no! you turn away. "Repose"
  Was always called your part.
You show it still. God only knows
  If e'er you had a heart!

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HIS SECOND BONDAGE.

BY J. F. HENDERSON.

It was five hours after his arrival in New York that Blondel Stuyvesant received the letter which set him free. A few minutes before it was placed in his hand, he had said to his friend, Mr. Challis:

"I feel as if I were going to my own funeral, John."

And Mr. Challis had answered:

"You could not look more serious if you were, Blondel. I understand you have come home to marry that girl."

"Yes," with a painful gloom in his voice.

And that was the peculiar nature of Blondel Stuyvesant's bondage—an obligation to bestow his hand where his heart was not.

It was an odd story. He was the only son of wealthy parents, who had died when he was a child, leaving him to the guardianship of his uncle Ferrington, then residing in a quiet Pennsylvania village. The boy, in time, came to idolize this uncle as thoroughly, perhaps, as he ever could have done his own father, had the latter lived. Nevertheless, Mr. Ferrington was a very eccentric man; everybody said so; even his wife declared he was as "odd as Dick's hatband." It was generally thought that he capped the climax of his eccentricities, when he came home from Philadelphia, one day, with a baby in his arms—a pretty, bright-eyed, girl baby, which some one had cruelly deserted in the cars, and which he had adopted on the spot. Nobody came to claim the infant, and it was brought up under the name of Edith Ferrington, Mr. Ferrington having learned to love it as if it was of his own flesh and blood.

Mr. Ferrington died the year Blondel left college. His last act was to call his nephew to his bedside, and make him promise to marry Edith, the day she was twenty.

"I cannot leave her a sufficient income to save her from poverty," he said. "And it has always been my cherished hope to see her your wife."

The young man gave the required promise, unhesitatingly. The solemn sacredness of a death-bed injunction would have awed him into submission, even if he had been less imbued with a sense of duty to one whom he loved and reverenced so much.

After the death of his uncle, he took the management of his fortune into his own hands, and went abroad. It was then he began to realize how seriously he had committed himself. As time passed, his bondage grew more and more intolerable, till, at last, his sense of slavery became a perpetual torment to him. Yet he never wavered. After eight years of travel, he returned, knowing that Edith was now nearing her twentieth birthday, and that the time was at hand when he must make the long-dreaded sacrifice. As a man of honor, he could, he felt, do nothing else.

He had written to his aunt, acquainting her of his intended return, and inclosing a brief note to Edith herself.

"And you really mean to marry this girl?" said Mr. Challis, in a tone of surprise. "To tie yourself to a woman whom you say you can never love—who is so different from your ideal—"

Blondel interrupted him almost savagely.

"Of course I shall marry her. Have I not, in all these years, closed my heart to others? What else can I do, without breaking my promise?"

Challis leaned back among the cushions of the carriage—they were driving from his house to his place of business—and blurted out:

"Don Quixote outdone! But what right have you to make yourself and the girl miserable for life? There is one hope, however: she may have the good sense to reject you."

Blondel answered, angrily, "Young ladies of this age are too practical to reject a million of dollars. She is human, you know—and a woman."

The carriage stopped in front of the banking house of Challis, Fennegill & Co., and the two men alighted.

"Now that I think of it," said Mr. Challis, as he led the way to his private office, "there is a letter here for you. It came two days ago. You can read it, while I take a glance at the mail."

Blondel took the letter. He was first struck by the beauty and elegance of the penmanship; then by the delicate perfume that exhaled from the paper; next, he suddenly became aware that he was reading something of infinite importance to himself. He scarcely breathed again, till he had read it through.

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"MR. BLONDEL STUYVESANT:

Sir:—In answer to your letter of the 16th, permit me to say that I cannot accept the distinguished honor you would confer on me. While I appreciate your generous motives, and thank you for your many kindnesses to me in the past, I hope you will do me the justice to admit that I am not accountable for any rash promises you may have made to your dying uncle. Excuse me, therefore, if I reserve for myself the right to marry whom I please, or remain single; and perhaps I may as well add that Providence has recently provided me with a protector, who has the good taste not to take everything for granted.

I will address this note, in care of your bankers, in New York, hoping you will receive it on your arrival in that city, so that there will be a thorough understanding between us when we meet—if, indeed, we meet at all. But, although I cannot help regarding your offer of marriage as very absurd, under the circumstances, I still ask to be remembered as your former friend,

EDITH."

Blondel drew a long breath of relief. Yet he was inconsistent enough to feel slightly piqued at the coolness with which his offer was rejected. He had been spoiled by flattery, and it was a new experience for him.

He passed the note to his friend, and said:

"Congratulate me; I am a free man. Rid of that bondage at last."

The banker took it, read it through hastily, said "Humph!" and read it through again.

"You are a lucky dog, Blondel," was his final verdict. "I congratulate you most heartily. It has turned out just right, after all."

"Don't you think I ought to rush home, at once, and thank her?" said Blondel.

"If you want to make an enemy of her for life—yes."

Blondel laughed. "On the whole," he continued, "I think I'll be in no hurry about going home. I am free to do as I please now, and you asked me this morning to go with you and your wife to Washington—"

"Then you *will* go, after all? Good! Lizzie will be delighted."

Just two weeks from that day, accordingly, he accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Challis to Washington. In the glitter and whirl of an unusually gay season, Blondel soon forgot that such a person as Edith Ferrington ever existed. An incident soon occurred that would have made him forget her, even if it had been otherwise.

"Lizzie tells me we are to meet the belle of Washington, this evening," said Mr. Challis, one day.

"The belle of Washington? That sounds sufficiently sensational," returned Blondel. "Who is entitled to that distinction?"

"Miss Jean Bonnaire, daughter of Senator Bonnaire. They say she is uncommonly handsome. By-the-bye, I know the senator."

"Yet you seem never to have met his daughter?"

"No. This is her first season in Washington, I understand."

That evening, almost the first person Blondel was presented to was Jean Bonnaire.

She *was* a beauty; that was too palpable a fact to admit of denial; one of those beauties whom men worship and rave over—tall, proud and calm, with the darkest of eyes, the clearest of complexions, the most distracting of smiles, and the most charming vivacity of speech. A woman with many natural graces, and the good sense to add no artificial ones; living in an atmosphere of homage and adoration, yet comporting herself with the most supreme calm, as if totally unconscious of the attention she attracted. Her enviable self-possession on all occasions, might easily have persuaded some people that she was heartless; but Blondel Stuyvesant knew better; the moment he looked into her eyes, he knew that her wonderful beauty was only a fitting casket for the rare jewel it contained.

He danced with her. Then they fell into conversation, and made the tour of the saloons, her arm in his, her proud, perfect face at times lifted to catch his remarks, and again partly averted, revealing the finely cut, almost classic profile. From the very first moment, Blondel yielded himself up, a willing captive, to the witchery of her soft, sweet manner; her low, yet animated voice; her luminous eyes; the brilliant charm of her conversation. He had never met just such a woman as Jean Bonnaire. He acknowledged to himself, before the evening was over, that he was more than half in love with her.

It was only for a few minutes that he had her to himself. She did not seem disposed to favor him above other admirers. Only once again, during the evening, did he find an opportunity to speak with her, and then in the presence of a gay little group, where the conversation was necessarily general; but Senator Bonnaire, having found Mr. and Mrs. Challis, invited them to dine with himself and daughter, on the following Wednesday, and included Blondel in the invitation.

Wednesday came, and at the appointed hour, Mr. and Mrs. Challis and Blondel drove out to the senator's suburban residence. The dinner was to be a quiet, informal affair, with only three

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other guests beside themselves, and these had already arrived when they entered. From the hall, Blondel caught sight of a pretty picture through the open parlor door. Miss Bonnaire was sitting on the piano-stool, her superb form set off to great advantage by a primrose-colored dress of exquisite fit, the heavy train lying in shimmering billows on the carpet. Her face, slightly upturned, in smiling acknowledgment of something that was being said to her by a young man who stood at the end of the piano, presented a contour so perfect, that it might have been some fine chiseling in marble, except for the rich coloring of cheek and lip, and the soft lustre of the eyes. There were other people in the room, but Blondel scarcely saw them, even after he had followed Mr. and Mrs. Challis into the parlor, and been presented to an elderly lady with blue spectacles, and to her daughter and son.

Then came the dinner, spiced with a good deal of wit and hilarity, in which the jovial senator was the leading spirit. After that, an hour or two in the drawing-room, filled up with music and lively chit-chat. Blondel stood beside Miss Bonnaire, and turned the music while she played pieces of his selection, and then, while the rest of the party were deep in some absorbing topic, these two fell into a side-conversation about operas and composers, which lasted till the man was in danger of losing his head, as well as his heart. A sheet of music, which Miss Bonnaire was rolling in her hands, almost slipped from her grasp, and in making a quick movement to recover it, a yellow flower, which she wore in her hair, became disengaged, and fell to the floor.

Blondel picked it up.

"A primrose," he said. "May I keep it, as a memento of this occasion?"

There was the faintest suggestion of a curl to her red lips, as she answered:

"Yes—if you think the occasion worth remembering."

"I do; and I also think the flower worth possessing."

"You are partial to primroses then?"

"I should be a person of unnatural tastes, if I were not partial to this particular one," he said.

But Miss Bonnaire rose, without a shade of confusion in her manner, and took the primrose from his hand.

"Since you like the flower, you ought to wear it in your buttonhole," she said. "Let me pin it in for you."

And she did so. Had any other woman done the same thing, under similar circumstances, he would have pronounced it a coquette's freak; but there was nothing in the lady's manner to suggest such a thought. Here he saw only a charming friendliness and frankness. While her white fingers were deftly adjusting the primrose in his buttonhole, he was vaguely wondering if she could feel the tumultuous beating of his heart, beneath.

He met her often, after that; at evening balls, and receptions; at public places of resort; and many times at her father's house, where he and the Challises were frequent visitors. He met her as often as possible, in fact, and his attentions to her were so marked and significant as to become a subject for comment in the circle in which they both moved. But there was no surprise manifested in any quarter, for Stuyvesant was one of the lions that winter, and he only showed a due regard for the eternal fitness of things, Mrs. Grundy said, by paying court to the belle of the season.

Blondel made no attempt to deceive himself. He knew that he loved Miss Bonnaire, not as ordinary men love, but with a mad, passionate love, that meant life or death to him. Yet he was not particularly hopeful. Not a scrap of encouragement was awarded him, in return for his constant devotion. He soon began to notice, moreover, something in Jean's manner that puzzled him. It was not a coolness, perhaps, but a sort of constraint; and it only became apparent to him by contrast. He had opportunities to see that she was more frank and unreserved in her conversation with certain other gentlemen than she was with him. Furthermore, on two or three occasions, he caught her looking at him, with a strange, indescribable expression on her face, that made him feel as if he were accused of some mean act; but this expression always vanished so quickly, on being discovered, that he was left half in doubt as to its really having existed.

The less flattering his prospects, the more madly he loved her. Suspense grew intolerable at last, and he could not lose all hope. He resolved to put his fate to the touch, even if he lost. The winter had gone, like a dream of enchantment; and Lent was close at hand. It was known that Jean Bonnaire intended to leave Washington, soon after, to visit some friends in the country, If he was to speak, he must speak at once. But the coveted opportunity did not present itself, until Miss Bonnaire's last evening in the city. A few of her most intimate friends had received invitations to a five o'clock tea, at her father's house, on that day. Before the party broke up, Blondel found an excuse to lead her into the conservatory, and then and there poured forth the story of his love.

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"Mr. Stuyvesant—No!"

These were the words, stern and cold, with which she heard his avowal. They stood looking at each other for a moment in silence.

"Have you no pity?" he said, at length. "Will not time make a difference? I will wait months—years—"

"It is in vain, Mr. Stuyvesant."

The full, lustrous eyes looked unwaveringly into his; there was no sign of tremor in the ripe, curving lips; but, rather, an expression of scorn. A touch of haughtiness came into his own manner as he saw this.

"I beg your pardon," he said, with a bitterness he could not wholly suppress. "I have made a mistake."

"Yes, you have made a mistake," she answered; "a mistake that was not at all complimentary to me, and one that a gentleman could never have been guilty of." Her indignation seemed to get the better of her, at this point, and her eyes fairly blazed as she went on, "I do not understand what satisfaction it could have been to you, had you succeeded. Your conduct has been incomprehensible, from first to last. I hope you will yet be convinced that I am neither blind, nor utterly silly!"

Blondel stared at her, in blank amazement. For an instant, he was too disconcerted to speak. Then, a faltering protest was all he could utter.

"It is not clear to me how I insulted you," he managed to say. "I have done nothing worse than love you. I couldn't help that—nobody could help that."

Her gesture was half entreaty, half command.

"Enough!" she cried. "Let this end. And since it was your choice to meet me as a stranger here, I see no reason why we should not be strangers henceforward."

He was now more bewildered than ever. He began to see that there was a misunderstanding somewhere.

"Listen to me!" he exclaimed. "I don't known what you mean. Your words are so much Hebrew to me—"

A hum of voices, a rustle of silks, a jingle of merry laughter and exclamatory phrases—and half-a-dozen ladies and gentlemen came into the conservatory, in search of Miss Bonnaire.

So it ended. Blondel was sane enough to see that it was all up with him now. He got away from the group as quickly as possible, and ten minutes later was glad to escape from the house. But after the first sharp, cruel throb of agony, his pride rose supreme. He was not one to sue for unwilling favor. It should be as she wished; they would be strangers henceforward. Before he reachod his room, he had made up his mind to leave the city.

"I will take a day, or two, to leave cards, and then I will go home and see my aunt," he said, "as I ought to have done, long ago."

He went, two days after. He reached the pleasant village, where his aunt resided, about nine o'clock in the morning. He walked through the wide village streets, glancing absently about at scenes that seemed trying to make him forget the present and remember only his happy boyhood—walked leisurely on, till he reached his destination—a plain, brick house in the suburbs.

A strange domestic answered his ring. He gave his name, and entered.

"Mrs. Ferrington is upstairs," said the girl. "She is keeping her room, to-day: she has neuralgia in her face. If you will step into the parlor, I will tell her you have come."

She threw open the parlor door, and Blondel sauntered in. But the instant he crossed the threshold, he became aware that the room was already occupied. A woman rose hastily from a sofa, opposite—rose in a nervous, excited way, as if startled by his entrance; and—could he believe his eyes?—he found himself face to face with Jean Bonnaire.

The floor rocked and surged beneath his feet. Half-a-dozen absurd fancies flashed like lightning through his brain; then the current changed, and his composure began to return. Mysterious as it seemed, this was no delusion. Miss Bonnaire stood before him, in the flesh. She had evidently been weeping. She was even now brushing the tears from her eyes, in a hasty, impatient sort of way, and looking very much flustered and vexed. The sight of her distress almost upset him again, but he caught at his self-possession, and recovered his speech.

"I beg pardon. I did not mean to intrude," he began, and hesitated a moment to make sure that the voice he heard was his own. "I had no idea that I should meet Miss Bonnaire *here*—"

She stopped him with a gesture, and turned her face away.

"Your aunt is upstairs," she said, brokenly. "Go to her. She will tell you all. Please do not speak to me until you have seen her."

Blondel left the room, without another word, feeling as if he had been ejected by physical force. Out in the hall, he turned round two or three times, before he remembered what he wanted to do; and then he went blundering up the stairs, in a clumsy, insane fashion, as if the shock of this unexpected meeting had left him rather weak in the legs.

He found his aunt. But at the end of fifteen

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minutes, or so, he came rushing down stairs, and entered the parlor again.

"Edith! Miss Bonnaire—Edith—Edith—can it be?" he ejaculated, scarcely realizing what he said, or how he said it. "Yes, I see it all now—the resemblance—good heaven, what a blind idiot I have been!"

Miss Bonnaire was still standing, in the middle of the room, very quietly now, with scarcely a trace of her recent emotion left. But there was a meekness and gentleness in her bearing, as if she had been unable to get back her usual dignity. She looked up at Blondel, inquiringly.

"Your aunt has told you all?" she said.

"She has told me what I was too blind to discover for myself," he replied. "That Miss Bonnaire and little Edith Ferrington are one and the same person. I never suspected—I did not dream of such a thing. It seems almost impossible, even now. I had not been told of your happiness—it is all news to me."

"I found my father quite accidentally," said Miss Bonnaire, toying with her watch-chain. "It occurred only two days before—before your letter arrived from England. It was in Philadelphia, where Mrs. Ferrington and I had gone, for a day's shopping. He was attracted, at first, by my close resemblance to my mother, and afterwards identified me by the initials on the baby-clothing, and the peculiar locket I had worn at the time of my disappearance. It seems that my nurse, in order to revenge herself on my parents for some imaginary wrong, stole me away, and deserted me in the cars, where I was kindly taken charge of by Mr. Ferrington. So you see," with a faint smile, and a slight flushing of the cheeks, "I am Edith no longer."

"No," he replied, slowly; "you are not Edith now. I suppose it will all be clear to me some time, but now—" He checked himself, and stood, drawing his gloves through his hand, seeming more than half ashamed of the dissatisfaction his voice expressed.

Miss Bonnaire began to tremble slightly.

"There are some things I ought to explain," she said, with rather a crestfallen air. "I was rude to you, the other evening, when—when you—when we had the conversation in the conservatory, you know. I did not mean to be; it was all the result of a foolish mistake. I thought you knew."

"You thought I knew what?" he asked, with a puzzled look.

"That I was Edith. I supposed you had known it from the first, and was only feigning ignorance."

"What! You believed that?"

"I have no doubt it was very silly of me, but I could come to no other conclusion. It did not seem probable that you would go to Washington before paying your aunt a visit, and I knew she would have told you all, had you seen her. I supposed you had seen her. Somehow I did not suspect anything else, till I arrived here last night, when I learned the truth from Mrs. Ferrington."

"But what object could I have had in thus deceiving you?" asked Blondel, reproachfully.

She seemed more confused than ever, at this; but she answered, very humbly:

"I thought it was the note—the one I wrote you in answer to yours. I might have worded it differently; I should have done so, too, if I had waited for my anger to cool; for then I should have been influenced by memories of the past. But the tone of your letter provoked me. I don't believe you know how it sounded. It told me, in a brief, business-like way, that you were coming home to marry me. You did not seem to think it possible that I would object to such an arrangement, or that any woman would have the courage to decline an offer of marriage from you."

At this point Blondel broke in, with a stammering protest; but she checked him in the midst of it.

"Even if my name and condition had not been changed," she continued, "even if I had still been the dependent orphan, I should have answered you just as I did. But I was sorry for it afterward, when I remembered how much I owed you; and I am doubly sorry now, since I see you in a different light. Your letter gave me the impression that you were vain and conceited, and I knew, if such were the case, my reply would make you very indignant. That is why it seemed to me that you followed me to Washington for a bit of vengeance—to be courted and lionized before my eyes, that I might see what I had lost. And I was quite sure that you only proposed, at last, to satisfy yourself of the result of your campaign."

"Edith—Miss Bonnaire—"

"Wait! If you are going to reproach me, I cannot listen. I have made my confession, and I ask your forgiveness. Is not that enough?"

"I do not wish to reproach you," he exclaimed. "But I want you to tell me one thing. Do you mean to say that you would have given me a different answer to my question, the other night, if you had known the truth?"

She was evidently so unprepared for this inquiry, that she could only drop her eyes, and blush to the roots of her hair. But Blondel saw

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enough to cause him to step hastily forward, and imprison both her hands.

"Edith—Jean," he began, stumbling in his eagerness, "must I tell you again that I love you? You have rejected me; but now—we know each other fully now—will you reject me? I can't live without you, Jean?"

"I have loved you all my life, Blondel," she said, at last, looking up, frankly, "ever since we were little children. I never loved any one else, and I know now that I never can." And she sank into his arms.

They have been married a year, and Blondel has repeatedly assured Mr. Challis that he would not, for the world, be released from His Second Bondage.

VERLOREN IST VERLOREN.

BY HELEN HERBERT.

A little bird, one morning fair,
Came thro' the woodland winging;
And sought my breast, as if his care
And weary quest were ended there,
And nought remained but singing.

And, oh, that song! so wild, so sweet,
Its passionate upspringing!
And thro' the wistful cadence beat
The pulse of Spring; and with it fleet
Full chimes of hope went ringing.

And thro' the gladdest, wildest strain,
A plaintive pathos pleaded;
Ah, me! and pleaded all in vain.
The tender stress, the yearning pain,
Thrilled thro' my heart unheeded.

I saw, afar, the golden tide
Of sunlight break and quiver
On towers that throned the city's pride,
And sent its guardian glances wide,
Across the gleaming river.

I saw the gray smoke wreath and curl,
And drift across the morning;
And leaden grew the river's pearl,
As from the distant din and whirl,
There came a voice of warning.

And so I sent my bird away,
I hushed the tender trilling;
What matter if 'twere hushed for aye?
Were there not many a summer day,
And many a soft breeze thrilling

With notes as clear, as sweetly wed,
As warmly flushed and tender,
In store for me? Ah, idly said!
The song was dead, and with it sped
The soul of summer's splendor.

For Fate, who feigned to leave me free,
And followed evil-minded,
In mockery had offered me,
That sunny morn, Joy's golden key,
And led me past it—blinded.

And dreary years have rolled away;
And ever dawn emerges
From night's dark cavern blithe and gay,
But round my head wait shadows gray;
The songs I hear are dirges.

I smile, and smiling looks are lies;
And laughter turns to sighing.
I dream of joy, and dreaming flies;
And ever on my weary eyes
A mist of tears is lying;

And on my heart, to pain, to bless
With sweet yet cruel power,
Like dying love's last, cold caress,
The shadow of the happiness
That might have been my dower.

NOT LOST.

BY MARY W. M'VICAR.

Not lost, not lost, my bonnie baby boy,
For every day thy winsome face I see,
Thy roguish smile, thy wistful, tender eyes,
Plainly as when I held thee on my knee.

Here in the home your presence ever blessed,
To the sad, aching hearts that loved you most,
Never through all the years time may unroll,
Never can you be ever really, truly lost.

Lost to our human sight and touch, 'tis true,
But not to tender memory and love,
Which pictures clearly every day the ways
In which you would have grown to speak and move.

Lost to the arms that fain would fold you close,
Lost to the eyes that yearn for you in vain,
And yet, would we have missed the joy you gave,
To have escaped this bitterness and pain?

If for a little time, the gates of heaven
Unclosed, we saw its glory, and its light,
In all the after darkness that might come,
Were we not richer far for the brief sight?

The mem'ry of thy dear and sunny face,
When oft I lulled thee in my arms to sleep,
Can ne'er be lost unto the heart they've blessed,
Even though to still remember is to weep.

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THE TRAGEDY OF TREVYLAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XXVII.

AGAIN the great oaken and iron-studded doors of the old castle were thrown open; a coffin, sheathed in crimson velvet and starred with golden nails, was reverently lifted from the great, gloomy catafalque in the centre of the keep, and carried through the Gothic entrance, under the same hatchment that had blazoned forth the armorial bearings of the Stamfords, with a grand artistic record, when the thirteenth earl of Colgate was carried through that door only a few short months before. It was a mournful sight—father and son following each other so closely that no tint had faded in those gorgeously wrought colors, and no film of dust had fallen on one coffin before another was ready to be placed by its side. A vast concourse had gathered to the funeral. Lords and gentlemen of the county, neighbors of high and low degree, tradespeople, artisans and tenants, gathered in the old keep, and thronged the front of the ancient building down to the stone bridge, from which a view of the distant church could be seen, standing, ivy-clad and alone, nearer to the sea.

The procession formed, silently, and proceeded, in a slow, black current from the castle to the tomb. Belus, the new lord, of course preceded the rest as chief mourner, and no one in all that procession exhibited a face bearing in all its lineaments, deeper signs of grief. The look of care on his young face, the gloom in his eyes, won great sympathy from the people, though some of them had only been kept by the solemnity of the occasion from open murmurs against the heir; because they had not been permitted to look upon the dead face of their lord. It is true the reason given for this was enough to satisfy the magnates present, but those poor fishermen and the tillers of the soil still retained a share of the old feudal homage that had so long existed between the nobleman and his retainers, and to them this decision was an encroachment on their rights. Never had a Lord of Trevylan been veiled from the sight of his people until then.

But these mutterings of discontent were hushed, for a time, and the change that had come over the former boyish gaity of their new lord went far toward reconciling them to his action. When the solemnities of the funeral were over, they looked on his grave, handsome face and the heavy eyes that seemed as if they could never smile again, and softened their discontent into reverence for his sorrow.

"After all," they said, speaking in low voices to each other, though the tomb was closed, and the funeral train broken up. "After all, he may have been right, so far as strangers went. The storm and the salt sea may have marred his face so that none of us would care to have them look upon it; but we, his own people—that is different."

"But if the coffin had been open for us, it must have been for all," said another. "For my part, I should like best to remember our master as he was, not as the storm left him."

Thus the trouble, so evident on the new lord's face, won forgiveness for what had been, at first, a grave cause of offence with the majority of his people; but two or three, among whom was the new gamekeeper, held aloof and said nothing. They had seen a certain underglow of fire break through the gloom in the young lord's eyes, when the heavy doors of the vault were closed, and firmly locked, that gave cause for thought, and some earnest conversation in old Markham's cottage, that night.

When young Lord Colgate returned to the castle, the fact that the ceremony thus grandly accomplished, had made him master of that vast domain, failed to remove the cloud from his brow, or yield him the repose of grief that should follow the performance of a sacred duty.

The fire that had kindled in his eyes, when the muffled clang of that iron door reached him, smouldered there yet. It was strange, but a sort of fascination seemed to lead him toward the ancient portion of the castle. He passed the stone bridge, and stood there, while gazing at the hatchment over the Gothic entrance. Then he passed into the keep, and, finding that the new gamekeeper had preceded him, waved his hand, impatiently, toward the catafalque, and ordered that the thing should be taken down. The blackness of it made one shudder, he said.

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Up the staircase he went, hurriedly, as if those masses of black velvet did indeed disturb him, and passed into the library.

There his mother was sitting, with the light of a stained glass window falling on her stately head and her black garments. She did not rise, when he entered; but turned her eyes upon him, with questioning anxiety.

"Is it over?" she said. "Are those two lying side by side?"

The young man did not answer, at first; but flung himself into the chair that had been his brother's, then started up, and pushed it away.

"Why will you keep this thing here?" he said, walking toward the recess, and leaning against the wall. "I hate the sight of it."

"But the people are accustomed to it—they will question any change. It is best so," answered the lady, whose self-possession became more positive as she remarked the want of it in her son. "This was his especial room."

Belus turned, suddenly. The idea seemed to startle him into fresh excitement.

"Who knows what it may contain—a will, perhaps. Why did you not think of this before?"

"Had I not enough to think of?" she replied, impatiently.

"But it must be done before morning," he answered. "No one must enter the room, until every paper has been examined. By to-morrow, we may have the lawyers down upon us. That which he inherited from his mother is unentailed."

"I know—I know!"

"Rest assured there is a will."

The lady was white as death, and trembled visibly.

"And that may contain—"

"Some bequest to that woman or her son. Explaining things we can only guess at. Certainly nothing that will benefit us."

Lady Colgate started to her feet. "Let us go to work at once," she said. "Search this thing first."

The object she pointed out was a small Chinese coffer, curiously mounted.

Belus took it from the table, and found that it was locked.

"Force it," said the mother, in a sharp whisper; "force the lock."

A hard pressure on the delicate workmanship, followed by a faint crash. The lock had given way. A few papers were revealed, letters carefully preserved, some antique gems of great value, a bunch of keys, and a large, folded parchment.

"This first," said the lady seizing upon the parchment, and tearing it open with her trembling fingers. "It is—it is—"

The parchment cracked in her hold, as she tried to read it—tried, but could not; for the print and writing ran together, and formed fantastic dashes and waves before her eyes, from which no meaning could be disentangled.

"Give it to me," said the young man, snatching the parchment from her hand. "This is no time for what you women call emotion. It is what we seek. The will, and something more—all the facts written out—a kind of—of—biography, and this—"

The last words were uttered in a hissing sound quite indescribable; but the deadly whiteness of that young face, the gleam in those eyes, and the tremor that shook him from head to foot, frightened the woman.

"In the name of heaven, what is it?" she cried out, unconscious that words and emotions, so coupled, were almost blasphemy.

"What is it!" answered the son, holding the paper close to her eyes, with a laugh that seemed like a curse. "Only a marriage certificate that makes beggars of us both. It was my Lady Colgate you drove from the castle. That woman, Huldah Winters, only wanted to look on her husband."

"Belus—Belus, this is the joke of a madman."

"It is a joke that will make Keath Winters master of Trevylan, and the woman you hate so mistress of the castle."

"Mistress of the castle? That woman—Belus, Belus, do you wish to drive me mad?"

"No; I have some hope that the danger we are in may inspire you with a little courage, for I tell you it is needed."

"Courage! I have courage for anything that will keep that wretched woman from my presence."

"Then there must be no faltering, no looking back."

"I will not falter. But what can be done?"

"Nothing—unless—"

"Unless—well?"

"Unless more evidence of his guilt can be laid before the jury—evidence so positive that the woman will never dare to bring him back, or urge his claim—or if he does come—"

"Well?"

"It will be to his death," answered Belus, who understood the motion of her white lips, "or it will be mine."

The woman shrunk down among her mourning garments, shuddering.

"And we have come to this?" she moaned.

"I wished to spare him—I tried to spare him,"

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answered the young man, with a show of passionate feeling, "but that accursed paper is his death warrant or mine! It is a matter of life or death between us. She will fight like a tiger for her cub—will you?"

The poor woman who had been wildly gazing upon him, rose up in the black cloud of her mourning.

"Tell me what is wanted, and I will prove it to you," she said.

"Coolness, courage, all the powers of your mind and body—these will be wanted," was the reply. "No spasms of excitement; no shrinking from any demand that may be made upon you."

"Do I seem like shrinking?" she said, almost fiercely. "Is not the stake large enough—the peril at hand? Will this low-born woman do more for her son than I can? Tell me—where am I to begin?"

"Here," answered the young man, encouraged by her energy. "Here," he repeated, looking around in nervous haste. "Have matches ready—that bronze and gold thing—he kept them there. Light the taper, and bring it this way."

Lady Colgate arose, staggered to the table, and taking the small vase he had pointed out in one hand, and the taper in the other, followed him into the recess of a window that looked to the west, where a tripod that supported a great bowl, enriched with Chinese enamel, inside and out, was standing. Over this Belus held the parchment, when his mother came up. Setting the taper in the bowl she attempted to strike a match against the vase; but her hand shook, and only brought forth a faint, blue flame, that died instantly.

"What, shaking yet?" exclaimed the young man, snatching half-a-dozen matches, and dashing them all at once against the vase. "This is your courage, is it? Give the things to me."

While he was speaking, a dart of fire flashed up from his hand, seized upon the parchment, and devoured it, inch by inch, till the edge was fringed with blue flames. Then it curled upwards, and spread, like lightning, over the whole sheet, that wreathed and crackled like a tortured thing, in his steady hand, until it fell into the bowl, a handful of curling film and black flakes, through which sparks rose like stars, and arrows of fresh flame shot upward as the tongues of serpents.

In this dim light the mother and son stood gazing down into the bowl—for they dared not look on each other—until a sudden illumination broke over them and they were fully revealed in the consummation of their crime; for just then the sunset broke over that angle of the tower, and poured its radiance through the diamond panes of the window, flooding them with a rain of broken colors, where they stood, mute and still, with the red flames leaping between them.

Then Belus shook the black flakes from his hand, with a low and chilly laugh.

"So much for the will," he said, "now for the other thing."

A slip of paper was in his hand now, partly printed, partly in manuscript. He dipped a corner of it down into the flame, and that, too, shriveled into black dust, and mingled with the parchment, which was ashes now. Then all at once the splendor of the light went out, as if the sunset had exhausted its last sheaf of golden arrows on the castle tower, and retreated behind the hills, leaving those two in a haze of dusky crimson, from which their faces shone out like marble sculptured by a fiend.

A moment of dead silence, then Belus opened the casement, and, taking the bowl between his hands, poured its contents on the wind.

"Who will may gather the ashes," he said. "They can do us no harm. But let us make sure that there is nothing left. Every scrap of paper must be searched before daybreak, to-morrow. That bunch of keys—where are they?"

Lady Colgate had become more composed now. She went to the rifled coffer, and got the keys. Several antique cabinets were in the room, marvels of carved ebony and oak; some enriched with precious stones, others veined with ivory or coral. The grating of the keys, the rustling of papers, the clink of rare old coins, and long-buried gems, sounded faintly in that vast room all night long; more parchments were burned and scattered to the wind. Letter after letter followed, till that priceless Eastern bowl brimmed over with black ashes again and again. The morning light found those two persons wearied and pale from the evil task they had performed; but there was little evidence of this work. Each cabinet had been closed, with its contents carefully arranged, and when those two found the gray of the morning stealing over them, no sign had been left in the spacious room of the pillage they had burned, or the knowledge they had gained; but the awful experience of that night had driven the blood from their faces, and turned all that was left in their hearts to bitterness.

"We have done all," said the lady, casting a haggard look around; "every desk, every cabinet has been explored. Now we may venture on an hour of rest."

"If *he* is permitted to escape, nothing has been done," answered the young man.

"Would not it be better so?" questioned the

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woman, who could not look back or go forward without shuddering. "He may never be heard of again."

"What then—is not the woman here; and will she not search him out wherever he is? I know her well. She will claim nothing for herself, but fight like a tiger for him. After all, it is but removing one more!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It was nightfall in the church-yard. The fires of sunset had died out of the dusky cyprus trees, and all the holy ground given up to the dead lay in shadow—deep and black, in some places, but gloomy everywhere. Just then, a little boy came stealing through the stillness, carrying a basket on his arm, and a sheaf of wild flowers in his hand.

Evidently the little fellow had but one object; for he went directly to a newly-turfed grave, on which a bush, heavy with red roses, was drooping, and kneeling by it, began to scatter his flowers over it, murmuring softly, as he worked.

"There are bluebells from the south woods," he said, "and primroses from the hedge, where you loved to pull them, and soft, young ferns, folded in rings as they came from the ground. They have roots, and will grow. You can feel the leaves uncurl, when the dew falls on 'em, and will know it was little Tim as brought 'em here. There now, the roots are in the ground. I got a tuft of grass from the rock where you sat, that night, but flung it away. You didn't want that—did you? If we could only stop thinking of that; but I can't. I never, never can. Do you dream about it in your sleep down there, I wonder? I never stop dreaming everything over and over; but I do not talk. I keep my word, and go away into the woods, when something that I won't speak rises into my throat, and seems to choke me."

Thus the boy muttered out the strange, hidden thoughts that oppressed him, night and day. It was a relief to come there, with his pretty sylvan spoils, and scatter that girl's grave with them; for he still had faith in her sympathy, and believed that she knew of his coming and going in and out of the graveyard—that she was glad when his footsteps stirred the grass, and lonesome when he went away.

All that afternoon he had been in the woods, and in the cool fern hollows; but never once upon the rocks. Since that day when he left his basket, and fled from them in wild terror, the boy had never once been in his old sea haunts. The very sound of the waves, at a distance, made him tremble. Still he was always afoot—always wandering off alone, talking to the wild flowers, as he plucked them; but terrified if a rabbit scuttled by him, suddenly, or a partridge rose, with a whirr, from the brush; for it seemed to him as if these innocent creatures were carrying off his secret.

All day long—all day long—the boy had been abroad in the woods, haunted with thoughts that might have bowed down the spirit of a strong man. So it happened that he was tired almost to faintness, when his footsteps turned to the graveyard, and his tiny hands fluttered over the turf, in vague lovingness, scattering the flowers at random, till their sweetness filled the atmosphere all around, and lulled his tired senses into gentle harmony with the place. Gradually he drooped, and bent forward upon his knees, and they yielded to his weight until he lay prone upon the grave, and fell asleep, with his cheek upon the flowers, and, as he slept, the soft dews of heaven fell upon them both.

All at once, a shiver ran through the lad's delicate frame, such as stirs the grass, when a serpent creeps under it; a look of pain came across the gentle face, as if some keen sense had partially awaked, while all the rest of him slept.

What was it that troubled the gentle boy in his sleep? Only a footstep, almost silenced by the long grass of the graveyard. The rapid, swift tread of a man who could not tire himself out with walking, the spirit within him was so tortured with anxiety.

Why Belus Stamford should have sought that place no human being could tell, save that the same spirit had urged him out upon the cliff, though the very sight of the sea was hateful to him, and from thence, along the desolation of the old avenue, close under the blasted tree, and the deep pool, whose green waters lapped the bank at his feet, and sickened him, while he had no power to turn from it, until a frenzy of madness came on, and drove him along the shore road, down to the graveyard.

The man had not wanted to go there, or come within hearing of the sea again. But he was driven on and on, till the shadow of the old church enveloped him—on and on, beneath the cyprus trees, until his foot struck against the grave of Delia Fitch, where the gentle boy was sleeping.

An exclamation, that was like a cry of pain, broke from him, and he turned as if to flee; but a murmur from the child, disturbed, but not aroused, from his dream, arrested him.

"Yes," the lad was saying, "I saw it from the rocks. They were far out, but my eyes see a great way, and I saw him leap on the good

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lord, as hounds leap when the fox is down. Oh! how the master did fight for his life; but he was flung over—he began to swim—he held to the boat—oh—oh!"

Belus Stamford stood under those solemn old trees, rooted to the ground. The very hair upon his head rose slowly, as the first wave of terror swept over him. Then his eyes kindled, and shone like fire in the dusk, his hand clenched itself, and he lifted one foot to stamp the boy to death, as if he had been a viper. But little Tim spoke again.

"Don't be afraid. You can sleep here. I did promise. I never will tell his name—never, never."

The uplifted foot that was ready to crush that gentle sleeper into the earth fell harmlessly; a deep breath, that was almost a sob, broke from the man, who sallied back a few paces, and leaning against a tree, strove to conquer the trembling of his limbs, and gather his thoughts from the shock that had thrown them into chaos.

Still the boy muttered, and the man listened. Again that promise was repeated—again fragments of that awful scene came from those innocent lips.

Belus had command of his intellect now. It had yielded to the first shock, but was ready to seize upon every word that the child uttered. What if a new means of safety could be wrung out of the very danger that threatened him? The distance was great, no human eyes could have distinguished the features of one man from another. There was no doubt that the boy had witnessed the deed, so clearly described in his dreams; but might not this fact result in evidence against another, the lack of which was involving him in new peril. These thoughts flashed like poisoned arrows through a mind driven to the verge of madness by discoveries made in the library, on the night of the funeral. Before this, a great dread that the late earl might atone for past wrongs to Huldah, by a late marriage, and thus displace Lady Colgate, had urged the mother and son into a labyrinth of evil, which now threatened them with ruin. Led to half conjectures by the report of broken conversations, conveyed by that poor girl, Delia, they had honestly believed that Keath Winters was the natural son of Lord Colgate, and would be placed, so far as circumstances made possible, in the place of the direct heir.

Thus the worst passions of a haughty woman and an unprincipled man were aroused, and a great crime perpetrated—a crime that must now be repeated in some form, before the real heir of Trevylan could be in a position to enforce his rights. Keath Winters was already more than suspected of that crime, but where was the evidence that would fasten it upon him entirely? Was it to be found in the mutterings of that sleeping boy?

Belus Stamford asked this question of himself, again and again, as he prowled up and down among the graves, threading the moss-grown stones unconsciously—for he was so absorbed, that they had no significance to him—and plotted, with all the craft of his mind, the means by which ruin could be brought on an innocent man. At last, some fixed purpose grew out of his thoughts. He went to the spot where little Tim was lying, and touched him, gently.

The boy moved, and made a struggle to get up.

Belus saw the frightened look that widened his gray eyes, and made haste to soothe him.

"It is damp here, my poor boy," he said, with a soft voice of warning. "This dew is almost as bad as rain. Your hair is wet with it."

The boy sat upon the turf, looking wildly on the face that bent so kindly over him; but he did not attempt to speak.

"You are not quite awake yet," said Belus, touching the boy's head, with a faint caress, "and this is a long way from home."

"It is *her* home," whispered the lad, looking down upon Delia's grave. "So lonesome, so dark, and she cannot get away."

"But the night air does not hurt her. She cannot feel it."

Belus said this with difficulty; for a strange husky sensation paralyzed his throat, and during half a minute, speech was impossible to him.

"I don't know," answered the boy, in his sweet, sad voice. "She seemed to stir."

Belus started, and his face grew ashen pale, in the moonlight, which was just struggling through the trees. Tim's head drooped to his bosom, and he sat with one hand pressed down upon the grave, seeming to listen. In this way, these two strongly-opposed beings remained, motionless as the stones around them. The boy's heart was beating fast. The man strove against the shock of his innocently uttered words.

Did the poor girl, lying there, really feel the tread of her murderer's feet? The thought thrilled him with terrible awe. Directly, a faint, mocking smile broke through the pallor of his face.

Was he a coward to be startled by such folly? No—no!

"This is a fancy, little Tim. The dead cannot stir. It was the flowers, under your hand, that moved."

The boy lifted his face, with a look of grave intelligence.

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"No, it wasn't that," he said. "She knows, and she is afraid."

"Afraid of me, little Tim?"

Tim looked at him, wistfully; but did not speak.

Then Belus began to work out an idea of cool craft, born of his deliberation among the graves. In order to act safely, he must read all that was in the boy's mind.

"If it is so," he said, in a quiet, dreamy way, "perhaps she thinks a little fellow of your age might talk to some one, and do harm."

The boy lifted his gray eyes to the moonlight, and the tempter saw that they were filling with tears.

"She knew I wouldn't," he said, grieved by the thought.

"Of course, she knew that you would only talk to her best friends, as your are doing now, little Tim. But they know all about it. Our people keep nothing from the master, you know."

"The master! Oh! but he is dead. I know that, I know that!"

"And she knew it," said Belus, still speaking with subdued gentleness.

The lad lifted his eyes, suddenly.

"Did she tell you?"

"I know it all; how you both were on the rocks, and saw the boat go out."

The large eyes widened larger, and he held his breath, as Belus went on:

"Out of the cove—so near the rocks, that you could almost see their faces; but not quite."

Tim answered with a slow shake of the head.

"Then out to sea, clear away, softly as a gull floats. All at once—"

"Oh, don't, don't!" Tim cried out, flinging up his arms. "She saw it, and it killed her."

"And you saw it nearer, being half-way down the rocks. I know that, too—but do not cry—do not tremble so. How could you help it, poor boy?"

"I couldn't help it. There wasn't another boat on the water, and I kept looking at that, because the master was in it, and that other one she was always watching for."

"And you saw everything, while pretty Delia was looking out from above. Who could blame you?"

When Belus said "you saw everything," the little fellow threw himself down by the grave, and, covering his face with both hands, sobbed out:

"I did not tell it. He knows—he knows—but I never said a word."

"But now," questioned Belus, bending over him. "Now, when she knows that you have kept your promise, it will please her, if you tell me one thing, because every one at the castle was kind to her, and I most of all."

"I know that. Only she didn't love nobody so much as she loved him," answered the lad, without lifting his head from the turf.

"But I am *his* friend. She knew that," said Belus, softly.

The boy half rose from the ground, and looked wistfully into his tempter's face.

"Yes, you was ales a-going out together. I used to see you."

"But you did not see me then?" said Belus, so earnestly, that the face bending over the lad was white as marble. Even the lips, so ready to curve and sneer, were void of color. Until the answer came, no breath or sound passed through them.

"No, no. It was only him."

"Then you saw his face clearly?"

"No, I didn't; but I saw hers, and I could ales tell if he was in the boat by the look in her eyes. She seemed to be longing for something."

"And she had that look, when you saw her watching the boat?"

"She ales looked so, when he was in it."

"And you are sure that Keath Winters was in it then?" said Belus, in a careless, even tone of conversation well calculated to throw the little fellow off his guard. Of course, you are."

Tim started, as that name was mentioned. A strange look of determination came into his childish face, and his lips were firmly closed.

"Please, youpg master, I ought to be going home," he said, lifting himself from the ground.

The young man's face clouded darkly, and, for a moment, he seemed to lose patience; but other thoughts came to reassure him, and all his caressing softness of manner returned.

"What does it matter?" he reflected; "the mere name is of no importance. That which he has said is enough."

As these thoughts passed through his mind, a great sense of relief fell upon the man, and his eyes dwelt upon the sweet, sad face of the boy, with intense interest; for it seemed marvelous to him that a creature so gentle and insignificant should have the power to lift him out of the great peril that had caused even his iron nerves to tremble. Had an angel from heaven been sent down to aid in his double crime, it could not have astonished him more.

"Come, now," he said, addressing the boy. "It is growing dark, and the old grandfather will be wondering about you."

Tim looked up in his face, anxiously.

"But you'll not tell of finding me here, young master?" he said, piteously.

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"Have no fear of that," was the caressing answer. "Markham is a cross-cut old fellow, and might deal hardly with you. Just keep still about it yourself, and he need never know."

This wonderful friendliness in the young lord reassured Tim, who was quite unconscious of the craft that seized upon his fears, and thus, without seeming purpose, enforced silence on him regarding this strange re-encounter in the graveyard.

"Go home now," said Belus, who began to feel this close vicinity to the grave of his victim horridly oppressive, "and it will never be known that I found you here."

"Yes, I'll go. Thank you kindly, young master. I'll run all the way."

The young man stood beneath one of the yew trees, until the slight figure of the boy flitted through the graveyard into the gathering dusk, then he turned, with an exclamation that would have been thanksgiving in a good man, but was a burst of triumph, and left the place.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Among all the persons who mourned the death of Lord Colgate, there was not one, if we except the woman at the cove, who suffered more than Stella Winchester; for, to her, he was almost a father—certainly the dearest friend she had ever known.

This young lady had not been summoned to the inquest, and was only made acquainted with the proceedings, in a fragmentary way, by the countess, who was so painfully absorbed, that no clear impression of the case could be given to the anxious girl. She only knew that the body of the earl had been recognized, and that Keath Winters was not present at the inquest or funeral.

Thus left alone, in her anxiety, the fair young creature gave herself up to loneliness and grief. Why was it that Keath had never appeared at the castle, or taken any step to soften or share the grief that oppressed her? Why was he absent from the funeral of a man who had been his best friend and most generous benefactor?

Stella was quite unconscious of the suspicion that had been cast on her lover, and would have turned from the idea, with contempt, had it been presented to her; for, at the very time the boat that bore Lord Colgate out to sea was passing from the cove, Keath Winters was walking by her side, in Trevylan Park, and telling her of the encouragement Lord Colgate had given to his suit, with such joyous enthusiasm, that the very remembrance of it thrilled her to the heart.

But why did he keep away so long? Was it that he was doubtful of a cordial reception at the castle, now that Lord Colgate was dead, or had sorrow completely broken him down?

These doubts fell upon the poor girl, cruelly, as day after day went by, each one full of gloom, without bringing her a word of news from one whose sympathy was all the world to her. Perhaps he was ill, or he might be too miserable for general company. If he suffered as she did, this loneliness must be intolerable.

This idea drew the poor girl out of the solitude of the house into the open air of the park; for, all at once, a great longing had seized upon her, and that intuition, which is more subtle than reason, led her on and on, until she stood on the cliff where we first saw Lady Colgate, with her back to the ocean, surveying the broad undulations of country that seemed to have passed from her dominion forever.

Stella paused on this very spot, looking wistfully on the same landscape—but without seeing it; for she was searching land and sea for one object only—the man whom she loved and expected.

Before her, floating easily on the distant waters, lay a fleet of white-sailed fishing boats, on which the sun was shining through the vague, silvery haze.

"He may be there," she thought, with a sigh. "In no place along the coast have I seen a human being; but he must come, from the water or the land; he is sure to come—no, not from the water," she added, thinking of Lord Colgate, with a pang of grief that made her loathe the beautiful expanse. "Nothing but the poor fishermen are there, for men must work and women must weep, here and all over the world. These men of the cove have their living to get, and have gone mournfully out to their toil at daybreak, as usual, though the best master that ever lived has perished in the waters that wash their keels."

Weary, and with the secret hope that had inspired her gone, the girl sat down on a fragment of rock, and allowed thoughts like these to creep over her. The loneliness of the place, the monotonous wash of the sea, added to the melancholy that depressed her. The shadows were lengthening among the trees, and soft crimson, blue and gold fused in a soft, opeline haze on the waters, but she could only see the beautiful changes through her tears; to her they only seemed like a treacherous veil between her and the dead.

As she sat thus, heavy-hearted and unutterably sad, the sound of footsteps along the sea-road inspired her with sudden life. She lifted her head, and shook the tears from her eyes.

Yes, her inner consciousness spoke truly. It was Keath Winters, coming up the broken road that led by the old church, and back of the cliff.

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When the young man saw her drooping figure defined against the sky, his heart gave a great bound, and fell back again, with an aching recoil that seemed to load his bosom down with lead.

How could he bring his hopeless love to that fair young creature? How approach her without dread and inexpressible humiliation?

An impulse of retreat came upon him. He turned his back to the ocean, and looked along the line of the coast, hesitating. But this weakness could not last long in a nature brave and resolute like his. No matter how fierce the struggle might be within him, the grander elements of his character were sure to come uppermost. Turning again, he saw that Stella had arisen and was coming toward him, with beaming love in her eyes, and both hands extended.

Keath met her hurriedly, as brave men undertake a task full of certain agony. His feet stumbled against the loose stones in his path, his clothes were dusty and travel-soiled. The smile upon his lips was more mournful than tears.

Her smile was bright with a thousand welcomes; she realized nothing, just then, but the great joy of his presence.

"Oh, you have come—you have come," she said, while her outstretched hands quivered with delight, like birds that could not fly fast enough.

He took those white hands in his, and held them close, but did not attempt to kiss them as he might have done, without reproof.

She noticed the omission, and saw, by the gloom in his eyes, that something more powerful than mere grief was torturing him.

"I expected you. Every day I have waited—but you did not come," she said, rebuking him with her lips, but there was exquisite welcome in the sweetness of her voice.

"I could not come to harrass you with my troubles. Oh, Stella, I am not a coward, but the thought of adding to your pain has almost made one of me."

"Such words as these do give me pain," answered the girl. "I cannot understand."

"But you must understand that which is killing me. Oh, Stella, when my benefactor died, you and I were separated forever!"

"Separated! You and I—no—no; a thousand deaths could not part us. It was he who sanctioned our love."

"But he is dead."

"I know—I know."

"And you are left under the guardianship of a bitter enemy to me and mine."

A proud smile swept Stella's face.

"The law has made Lady Colgate my guardian and may give her some kind of power over me. But it never can reach the heart or break the faith I have plighted to you. Nothing but an impossible thing can do that."

"Nothing but an impossible thing! Oh, Stella, since these few miserable days, so many things that seemed impossible have come to pass."

"I know, I know; but it is more than impossible that you should ever be guilty of meanness or real wrong."

"But what if I seem guilty of such things—what if all the world believes it of me?"

"I never should," answered Stella, with a smile that flashed like sunshine across the sadness of her face, and was, for one moment, reflected in that of her lover.

"That is all I ask, Stella. Let what will come, I shall not be quite unhappy knowing that you have faith in me."

"Keath, Keath, what is the meaning of this? You speak as if some new trouble were threatening us!"

"Is not separation enough?" questioned the youth, in a voice that shook with passionate sorrow.

"But there is something more," said Stella.

"Only this. I have been away in London. Trevylan is no longer a place for me. Only yesterday I took passage for the New World."

A cry broke from the girl. She threw out her arms, and wound them around his neck.

"No—no—no. Why should you think of this? You are not changed because our best friend is dead. I am not changed."

"I know, I know; but all hope for me died with him. Here I am nothing—worse than nothing; but out yonder in a country where manly effort can win a full reward, I may yet win a place for myself, and a home for the dear old man and my mother."

"And for this you give me up?" said Stella, drawing back. A flash of pride quenched the tears in her eyes, and her proud mouth quivered.

"Not for this alone; oh, Stella, in a little time you will hear people speak of me as an ungrateful young fellow, who, with culpable weakness, or cowardly regard for his own safety, allowed the best man that ever lived—the benefactor of his life—to perish before his eyes."

"But how can they think that? It is impossible! You were with me all the time," said the girl, eagerly.

"But no one else must even know that. I have taken this burden on myself. It must never rest on a Stamford. That would have broken *his* heart."

The girl stood motionless before him. The meaning in his words took away her breath.

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Then a beautiful light came into her eyes, and they filled with tears.

"Yes, go," she said; "that much we can do for him. You and I—for you shall not go alone."

Keath took both her clasped hands in his, and kissed them over and over again.

"My noble girl—my own Stella—this can never, never be."

"But it shall be! I will not be left behind. Already Lord Colgate has given us his blessing."

"Ah, if I only dared—if I only could, that new world would be paradise," said Keath; "but, with these people, that would be adding treachery to cowardice."

"Still we should be together."

"But how?—in poverty, perhaps."

"But I have wealth."

"Ah, there it is! Do not tempt me, girl, or I shall indeed be the coward they will think me."

Stella drew away from him, disappointed and woeful. Tears stood in her eyes, heavily as rain. She was very proud, and full of womanly sensibility. How could she urge the subject further?

Keath saw this, and his heart swelled with sympathy.

"It may not be forever," he said. "God will prosper me, perhaps. We are both young. Let me earn the right to love you. Then I will come back, and claim you in spite of everything."

Stella reached out her hand, smiling through the tears, that began to shine in her eyes; for she was young, and hope springs swiftly into a heart ardent as hers.

"In two years I shall be of age. Come then."

'And you will love me then, as now?"

'How could I help it?"

These words were uttered on the young man's bosom, and gathered with kisses from her lips—long, lingering kisses, to which the pathos of a long farewell gave a touch of pain.

Thus the two parted, sorrowfully enough, but quite unconscious of the greater trouble that was soon to overwhelm them. Keath Winters pursued his way across the road, and along the rocks, toward the cove, where he was sadly conscious that another farewell awaited him.

CHAPTER XXX.

STELLA left the cliff, and made her way into the park, weary with emotion, and feeling as if the next two years would be an eternity to her. Still her own generous devotion to the late earl gave a sort of exultation to her sorrow. It was something to know that Keath Winters, her lover and his, almost, son, was ready to save the honor of a great name by his own self-sacrifice.

The girl was hardly conscious of the way she took; but kept along the most secluded paths, till she came to the little stone bridge, on the ancient side of the castle. Then she saw some signs of commotion that surprised her. The great oaken doors of the keep stood open, and a few people were moving about within, while others lingered on the banks of the little stream, talking constantly, but in low voices, as if some exciting news had just reached them.

When Stella saw this, she conjectured that it was the day to which the inquest had been adjourned—a mere ceremony, as most people had believed it; but the thought made her heart beat with strange apprehension.

"Why are so many people gathered here?" she asked of old Markham, who was leading a little boy across the bridge.

"Ah! my lady, it's the inkest o'er again, or summat of that kind. They've sent for the lad, here, and I'm taking him afore the magistrates."

"Oh! miss, oh! my lady, ask grandfather to let me bide here. What do the gentry want of me?"

"They will not harm you," answered the girl, touched by the appeal in little Tim's eyes. "Your grandfather will be with you."

"But I don't want to go—I—I—"

Tim finished his protest in a great burst of tears.

Stella took his little, trembling hand in hers, and tried to soothe him; but the child held back, and still pleaded to be left behind. So great was his agitation, that the kind girl kept his hand, while her gentle voice persuaded him to move on.

They crossed the bridge, entered the keep, and went up the grand staircase toward the library. There Stella would have left the lad to his grandfather; but he clung to her desperately, lifting his eyes to hers, with such piteous appeal, that, spite of herself, she was drawn forward, and stood just within the room, while old Markham went up to the table, hat in hand, waiting to be noticed by the little court, sitting there.

Directly, the old man came to the door, and led little Tim up to this tribunal. Stella looked on, and saw that Lady Colgate, Lord Belus, and several others who had already been examined were present. Her interest in the lad was so great, that she crossed the room, and stood back of Lady Colgate's chair, while the proceedings went on.

Lady Colgate gave a faint start, when she recognized the girl, and Stella saw that she was deadly pale, as if struggling with some feeling deeper than the occasion warranted.

It was not long before the young lady herself

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felt the blood retreating from her lips, and burdening her heart. Those men were questioning little Tim about the scene he had witnessed from the rocks. He spoke reluctantly—he turned those great, blue eyes from face to face, with a touching appeal for help; but word for word, sentence by sentence, the truth was drawn from him, and that awful scene, witnessed only by himself and Delia Fitch, was so vividly related by those boyish lips, that the stoutest man present grew pale, with the horror of it.

"You saw all this with your own eyes?" said the coroner, in a low voice, for he feared to startle the witness. "You saw it all?"

"Yes, sir. I couldn't help it."

"The boat, and two men in it?"

"Yes, I did."

"Who was the man that was left when one fell overboard?"

The boy was mute.

"Could you tell?"

"No, sir, not for certain."

The boy began to tremble now, and looked piteously around for help.

"Not when the boat turned, and came nearer to the rocks?"

"I—I was so frightened, I was—"

"But you saw the man?"

"Oh, sir, cried out the lad, in an agony of dread, "I can't tell—I can't tell!"

"Was it a young man from the cove—Keath Winters?"

From behind Lady Colgate's chair came a sharp cry, that drew all attention from the boy where he stood, pale and still, with a strange light in his blue eyes, and lips firmly closed.

All eyes were turned on Stella Winchester, who had leaned against the chair, listening with breathless interest to the examination, but who stood upright now, with one hand upon the ebony carved work, with a wild, startled expression on her beautiful face, and a trembling of the frame that shook her from head to foot.

"Speak—speak out, boy—say at once that it was not Keath Winters. He was not there. He could not have been there. Before God, I can swear it!"

Stella's voice rang through the room, full and clear. Lady Colgate sprang to her feet, and turned upon the girl in stern amazement, while the court sat paralyzed, all gazing on that fair creature who seemed to have lost herself in a sudden whirl of passion. Her eyes were full of alarm, her bosom heaved, and her hands shook like aspen leaves as they clung to the chair.

That moment Stella Winchester was aroused to the awful danger that beset the man she loved. She saw that it was not a semblance of cowardice he was taking upon himself, but the penalty of an awful crime.

For one full minute all was silent in the room. The boy stood in his helplessness, with tears dropping from his eyes. Lady Colgate, standing there, face to face with the girl, was speechless and white to the lips. The only person who seemed unmoved was Belus Stamford. He was prepared for this—not there, or in that presence; but he knew what evidence Stella could give, and had arranged his plans to meet it, whenever she might force herself to speak.

"Gentlemen," said Stella, gathering up her strength, "administer the oath to me. I can answer that question better than any other person living; for at the very hour this awful crime was committed, Keath Winters was walking with me in Trevylan Park."

Lady Colgate sank into her chair, then rose again, spasmodically.

"The girl is mad," she exclaimed.

"No, not mad," interrupted Belus, coming forward. "She certainly was in the park, that afternoon, and perhaps met the young man, strange as it may seem that my mother's ward could have descended to such company. I saw her myself, but then she was alone."

Stella turned, and looked at the young man, searchingly. She was pale now, for the very quietness of his voice chilled her.

"Let me be sworn," she said, in a low, firm voice.

She was sworn, and the coroner, pitying her agitation, questioned her gently.

"You were in the park that day. At what hour?"

"It was about four—perhaps half an hour after that."

The coroner paused a moment, as if calculating the time, and then went on.

"Will you tell me what took you into the park?"

"I went there with the expectation of meeting Keath Winters."

"Was this by appointment?"

"Not exactly. He was in the habit of visiting the castle, and I often saw him coming or going."

"And you met him that afternoon—how long after you went out?"

"It must have been an hour."

"And he remained with you how long?"

"Something longer than that."

Again the coroner made a calculation in his mind. He hesitated a little at the next question.

"What was your motive for wishing to meet this young man?"

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A flood of scarlet swept the girl's face. The white lids drooped over her eyes.

"The day before, Lord Colgate, my guardian, had consented to our marriage."

"Your marriage with Keath Winters?"

"My marriage with Keath Winters," answered the girl, lifting her eyes, with a flash of pride; "but it was to be after some explanations which my lord promised him, and those explanations I was anxious to hear."

"Did he give them to you, when you met?"

"No. Lord Colgate had made an appointment with him for the next day, in the library—an appointment he never lived to keep."

"Is this all?"

The girl bent her head.

For some moments there was silence in the court; then the coroner held a whispered consultation with one of the gentlemen who sat near him.

"Lady Colgate."

The lady arose.

"My lady, there seems to be uncertainty about the time when Miss Winchester saw this young man in the park. Can you throw any light on the matter?"

"I only know that the young lady had been out, and returned to the castle, before my son came back from the cove, and that was fifteen minutes before six. She was asleep on the couch, in my boudoir, then."

"Lord Colgate."

Stella shrunk from the sound, when she heard that sacred name applied to him. He, too, started, with a sort of shock, but came forward at once.

"Can you tell us, positively, my lord, at what time you saw Miss Winchester in the park?"

"I only know this. When I left the castle, in company with my brother, we met the young lady, coming up from the old avenue. She was following the windings of the stream, and was quite alone; she might or might not have seen us."

"You found this young man, Keath Winters, busy about the boat, when you reached the cove?"

"Yes. His own mother pointed him out to me, from the porch of her house, when Lord Colgate went in to rest."

"And you left him in the boat?"

"Yes."

"When you reached the castle, fifteen minutes before five, where was Miss Winchester."

"Asleep, in my mother's boudoir. I saw her on the couch there, when her ladyship came from the room. When we returned, before dinner, she was still sleeping there."

"That is enough. The young lady was evidently mistaken about the time."

Stella heard this, though it was uttered with cautious lowness of voice, and the heart shrunk in her bosom. Was it possible that she could have mistaken the time?

Lady Colgate arose, and led the way out of the library. The coroner and the jury were left alone, and made up their verdict, with closed doors.

It was this:

Thomas Stamford, the fourteenth Earl of Colgate, came to his death by the hands of Keath Winters, the son of a fisherman, now living at "the Fisherman's Cove," a village on the Trevylan Estate.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IDEALS.

BY GERTIE V. MACK.

In the human heart forever
A fever of longing burns;
For something beyond the present,
The dreamy spirit yearns,
And oft from the arms of pleasure,
In vague disquiet turns.

For a voice from out the future
Is singing in siren tone,
And a hand is beckoning onward,
To the realm of the dim unknown,
And over the eyes the glamour
Of a sweet, false spell is thrown.

Ideals of joy and beauty,
Like flowers in the heart unfold;
They are fair as the marble maiden
Pygmalian loved of old,
And the life that to her was given,
We ask for those visions cold.

Oh, beautiful, mocking phantoms!
You come with your presence bright,
From the fair mirage of dreamland,
And haunt our waking sight,
So dear that the joys of the present
Unheeded take their flight.

And oft when the thing we have sought for
Comes to us, still we feel
There is lacking a nameless something,
We found in the loved ideal,
For alas! a dreamed-of blessing
Is sweeter than the real.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1 is a walking costume for a young girl. It is made of fancy woolen material of bronze green, streaked with pale blue. Waistcoat and cuffs either of velvet or silk, bronze-green. We give both back and front of the costume. The skirt is kilted from a yoke at the waist, nine inches deep. The kilts are laid upon a lining of crinoline, to keep them in place. The very short

No. 1.

over-drapery is arranged permanently upon the skirt. The jacket is double-breasted, with rolling collar, over a tight-fitting vest. Cuffs and pipings of jacket are made of same material as the vest. Of double-fold material twelve to fourteen yards will be required. One and a-half yards of velvet or silk for vest. If preferred, the vest and pipings can be made of cashmere, either bronze or pale blue.

No. 2 is a house-dress for a young lady, of

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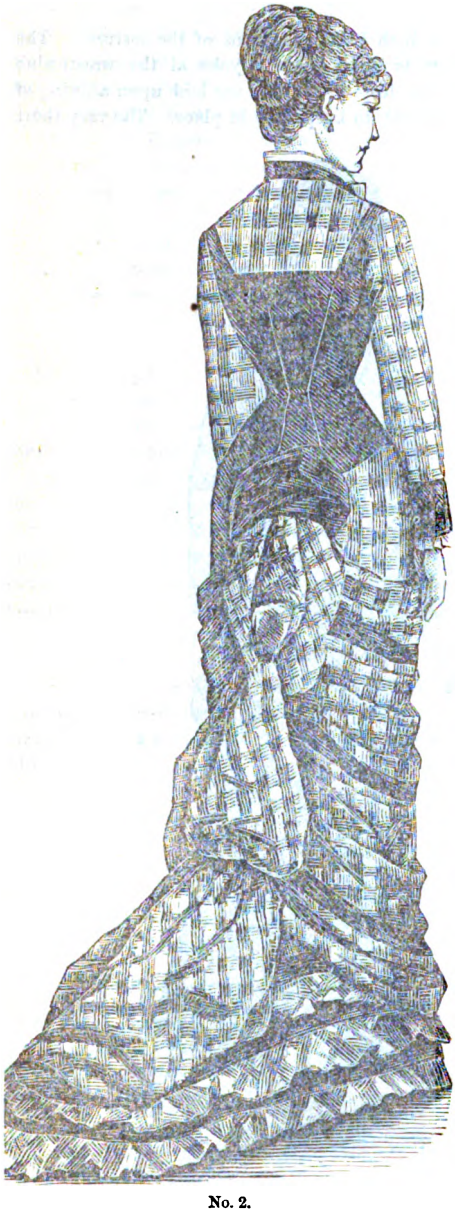
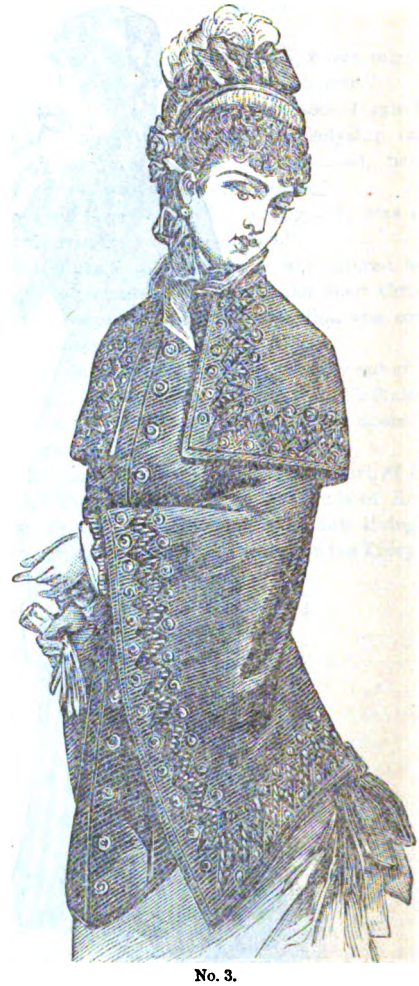
plaid camel's hair, with peasant over-waist, and trimmings of black velvet, or silk. The skirt is demi-train, with three narrow, bias ruffles, each headed by a band of velvet ribbon, one inch wide. The drapery is arranged upon the foun-



No. 2.

dation—which is of cambric, and on which the bias ruffles are placed. Three rows of velvet are disposed upon the apron front, which is very much wrinkled; and the fulness at the back is plaited under a large loop of velvet. A simple cuirass bodice, without trimming, and with tight coat-sleeves finished by collar and cuffs of velvet, completes the dress proper. Over this is worn a peasant's waist, which fastens in front, and buttons on the shoulders. The form may be seen from the engraving. This costume may be carried out in plaid and plain camel's hair material, using bias bands of the plain for the trimming on the skirt, and the plain material for the bodice, cuffs, etc. Twelve to fourteen yards of double-fold,



No. 3.

plaid material, two pieces of velvet ribbon, and two yards of velvet for bodice. The bodice and trimmings could be nicely managed out of some old velvet or silk garment, probably long laid aside as too old-fashioned for use.

No. 3 is one of the new wraps for autumn wear made of camel's hair cashmere, drap d'etc, Sis-

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cilian, or plain gros-grain silk. It is of the dolman shape, and the trimming is a simple braiding pattern, done with a narrow gimp, with a

No. 4—A.

button between each point. This dolman has a shoulder cape made separate, and worn at pleasure.

No. 4—B.

No. 4 (A and B) is the back and front of costume for a little girl, from six to ten years. There is first a skirt, gored in front, and box-plaited at the back, this is fastened to a petticoat body of cambric, or it can be made of the material of the dress, high in the neck and with long sleeves. The princess jacket is cut short in front to show

No 5.

the skirt. The sides and back are long, as may be seen by the illustration. Made of some light-colored, basket flannel, or cashmere, with trim-

No. 6.

mings of velvet or silk, of a much darker shade or contrasting color, will give a very stylish and effective costume.

No. 5 is for a little boy of seven to nine years:

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a pretty little suit, with Knickerbocker pants and vest. The band of the pants and vest, where they join, is hid by a pointed waistband, bound and ornamented with braid. The cut-away jacket is similarly trimmed. Make of navy-blue or gray-mixed flannel or cloth, and trim with black silk or worsted braid.

No. 6 is another for a boy of ten to twelve years, has knee pants and a simple single-breasted, closed jacket, trimmed with braid. Make of cloth —navy blue or mixed gray.

PATTERNS OF OUR Every-Dresses, or for the costumes in our colored fashion plate, or for our Children's dresses, paletot, etc., may be had on application by letter enclosing price of pattern, of Mrs. M. A. Jones, Importer and Designer of Paper Patterns, No. 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

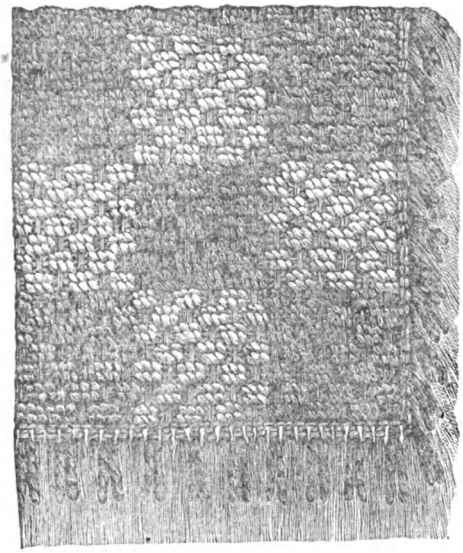
We also call particular attention to a beautiful line of Patterns for Ladies and Children furnished by her, and for which there is not space in this book. All patterns are put together and styles of trimming sent without extra charge. We give list of prices for a few principal patterns.

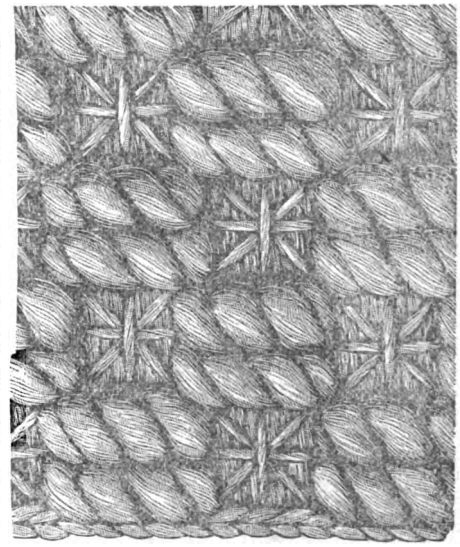
Watteau Wrapper,	50 cts.	Talmas, ...	35 cts.
Princess Dress, .	50 "	Waterproofs, ...	35 "
Polonaise, . . .	50 "	Wrappers, ...	35 "
Trimmed Skirt, .	50 "	Children's Dresses, plain,	25 "
Basques, ...	35 "	Combination Suits, . .	35 "
Coats, ...	35 "	Boys' Suit Patterns,	25 to 50 "
Cut-aways, . . .	35 "	Underwear, . .	20 and 25 "
Over-Skirts, . . .	35 "	Good-fitting shirt patterns,	50 "

For shirt pattern, send size of Neck, Yoke and Sleeve. Measure for Ladies: Bust, Waist, length of Back from neck to waist. For Children: length from neck to bottom of skirt front, also age and whether large or small. Also a new and very complete Dress Chart, with all the latest improvements for modern styles. Fully taught, $6.00. Without instructions, $1.25. Any questions about material or trimming cheerfully answered. In sending orders, please send address plainly written, with county and State, to Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

CARRIAGE-RUG: IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





The engravings give a section of the rug, full-size, and the same made up. It is crocheted with white Saxony wool and thick Wickel wool, (or it is often called Hercules wool), in alternate squares, sewn together to form a simple check pattern. You require, white and red Saxony wool, red and gray Wickel wool, and red filoselle. All the reds must be of the same shade. The rug has six stripes, each twenty-four inches wide. You commence three stripes with the white Saxony and gray Wickel wool, and three with the red. (ditto.) With white wool make a chain of twenty-four stitches, and take up four loops *, take the thick wool, bring it before the last loop on the needle from the back of the wool. Take up four more loops, pass the wool in the front of the needles back again to the back. Repeat from the star to the end of the row. Work back, cut off the thick wool, second row. Begin with the thick wool in front of four stitches, then pass to the back, and so on in alternate rows. Work for fourteen rows. Then take the two red wools, and work in the same manner. There should be six white and five red squares in the

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stripe, six red and five white in the other three stripes. The small squares between have a double cross-stitch, done in the red filoselle. When all are joined, work one row of five chain, miss three, one double crochet, all round with red wool. A second row on the work taking up the second of the three stitches missed with white wool, and in these loops make a fringe of the red and gray Wickel wool, which completes the rug.

PALETOT FOR GIRL OF EIGHT TO TEN YEARS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for our SUPPPLEMENT, a pattern for a paletot, for a little girl of eight to ten years, made in plain or basket cloth, and trimmed with braid and fringe. It is in six pieces.

No. I.—HALF OF FRONT.

No. II.—HALF OF BACK.

No. III.—HALF OF SIDE-BACK.

No. IV.—SLEEVE, showing the under side, by the dotted line.

No. V.—HALF OF CUFF.

No. VI.—HALF OF COLLAR, the size of which must be determined by the shoulder seams.

Shorten at the back seams, where the dotted line is shown. The letters show how the pieces are put together.

The SUPPLEMENT, on which this full-size pattern is printed, is folded in, as usual, with this number.

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WAX FLOWERS, No. 10.

BY MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON.

THE BUTTERFLY GERANIUM.

Materials.—One-half package white, one-half package rose-pink wax, two yards green spool wire, one bottle deep purple (dry paint), one bottle Prussian blue (dry paint), glass-headed cutting-pin, one-half package single green wax (a light shade), and a rose geranium leaf mould.

Take your leaf mould, dip it in water, shake off the drops, then lay on a piece of the light green wax, press it down gently, and place a piece of wire two inches long in the centre. Lay on another piece of wax, and press firmly down. Now slip your leaf from the mould, and trim the edges, if a little rough, with a small pair of sharp scissors. All leaves are moulded in the same way. Group the leaves together as near like the natural flower as possible.

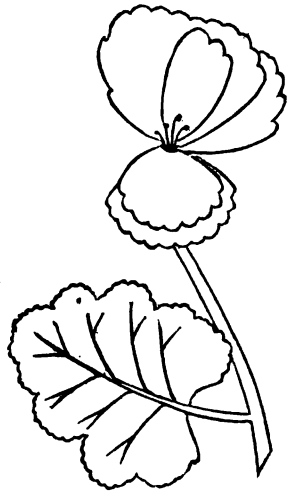

Fig. 1.

We are now ready for the flower. There are a number of varieties: white with purple spots, pink with purple spots, and light canary color with pink spots, are the most beautiful.

Fig. 1 represents the flower and leaf, half size, taken from a fine specimen in the study of the writer.

Cut of the pink wax three pieces, shaped like Fig. 2, one and one-eighth of an inch wide, and one and a-fourth long. Mix a little of each of the two shades of purple, and rub on the place designated by A, then with your glass-headed pin roll these pieces until they are a little cupped.

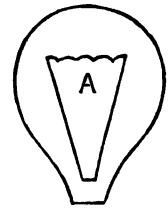

Fig. 2.

It is not necessary to wet the head of the pin when anything has been rubbed with dry paint. Lay these aside and cut three pieces the shape of Fig. 3, same size as Fig. 2, and one piece two sizes smaller.

Make some pointed edges, as indicated by the straight line drawn across the top of the figure below B. Color these around the edges with some of the paint you have already mixed. Now roll them a very little around the edges.

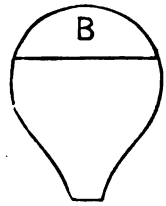

Fig. 3.

Cut a stem three inches long, double it over to form a small hook at one end; cover this hook with a small piece of light green wax, rolled round like a ball, and wind the stem with a narrow strip of green wax. You are now ready to put your flower together.

The pieces like Fig. 2 are put on first; they are arranged as indicated in Fig. 1. The pieces like Fig. 3 are next put on; finish off with a small piece of green wax far calyx. Join the flower to the leaves already moulded. The white ones are cut by the same patterns, and spotted with the dry purple paint.

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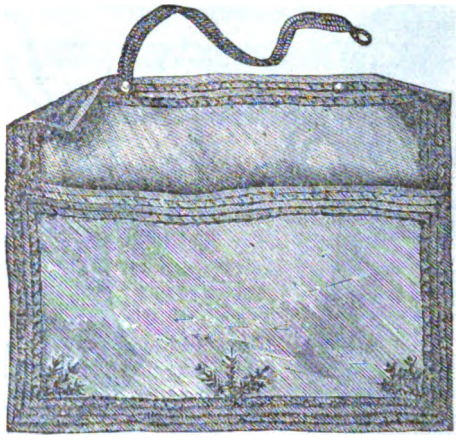
NIGHT-GOWN SACHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The material may be either crash or piqué, and the border is done in rows of plain and fancy braid, scarlet or blue. The corners and centre are ornamented with embroidery in Turkey red cotton, or blue. The strip at the top is ornamented in the same way, and may be used or not.

FOR THE LITTLE FOLK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

As the little folk, not less than their adult relations, will wish to take a part in Christmas, New Year's and birthday presents, we propose to give, for the next three or four months, patterns for the Work-Table, which, with but little instruction, the lttle folk can work. It is always better that a gift to a mother, father, or any one that is loved, should be the handiwork of the giver; and, therefore, these patterns, we think, will be heartily welcomed, by the little folk. We begin with a work-basket for mamma.

The materials should be a piece of white filet, a little blue crochet silk, a frame, some white and blue satin, cardboard, and blue gimps, and a yard of blue satin ribbon. Cover your frame with white satin on the outside, and blue in the interior, the botton being slightly stuffed with wadding. The sides are put in rather full. For the pockets you will take a piece of blue satin double the depth of the basket, fold it in two, with a thickness of fine wadding scented with pot-pourri within it, and sew it in six pockets in the inside, plaiting in the fulness at the bottom, and concealing the stitches with a chenille gimp, which also edges the top. The outside of the basket is covered with the white netting, darned according to the design, in blue silk. It is edged at the top with three different gimps, and at the bottom with two, of blue and white intermingled. The handles are neatly covered with chenille, and further decorated with a hard gimp, besides being finished with bows and ends.

This is most elegant and appropriate. It may be made in any other color, if desired; but should crimson or any deep color be used, *black* filet would be more appropriate than white.

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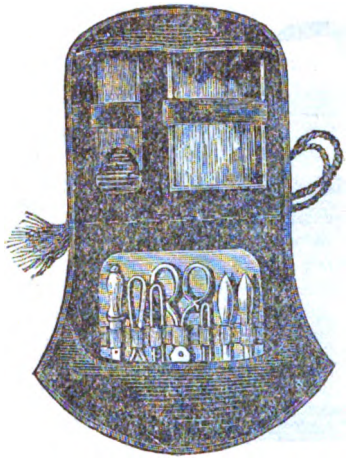
HOUSEWIFE. (OPEN AND CLOSED.)

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

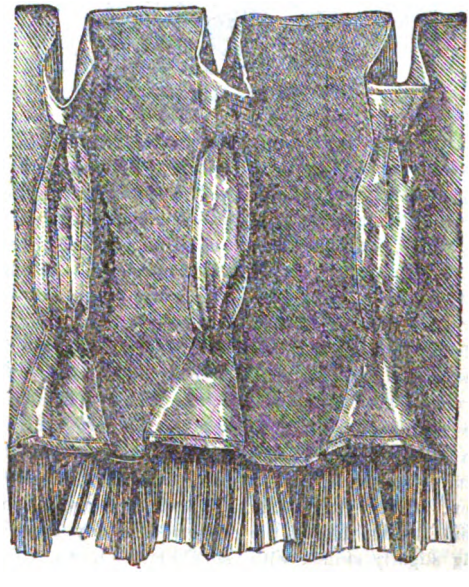


This small *nécessaire*, or housewife, will be found most useful when traveling. Our model is made of silk or velvet, and lined with holland.

The upper flap contains a small mirror and comb. A skein of thread and silk is in the centre, and several toilet implements in the lower flap. This useful receptacle can be made almost any size. Cord and tassel for the handles, and a patent fastening, or button and cord to hold the upper and lower flap together when closed. Narrow gold braid, and the monogram are all the ornamentation.

DESIGN FOR TRIMMING BOTTOM OF DRESS-SKIRT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



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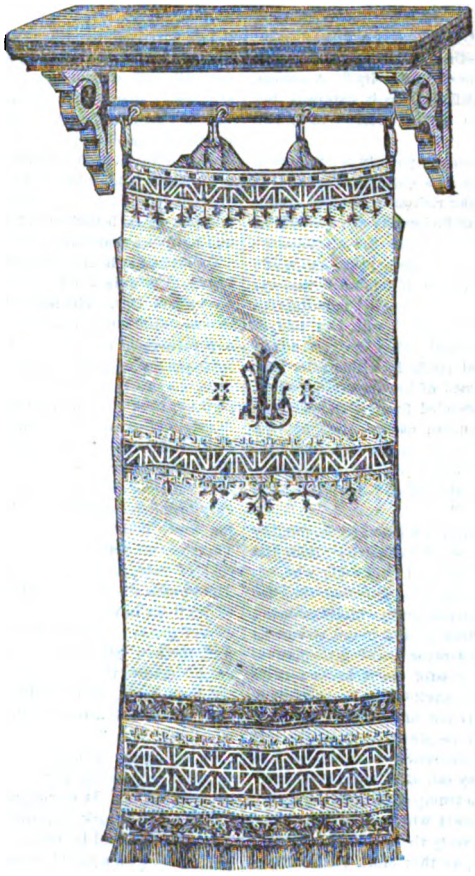
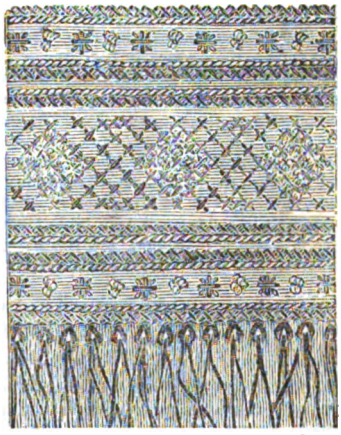
BATH-ROOM RACK AND TOWEL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The rack for this towel is of oiled walnut—a simple shelf, with bar below furnished with four hooks. The towel is of Russia crash, and the embroidery is done in cross-stitch, with red and blue French working-cotton. Fringe one end, and knot the fringe. We give a design for the embroidery. This towel is simply intended as a cover or shield for the towels in use, which are hung behind, as may be seen.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

WHAT IS "VULGARITY?"—One of the stories, in this number, touches on the question of "vulgarity." A woman, about to entertain, is not satisfied to do it naturally, but tries to seem richer than she is, and becomes absurd in consequence.

This being ashamed of comparative poverty is a very common form of "vulgarity." But it is quite as often seen in persons who have rapidly became rich as in persons always poor. Pretension, affectation, or insincerity are their favorite forms of "vulgarity." We all know the millionaire's wife, who is ashamed of having ever been poor; she would faint, or she would go into hysterics, if reminded that she once did her own house-work. Who has not met the rich *parvenu*, who has been to Europe, and who can talk of nothing but the barons, counts and dukes she pretends to have met there? What social circle is without its silly woman, who has became ashamed of her honest ancestors, and tries to prove she is descended from what she calls "noble blood?" Alas! for human nature, it is not the being poor, nor the having been poor, that one should blush at, but the "snobbishness" that looks down on poverty as in itself a crime. Was not the Greatest of all poor? Had He a place "wherein to lay His head?"

The Public Ledger of this city, in a late article, forcibly said that there is no surer proof of "vulgarity" than the eager desire to be considered "genteel." People who engage in this struggle are at bottom conscious that they are "shams." They are in consequence always afraid of being found out; and this leads them to still more strenuous exertions to deceive. They are forever praising themselves and crying down others. Successful merit arouses their enmity, stimulates their malice, excites the fangs of their venomous slander. Whoever is not in their set they snub at and look down upon. But people of real worth, real refinement, real claims to consideration have no need to resort to these base arts. They can afford to rest on their own merits, and do not have to trumpet them to the world. They are not ashamed to consort with poorer neighbors. Nor, if they have risen from poverty themselves, as so many of our really best people have, do they blush for it. They know that in the past, Webster, Jackson, Clay, Calhoun and the first Adams were poor boys, and that hundreds of others, eminent, to-day, in science, statesmanship, literature, commerce and manufactures, were poor boys also.

To pretend to be what you are not is the essence of "vulgarity." To be and not to seem—that is the golden rule

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A NEW CONTRIBUTOR FOR 1880.—One of our novelets for 1880 will be rather remarkable. It will be a story *by a new contributor*, entitled "The Lost Talisman Of Montezuma." It is a frontier tale, and is founded on real incidents. It is, moreover, in a vein entirely new. But this is only part of the intellectual feast we shall provide for our readers in 1880.

FOR TWO DOLLARS AND A-HALF we will send a copy of "Peterson" for 1880, and either of our new premium engravings, postage free.

A GOOD MAGAZINE is indispensable in every refined household. Do without something else, rather than without your magazine.

THE BEST TIME to gather ferns is when an early frost has turned the leaves from deepest green to almost white, the delicate contrast forming a valuable contribution to the usually high colors, which characterise autumn leaves proper. It is also an excellent time for collecting wild grasses, and the berries, in clusters, which, combined with the ferns, are arranged in beautiful winter bouquets. The best way to press leaves is to press them between the leaves of old books —carrying one for the purpose on all collecting expeditions, and placing each leaf carefully, seven or eight pages apart, and not more than two or three on a page, according to size.

On arrival at home, the book should be placed beneath a heavy, even weight, and allowed to remain undisturbed for a couple of days. The leaves last procured may then be removed to the larger book or file of old papers, which serves as a permanent repository, and the temporary book will then be ready for another expedition. The transfer serves two uses, one of which is convenience in handling a smaller expedition book than would be suitable for preserving a large number of leaves; and secondly, facilitating the process of drying by removing them from the pages which have absorbed all the first moisture. Pressing leaves with a hot iron, and the like, while affording a rapid method of preserving the form, is very unsatisfactory in regard to permanence, the leaves being made brittle, and the finer shading often destroyed. There are several methods of preserving the leaves with a coat of varnish after they have been sufficiently pressed. The process should take at least a week. A favorite one is to dip them in melted wax; another is to apply a very thin coat of picture varnish with a fine camel's hair brush. The first method preserves a more natural appearance; the second makes them look glossy. Sometimes it is well to try both ways, as the latter suits the rich, dark leaves, and the combination of the two well arranged is very effective.

In arranging the collections upon card-board, and in other ways for ornamental purposes much depends upon the taste of the operator. It is well, as a general rule, to begin with the stems and work up, covering your tracks with smaller leaves, acorns, and berries.

We have seen a simple room with no aid to ornament, except a few common photographs and white muslin curtains, made a bower of beauty by wreaths, festoons, borders, cornices, and sprays of autumn leaves.

SOUND SLEEP FOR CHILDREN.—Let children go to bed early—the earlier the better. Moreover, all children, young babies included, should go to sleep of their own accord, and wake up in the same manner. Nature is or should be their nurse. Excitable children should not be allowed to play noisy, exciting games just before retiring, with the view of tiring them out. When very sleepless, putting their hands in cold water, and sponging their head with cold water and vinegar, is a good remedy.

IF YOU WOULD LIGHTEN LIFE, do not give yourself entirely to business, or worldly cares. Take time for recreation, as well as instruction. "All work and no play," says the old proverb, "makes Jack a dull boy."

FORBEARANCE TOWARDS OTHERS, charity and kindness should never be forgotten. "Forgive, as *we forgive* others," is the golden rule.

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Two New Premium Engravings!—Next year, our inducements for getting up clubs will be greater than ever, for we shall have two new premium engravings, so as to give our friends a choice. Both will be copy-righted mezzotints. One of these will be "Washington At Prayer At Valley Forge," size 24 inches by 20, commemorating a tradition of that eventful winter, the darkest period of the War of Independence. The other will be "The Parable Of The Lily," 20 by 16. These mezzotints belong to the highest class of engravings, and ought to be, even apart from their artistic merits, on the walls of *every family in the land.* Some persons may prefer one, some another, and in order to secure either, it is only necessary to get up a club for "Peterson." By getting up two clubs, however, you may secure both. See, however, the advertisement on the second page of cover. These premiums are, decidedly, the best we have ever offered.

For 1880, as for 1879, there will be three kinds of clubs. For some an engraving will be given as premium. For others an extra copy of the magazine. For large clubs both an engraving and an extra copy. *It is not too early to begin to get up clubs for* 1880. Send for a specimen of "Peterson" to show. No other magazine, at anything like the price, will at all approach this. No other offers such inducements for getting up clubs. In every respect—merit, cheapness, etc., etc.—*we shall lead the field.*

One Good Result of the "hard times," which are now, happily, passing away, is that they have taught people to rely on industry and frugality, and not trust to speculation. An eminent Wall Street broker recently said that, in thirty years' experience, he had never known anybody to speculate in stocks, who did not fail, sooner or later. "They all come to it, at last," he said, "I cannot recall a single exception." The flaming prospectuses, put forth in the years of expansion, that showed how money could be made without work, have, one after another, been falsified. With the revival of business, the old game will begin again, of course. But "burnt children," says the proverb, "dread the fire;" and dupes will not be so easily found in the future as in the past.

The Uses Of Fiction.—Charles Francis Adams, Jr., in a paper read before the American Library Association in Boston, said: "I regard the appetite for works of fiction as a good one. Instruction is out of place after a hard day's work, and a healthy nature then craves amusement. I know of no better way of getting it than by losing oneself in a work of fiction."

American Women, according to the late Earl of Carlisle, are the most charming in the world. He said this after a visit to the United States. "They take you more into their confidence," were his words, "and grow more into yours, than those of any other country." His sisters, the Duchesses of Sutherland and Argyle, he said, agreed with him.

Making the Deaf Hear.—Many persons are afflicted with partial deafness. This may be remedied partially by occasionally dropping a little warm glycerine in the ears. Syringing them also with warm soap and water will give great relief, always taking care that the soap be pure.

Be Early In The Field.—Now is the time to begin getting up your club for 1880. If you delay, some one may secure your subscribers ahead of you, for every one is anxious to get up a club for "Peterson," the cheapest and best of the lady's magazines.

We Do Not Give Premiums, we repeat, to subscribers *for subscribing* to "Peterson." No magazine of real merit does. Everybody can see, that, when a premium is given for such a purpose, the cost of it must come out of the magazine. The best way is to put all that can be afforded in the magazine itself. This is what "Peterson" does. This, too, is why "Peterson" is so much better than others. We do not have to *bribe* people to take "Peterson." What we give premiums for is quite a different thing. We give them to reward persons for getting up clubs. When a magazine, or newspaper, gives premiums to people *for subscribing to it,* you may rest assured that the periodical is not worth the money asked for it.

Beware of Swindlers.—We repeat the notice, so often given, that we have no agents for whom we are responsible. Either remit direct to us, join a club, or subscribe through your local news agents. *Trust no strangers.*

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life of Charles Lever. By M. J. Fitzpatrick. 1 vol., 8vo. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—There has been no novel published recently, which has had anything like the success, which "Charles O'Malley" met with, on its first appearance. Its spirit, its fun, its military anecdotes, the dash and *elan* of its scenes, carried everything before it. Nevertheless, it was essentially a novel for men, and to the last, its author, Charles Lever, was more popular with the rougher sex than with the gentler one. Yet his female characters are singularly lovely, and should have been favorites with other women. As we learn from this biography, too, he reverenced women as few do. Moreover, he lived a wedded life of exceptional felicity, and never was the same person after the death of his wife. The roystering "O'Malley," of fiction, was not at all like Charles Lever, though, until this memoir appeared, he was generally considered so. We are glad to know this, and to learn, too, how noble, in many respects, the novelist was as a man. The book is one of the most readable that has appeared for a long while. It is full of anecdote; gives vivid pictures of Dublin life, a generation ago; and contains notices of scores of eminent men, from Thackeray and Dickens down. We are surprised to learn, from it, how small was the circulation of the Dublin University Magazine, in which "O'Malley" first appeared, and how slight, comparatively, was the remuneration Lever received for that brilliant story. We cordially recommend the book.

Her Friend Lawrence. By Frank Lee Benedict. 1 vol., 8vo. *New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.*—The readers of this magazine are so familiar with the writings of Mr. Benedict, that we need only call their attention to this new novel from his pen. Though he scarcely reaches the same excellence in "Her Friend Lawrence," as in "St. Simon's Niece," which we have always regarded as his best fiction, he, nevertheless shows such vivacity, and maintains the interest so well, that we predict for this latest novel a very great and deserved popularity.

High Life In New York. By Jonathan Slick. With Illustrations. 1 vol., 12mo. *Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—Though first written many years ago, this is still a graphic, though satirical, picture of New York society, and is more full of wit and humor than most things published subsequently.

Rancy Cottem's Courtship. By Major Joseph Jones. 1 vol., 12mo. *Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A new edition of another of the humorous fictions of the author of "Major Jones's Courtship." It is illustrated with spirited wood engravings after designs by Cary.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

CHEAPEST AND BEST.—The aim of this magazine has always been to be, not only the very best of its kind, but the cheapest also. Our ambition has been to place "Peterson" in every family in the land, and to do this we are willing to make a comparatively small profit. The success with which we have pursued this object is proved by our enormous circulation, which exceeds that of all the other lady's books combined. That we deserve this success is proved by what the newspapers say in our praise. The New Holland (Pa.) Clarion declares that, 'Peterson,' "from year to year, shows even increasing sprightliness, attraction and real worth, making it one of the necessities of the household." The Farmer's (Ill.) Journal says it is "filled to repletion, in its several departments, with the best that talent and art can produce." The Newport (Pa.) News says that its stories "excel those found in any other of the lady's magazines." The Clinton (Ind.) Herald calls it the "best magazine in the world for ladies." The Sweetwater (Tenn.) Democrat says, "the publishers are sending out, for 1879, the best numbers that ever left their office." The Auburn (Ill.) Citizen says, "the last number is full of the best things that ever absorbed the attention of woman," and adds "who could live and be happy, without dear old 'Peterson?'" The Mountain (Neb.) Echo says, "new charms are to be found in 'Peterson' with every number." Read some of these notices to your friends, who have never taken "Peterson," and whomsoever else you are asking to join your club for 1880.

AN ARMY OFFICER'S OPINION ABOUT BAKING POWDER. *To the Editor:* I wish you would allow me to direct the attention of your many readers to one form of Baking Powder that would be widely used, were it only better known; I refer to the bread raising powder of Professor E. N. Horsford, at one time Rumford Professor of Chemistry in Harvard University, and one of our most ingenious and distinguished chemists. In this Powder, an Acid Phosphate of Lime takes the place of cream of tartar or alum, and while the whitest, lightest and most delectable biscuit can be made with it that I have ever seen or tasted, it furnishes a food rich in phosphates so much needed in the animal economy, and so largely discarded in our finely sifted white flours. Professor Horsford's high reputation is adequate surety for the absence of any deleterious or make-weight ingredients in this Powder. FRANCIS H. ATKINS, A. A. Surgeon, U. S. Army, Fort Gibson, Indian Territory, Jan. 20, 1879.

This Baking Powder is made by Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I., who will send a sample sufficient for one quart of flour, and the Horsford Cook-Book, upon receipt of a 3-cent stamp, or a regular package, sufficient for twenty-five pounds of flour, for 35 cents in stamps or currency.

LADIES who desire a faultless complexion, free from impurities, should have recourse to Madame Rowley's Medicated Toilet Mask. Many leading society ladies have paid tribute to its marvelous virtues as a beautifier. For descriptive treatise, containing full particulars, address The Toilet Mask Co., 1164 Broadway, New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson" has had, for more than twenty years a circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia.

CHILDREN CRY for PITCHER'S CASTORIA, because it is sweet and stops their stomach ache. Mothers like CASTORIA because it gives HEALTH TO THE CHILD and REST TO THEMSELVES, and Physicians use CASTORIA because it contains no morphine or other narcotic property.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. X.—ACONITE—MEDICINAL PROPERTIES—CONCLUDED.

Aconite was first introduced to the notice of the profession by Baron Storck in 1762, but Dr. Fleming first claimed for it powers of sedation to the nervous system, as well as those of reducing the force of the circulation.

This remarkable action of aconite has given it a high place among remedies for the condition which we call *fever*. But it is of little or no use in gastric, typhoid or yellow fever; nor for a fever which is *symptomatic* of acute local inflammation. But in general febrile attacks, or great activity of circulation, (as is seen in children), before any local mischief results, or organic change has been developed, then aconite is more prompt and far preferable to nitre, antimony, or any of the usual febrifuges. In active hemorrhages, in acute congestion of almost any part, and in erysipelas, aconite is suitable at the commencement in small doses, frequently repeated.

Aconite is often successful in rheumatic and neuralgic affections, given internally, and applied locally. In acute rheumatism it is a main remedy with many practitioners, who unite with Fleming that it will cure the disease in the average of five or six days; that it seems to protect the patient from cardiac complications; and that convalescence results with much less stiffness of the joints than under other treatment.

In other acute local affections of the rheumatic poison, as lumbago, pleurodynia, intercostal neuralgia, the deltoid (shoulder) muscle, torticollis, or wry-neck—the result of a draught of air—in all of these affections which do not partake of much or any disturbance of the circulatory system, aconite, in small repeated doses, is not less valuable. Aconite also has considerable power over spasmodic affections by virtue of its influence on the musculo-motor centers. It aids ipecac in the treatment of the early stage of whooping cough; in gastrodynia and colic; in croup and asthma of spasmodic character; in all those diseases, it gives great relief, and modifies the tendency to spasm which characterizes them.

Prof. Stillé says that in the treatment of the distressing affection, neuralgia, "The benefits to be derived from Aconite are unequivocal and precious;" but the writer has seen much better results from the Yellow Jessamine, which will be spoken of in due time. Many cases of *Sciatica* have been reported as cured by aconite internally and externally.

In fine, as a sedative in all febrile and inflammatory diseases, for the purpose of reducing the frequency of the pulse, and thus prevent congestion or engorgement of organs and the excessive generation of heat, I believe no agent exceeds this one in value—especially in the febrile affections of children—and mothers can use it with safety in their families in all complaints mentioned above, *provided* they administer it in minute doses, say five drops of the tincture of the root to an ordinary-sized goblet of cold water for adults, and the same number of drops of the tincture of the leaves to a tumbler of water for children—the doses of either, one teaspoonful, frequently repeated. Our old school friends will smile at the *thinness* of these doses, while the homœopath will say it is quite too large, as one dose of this will actually contain more of aconite than a vial of their pellets. But I can only say that "truth is often found to lie in the midst," that a happy mean is better and safer than either extreme.

As a local application to benumb pain, the best form in which it can be used, probably, consists of equal parts of tincture aconite root and chloroform applied by means of a piece of stout cloth, and covered with the hand for a short

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time, or some impermeable substance. A bottle of this kept by mothers will often be found to be useful in neuralgia about the head or face, sick-headache, etc., not only applied to the seat of pain, but to the back of the neck, behind the ears, etc. Such applications will promptly relieve obstinate hiccough. If good results and wide range in the use of aconite are to be obtained, we must administer small doses—never exceed one drop to an adult—and then we will not read of "disagreement with the stomach and bowels," and of its occasioning "vomiting and diarrhœa," both of which it will usually correct, (if not depending upon indigestible food), in fractional drop doses.

MANAGEMENT OF INFANTS.

Whooping Cough.—In attending to ailments that are not "little," we shall merely mention what we know has proved beneficial, and what may be safely administered, and the line of conduct to be followed in the unavoidable absence of a doctor. But mothers should certainly not take upon themselves the entire responsibility of serious maladies.

It is distressing, however, for any one not to know in the least what to do, or what could be done to help their child in sickness.

Thus in whooping-cough in its first stages a mother can arrange that the sufferer's bowels be kept properly opened, that the food given him shall be light (vegetables and milk chiefly), and that he is not exposed to a sharp or damp air. Also that the sufferer shall be watched carefully when a fit of whooping is on. Very often it is so violent that he will gasp and struggle for breath, a convulsive fit sometimes following. If in bed instantly raise him to a sitting posture—this is very important—or he will very likely choke. For his fearful cough I name a tried and excellent recipe for cough drops, as follows:—One ounce of spermacetti in powder, one tablespoonful of honey, one of ordinary peppermint-water, and the yolk of a new-laid egg beat well together. Give portions of a teaspoonful with sugar or in a little barley-water, according to the age of the child, two or three times a day. The powdered alum mentioned before is good for some children in this cough, but with others it is useless, so to give it a fair trial, and it is worth trying, being so simple, it must be regularly persevered with and given three times a day. The very best of all remedies, however, for whooping-cough is to give the patient a complete change of air.

Croup, Etc.—Croup is a very formidable complaint. The very name of it is enough to startle mothers, as it so often proves fatal. When baby coughs it is generally from teething, that nest from whence spring so many little indispositions, but if from a cold caught as colds generally *are* caught—nobody knows when or how—a linseed meal poultice on the chest and between the shoulders will probably give relief very speedily, or to rub these parts well but gently with camphorated oil is a frequent cure. This other cough, however, the cough of croup, a cough that makes baby's mother wring her hands in affright, is one of the kings of terror in babyland; it is like the shrill bark of a dog. *Hoarseness* is *usually* the premonitory symptom of the cough before the coming croup, but it has been known to come, though rarely, with a cold, merely. A physician should be sent for at once, if possible; but in the meantime do all that can be done by yourself, before his arrival. Have plenty of hot water in, or getting in readiness. Mix some very coarse, brown sugar with fresh butter, equal parts, and give a little of the mixture to your suffering child. It will soften the throat and loosen the phlegm, a great quantity of which is collected, and can with difficulty be thrown off. This often gives immediate relief. If it should not, put him in a moderately warm bath, letting him remain there from fifteen to twenty minutes. A hot sheet should be in readiness to receive and dry him speedily. This done, put him into bed again, covering him up warmly. Do not leave him now. You must watch him narrowly. The butter and sugar ought to make him sick, thereby easing him wonderfully. If it should not, however, and his breathing and hoarseness do not abate, an emetic ought to be given him. If possible do not do this until you have had proper advice, but, if it be utterly impossible for your medical man to get to you for a few hours, vomiting being necessary, a grain of tartarised antimony should be dissolved in an ounce of boiling water—it will not take long to cool. Then give the patient a teaspoonful, if it is in its first year, two teaspoonsful, if two years old, and so on, allowing a teaspoonful to every year of the child's age. He should be again put into the bath, and, unless the disease has made very rapid strides in the wrong direction, he will soon show favorable signs under your treatment.

As regards diet, if you are still nursing the little one, give him nothing but his natural food, and even sparingly of that. But if weaned he will want, at first, little else besides barley water; toast and water, or orange whey is nice. In a day or two he may have arrowroot, sago, etc., and when the fever is entirely gone give chicken-broth or beef-tea and such-like nourishing food.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, Marblehead, Mass. All communications are to be headed: "For Peterson's." All are invited to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers.☜

No. 40.—Cross-word Enigma.

My first is in cat, but not in mouse.
My second is in barn, but not in house.
My third is in foot, but not in leg.
My fourth is in barrel, but not in keg.
My fifth is in nose, but not in cheek.
My sixth is in fountain, but not in creek.
My seventh is in early, but not in late.
My eighth is in love, but not in hate.
My ninth is in pistol, but not in gun.
My tenth is in hurry, but not in run.
My eleventh is in evening, but not in moon.
My whole, if you look, you will see very soon.
Is only a short, simple word I have sent,
Which commonly means an accident.

Brattleboro, Vt. N. M. C.

No. 41.—Frame Puzzle.

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      *       *
      *       *
* * O * * * O * *
      *       *
      *       *
      *       *
* * O * * * O * *
      *       *
      *       *
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Make the frame of four words of nine letters each, so that there shall be the same letter of the alphabet at each of the four corners where the words intersect. That letter being indicated (O) in this puzzle, gives the clue.

Upper horizontal line—A road across the country.
Lower horizontal line—Serving for trial.
Left perpendicular line—A plant.
Right perpendicular line—Formed like a flower.

Marblehead, Mass. G. C.

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No. 42.—DOUBLE DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead a seat, and leave fur; again, and leave atmosphere. 2. Behead to suit, and leave to let; again, and leave rest. 3. Behead favor, and leave to run; again, and leave an atom. 4. Behead a mirror, and leave a girl; again, and leave an animal. 5. Behead a ruffle, and leave a brook; again, and leave sick. 5. Behead a cart, and leave a beam; again, and leave yes.

Worcester, Mass. ALICE GREY.

No. 43.—SQUARE WORD.

A beautiful flowering tree. In Russia, a proclamation published, having the force of law. A title affixed to any thing. "A seal." A feminine name.

Dunkirk, N. Y. "MY DOT."

No. 44.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant. A luminous body. A Roman garment. To bite. A letter.

Hughes, Col. M. C. D.

Answers Next Month.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

No. 36.

T
P R O
T R A N S
O N E
S
P
B O A
L A R G E
W A N T O N S

No. 37.

1. Plan-e. 2. Pit-h. 3. Pine-e. 4. Son-g.

No. 38.

H I P P A
F E M U R
C A T E R
H E R S E
R E E V E
C O N C H
C A P E R
Y O J A N
D E B U T

No. 39.

1. Kings-tree. 2. George-town. 3. Barn-well. 4. Charleston. 5. New-berry. 6. Beau-fort. 7. Edge-field.

FLORICULTURE.

ROSES: GRAFTING OR BUDDING.—Many persons imagine that grafted and budded, or, as gardeners call them, "worked" roses, produce the finest flowers. We cannot certainly altogether subscribe to this opinion. Our preference is with roses on their own roots, which have many obvious advantages over those that are worked on different stocks, and we cannot discover the slightest inferiority in the flowers. In fact, some varieties, as La France, and that fine old favorite, La Reine, produce with us far finer blossoms in this way than when worked. The great benefit derived from the use of stocks is, that by means of them plants can be had of any height required.

Layering and cuttings, by which roses are multiplied on their own roots, are very easy operations. Roses of all kinds send out suckers from their roots; some kinds, perhaps, more than others; and if these be taken off carefully with a few fibrous roots with each, and planted in some sheltered and shady spot, they will make flower-bearing roses of the same sorts the next season. A sucker is merely a layer of Nature's own formation. A branch of the parent has shot out so low in the stem that the soil with which it has been covered has induced the formation of roots. This, in fact, is one of the processes by which not only roses, but strong plants in a wild state are increased, and the layering of cultivation is the artificial adaptation of the same operation. In this case the shoots nearest the surface of the bed are firmly pegged down into the soil, one or two eyes being covered with it and so left until roots are formed. Layering may be done at almost any time during the growing season; the earlier the better if the new plants are wanted the following year.

Another and an equally easy way of propagating roses of the same sorts is by cuttings. Cuttings of all the different varieties under suitable cultivation strike readily. Those that are hardy may be struck in the open ground; but for the more tender, such as the generality of tea-scented roses, it is desirable to use garden-pots, and to give the protection of a frame or hand-glasses, with a gentle bottom heat. The best cuttings are those which are formed from the wood of the year's growth, well ripened and cut into lengths of four eyes each. These eyes should be "well up," as the gardeners term it, but not started. Two of them should be buried in the soil to form roots, and two left above ground to form branches. A well-sheltered border of light soil, with a north aspect, will be found most suitable for out-of-doors cuttings, and care must be taken that the soil is firmly pressed round each. In this respect they require continual watching, for the worms too frequently loosen them, and retard, and sometimes even prevent, rooting altogether. It may be well to observe that there is no peculiar virtue in four eyes; it simply gives a double chance to both roots and shoots; nor is it absolutely essential that the branch from which the cuttings are taken should be embloosomed. Pieces with two eyes only will answer equally well, and we have frequently been obliged to use blossoming wood, there being no barren shoots at the time. We mention this because a cutting may not unfrequently be had from the stem of a choice gathered rose, which it would be difficult to procure in any other way. Where many cuttings are taken of several different sorts of roses, they should be planted in rows about six inches apart each way, and the sorts separated by a label. With regard to cuttings and pots, the same sort of wood should be used, and the pieces pressed tightly round the edges of the pot. The soil may consist of equal parts of leaf-mould, light, turfy loam, and sharp or silver sand. To prevent damping off, it is a good plan to leave the cuttings in their pots in the open air for two or three weeks before they are put into the frame, and to give them in confinement the lowest possible degree of heat.

COLDS, PNEUMONIA, ETC.

HOW PEOPLE CATCH COLD.—It is not difficult to trace the history of one of these cases. A man remains for some hours at his work in a room without a fire; or he comes out from a warm room, and takes a long ride in a cold street car;

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or he goes for a walk or a drive in a light over-coat, and by the time he has reached home he feels quite "chilled through." Next day he is out of sorts, with a headache and little creeping chills, and a general uneasiness, which presently develops into a feverish state, with a slight cough, pains in the back, and perhaps a sharp pain in the side, and with quickened and oppressed breathing. This may be "only a cold," but it is bad enough to demand a visit from the doctor, whose practiced ear soon tells him that there is something wrong inside. The circulation has been all upset by this imprudent exposure, and the spongy tissue of one of the lungs, or part of one of the lungs—through which the blood in all the minutely ramified little vessels should pass freely to meet the air that enters, or should enter, all the myriad little spaces in which the minute branches of the air tubes end—this spongy tissue is congested or perhaps already has become inflamed, and so much of the patient's breathing apparatus is for the time being useless to him. The doctor learns all this from the sound which the air makes as it enters the congested lung, a sound very different from the gentle, rhythmic murmur of healthy respiration. Perhaps he also hears a rubbing sound which tells him that the surface of the pleura, the double membrane in which the lungs are enveloped, is likewise inflamed, and he has a case of pleurisy as well, or pleuro-pneumonia, which accounts for the sharp pain in the side.

A simple case of pneumonia in an able-bodied adult ought to yield to treatment. In infants, whose lungs are still undergoing development, it forms a serious complication in very many diseases which do not orginally involve the lungs, and in old persons and in all whose powers of resistance are feeble it excites the gravest apprehensions. The last winter, with its many abrupt changes of temperature, brought out more than the usual number of fatal cases, and we recollect no season in which the perils of pneumonia were kept so constantly in the public mind by the gaps that it made in the ranks of our prominent citizens. While there is no need to get nervous about winter and to take to coddling oneself, people do need to exercise some ordinary caution. Young women who drive home from a ball-room with only a loose cloak thrown over their bare shoulders; young men who exchange their heavy, close-buttoned clothes for a dress-suit which leaves their chest almost unprotected, and in that garb walk about in cold corridors; merchants and professional men who spend a day in chilly offices and court-rooms, or, as frequently, in rooms so overheated that to leave them invites a chill, and mothers who let their children run at large with scanty clothing, and under the absurd delusion of "hardening" them keep them but half dressed—all these are preparing themselves or those entrusted to them as victims to pneumonia and the kindred ills of our treacherous winter climate. It will find victims enough in spite of the best we can do, but the list would not be nearly so long as it is if people would only learn how to take care of themselves. "An ounce of preventive," as the old adage says, "is worth a pound of cure." To avoid catching cold is far easier than to cure a cold.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS.

Potato Chops.—Boil and mash some nice mealy potatoes; then, with one or two well-beaten eggs, make them into a paste, work it well, dust it over with flour, and roll it out. Take some nice neck of mutton or lamb-chops, carefully trim off the fat, pepper and salt them on both sides, cut the paste into shape, cover over like a puff, pinch the edges, and fry of a light brown; they look better if about an inch of the bone is left visible. Any kind of cold under-done meat, minced fine and seasoned nicely, can be used instead of the chops; it is an excellent way of cooking cold meat.

Pigeon Pie.—Border a dish with fine puff paste, lay a veal cutlet (or tender rump steak) cut in thin slices at the bottom of the dish; season with salt, cayenne, nutmeg, or pounded mace. Put as many young pigeons as the dish will contain, with seasoning as above, and in the interstices the yolks of some hard-boiled eggs, put some butter over them, fill up with good gravy, cover with paste, glaze with the yolk of an egg, and bake.

Veal with Tomato Sauce.—Take a piece of breast of veal, cut it in pieces an inch square, toss them in a saucepan with some olive oil till they begin to take color; add a chalot finely minced, some French tomato sauce, pepper and salt to taste, and some minced parsley; let the whole simmer gently by the side of the fire, shaking the pan occasionally, for about half an hour.

Beefsteaks Stewed.—Beat them a little with a rolling-pin; flour and season; then fry with a sliced onion to a fine brown; lay the steaks into a stew-pan, and pour as much warm water (not boiling) over them as will serve for sauce; stew them very gently for half an hour, and add a small tablespoonful of ketchup before serving.

Veal Cutlets Broiled.—Cut some cutlets from a small neck of veal, trim, and sprinkle them with pepper and salt; dip them in liquefied butter, and broil them on or in front of a clear but not too fierce fire. Serve garnished with fried bacon and quarters of lemon.

Or—Knead a piece of butter with parsley and a little thyme fine mixed, plenty of lemon juice, and pepper and salt to taste. At the time of serving put a piece of this butter the size of a walnut on each cutlet, broiled as above.

VEGETABLES.

Celery with White Sauce.—Trim the roots, and cut to about six inches three heads of celery, wash them carefully, tie them together with string; put them in a saucepan, with an onion, a blade of mace, some whole pepper, salt, and sufficient boiling water to cover them. Let them boil till quite done, then drain them, remove the string, and serve with the following sauce over them: Melt one ounce butter in a saucepan, and mix with it a desertspoonful of flour, add as much of the water in which the celery was boiled as is wanted to make the sauce, put salt to taste, and stir in off the fire the yolk of an egg, beaten up with the juice of a lemon, and strained.

Spinach (French Style).—Pick and well wash two pailfuls of spinach. Put it into a large saucepan with about half a pint of water and two tablespoonfuls of salt. When it is sufficiently boiled, strain, and squeeze it perfectly dry. Chop it fine, and put it into a stewpan with two ounces butter and four tablespoonfuls of good gravy. Dredge in about a teaspoonful of flour; stir it over a sharp fire for two or three minutes. Garnish with four hard-boiled eggs, cut in quarters, and sippets of fried bread.

Boiled Rice.—This is the way they cook rice in India: Into a saucepan of two quarts of water, when boiling, throw a tablespoonful of salt; then put in one pint of rice previously well washed in cold water. Let it boil twenty minutes, throw out in a colander, drain and put back in the saucepan, which should stand near the fire several minutes.

Salsify.—Scrape the roots, cut them in short lengths, and throw them into vinegar and water as they are being done. Boil them till tender in salted water, drain them, toss them in a saucepan with a piece of butter and a little lemon juice; add salt, and serve.

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DESSERTS.

Lemon Creams, or Custards.—Five ounces loaf sugar, two pints of boiling water, the rind of one lemon and the juice of three, the yolks of eight eggs. Make a quart of lemonade in the following manner: Dissolve the sugar in the boiling water, having previously, with part of the sugar, rubbed off the lemon rind, and add the strained juice. Strain the lemonade into a saucepan, and add the yolks of the eggs, which should be well beaten; stir this one way over the fire until the mixture thickens, but do not allow it to boil, serve in custard glasses, or on a glass dish. After the boiling water is poured on the sugar and lemon, it should stand covered for about half an hour before the eggs are added to it, that the flavor of the rind may be extracted.

Manchester Pudding.—Flavor half a pint of milk with a little lemon-peel, by infusing it for half an hour; strain it on three ounces grated bread, and boil it for two or three minutes; add four eggs, leaving the whites of two, two ounces butter, three tablespoonsful of brandy, and sugar to taste; stir all these ingredients well together; line a pie-dish with puff-paste, and at the bottom put a thick layer of jam; pour the above mixture, cold, on the jam, and bake for an hour. Serve cold, with sifted sugar sprinkled over.

Marmalade Pudding.—Line the edge and sides of a dish with puff-paste, then beat into a paste enough orange marmalade, with one ounce of butter, to cover the bottom of the dish; add sugar if the marmalade is bitter; make a custard of eggs and milk, and pour it over the marmalade till the dish is full. Bake till set.

Snow Pudding (or Snow Mould with Custard).—Half a packet gelatine, half a pint of water, one-half pound grated sugar, whites of two eggs, juice of two lemons. Melt the gelatine in the water, and whip the whole mixture for about twenty minutes, pour into the mould, serve with custard over it.

Green Tea Cream.—Boil one-half ounce of Hyson with one-half ounce of isinglass till the latter is dissolved, in a pint and a-half of milk, sweeten, and strain through muslin into a mould. Pour custard over when cold.

CAKES.

Tea Cakes.—Two pounds flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, a quarter pound butter or lard, one egg, a piece of German yeast, the size of a walnut, warm milk. Put the flour (which should be perfectly dry,) into a basin; mix with it the salt, and rub in the butter or lard; then beat the egg well, stir to it the yeast, and add these to the flour, with as much warm milk as will make the whole into a smooth paste, and knead it well. Let it rise near the fire, and when well risen form it into cakes; place them on tins, let them rise again for a few minutes, before putting them into the oven, and bake from a quarter to half an hour in a moderate oven. These are very nice with a few currants and a little sugar added to the other ingredients; they should be put in after the butter is rubbed in. These cakes should be buttered, and eaten hot as soon as baked; but when stale they are very nice split and toasted; or, if dipped in milk, or even water, and covered with a basin in the oven till hot, they will be almost equal to new.

French Rolls.—One pint of milk, one small cup of home-made yeast (you can try the baker's), flour enough to make a stiff batter; raise over night; in the morning, add one egg, one tablespoonful of butter, and flour enough to make it stiff to roll. Mix it well, and let it rise, then knead it again (to make it fine and white), roll out, cut with a round tin and fold over, put them in a pan, and cover very close. Set them in a warm place until they are very light; bake quickly, and you will have delicious rolls.

Sponge Cake.—Five eggs, half a pound of loaf sugar, the grated rind and juice of one lemon, a-quarter of a pound of flour. Separate the yolks from the whites. Beat the yolks and sugar together until they are very light, then add the whites after they have been whisked to a dry froth, alternately with the flour. Stir in the lemon, put the mixture in small pans, sift sugar over them, and bake them.

Lady Abbess Cakes.—Pound three ounces of almonds, one-quarter pound butter, two ounces loaf sugar, with a little rose-water, till it becomes a thick paste. Spread it on a buttered tin; divide it into eight cakes; bake it in a slow oven. When cold, put a spoonful of preserve on each cake, and cover with whipped cream.

Nun's Biscuits.—One pound fine sugar, one-half pound almonds, and a few bitter ones, pounded fine, one-quarter pound flour, six eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, the grated rind of two lemons, some finely-sliced citron-peel. Mix well together, and bake in small shapes.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

Fig. I.—Walking-Dress of Gray Camel's Hair. The skirt is short, and laid in large box-plaits; the short tunic is gathered in front, falls in two puffs at the back, and is turned up with black velvet; the waistcoat is also of black velvet, and the coat-basque with the rolling collar has a binding of the same. Gray felt bonnet, trimmed with a gray feather and black and gray velvet.

Fig. II.—Little Girl's Dress of Dark Brown Cashmere. A plaited ruffle finishes the bottom of the skirt; the coat-basque has a brown and cream-colored striped satin vest, collar and cuffs. Brown velvet turban hat, with red wings.

Fig. III.—Reception-Dress of Black Satin. The train at the back long and flowing, and the panier-waist is also of black satin, while the front of the skirt is of dark crimson satin very much gathered; the trimming is of crimson silk gimp. Black lace head-dress, ornamented with a crimson rose.

Fig. IV.—Wedding-Dress of White Silk. The long train has a fan-plaiting of white satin around the bottom, and has also a plaited ruffle at the bottom of the skirt on each side; a satin box-plait, with smaller side plaits, extends down the front of the skirt, and is ornamented with tufts of orange blossoms; and there is a long, pointed stomacher of satin, ornamented with orange blossoms; the upper part of the dress is in the princess shape, and is looped at the back with bunches of oranges flowers; long tulle veil.

Fig. V.—Visiting-Dress of Chestnut-Brown Silk, with demi-train. The skirt is laid in deep plaits; the front has diagonal folds of the brown silk, between two rows of fine, puffed silk; the over-dress is of light blue foulard silk, with small pink roses and brown leaves scattered over it, and is looped up in paniers on the hips; the plain waist has a pointed collarette of pink silk, trimmed with lace like that on the bottom of the foulard dress; the front of this dress has simulated vests of plain pink and blue silk. Brown crépe bonnet, with pink silk coronet front.

Fig. VI.—Visiting-Dress of Brown Camel's Hair. The skirt is demi-long, plain at the back, but plaited in front; the over-dress is looped up shorter at the back than front, and is trimmed with ends of brown silk lined with brown satin. Camel's hair shawl, worn as a mantle; light brown felt bonnet, trimmed with a heavy wreath of green leaves.

Fig. VII.—Louis XV. Coat Composed of Black Silk and Embroidery. The front of the dress is of black silk; the panfered over-skirt is of brocaded, cream-colored silk; the black silk coat has the revers, cuffs and pockets of the cream colored brocade.

Fig. VIII.—Mantille of Black Cashmere, covered with alternate rows of black Breton lace and black cashmere ruffles laid in knife-plaits; it is finished with a deep fringe.

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Fig. IX.—Panier-Dress of Dark Blue, Brocaded Silk, worn over plain, dark blue silk. The waist is made with a deep point, back and front; the sleeves do not reach quite to the elbow, and both waist and sleeves are trimmed with lace and ruchings of crépe lisse.

Fig. X.—New Style Waist of Brown Cashmere. It is trimmed with a knife-plaiting of brown silk, and opens in front over a brown and old-gold striped silk vest; the vest is much larger than the coat waist, and the upper part is made full, and of the plain brown silk; the skirt is of the cashmere.

Fig. XI.—Walking-Dress of Black Camel's Hair. The skirt is short and trimmed with two knife-plaited ruffles of the camel's hair; above there is a loose roll of the same material. The waist is in the princess shape, and where it is joined to the skirt is concealed by a scarf of camel's hair; the Coleen-Bawn mantalet is of camel's hair, gathered up a little in the back and tied with short ends on the chest in front, and that with the sleeves and scarf is trimmed with black Breton lace.

Fig. XII.—Visiting-Dress of Black Silk. The front of the skirt is tight and much gathered; the demi-train is plain, and the whole is edged with three narrow puffings of the silk. The paletot is of almond-colored camel's hair, has wide sleeves, which have bows on the elbows, matching that at the neck; the whole is trimmed with fringe and embroidery; the hat is of black straw, trimmed with a roll of black velvet, écru-colored lace and crimson roses.

Figs. XIII and XIV.—Back and Front of Carriage-Dress of Gray Silk. A full gathered ruffle edges the skirt, and is wider in front than at the back; the mantalet is of gray India camel's hair; it is high in front, where it falls in two straight ends, and the sleeves are formed in the mantle. It is trimmed with a deep marabout fringe and long loops and ends of black satin ribbon. At the back it is cut slightly to the figure and hollowed out, so that it forms a point at each side. Hat of gray felt, trimmed with a gray feather and a roll of black velvet.

General Remarks.—The *bonnet* is of dark brown felt, trimmed with brown satin and brown feathers; the satin is caught up on the sides at the back by gilt ornaments. The first hat is of black felt, has a high, broad crown and is trimmed with a cluster of black feathers at the side, and a roll of soft plaid silk. The second hat is of white felt, faced with black velvet, and trimmed with white gauze, striped with black velvet and a cluster of red roses.

The head-dresses are among the newest styles: the high coiffure is more becoming to the generality of faces, than the low one, which shows the shape of the head so plainly, though the latter is more youthful-looking.

Figured and striped silks will be very much worn, this season; not very frequently as complete costumes, but as part of them. Thus vests, trimmings for collars, cuffs, fronts or side pieces of skirts, etc., in fact, in all the different styles that the fancy can devise. Figured and plain velvet, striped and figured satin, will also be used in the same way. Different colors will also be employed, as well as different materials, so those who are economically inclined can easily re-model two or three old dresses into a very stylish new one. But plain black dresses of silk, satin, cashmere or camel's hair, still hold their own: some persons find these too sombre, and brighten them up with red, orange, old gold or lemon-color. The newest shade of gray has a yellowish tint, and is not so cold as some of the other grays, and looks well with claret-color or dark green. The style of making dresses continues very varied, but paniers are decidedly gaining ground. They are usually small as yet, only the ultra-fashionable wearing the very large one. The fronts of dresses are still worn flat, and all dresses still have some tendency to cling rather closely about the feet; but we have given so many engravings of the newest styles, that it is unnecessary to enlarge upon them. Embroidery is largely used, as well as gold threads, and many colored beads, the two latter especially on black silks and satins.

As we have before said, the mantles and sacques must take the shape of the paniers, and have more spring below the waist; many old mantles that are now tight fitting can be renewed by having a fan-shaped plaiting inserted in the the lower part of the back, or by having paniers inserted in the sides, or brought from the front to the back. India cashmere shawls will be a great deal worn, this winter, by those who are happy enough to possess them; but they should be put on carefully, and never drawn too tight around the person, nor drawn up two closely in the neck; if the shawl is what is called a "long shawl," the point of the upper part should not be folded directly over the lower point, but the lower part of the shawl should, wind around the figure, as it were, as is seen in the illustration in the shawl worn with a carriage-dress, in our September number.

Bonnets and hats are still of all varieties, and anything almost seems to be the fashion that can be worn as a head covering.

Children are dressed very picturesquely this season. Their quaint caps and bonnets, their high boots and long stockings, the white lace trimming on their dark frocks, and the touches of bright color in their neutral-tinted costumes, help to a very artistic effect. Little red, Phrygian caps, ornamented with red feathers, are worn with white flannel or bunting costumes, the stockings also being red. All sorts of quaint capes and collars are added to frocks and coats; the double round collar, the lower one two inches deeper than the upper, being the most popular. These are generally seen on coats and Ulsters; dresses being trimmed rather to simulate a deep square, and enriched by upright insertions and outlined with lace.

A very perceptible change is coming over the manner of dressing the hair, doubtless occasioned by the different style of bonnet now in vogue. The hair is worn neither very high nor very low; the chignon, or back hair, scarcely reaches the bandeau, and falls only to the top of the nape of the neck. The hair is worn close to the head, and there is no extra size or bulkiness aimed at; the front hair is cut and fringed, but all exaggeration is avoided. The hair should never touch the eyelids: if it does the effect is hideous; but then, again, if the hair is too short the forehead looks bare. The just medium is attained by letting the hair fall to the centre of the forehead in the very lightest curly waves possible. Plaits—to which we always return—are again to be seen. Most people are content with wearing their own hair, but many wear false additions, which, to be comfortable, should be as light as possible.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. I.—Boy's Dress of Rough Gray Cloth. The front is plain, the back is laid in kilt-plaits; over these kilt-plaits fall the tabs, which are the ends of the five seams that form the back of the coat; the collar, cuffs, pocket and band at the back, are of gray Astrakan cloth. Gray felt hat.

Fig. II.—Young Girl's Dress of Chestnut-Brown Camel's Hair. The skirt is kilt-plaited all around, and a band of darker brown silk is inserted near the bottom; the plain pieces at the side are also of dark brown silk, and trimmed with gimp ornaments; the coat-waist is of the chestnut-brown, ornamented with loops and ends of dark brown ribbon at the back, and the rolling collar is faced with the same color; the vest is fastened with one button in front: the pointed vest has a rolling collar, and is composed of old gold-colored satin laid in plaits; long ends of gold-colored satin ribbon fall at the side.

Fig. III.—Boy's Costume of Dark Blue Kerseymere. The trousers are a little full, and confined at the knee; the jacket is half loose, with a rolling collar; wide linen collar.

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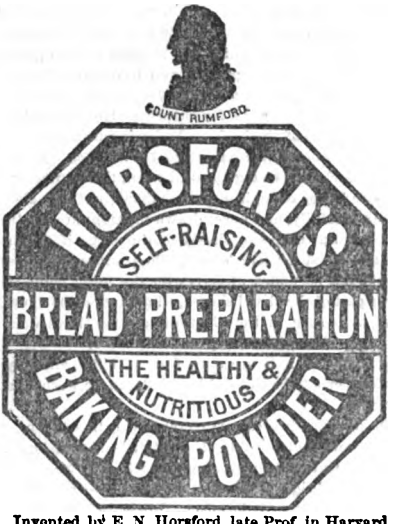

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LES MODES PARIS

NOVEMBER, 1872. 15

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5. PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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THE ORIEL WINDOW. [*See the Story, "The Dark Deed."*]

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THE ARTIST'S PICTURE. [*See the Story, "Black Art."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS. NEW STYLE SLEEVE.

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OUT-OF-DOOR DRESS: BACK AND FRONT.

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HOUSE DRESS. DINNER DRESS.

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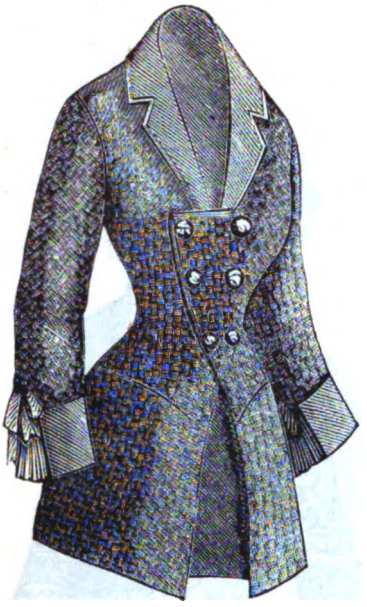

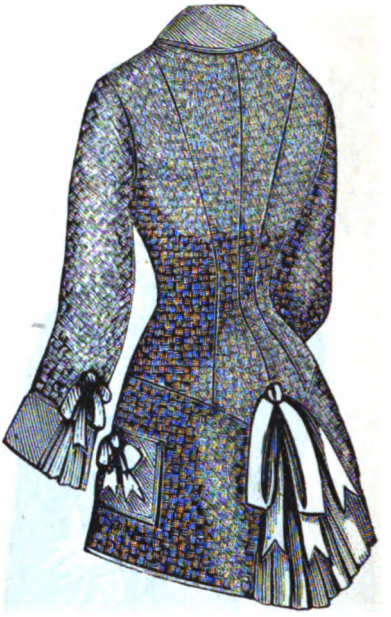

CLOTH JACKET: BACK AND FRONT. NEW STYLE HATS.

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NEW STYLE HEAD-DRESSES. BONNETS.

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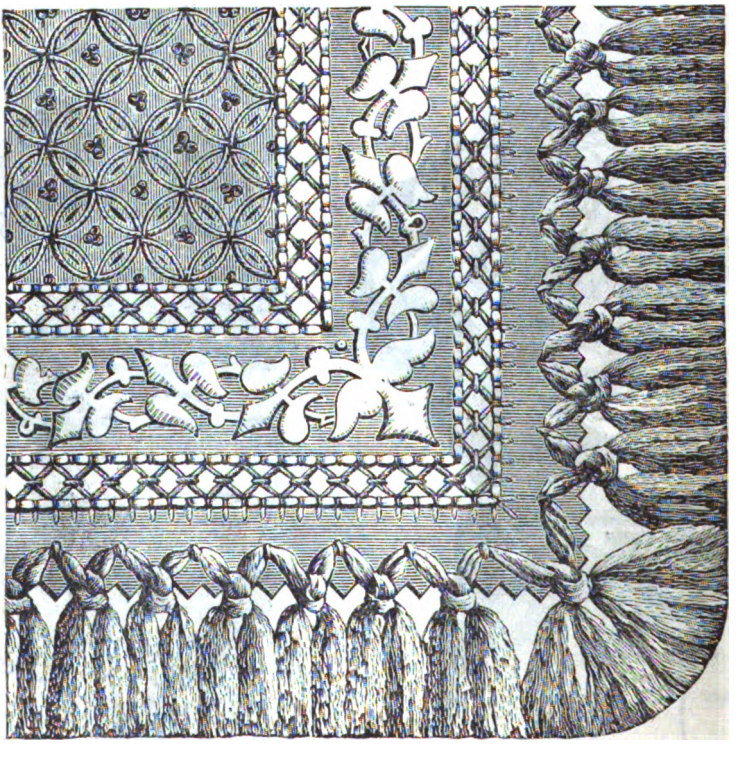

MAT: EMBROIDERY IN PLUSH, WITH DETAIL.

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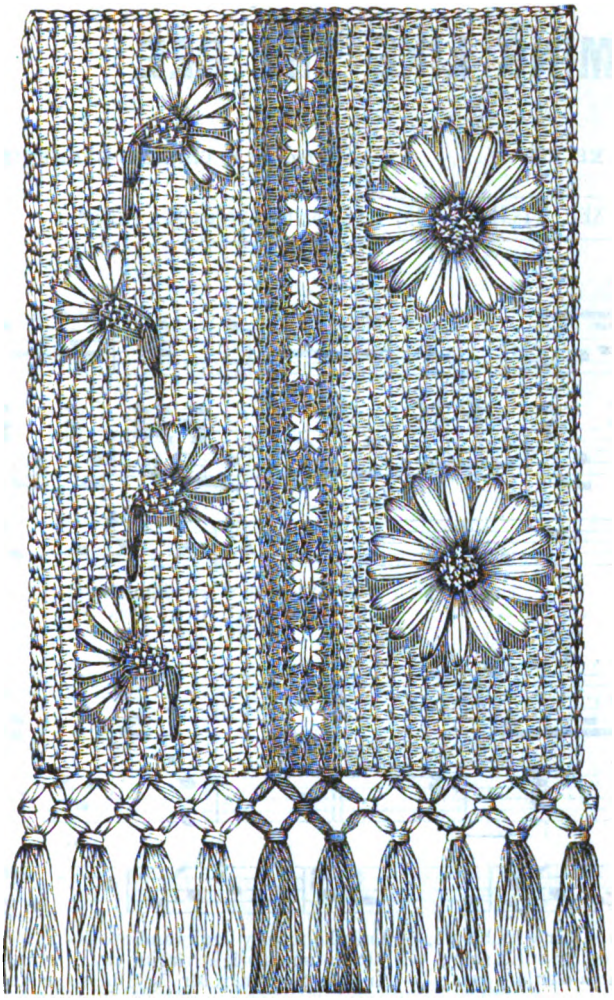

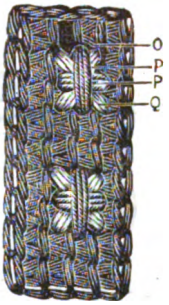

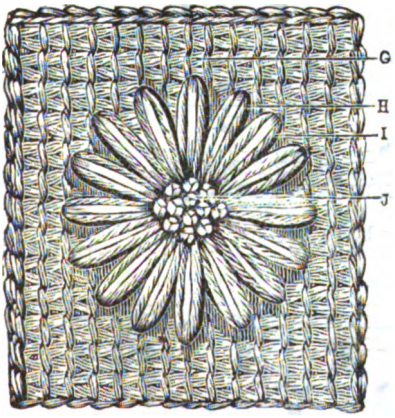

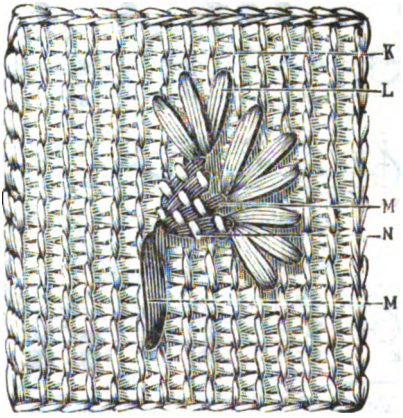

AFGHAN, OR BABY'S CRIB COVER, WITH DETAIL.

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HUMMING LIKE THE BEE.

Written by ALEXANDER KELVIE. Composed by CHARLES BLAMPHIN.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1008 Spring Garden St., Philada.

p *f*

1. When the woodland's fai - ry
2. Ere the dew was off the
3. I would love the Spring that

mf

nooks Are shadow'd o'er with bloom, And the moss-y banks and brooks Are
spray, My morning hymn I'd sing; Or the sun's bright virgin ray Had
brings New pleasures o'er a - gain; And the Sum-mer, for it flings Sweet

shed-ding forth per - fume; When the rose-bud's ten - der lips Smile
glanc'd up - on my wing, I would roam the prim-rose waste, To the
blos-soms o'er the plain; I would lay by Autumn's store, And when

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lov - ing - ly at me, Then the sweets of life I'd sip,
heath bell on the lea, Bringing treas-ures from their breast,
Win-ter's cold to me, In my pal - ace hive it o'er,

CHORUS.

Humming like a bee.
Humming like the bee. Humming like a bee, Would I fly from flow'r to
Humming like a bee.

flow'r, The sweets of life to see, While I pass'd each sun - ny

hour.

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WINTER JACKET: NEWEST STYLE.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXVI. PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1879. No. 5.

THE PRIZE AT OUR ARCHERY CLUB

BY MRS. A. M. HUMPHREY.

THE five o'clock train thundered into the station at Lindville. A young lady, with that indescribable air that is pronounced high-bred, stepped out upon the platform, and looked anxiously around.

"Miss May, is it not?"

The speaker was a handsome man of three and twenty, who had hurried up, and now gracefully lifted his hat.

"Yes," she replied. "I am Cecil May. And you—surely you are my cousin—uncle Ben's son?"

"I am Lawrence Lind, uncle Ben's son, at your service," was the answer, with a smile. "You have not quite forgotten your old playmate, I see."

"Not quite," she said, with a shy glance, for she had expected to meet a rather awkward, over-grown boy, forgetting the years that had passed; and lo! here was one of the most stylish-looking men she had ever seen, anywhere.

"I will take your hand-bag, if you will allow me," he said, "and the check for your trunk. Here, John," addressing a servant, "have these attended to. And now, this way, please."

He led the way to a phaeton, where a groom, in unexceptionable costume, stood at the heads of the horses.

"By the bye, you're just in time," he said, as they bowled along the smooth road, "for the great event of the season. We have an archery club here, you must know; and next month, the ladies are to shoot for a prize. We expect you to take part, in fact to win the prize."

"Oh! but," cried Cecil, "I never drew a bow in my life."

"That's nothing. You can soon learn. I'll stake my life on it," with a look of undisguised admiration, "that you'll beat them all, if you'll only care to try."

Cecil crimsoned under that gaze, and to cover her embarrassment, cried,

"Yonder's the dear old farm-house, isn't it? And your mother, aunt Dorothy herself, at the gate."

As a girl, how many happy hours she had spent at the farm-house! With its low ceilings, cozy rooms, and wide porches, it seemed, as she remembered it, the very ideal of comfort and happiness. Its owners thought so, for even after the coming of the railroad, and the foundation of Lindville, built on their lands, and making Mr. Lind the richest man in the county, they had clung to it still. At the back of the house was an old-fashioned garden, and behind that an apple orchard. In the front was a large, square yard, with clumps of lilacs, and beds of marigolds and lady-slippers, and the greenest grass in the world; and at the gate, here, aunt Dorothy was waiting for her guest.

That evening Cecil felt as if she was a child once more. Uncle Ben and aunt Dorothy devoured every word she uttered, while James and "little Dot" hung about her entranced. "Little Dot" was an adopted orphan, the daughter of a deceased clergyman; and hitherto she had reigned, queen paramount, at Lindville farm. But now, she put her hand in Cecil's, and whispered, "I loves 'oo," and from that moment was ruled in everything by this new guest.

Those June days that followed, went by like a dream. The mornings were spent in practising

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at archery, or in walking in the woods back of the house, or in reading some new book; and Lawrence was always Cecil's companion on these occasions. The whole family soon became interested in Cecil's proficiency in archery, and long before the day of the meeting had arrived, predicted that she would win the prize. She had prepared a very pretty dress for the great occasion, with a cavalier hat and feathers, and when she descended to the drawing-room, attired in it, little Dot danced around her in a frenzy of admiration. "Oh, 'oo bootiful Cecil," she cried. Lawrence's eyes spoke as eloquently, and when he and his cousin drove off, aunt Dorothy looked at her husband and said, "They make a handsome pair, don't they? and oughtn't we to be glad it's all coming out as we wished?"

Everybody, at the archery grounds, pronounced Cecil the loveliest girl there; everybody except Kate Wilde, the village belle, who was naturally jealous, especially as she had long marked Lawrence for her own. "For my part," she said, addressing Miss Slim, an old-maid gossip, "I can't see what there is so wonderful about her." "Nor I," retorted Miss Slim, who was a toady as well as a gossip: "she looks as cold as an icicle." "I suppose Mr. Lind will hardly look at his old friends, to-day," said Kate, with a contemptuous toss. "We'll see about that," rejoined Miss Slim, "especially if they win." "Well, *I* shall win," said Kate. "You mean you'll win Mr. Lind," said Miss Slim, with a knowing laugh; "he is the real prize, my dear." But Kate made no answer. She only turned away, with a self-satisfied smile.

The company comprised all the best people of the neighborhood. Among the girls there were many that were exceedingly pretty, though there was no one really to compare with Cecil, or even Kate. There was the usual amount of chatting, laughing, and even flirting, preparatory to the great event of the day, for there were plenty of young men present. And among these young men, there was no one so popular as Frank Wilde Kate's brother.

At first sight, he fell in love with Cecil. He was enraptured, therefore, to hear his sister whisper, "See here, Frank, I want you to help me: devote yourself to Miss May, for I have my own game to play." "With all my heart," replied Frank. "You could not have asked me to do anything I liked better. Introduce me."

From that moment, he attached himself to Cecil, and when the time arrived for the archery, was still at her side. It soon became plain that

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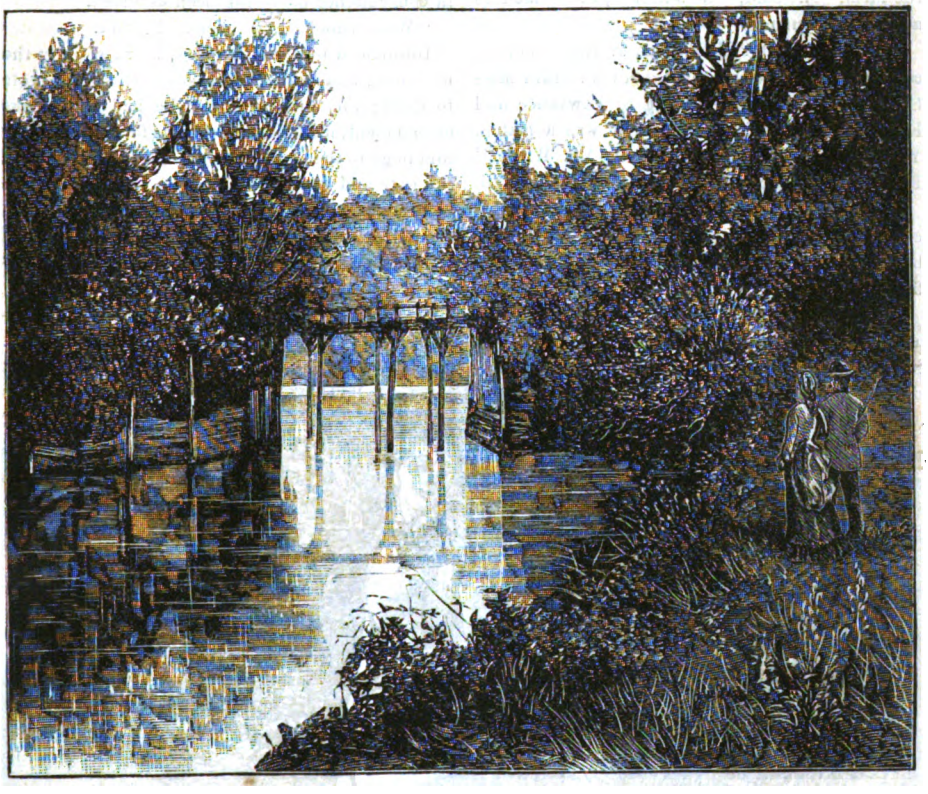
the contest for the prize really lay between Kate and Cecil. There was general applause when it was found there was a tie between these two; nothing so exciting had ever been seen at any of these meetings. Cecil, under ordinary circumstances, would have been sure to win. But Frank's devotion to her had irritated Lawrence; and in retaliation he had joined Miss Wilde; and had even stood by her while she shot. Lawrence had been so used to monopolizing Cecil, that he could not brook that she should accept even ordinary courtesies. He was, in short, a little spoiled, and a good deal jealous.

All this, unjust as it was, had its effect on Cecil. She grew silent and reserved to Mr. Wilde; in fact almost rude. But he was not one to be rebuffed. His civilities only became more remarked. "Faint heart never won fair lady," he said, to himself. "And besides, if she gets piqued at Lind, perhaps I'll be able to make my innings."

Meantime, Lawrence was angrier than ever. "Girls are all alike," he thought, "fickle, inconstant, devoured by vanity, ready for every new face." And he devoted himself, in revenge, to Miss Wilde, with increasing assiduity.



No wonder, that, when the time came to shoot off the tie, Cecil was quite nervous. She was to shoot first, and as she came forward, she turned a half-imploring look on Lawrence. If he had answered it, and joined her, all would have been well. But he did not even see her. Kate took good care, indeed, that he should not. She had redoubled her attentions; she had practiced all the little arts in which she was an adept; the moment passed, and it was too late. Cecil's first shot was a triumphant one: the arrow hit the bull's-eye. There was a round of applause. As she fitted her second arrow to the string, she looked around for Lawrence again; but though he saw her this time, he made no response. She shot, and missed.

After that, the game was Kate's. With a triumphant glance around, she stepped forth, and sent both arrows into the bull's-eye. Lawrence himself, in a neat speech, delivered the prize, which was a golden arrow. It is true, he had been selected a week before, for this task; but it seemed cruel to Cecil, nevertheless.

Meantime, he was angrier than ever with her, for he had seen Frank condoling with her on her failure. "It was all an accident," he heard the

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latter say. "You really shoot better than Kate, and ought to have won."

"The puppy!" was Lawrence's irate comment.

He was quite in the mood, therefore, to accept a laughing challenge, from Kate, to go with her, along the stream, towards the old bridge, and hunt for wild-flowers in the woods. As they disappeared, up the leafy avenue, Cecil felt, for the first time in her life, a pang of jealousy. She could not deny that Kate was beautiful. She could not conceal the fact, that, to-day, Lawrence seemed absorbed in her. "When there was nobody to compare me with, as was the case out at the farm," she said, "he admired, or seemed to admire me, but now—"

She broke off, for Miss Slim, at that moment, came up. "Quite lover-like, isn't it?" said Miss Slim, with a simper, pointing to Lawrence and Kate; "I shouldn't wonder if it was a match. You wouldn't object, would you, Mr. Wilde?" For Kate's brother was still hanging about Cecil.

"Not I," he answered, "for anybody that is connected with Miss May," with a deferential bow at our heroine, "would be an honor to our family."

It was a miserable afternoon for Cecil, and as miserable a night. She dreamed she was in the garden, weaving a wreath of flowers for Dot; but her fingers got entangled hopelessly; a pair of wicked, black eyes, the eyes of Kate Wilde, peered at her, triumphantly, from behind the trees.

As for Lawrence, he was even more unhappy. He could not sleep. Now that the subtle witchery of Kate Wilde's presence was gone, he began to think that he had been, perhaps, too hasty. He recalled, over and over again, the events of the day. If Cecil had acted as if indifferent, he said, it was because he had neglected her. If she had permitted Frank's attentions, it was, originally, from well-bred civility, and afterwards in consequence of having been deserted.

"What a fool I have been!" he said.

Influenced by these feelings, he rose, early the next day, and gathering a bouquet, wrote a note to Cecil; for, unfortunately, he had a business engagement, made several days before, compelling him to go to the county town. He entrusted both the note and bouquet to Dot, who was always up before anybody else, to be given to Cecil, when the latter came down to breakfast. How Dot failed to do this, and what misery was the consequence, we shall see by and by.

Cecil woke, with heavy eyes, and aching heart. She said to herself that there was nothing, in this world, worth living for

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now; everybody and everything was deceitful and disappointing. She thought she would try and play with Dot. Dot, at least, was innocent; Dot, at least, was sincere. But Dot, she found, had already gone to school. Lawrence was not at breakfast, and she heard then, for the first time, that he had taken the train for the county town, and why.

The morning hours wore on wearily. The afternoon came and went in the same way. When evening approached, she waited anxiously for Lawrence. "He will soon be here," she thought, "and all may be made right. I fear I did him injustice, yesterday." But eight o'clock came, nine, and then ten; yet no Lawrence. At last Cecil retired to her room; but it was not to sleep. Finally, after the distant village lights were extinguished, she heard the rapid thud of horse hoofs, and saw Lawrence, as she watched behind the curtain, enter the house from the stable-yard. He had been detained longer than he had expected; had missed the train; and hiring a horse, had galloped home through the night.

Cecil heard this, in her room, from little Dot, the next morning early, and came down, fresh, and sweet, and shy, anxious to forgive and be forgiven, and sure that all would come right.

Lawrence was sitting on the front porch, smoking a cigar. He looked around, but to her surprise, quite indifferently, pulled his mustache, wished her "good-morning," and then resumed his cigar, coolly watching the smoke curl upwards.

Cecil paused, but only for an instant. What did it mean? Her pride was up in arms. What had she done to deserve this treatment? There was but one explanation. He was infatuated with Kate. He wished to insult her.

Nodding carelessly, therefore, she passed on.

"Heartless flirt!" muttered Lawrence, on his part, watching her go. "Does not even thank me for the bouquet. Been flirting with that idiot, Wilde, I've no doubt."

Meantime, Cecil, burning with indignation, pretended to amuse herself with the flowers.

That day, and the following passed; her cousin was always cruelly polite, but that was all.

The next afternoon but one, however, Lawrence was sitting in his room, when Dot knocked timidly at the door. "Come in," he said, "and tell what you have been doing." And taking her on his knee, he smoothed her long, silken curls.

"Well," said Dot, "I helped aunty, fed my chicks, went to school, and did lots of things. But just now I'se come from Cecil's room. And what do you think? Cecil was crying. Yes, crying, and she kissed me, and said she was going home. And I 'spect," continued the child, thoughtfully, "I'se been a very naughty girl, for t'other day, when you gave me the note and posies, to give to Cecil, do you know, I didn't give them to her at all?"

"What! Not give them to her?" cried Lawrence, eagerly. "How was that?"

"I was going to," answered little Dot, "when I thought of Mr. Wilde, poor fellow, and said to myself, 'I don't s'pose he ever gets any letters, and Lawrence won't care if I give him this one;' and besides, I thought you could tell Cecil just as well what you wanted, even if she didn't get the letter. So, when I started for school, I took the letter, and was walking along, thinking awful hard about something or other—my lessons, I guess—and before I knowed it, I had lost it. But the posies I didn't lose, and meeting Mr. Wilde, I gave them to him, and he put them in his button-hole."

Lawrence sat like one stupefied. Suddenly, as he looked out of the window, he saw Cecil, in her walking-dress, pass out in the direction of the orchard, as if going to the woods beyond. She looked tired, and pale, and worn. It was only the work of an instant to carry Dot down stairs, place her in aunt Dorothy's charge, and hurry after Cecil, whom he overtook just as she had entered the wood.

She looked around, coldly and haughtily; but with the traces of tears in her eyes; and this gave him courage to proceed, in spite of the coldness and haughtiness.

He recounted, hurriedly, how he had given Dot the note, asking for a meeting, early the following morning, at the stile, which they were even now approaching, and begging she would wear the bud, if she cared for him in the least. He told how he had been delayed at the county town; had lost the train; had galloped home, so as to be in time for the meeting in the morning; how he had gone to the stile, and waited, and waited in vain; how then he remembered encountering Frank, on his way to the train, and seeing in his button-hole a bouquet, which he would have thought his own, but for the impossibility of it; how he had come back to breakfast, at last, angry with Cecil, because now satisfied she had given his bouquet to a rival; how he had spoken to her, with half-concealed contempt, as she came down stairs; and how—"

"Well, in short," he said, "how I have made a desperate fool of myself, and can only throw myself on your mercy, and beg you to forgive me, dearest."

She did forgive him, with happy tears, for, as she told herself, his jealousy and anger had come from excess of love for her.

Thus Cecil, after all, won the PRIZE AT OUR ARCHERY CLUB.

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RETRIBUTION.

BY JEAN SCOFIELD.

I.

"You wanted to see Miss Celia Westleigh? Goodness gracious, she was buried yesterday!"

And the landlady of the shabby, out-of-the-way boarding-house, stood at the door of the close little parlor, into which she had just ushered two elegantly dressed ladies, with an awful enjoyment of the dramatic nature of her announcement.

"Dead!" exclaimed one of the visitors, in a shocked tone. "And we only heard of her illness the other day! Poor thing! So young, too! How does her sister bear it? She had a sister, I think?"

"Yes'm. She's taken it very hard—they hadn't nobody but themselves, them two. Per'aps you'd like to see Miss Helen?"

"I—don't know. Mrs. Lennox?" turning to her companion, with a look of embarrassed appeal, and a rising flush. "We are strangers to Miss Westleigh, you know, and if you prefer not to meet her—"

"If *I* prefer not to meet her, Mrs. Thurlow? I am not aware of any reason why I should object to meeting Miss Westleigh," said the second lady, who had a voice of almost masculine depth; a voice in perfect keeping with her handsome, obstinate, massive-featured face; and she turned to the landlady, saying,

"Inform Miss Westleigh, if you please, that two ladies are waiting to see her—Mrs. Lennox and Mrs. Thurlow."

The landlady vanished.

"You must not be offended, dear," Mrs. Thurlow ventured to say, "I, I was really afraid that to meet Miss Westleigh under the circumstances might be—a little—don't you think—for some people, at least—awkward—"

"If you refer to my having dismissed Miss Westleigh's sister from my house, I can understand its being an awkward meeting for *her*," said Mrs. Lennox, with a look of cold astonishment. "But I am at a loss to know in what manner your observation can apply to *me*."

"That was what I meant, of course," eagerly exclaimed Mrs. Thurlow. "To spare the poor girl's feelings, for—Celia was—her sister."

"I am very glad to hear that that *was* what you meant, Mrs Thurlow," said Mrs. Lennox, not relaxing her injured air. "For you must be aware that there is nothing I regard so highly as duty. And in this case of Celia Westleigh's above all. I have the satisfaction of feeling that I have never, for a moment, evaded duty."

"To be sure, my dear—how consoling!"

"When I remember the unprincipled way, in which she took advantage of her position as governess in my house, actually to inveigle my poor, weak-headed brother-in-law into the folly of offering her his hand; when I remember that she left my house in a cloud of disgrace, consequent upon her having secretly worn and ruined valuable laces of mine; when I remember all the trouble she caused me, from first to last: then, Mrs. Thurlow, I positively wonder at my own presence here to-day," said Mrs. Lennox.

"Of course you do, my dear."

"But the moment I heard of the poor erring girl's illness, I determined to visit her at once, and endeavor to rouse her to some sense of her miserable state. You, yourself, heard me say repeatedly, Mrs. Thurlow, that I should not flinch from the duty of reminding her of the past, and pointing out, to the best of my poor ability, that the way of the transgressor must necessarily be hard; so that, if she chose to shut her eyes to the lesson conveyed by these things, and persist in denying her wrong-doing, no shadow of misgiving might rest upon my conscience."

"Yes, yes; and your strength of character is wonderful. I couldn't have done it."

"However, we have come too late," said Mrs. Lennox, shaking her head. "We shall never know what effect a few strong words of warning and council might have had upon her. We must be charitable, and remember this."

"How magnanimous!" said Mrs. Thurlow.

"Yes," said Mrs. Lennox, "we must make many allowances. We must not be surprised, if we should find Miss Westleigh, as your words seemed to imply, prejudiced enough to cherish ill feelings against me; for people will be unreasonable. But she need not fancy that, if she is herself sensible and respectable, her sister's memory would ever, in my mind, be regarded, for a moment, as a reproach to *her*."

"Her sister's memory is the most sacred thing left to her on this earth. Can you not let your victim rest even now, when her broken heart is hushed in the grave?"

The two ladies rose simultaneously, as these

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challenging words, uttered in a clear, thrilling voice, rang through the room. On the threshold, stood a tall, youthful figure, clothed in black; it advanced a few steps; and they beheld before them a pale girl, with one of those wonderfully expressive faces that do not need to be beautiful to stamp themselves in our remembrance. It was Helen Westleigh. Her dark eyes, burning in the deep, purple hollows worn by long watching and much weeping, flashed upon them a greeting anything but conciliatory. Before it, the two startled women stood silent, and involuntarily quailing, for a moment, as if they had been confronted by something unearthly.

But Mrs. Lennox soon recovered herself.

"You have a strange way of receiving visitors, who come to you with kind intentions, young lady," she said, haughtily. "What do you mean by 'victim?'"

"I mean that Celia's death lies at your door, Mrs. Lennox."

"Pleasant accusation!" said Mrs. Lennox, settling back into her chair, with a stony sneer. "Really, Miss Westleigh, I fear you are a young person very ill-regulated in mind, as most certainly you are in manner. Are you aware that it was only owing to my—possibly mistaken—clemency—we are all so liable to err!—that your sister did not pass from my door to a prison? That she lost her situation, under such unhappy circumstances, was entirely her own fault."

"Her own fault?" said Helen, pale as she had been, growing yet paler. "Was it her fault that she was a shrinking, sensitive creature, who withered like a flower in the cold, ungenial atmosphere of your house? Was it her fault that you judged her out of your own coarse mind and narrow instincts? Do not interrupt me, woman! You shall listen to me, whether my words are pleasant to your ears or not.

"How did it end? Worn out by months of silent martyrdom, Celia came to me, one night, saying she could bear no more; her heart was breaking, her life was ebbing away. I looked into her dear eyes, and saw that it was true. I held her to my heart, and said she should never return under your roof again: I said, let us starve together, first! Oh, if I could have persuaded her to listen to me! But she must go back, if only to give you warning—opportunity to provide another governess for your spoiled, exacting children, forsooth!

"That was the merry entertainment at which you accused her next day of having been present, decked out in finery of yours. You knew in your heart that the accusation was false; but it suited your purpose to dismiss her from your house in a cloud of ignominy, and Satan furnished you with a plausible pretext. You have done your work very successfully, Mrs. Lennox: Celia Westleigh will never be your brother-in-law's wife, now. But how will you answer, at the righteous bar of God, for the cruelty and calumny that have broken the heart of an innocent, motherless girl, and sent her to an untimely grave?"

Mrs. Thurlow was weeping. But Mrs. Lennox, though she may have grown a trifle paler, sat upright in her chair and returned the scorching judgment of Helen's eyes with an icy stare, for some brief, silent moments; then she rose, and gathered up her rich robes elaborately.

"If I really believed you to be a responsible being, young woman, I should feel like calling you to account for your insulting behavior and words," she said. "But I pity you for your deplorable lack of self-control and judgment; and I should really be glad if I could believe that your poor sister was, as you say, innocent, and all that. Ah, dear me! Come, Mrs. Thurlow: there is nothing to detain us, I think? We need only apologise to Miss Westleigh for our intrusion, and assure her that there is not the slightest danger of its being repeated."

"Yet we *shall* meet again," said Helen. She came a step nearer, and lifted her thin, right hand to heaven.

"*There* is justice," she said, solemnly. "You have robbed me of all I had left in this world to love; you have mocked me in my desolation: do not think I am one to forget or forgive. When the hour comes that I feel in my soul it is written in heaven will come, and you stand before me as helpless as my poor darling stood before you, such a little while ago, then be sure you shall receive the same mercy, which you have shown to me and mine."

As the last words fell, with bitter emphasis, from her lips, Helen left the room.

II.

Few homes were more attractive and imposing than the handsome mansion of senator R——, which stood on one of the broad streets of Washington city. It was the centre, also, of a hospitality both generous and refined. The beautiful woman, whom the senator had lately married abroad, had made a marked sensation in that society, where, by virtue of his brilliant political success, he had long been one of the most prominent figures. The senator's wife not only shared, but even in some measure, increased her husband's popularity: it was said that her influence was used to soften his somewhat hard and dominant nature, and that, more than once, her

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intercession had sufficed to turn the scale of his powerful furtherance, in favor of some suppliant, who would have been otherwise coldly dismissed.

It was a rumor of this, that had drawn to the door of the senator's mansion, one cold, midwinter morning, a thinly-clad woman in widow's weeds. The warmth of the luxurious library, into which she was shown to await the coming of Mrs. R——, was grateful to her poor, chilled hands and scantily protected frame. She had left her children shivering at home, around an insufficient fire, in a room, which some shabby remains of past elegance only made more melancholy. Who, in those long-past, bitter days, could have foreseen the bitter array of privations and humiliations, that were to be her lot? The lot of a poor and friendless claimant upon the nation's generosity! The slights, the evasions, the indifference, the impatience, that she had encountered in her weary applications here and there—the polite excuses of this distinguished official, the abrupt, unsoftened refusal of this other! The poor woman's heart had long been sick with hope deferred; her pride and confidence had been laid low: she was about to make one last, desperate effort to move some compassionate interference in her behalf; and it was with an agony of hope and fear unspeakable, that she heard the silken rustle at the door, which announced the great lady's entrance.

A beautiful woman, majestic in bearing, came forward and acknowledged the anxious widow's presence with gracious courtesy. There was a peculiar gentleness in her manner towards such applicants; but she saw so many of them! It was not possible to assist them all; and the senator's wife often carried a sad heart under her rich robes, for a world of various miseries not to be relieved.

The widow took courage, at sight of her. It was easier than she had thought, after all her bitter experience, to present her case once more —alas, such a common case! She urged it with the eloquence of desperation. In her earnestness, she failed to notice how, at the first sound of her voice, the senator's wife had started nervously, and fixed upon her a close, scrutinizing glance; that the lady's cheek grew paler, and her brows contracted darkly. But when, in answer to that pressing plea for help, the senator's wife said, constrainedly, that she could not tell, so many such claims were daily made known, and the widow, trembling all over at thought of this last chance slipping away, absolutely threw herself at the lady's feet in her distress, she felt the senator's wife draw back, with strong recoil.

"Oh, madame, it is life or death with me!" cried the widow. "I have no friends to press my claim, and I have applied everywhere in vain. If the senator will not help me, I must see my children starve. I hear everywhere how kind you are: do speak to him for me. I entreat you, for the love of God!"

She lifted her eyes, full of beseeching anguish, to the lady's face. But there was no relenting on that brow, no compassion in the cold glance, at once averted from her, and lifted elsewhere, as if the sight of any other object were preferable. Well for the widow that it was so! For at that moment of fate, when her future lay in the balance, and the lips of its arbitress trembled with a scathing word from the past, which would have sounded in her ears like a death-knell, the lady's upraised eyes fell upon an old painting, that adorned the opposite wall. A stray sunbeam, glancing out of the steely gloom of the January heavens, touched it, as she looked, and brought forth from the dark canvas, in vivid, momentary clearness, the face of our divine Lord, bent under the cruel crown of thorns, and convulsed with the agony of more than mortal sorrow.

The strained eyes of the anxious suppliant saw, without comprehending, a great wave of emotion sweep across the face of the senator's wife. With a tremulous hand, she signed to the widow to rise.

"You may leave your papers," she said, in the tone of one struggling with herself for mastery. "I will speak to my husband about your case. That is all I can promise, at present. Good-morning."

Hardly knowing, between this glimpse of encouragement, and the strange, abrupt dismissal that accompanied it, whether to yield her heart to hope or despair, the widow, in a whirl of emotion, went out of the warm mansion into the bitter street, and hurried homeward to the melancholy room, where her two pale, young daughters sat trying to sew, in the midst of the shabby furniture that had once been fine. There was wonder and speculation over her report of the interview; the two girls refused to see any but hopeful auguries, in the words of the great lady.

"People say she is so good," said the eldest. "The other day, when I went to get this bundle of work, Mrs. Wells pointed her out to me, sitting in her carriage; and I know, just from her face, that she is ready to help anybody."

"I cannot tell," said the mother, drearily.

"And she would, of course, see that you were a lady, mother," went on the girl, confidently. "I know she will feel for us."

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"They say she was once a poor girl herself," said the younger daughter.

"Yes—she has quite a romantic story," said the other. "Most people think she is a foreigner, because senator R—— married her abroad; but Mrs. Wells told me she knew her, years ago, in New York, and that she taught elocution in a school. Her name was Helen Westleigh—"

"Mother!" shrieked the younger daughter, springing to the chair, into which the widow had fallen, pale as death; for that name made clear to her all that had seemed inexplicable in the conduct of the senator's wife, and she had fainted.

Yes, Mrs. Lennox—for the widow was Mrs. Lennox—had indeed come face to face with Celia's sister, and committed unwittingly her last hope of better fortune for her children and herself, into the hands that had, long ago, been raised to heaven against her, with a threat and promise of vengeance.

She recovered consciousness directly, but she felt that for her all was over. The senator's wife would doubtless keep her promise; but the presentation of the widow's appeal would go hand in hand with the story of Celia Westleigh's wrongs and sorrows. The hour had come which Helen's outraged heart had foreseen and predicted; the hour in which her enemy was to stand before her, humbled in the dust, to receive the same measure which, in pride and hardness of heart, she had meted out to others. The cup of her punishment was full to overflowing.

From that moment, Mrs. Lennox gave up her claims as hopeless, and fell into a state of listless, brooding despair. The long, slow days went by, with no comfort or hope in their passing; the long, watchful nights brought before her the white, pleading face of Celia Westleigh, as she had last beheld it; the sound of Helen's passionate voice rang in her ears, with terrible words of accusation and ominous warning. Deeply avenged was the poor, young governess, forgotten so many years in her humble grave! Keen were the stings of remorse, in Mrs. Lennox's once hard heart!

Comfortless and silent, she was sitting, with her daughters, in their little room, one day, when a knock at the door announced a visitor. How shall we describe the flutter of excitement, the fear, the hope, that stirred the hearts of the girls, or the agony of suspense that held their mother breathless, when the opened door admitted senator R——?"

"I have taken the liberty of calling, Mrs. Lennox," he said, graciously, "to bring you myself the good news, that your application, on account of your late husband's services, has just been granted. Finding your claims entirely just, I made an effort in your behalf, which has happily proved successful."

"How shall we ever thank you?" sobbed the girls, while their mother sat like a statue, unable to speak a word.

"You owe me no thanks," said the senator, with a smile. "It is seldom I have either time or inclination to undertake such matters. But my wife was so much interested in your case, that I could not refuse, at least, to examine it, and having done so, it seemed a duty to go farther. Mrs. R—— has met you formerly, if I mistake not, Mrs. Lennox? Yes; I thought she mentioned it. Allow me to congratulate you upon your good fortune. I am very happy to have had the pleasure of doing some little service to an old friend of hers."

And the senator bowed himself out, and went his busy way, utterly unconscious that certain words of his had fallen upon the widow's head in coals of fire.

This was Helen's vengeance! Well for her, and for all of us, who have learned to substitute, for the burning cross of resentment, the holy cross of the meek and lowly Teacher of forgiveness!

IN AUTUMN.

BY MAY TORRENCE.

Fair Summer lieth dead!
Autumn winds are making moan
Through the branches brown and bare,
Whence the singing birds have flown;
A dirge is pulsing through the air
For Summer's glory fled.

Shining leaves of gold and red,
Autumn weaves into a crown
For the pale queen's royal brow;
And the sunlight glideth down,
Through the willow's drooping bough
To caress the gentle dead.

The passing year grows sad,
Rememb'ring all its treasures lost,
Of meadow-grass and spring-time flower,
Of light that never shadow crossed,
And every happy, sunny hour,
When all the earth was glad.

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THE DARK DEED.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I HAD just come out of the library, and thought everybody had gone to bed except myself; but old Jacintha was still prowling about the ancient hall of the Manor House, and I drew back, because I did not want her to see me. My eyes were red, and my face swollen with the passionate tears I had been shedding, tears that seemed to scorch both heart and cheeks as they fell; and I knew that the old yellow woman would tell Isabel that she saw me crying, and that Isabel would exult; and just then, I think, I would have died sooner than give my cousin that satisfaction!

Jacintha passed up the wide, oak stairs, grumbling and muttering to herself, after a habit she had when cross, and she usually was cross, except to Isabel, whose nurse she had been formerly, whose maid she was now, and whose slave, body and soul, she always would be; I used to admit, in return, that, if Isabel loved anybody, it was Jacintha, whom I hated, and who hated me.

When she disappeared, I came out from my shelter, and seeing a letter lying on the floor, I slipped forward to pick it up, meaning to call to Jacintha, who had probably dropped it. But as I stooped, I caught sight of the monogram on the envelope. The blood rushed in a torrent to my head; then surged back to my heart, with such force, that, for a moment, I was sick and faint.

The letter was from Hugh Pallisser. I had no need to turn it over, and look at the address, to be certain of that. I knew it was directed to my cousin Isabel. I was almost certain, too, that it contained the story of his love—*his* love—for Isabel!

A terrible temptation seized me. I did not call to Jacintha, but clutching the letter to my breast, I stole upstairs, noiselessly, to my own room. This was a noble, old, wainscotted apartment, one of the finest in the Manor House, but far away from the more modern part of the mansion. Its attraction to me was a superb oriel window, looking out upon the Park. In the recess of this window, stood my writing-table, with an Argand lamp left lit, by the servant, for I often read late into the night. I locked the door, and sat down at the table, and, with a palpitating heart, began to cut the envelope of the letter; for I was determined to know the truth.

Suddenly, a hoarse cry, as of warning, or alarm, I could not make out which, startled me. I dropped the letter on the table, started to my feet, and looked fearfully around. Had any one been concealed, I asked myself, in the room? Or did the cry come from without? Was it a phantom voice warning me? Again it rose, eerie and wild, and now I knew it was from without. I believe I am braver than most women—everybody tells me I am—but my limbs shook so, for a moment, that I could hardly stand. At last, summoning all my courage, I approached the window. I half expected to see some frightful shape, gibbering at me. I half expected to face, I knew not what, but some unspeakable horror.

But I saw no foul fiend, only a huge raven, that rose from a dead branch near, and, with another hoarse croak, sailed away into the night. I was so unnerved, however, that I sank down in a chair, and held my hand to my heart, which throbbed as if it would burst. At last my eye fell on the letter. The envelope was already half cut open. But I no longer dared to go on with my work. Yet it would not do to let the letter, thus mutilated, reach its address. What should I do? A fire was burning in the grate, for the night was chilly. I rose, and held the letter, with trembling fingers, over the blaze; then dropped it in; and watched till the paper was reduced to cinders.

But even as I watched it shrivel up, remorse assailed me. Shame, horror, loathing seized me. Then, in turn, a wild exultation fired every vein, and I told myself that I was glad—glad—I did not repent—I never would!

I started up, and began pacing the room. Past, present and future seemed to rise before me: the misery of my desolate childhood, the suffering of these years spent under my aunt's roof. Then the stain that now lay on my soul, and must cling to it forever. No matter what happened, I could never be rid of that! My loathing and horror of myself grew and grew. I was a criminal of the lowest, meanest sort—I, Grace Hathaway, as yet only eighteen, and who had been so proud. Proud of my blood, of the honor of my family, of my own honesty, and so contemptuous of Isabel's tortuous courses, her petty falsehoods, her keeping just near enough the truth to satisfy her poor, miserable conscience, yet deceiving effectually, all the same.

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Then another thought came. What had I gained? Hugh Pallisser would write again, when this letter, which he had sent, received no answer. Matters would be set right between him and Isabel. But would they? He was a very proud, haughty man; he had been angry when he went away; he would not make more than one attempt; and Isabel, in her turn, was so mulish in her obstinacy, that not receiving this letter, she might refuse to listen or believe, even if he did try.

For she expected the letter. I knew that. I had heard them in sharp discussion, only the evening before Hugh left. I heard him say, "I will write, as soon as I get up to London, so that the letter shall reach you on Thursday; we will both reflect!" Well, this was Thursday, and the letter had arrived, and I had burned it—I!

I had burned it; I was revenged. Even if the pair should ultimately come together, they would have suffered sharply. But had they not made me suffer enough, first and last? Either Hugh Pallisser had conceived a fancy for my girlishly, pretty face—a fancy which had died out speedily, when Isabel returned home and brought the spell of her beauty, the witchery of her manners to bear upon him—or he had deliberately played with me for his own amusement, looked tenderness, spoken words which went far beyond mere compliment, pleased his man's vanity, in short by flirting with a young girl. Yes, he had doubtless laughed with Isabel, over my pleasure at his attentions—a pleasure I had not been able to hide.

How I hated her! I was violent and outrageous always, and she knew just how to drive me into a frenzy. She would sit, perfectly calm and smiling, saying the most horrible things in her sweetest voice, and now and then, when my temper flagged a little, rousing me to a new outburst, by requesting me to be lady-like, even if I was angry. She only told me plain truths for my good, she would say; it was her duty, and she should do it, however much like a maniac I might behave. Then she would watch me rave and rant, with a sort of compassionate pity, whispering audibly to herself:

"Poor thing, it is in her blood—her mother was a play-actress!"

But the morning of this very day, I goaded her out of her feigned composure. I made her as angry, at last, as she had me, though she did not rave after my fashion; but sat cold and white, raining bitter speeches down upon me, like hailstones. At last she told me, that, if my poor father had not died when he had, he would have been sent to prison as a forger. The family had hushed the matter up; her mother, his sister, had paid the money! Well, he died, but it was better I should know. Nothing had any effect on me, she continued; I was a monster of wickedness and ingratitude; but this knowledge might touch me a little.

If she had kept within my reach, I do not know what I should have done. I was crazy enough for any deed. But I think my face must have frightened her; she was out of her chair and out of the room before I could move; I can remember, even through the blood-red haze that floated before my maddened eyes, seeing, how gracefully she fled away, swift and noiseless as some beautiful, white demon, with an angel's face.

For more than a week, I had been suffering tortures. I had learned that Hugh Pallisser was her slave, that he had only been deceiving me by his smiles and soft glances before she came home. Then I had caught a little of their conversation, the evening he started for London. This morning she had put the crowning stroke to my wrongs, by that insult to my dead father; and now I—I was revenged. But I was also that meanest of criminals—a thief—I had stolen her letter, and burned it!

I slept but little that night. In the morning, I pleaded a headache, and did not appear at breakfast. Just after lunch, I went down stairs, and threw myself on a sofa in the library. I think my head was a little astray from fever, for I recollect that every now and then I had to open my eyes, and look about to get rid of an impression that I was losing my senses.

I don't know how long I lay there. But at length the door opened, and Isabel came in, followed by Jacintha. I could see them, but they could not see me, for a screen stood before the couch where I lay.

Isabel had her riding-habit on, and was speaking to Jacintha, while the old woman buttoned her gloves.

"Hugh Pallisser has not written," she said. "I'll make him repent it, some day—it is insolent! If a letter comes, after to-morrow, I will burn it unopened."

They walked into the next room, and presently I heard the doors close, and then a carriage drive off. I knew that Isabel was going down to the ferry, to join some friends on the other side, there to take a horseback ride. She would not be back until dusk. So all the afternoon I should have the house to myself.

I lay there thinking. I don't know that the word thinking is applicable—my mind was in too chaotic a state to call my fancies by that name; but wherever they wandered, one reflection came up at every turn, or rather it seemed as if some unseen speaker kept hissing the words in my ear:

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"You have had your revenge, but you are a thief!" And with it, as if by some demoniac connection, came the hoarse cry of the raven. It was all imagination, of course; and yet it was terribly real.

Then, without any volition on my part, my whole round of life began to pass in review before me. Naturally there had not been over much incident therein, but suffering enough in all conscience. I could recollect my young mother, who died when I was six years old, and Isabel was eight. My mother had been an actress. I know now that she would have been a famous one, if she had not, in the outset of her career, met my father, who fell in love with her sweet face, and persuaded her to marry him, and forsake her profession.

My father, by marrying an actress, had alienated his only sister, Isabel's mother—in fact his only near relative. She would neither see him, nor write to him, after that. Things went on from bad to worse with him; and when I was eight, the crash came. An honest man he was, though an improvident one; the knowledge that he had been the means of bringing trouble upon others was too much for his enfeebled frame. He had been an invalid, since my mother's death, and now he died quite suddenly. My aunt's husband sent an agent up to London, and took charge of me, and helped to settle matters as best he could. But Isabel had lied, when she said my father had ever been deemed guilty; his worst enemies never accused him of that.

I was put into a school, near Clapham, and kept there for two years. My aunt had detested my mother so bitterly, that she passed the dislike on to me. She was willing to pay for my education, but she would not receive me in her house, at least, not yet. But when I was ten, they came and told me, that I was to be sent to my aunt. I know now, that, when her husband was dying, he made her promise to send for me, and bring me up under her roof, or rather his, in this old Elizabethan Manor House, that had been in his family for centuries.

So my life, in my new home, began. My aunt was something of an invalid, or thought she was. She was not a bad woman: only capricious, fretful and weak; and she never liked me, as I have said. Isabel was sixteen, when I went to live with them. She was a lovely girl, not wicked either, but tyrannical, vain-glorious, and I think, cold-hearted.

Well, for me to be thrown with the pair, was like putting chemicals together that are dangerous when united. They did torture me terribly, sometimes on purpose, sometimes unintentionally, and I repaid them as a fiery-tempered creature does those who are unjust. Every year that I grew older it grew harder to bear. I had a governess; I was well dressed; I lived as the family did; but never a day, an hour, that I was not reminded that I ate the bread of charity.

When I was sixteen, I rebelled. I tried to run away. I think I had vague visions of going on the stage. After that, my aunt and I agreed upon a sort of compromise. She yielded in some things, and in return, I pledged myself to stay under her roof till I was twenty-one. I suppose she hoped, that, long before that time, she would have me safely married.

But I had already driven her to despair, in this past year, by refusing two offers, such as the world calls good: that is, men who were rich and had position. That one of my aspirants had passed threescore, and the other had already decently and decorously tormented a wife into her grave, did not in the least militate against their eligibility in her opinion, or disprove what she called my demoniac obstinacy in refusing their alliance.

During these past three months, I had been happy—happy for the first time in my life; and I was not yet eighteen! Isabel had gone up to spend the season in London, with one of her father's relatives, and my aunt and I were left together. She had ceased to be very fond of going out, on her own account, and it was useless, she said, to do so on mine; it was plain that I meant wilfully to throw away every chance of establishing myself: and she could not, and would not, waste her little remaining strength in taking me uselessly to balls and dinner-parties, driving a dozen miles home after midnight. In my heart I was glad, for I did not like what is called Society, but I took good care not to say so; if I had, she would have forced me to go, even though she had to go herself, too.

Still there were dinner-parties at the Manor, and musical evenings, and I enjoyed much more my aunt's selection of guests, than I did the general society of our neighborhood. Into this comparatively quiet season, came Hugh Pallisser; and—I was about to write that I learned to love him—but the truth is, I loved him from the first evening we met.

Three months! Three months of a blessed dream were granted me! Oh, how I believed in him. It sounds wicked, but no weaker words will express what I felt. I made a god of him—just that—I have written, let it stand.

So good, so gentle, so manly, so different from the human butterflies, or grubs, that I had hitherto called men! He had aims, aspirations, a pur-

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pose in life. He revered truth, he taught me even increased reverence therefor; he was a little stern in his judgment of mortals weaker than himself, but that was no wonder, for few as perfect as he walked the earth. He was constantly at the Manor house, and the days went on, went on, and I dreamed, and dreamed.

He did not make love to me at all; at least, not in words. But there was not a glance, not an inflection of his voice, that did not plainly say, that I, of all created women, was the one worthy to gain and hold his heart. Patient with my follies, able to comprehend my youthful enthusiasms, confiding to me his plans, telling me of his lonely life, assuring me that mine was an exceptional nature, saying that heaven had given me gleams of what men call genius, and that I must beware how I used it! I needed a friend, an adviser, older than myself, he said. He was thirty. Busy as he was with his philanthropic schemes, and poetical aims, yet existence seemed empty now and then. It was because his heart was empty—would I accept him for the friend and adviser I needed?

Add to this, his personal beauty, and a charm of manner that was irresistible. Add—though I do not believe it influenced me—the fact that no man was so sought after by women. Then add, what I know did not affect my judgment, that he had a splendid estate in another county, and might go into parliament if he chose.

Yes, I loved him. The day came when I admitted this truth to my soul. The knowledge took me by surprise. But I was proud, yes, proud, that I was capable of loving a man like him.

That very evening, there were guests at the Manor House. He came. Then into the midst of the little circle, floated Isabel, just returned from her triumphs in London, dressed in white, with a blue circlet crowning her golden hair, and a smile such as Eve might have worn in Paradise, so pure was it. A strange, far-off look was in her eyes, such as a spirit might wear, that, in some enchanted sleep, had been wafted down to earth, and had ever since been gazing out for glimpses of her heavenly home.

She had returned, quite unexpectedly, and would not let her mother be called, but had dressed, and had joined us immediately. She was so glad, she said, to find dear mamma able to *have* guests. And Grace: good heavens, the child had been growing prettier than ever; and —now a little start—she had reached Hugh Pallisser!

She welcomed him as an old friend; they had not met for eighteen months—not since they were both in Rome together, when she was traveling with her cousins, the Deforests.

That is all. She came. She looked at him, smiled at him, and my dream was over, crushed, ruined, dead!

Rather more than a month had gone by—to speak more exactly, five weeks; and I grew more mad, daily, with jealousy. You are not to fancy that I betrayed myself, however. Not I. Pride was left me! Not even Isabel suspected what I suffered.

Meantime, my aunt had found a new pretender for my hand, a rich merchant, and I behaved in a manner that met with her approval—you understand what that means!

So the evening came, on which I learned that Hugh Pallisser was going to London, for ten days or a fortnight, bound on some one of his frequent philanthropic errands. The fragments of conversation which I overheard between Isabel and him, made me understand, that, during his absence, he was to write, and she reply, and so all things between them be settled, "until death do you part," for whenever I recalled that night, these words used to ring in my ears.

Since then, seven days had gone by. During the last three, Isabel and I had been deprived of the guardianship of her mother, who had gone to visit some friends in Warwickshire. And, now, on the seventh day, or rather night, an event had happened, which cast me as completely beyond all connection with my old life and my old self, as if both had been annihilated. I was not Grace Hathaway, the girl, high-tempered, wrong-headed, quick to err, as quick to regret—I was a nameless, unrecognizable creature, akin to the felons in dock and prison—I was a thief!

The afternoon wore on. It seemed short to me, yet terribly long. In my disordered brain, I somewhere found a thought, that this was what the endless space beyond this mortal shore must be like—time no more—living one round of agony, made up of pangs, each separate one of which would have been enough to fill an entire human existence with torture, and yet life at a standstill! Nobody disturbed me. The silence remained unbroken, save when, now and then, the clock chimed. When my head was at its worst, the sound I heard was not the clock: it was the gate of eternity, turning on its hinges, to let a new sinner down into the depths; and sometimes I would cry to the unseen arrival, to know if he had been a thief; and then the sharp ring of my own voice would bring me to consciousness, for awhile.

Then I fell fast asleep, physically worn out, I

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suppose, and slept dreamlessly for a couple of hours. When I woke, the shadows of twilight filled the library. I started up, for I thought I heard a sound—a hoarse croak—then words, that seemed audible, saying:

"You have had revenge—you are a thief!"

At that instant, I became aware of a great commotion in the corridor. I sprang from my seat, and ran into the hall. There was a crowd of servants there, Jacintha among them, all calling and sobbing in fright. Then, through a sort of mist, I saw two men passing up the stairs. They were carrying a body, that of a woman. Her face was turned towards me, and I beheld the face of my cousin Isabel, cold, white, dead!

I have no clear recollection of what followed for some hours, yet I have been told since, that I behaved with apparently perfect composure. It was I who gave orders, had doctors sent for, undressed Isabel, helped while her leg was set, moved, talked like my ordinary self. The proof that all this was done, without any distinct volition of my own, lies in the fact, that, when, quite late in the evening, Jacintha spoke to me about Isabel's accident, I did not know what she meant. It all had to be explained to me, yet I had at first questioned and been answered.

The unfortunate girl had been thrown from her horse, and her left leg broken; but the real danger lay in a hurt to the head, which had caused concussion of the brain. She would remain, at least, four-and-twenty hours, in the comatose state in which she now lay; and until sense returned, the wisest physician could not pronounce, whether recovery, or death, must follow.

I knew that she would die, and that I should never even be able to tell her of my crime. She would go out of the world, believing Hugh Pallisser untrue to his word. I hoped she might rouse up enough for me to reveal the truth; but she would not; that was to be part of my punishment!

I was thinking this, when Jacintha came weeping to me again. Would I go down stairs, and see poor Mr. Everett? He had not left the house, since he helped to bring Miss Isabel in: he did so beg to see me! Jacintha clung to me, and consulted me, and obeyed, in a queer, beautiful obliviousness of the disrespect she had always shown. But I did not even think it odd.

I did not remember that it was Robert Everett, who helped to carry Isabel upstairs, though I knew him very well, of course; he had been a frequent visitor at the house; he owned the next estate to the Manor. He was a handsome, agreeable young man, to whom I had never paid much attention, beyond now and then thinking, that, if he were not so rich, he might have done something in the world. I noticed, too, that he was wildly in love with Isabel; and when my purgatory was at its blackest, smiled to see how ill he bore his pains.

I went down stairs into the library, and Robert Everett hurried towards me, almost as pale as she whom I had left on the bed, upstairs. He asked a dozen questions, and answered them himself: he had seen the doctors.

"Then, what do you want of me?" I asked, perhaps rather fretfully, absently I am sure. I was looking towards the chimney, and seeing in fancy the smoke, and the blackened letter curl slowly away!

I know he talked on, but I did not understand a syllable, until these words caught my ear:

"And only, to-day, to have gained my happiness—only to-day—and now to lose her—I can't—oh, my God, I can't!"

I stared at him, as he wrung his hands, and strode up and down. I caught his arm, saying:

"I don't know what you mean! *You* lose her—you!"

"She promised to be my wife—only to-day," he groaned. "Ah, do let me see her—just for a moment! I have a right!"

I only felt somewhat more stunned than before at this revelation. Through the slow, sluggish action of my brain, I heard that demon-like croak, that changed to a phantom voice. But the words were altered a little. Now they were:

"A thief—you are a thief—and for what?"

I did let him see her. I was past caring what people might say or think. But, indeed, there was no one the wiser; for Jacintha was alone with Isabel. I had already sent for my aunt, but she had not arrived yet. She could not come before morning

That evening, sooner than the doctor had expected, Isabel got her senses again. She seemed quite rational, but at first remembered nothing about the accident. Such, however, is almost always the case, as everybody familiar with similar matters knows.

I was sitting by her bed, and Jacintha too, as she slowly struggled back to consciousness. I motioned Jacintha to go down stairs, and call old Doctor Thorne, who was waiting below. Presently, Isabel looked at me. She had recognized me, at once. But now an odd expression of regret came into her eyes.

"I oughtn't to have said it, Grace," she half whispered. "It was a lie. No more honest man than your father ever lived! I think the

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devil took possession of me—you are so violent—but then I exasperate you, I know! What am I in bed for? Was it this morning? Why, I went out to ride—"

So, gradually, she groped her way on to a recollection of the horseback excursion, (she could not recall the accident,) to the plighting of troth between her and Robert Everett; and there she grew excited, and called piteously for him; and when the doctor came up, he ordered Robert, who had remained below, to be sent for.

I sat in the room, while the pair talked for a few moments; I was so near, I could have touched either of them with my hand; but a whole world swept between us, nevertheless. They were commonplace people, with common enough virtues maybe, not heroic or grand in any way; but they were honest, and I—I was a thief!

How was I to tell Isabel? The doctor said she was to be kept quiet, and I dared not begin my confession. Perhaps, after all, she had only accepted Everett out of pique. But I knew, if she lived, she would hold to her word, no matter what was told her; and I began to have a strange, bitter kind of pity for Hugh Pallisser. He had wantonly made a fool of me; but he loved this woman, and he would suffer terribly at losing her; for he could suffer, I felt certain of that.

The next day, my aunt reached home. She behaved more sensibly than I had expected. But you see she really loved her daughter, and when the strength given by love is called into play, people usually do behave better than usual.

A tendency to neuralgia retarded Isabel's recovery. So far as the hurt to her head was concerned, all would have gone well enough; but the broken leg gave trouble; fever set in; she grew delirious, and for three days and nights we did not know whether the issue would be for life or death.

I never left her. They told me, afterwards, I was admirable, from first to last. I don't remember much about it! Plainer than I saw Isabel's face—oh, much plainer!—I saw always the thin line of smoke curling up—the blackened letter floating away! Clearer than I heard the fiendish croak, that became a phantom voice, and that said, and said, always:

"A thief—a thief! You have had your revenge. But she will die, and you cannot confess."

To add to my distress, though distress is not the word, I only felt stunned, and vaguely wretched, that my aunt and Jacintha would overwhelm me with thanks and praises; and once my aunt kissed my hand; yes, and Jacintha got on her knees, and pressed her face down on my slipper. Oh, my God, I thought I should die! I hoped I might; but I could not!

More days passed, four or five I should think, though I cannot tell; for even yet I am a little afraid to ask for a clear recital of the events of that season. But I knew the day came, when the doctor said that Isabel was out of danger.

I heard him. She was to live. I could make my confession. But now it seemed to me, that I would rather die; indeed that was the best thing I could do; I had no real place in the world; it would be better for me and others, if I went away.

I strayed down into the library, a little while after. Aunt and Jacintha were with Isabel. They thought I had gone to my room, to rest, as they bade me. I had not once had my clothes off, for days and nights. Not once had I slept, save when, now and again, as I sat by the sick bed, I would find myself dozing, dreaming, but still conscious of where I was.

I was lying on the sofa. If I had reflected at all, I should have had no fear of being disturbed, for, of course, visitors were not admitted. But naturally Robert Everett did not rank among that order. I remember catching sight of myself in a mirror, and thinking that I must look like my own ghost, in that loose, blue wrapper, with my hair streaming down my back, and my white face, and my eyes seeming to make half the countenance.

I heard the door open, heard some one enter.

"What is it, Jacintha? Do you want me?" I asked.

"Yes, I want you," said a voice.

I looked up. Hugh Pallisser was bending over my sofa.

The thought of his misery; the recollection that to him I could confess; that so sharp an expiation might ease my soul a little, even if it could not lessen my guilt, all these things flashed upon me at once. I half rose. I cried out, or it seemed to me that I cried out, in a loud, dreadful voice:

"You have come too late, Hugh Pallisser. Isabel is engaged to Robert Everett! It is my fault—I—"

Then I could get no further. My strength failed, for the instant, and I dropped back on the couch; and he was kneeling by me, and saying:

"My poor lamb, my brave little Grace! Only yesterday, I got your aunt's letter, telling me what had happened, and of all your courage and devotion to your poor cousin. Grace, Grace, it is no time to speak; but I can't be silent. I wrote to Isabel, I asked her to find out if I had

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deceived myself. I had to go away, my business compelled me; and I dared not speak, for you had changed so strangely. Oh, Grace, have I deceived myself? Can't you love me?"

I heard. I comprehended. I saw heaven before me. But I saw it, away off through an unattainable distance, just as Dives strained his eyes towards Lazarus, across the impassable gulf!

But I did not hesitate. It was not even difficult to speak. I could confess. Love, hope, happiness, all would be stricken from me, with the first sentence I uttered; but at least I should have freed my soul. I could not remove the fact that I had sinned, but I could prove to God that I repented.

"You wrote to Isabel—"

"Yes, to tell her the truth. She thought I had trifled with you, and I thought you admired John Lorton. I wrote to ask her, if she found you cared, to give you a letter, that was inside hers—"

I put my hand over his mouth.

"I burned the letter," I cried, "to have my revenge on you and her—I burned it! I am a thief—do you hear? I am a thief! Go away—are you satisfied—go away!"

Then I thought I must have gone wholly mad. Hugh's arms were about me, Hugh's kisses on my lips, Hugh's voice in my ear.

"My darling, my darling! We were all wicked except you, my poor little one. Isabel wanted to teaze Everett, and I wanted to teaze you—oh, Isabel will tell you—she made her mother write. Gracie—love—listen to me—"

But I could not listen any further. I fainted dead away. When consciousness returned, weeks and weeks had passed; for I hovered between life and death all that time, in the grim embrace of the terrible fever, which, I suppose, had been firing my brain, for days before it declared itself.

Ah, well, these things happened ten years ago; and if I tell them to you now, it is only in the hope that you may read aright this lesson my experience teaches. I shudder, even now—though they tell me fever had more to do with it than I fancy—I shudder, even now, when I think of that one DARK DEED.

THE PILGRIM'S HOPE.

BY GERTIE V. MACK.

We toil along life's pathway,
But gaze with eager eyes
Where, in the dim, blue distance,
The Land of Promise lies,
Glad with the beauty of summer,
And the smile of happy skies.

And when the dark'ning storm-cloud
Shows in the lightning's glare,
Our hearts grow sick; but on we press—
We know, amid our care,
That the sunlit heights are tow'ring
Calm in the upper air.

In the tumult of the present,
We image the peace to come,
Painting on life's dark canvas
A picture of light and bloom,
That shines like the sun-born Iris,
Against the tempest gloom.

We shudder and yet we fall not,
Though the world seems desolate,
Forever and ever dreaming
Of the pleasure and calm that wait,
Afar in the fairy future,
Beyond the storms of fate.

Oh, visions and dreams that lure us,
Like the desert mirage in the air!
When shall we rest in those bowers,
And clasp those phantoms fair?
Sweet hope! she does not answer,
But she smiles and we cannot despair.

NEVER AGAIN.

BY MARY MIDDLEMORE.

We shall never walk, again,
You and I, my sweet,
Through the clover-scented lawn,
Violets at our feet;
Never again, never again,
In summer sun, or autumn rain!

All our fond good-byes are said,
Our last kisses taken.
Dear, the pleasant dream has fled,
We must needs awaken;
Never again, never again,
To meet in the lower world of men!

We shall ne'er take hands again,
Ne'er touch lips, my sweet,
Sighs and tears are all in vain,
Yet are they most meet;
Never again, never again,
In summer sun, or soft, May rain!

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MISS DEFARGE.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

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CHAPTER XII.

UPON entering the drawing-room, an hour later, Sir Roderick stopped short upon the threshold. Instead of a solitary, wretched, ill-attired woman, waiting with morbid gloom among the faded satin and tarnished gilding, for his sneers, he found the long rooms well-lighted, and wearing almost a festive air, and upon the whole forming a by no means inartistic setting for the two well-dressed women, who confronted his gaze unflinchingly.

"*Ma foi*," he exclaimed, in an undertone. "What is it we have here?"

It was several seconds before he recovered himself. When he did, the usual diabolical half laugh broke from his lips, and he advanced towards the two. But the companionship of Terese, who stood erect and defiant at her side, and also the consciousness of the new effects in herself, sustained Lady Dysart, and kept her from the bitter quailing she knew so well, even when he approached them and spoke.

"This is new indeed," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "And you, too, Mademoiselle Defarge," with a mocking bow to Terese. "Truly, we are honored."

He leaned against the mantel, and glanced at his wife from head to foot, and in spite of his mood found nothing to deride.

"'Gad," he said. "It is wonderful. One sees nothing to laugh at. You are a finer woman than I thought you, my lady; and your amber and black becomes you amazingly well. One feels almost at home. There is air and taste enough to be suggestive of Paris, and people much less respectable, and of far more wit than ourselves."

That he did not understand the secret of Terese's presence was evident. She found him regarding her slyly, with an air of much amusement. Her good looks and *hauteur* of carriage he admired boldly, but there was always a spice of ill feeling in the sentiment she inspired him with. It was not his way to be specially fond of people whom he could not intimidate, though it was his chief weakness to despise those whom he could.

It was not until his guests arrived, that his eyes were opened to the true state of affairs. The over-dressed women, and dubious, loud-voiced men, who crowded into the rooms, seemed to lose their high and boisterous good spirits with remarkable suddenness. The two dark, statuesque figures, which confronted them, a few paces from the door, did not belong to their world. Terese Defarge, tall, in her black dress, and high coiffure, and with the faint odor of yellow jessamines about her, was a presence so incongruous in their midst as to be at once mysterious and alarming. A certain graceful and peculiar little bow she bestowed upon each new comer, fixing her sombre, handsome eyes upon his or her face, proved a serious check to hilarity.

"Look here!" commented a fascinating young lady, all white, and blue, and brilliant complexion, and abundant golden locks. "She is a regular swell you know—the young one in black and yellow. One doesn't often see such a swell out of London, and the season. And I say, surely the other isn't Dysart's wife: I always heard she was a regular guy."

They tried very hard to keep up the general hilarity, and not be cheated out of "the fun;" but it was not easy. There was an unconquerable little check upon them. No one could be sure that they would not find Miss Defarge's fine eye transfixing them in steady impassiveness, or Lady Dysart looking round with her calmly curious air. The women began to whisper among themselves, and the men to gather in astonishingly well-conducted and subdued little groups, and try to look at ease and indifferent. The majority of them, indeed, were openly guilty of the defection of casting admiring glances across the room, in the direction of their hostess and her companion.

"They are deuced fine women—that's what they are," commented a coarse hunting squire.

It was at this stage of the evening, that Lady Dysart touched Terese with her fan, and directed her attention towards the door.

"There is Roger," she said. "And he is coming to us."

Terese turned quickly. By this time she had begun, with however great reluctance, to understand why the unexpected appearance of Roger Dysart was always a little exciting to her—why

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he could anger her, rouse her spirit, touch her, and fill her with rebellious impatience, as he continually did.

To-night, her pulses beat tempestuously. It was as if she saw another man. He was altered as greatly as Lady Dysart, and by the same means. Instead of the old velveteen hunting suit, he wore the conventional evening costume, and it must be admitted that Terese was secretly amazed to see that he wore it well, with a certain freedom and grace, which robbed it of its stiffness and unpicturesque look. His great height and fine contour, his powerful build and savage ease of movement, made him a more original and less commonplace figure than a man in a black, evening coat usually is. His face was slightly flushed, with some excitement, and he advanced rapidly towards the two women.

"I am not usually invited to Sir Roderick's entertainments," he said. "And I was not invited to this one; but I am here, nevertheless. Why did you not tell me what you were going to do? I did not know, until I caught sight of you on your way down stairs. I don't understand what it all means now. I only know you have no right here alone—"

"Nevertheless," said Terese, "we have progressed reasonably well so far."

He turned angrily to Lady Dysart.

"Don't you know what manner of people these are?" he demanded. "Do you see them anywhere else but here?"

"*I* came because I could not help it," said Lady Dysart. "Do not *you* know that."

"I came because I chose," said Terese, lifting her eyes to his face. "Don't you understand that? Look round the room, and see if our presence has been without effect."

He did look, and when he turned to her again, she saw that he began to understand. He drew close to her, and looked down at her, smiling a grave, little smile.

"I thought you were in a den of wild beasts," he said. "And they are not so bad, after all—though one never knows what may happen. I made up my mind that you would need defense, and I came to defend you. If you take care of the women, I will take care of the men."

The girl's delicate, dark cheek glowed, and she answered him, in a rapid, soft undertone—a tone new to him through its very softness.

"I am glad," she said, "glad that you are here."

"Roger," said Lady Dysart, touching his coat-sleeve, a short time after, "I never saw this before."

He regarded the garment dubiously.

"I did not want to look like a brute," he said, "so I mounted Dolores, and rode to Darrelworth for it."

"It is five miles to Darrelworth," commented Lady Dysart.

"Yes," he answered, "it is five miles."

He took up his position close to them, and remained there during the whole of the evening, creating no small sensation among the feminine portion of the guests, at least. His goodly proportions inspired them with emotions approaching respect, and even the men could not wholly despise him, since he confronted one and all with no pretence of occupying any other position than one coolly and boldly defensive. He was not of themselves, and did not profess to be, or even allow them to mistake him.

"The evening," remarked the count to Sir Roderick, showing an alarming array of narrow, white teeth, "the evening is scarcely what we expected. It is quite," with upraised shoulders, "of the nature of a little family gathering. Why are not the small children here—and their *bonne*."

The evil smile appeared, its charm added to by a suggestion of a possible evil scowl.

"Their governess is here," said Sir Roderick. "And that has been enough for us. The little devil has inspired my lady with a demon."

The count glanced across the room at Terese.

"She is not so little," he said. "She is taller than most women—and handsomer, *Pardieu!* And has more wit."

The next night, Sir Roderick went away, taking his friends with him. But before he went, he sought Terese out, and bade her farewell, after a fashion of his own.

"You are a sharp and courageous young person, Mademoiselle Defarge," he said. "And because you had cowards and fools to deal with, last night, you got the better of them, and of me, too, for once. But once is not always, and if I had not a little engagement to keep at Hamburg, which cannot be postponed, I would remain behind a while, and try again; and then—" with a nod, "*then* we should see."

CHAPTER XIII.

In three days the Court had returned to its old quiet. The rooms were reduced to order; Lady Dysart was downstairs again; the children resumed the usual routine of their lessons; and Elizabeth made a pilgrimage from the parsonage, whenever the whim seized her.

The whim seized her pretty frequently too. She came even oftener than ever—sometimes even twice or thrice a day. But in these days it was not Roger she came to see; it was Terese:

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and gradually Terese's eyes were opened to the fact, that the old intimacy between the two was slackening wonderfully. Roger had applied himself again to his work, with the old feverish energy. He was rarely to be seen during the day, and when he came home at night he was always busy. He scarcely spoke, unless some one of them addressed him, and Terese found her own intercourse with him limited to a mere exchange of brief greetings. But there had been a time, when even such preoccupation as this, would not have been an obstacle in the path of the placid Elizabeth. Somehow or other, it would continually have happened that they met, and enjoyed their customary unconventional interviews. But remarkably enough, all this had ceased. Elizabeth's first question was no longer "Where is Roger?" She no longer strayed over to descant, with penitent pathos, upon the subject of Kitty's left hind-foot. She did not ride Kitty at all, and when she encountered Roger, she rarely did more than smile, with much tranquility; enquire amiably how he did; and then subside into silence, or her usual erratic style of conversation with Terese. If her own frame of mind had been other than it was, Terese might have felt it her duty to inquire into the matter; but as it was, she felt it safer to be silent. It was a weakness of hers to be bitterly resentful of her own shortcomings. It was horrible to her to be moved to self-contempt, and just at this juncture, she was full of it. She had allowed her vanity and temper to betray her into the most despicable of follies, and now she was bearing the consequences of it. "The most despicable of follies," that was how she put it. She would employ no milder term. Truth to tell, she had less mercy upon Terese Defarge than she would have had upon any other woman.

"It was the poorest revenge that the poorest vanity could have forced me into," she said, in her frequent mental coloquies. "The weakest of vain creatures might be ashamed of doing such a thing. And I have always prided myself upon my strength. Why need I have cared to resent their stupid pride and insolence? I deserve all—all—all."

And this word "all" had a wide significance. Through the slowest of processes, she had arrived at a strange climax—one which startled and stung her, as it might have done even a woman of far less high and impetuous spirit. She had rebelled indignantly at the feeling, which had so gradually and insidiously taken possession of her; she had resented its first approach, with a quick contempt, quite uncalled for; she had been angry with herself, and even alarmed. Again and again she had seen men love her vainly, and had regarded their unsought passions with contempt. And now—*now!*

She was too unhappy to be very just. She was not exactly just to Basil Howth, who was foolish enough to linger in the village, and wander to and from the "Hand" to the Court, and from the Court to the "Hand," and to throw himself in her path at all times—in her walks, and drives, and church-goings with the children—until his feelings were too much for him, and he was obliged to seek refuge with Elizabeth, who could not have roused herself to be disdainful, if she would, and would not if she could.

Elizabeth, however, had ceased to prophesy, generously, that all would be right in time. She had ceased to prophesy at all. She listened, with as serene a patience as before, to the young man's eloquent plaints, and constant practice had rendered the gentle sigh a perfection of sighs, of which she was privately a little proud. But she knew better than to say now that the prospect ahead need not discourage him. She was not as utterly inane or indifferent, this fair Elizabeth, as surface-judging people might have imagined. In due time, Terese made this discovery, with some alarm and inward discomfiture.

"For my part," said, Elizabeth, one day, rousing from a fit of abstraction, which had fallen upon her, as she sat with Terese, "for my part, you know, I should tell him to go."

Terese started and frowned.

"Tell who to go?" she asked.

She met Elizabeth's blue eyes, with a strong sense of discomfort. Elizabeth was unmoved.

"Basil Howth," she answered.

Terese frowned more impatiently than ever. It was not her habit to make confidences, and she had held her own counsel concerning Basil Howth, very sternly.

"What do you mean?" she said.

"Oh!" explained the goddess, her frank composure perfectly astounding, "of course, I know all about it, though we have not talked to each other. I couldn't help seeing that you were both abominably uncomfortable. I should have seen that much, and guessed the rest from it, even if he had not told me. It is such a transparent thing, that you would hate him, if you felt free to do it."

"You are saying some remarkable things," was Terese's cold rejoinder.

She felt icily uncomfortable. If Elizabeth had seen this much, what else might she not have seen? What might she not carry concealed, under that indifferent, wholly careless air of hers?

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"Am I?" said Elizabeth, "Why remarkable? One can't help using one's eyes, you know."

And she yawned—the most nonchalant possible little yawn.

"And it is not fair either," she went on. "See how wretched he is—and how wretched you are yourself—'

"Elizabeth," interposed Terese, in a sharp, eager voice, "do you mean to say that I *look* wretched?"

Elizabeth's eyes rested on her, with the most trying quiet.

"Of course you do," she said, at last. "Your eyes have a kind of bright, impatient, feverish look, and you are never at ease."

"Never at ease!" echoed Terese.

"Never at ease," repeated Elizabeth. "You are hot and cold by turns. You are high and mighty with Roger, and unpleasant to Basil. I am the only one of the three you treat decently, and you would snub me now and then, if I was of enough consequence."

Terese got up, and began to walk up and down the room. Elizabeth took the trouble to turn her head slowly over her shoulder, that she might be able to watch her with greater ease.

"And as I say," she proceeded, "though it is not pleasant—though it's an awful bore, in fact, to have to bring matters to a crisis—still, when you must either do it or have to exert yourself constantly, to face worse things—bother, you know, and worry, and people nagging at you in a sentimental way—it occurs to me it would be better to have it over. Why not," propounding the query with angelic amiability. "Why not resign yourself to one collossal row and have it over?"

Terese stopped short, and stood before her, angry, humiliated, proud, and trying to be cold.

"Elizabeth," she said, "what do you mean?"

But Elizabeth was not at all disturbed.

"I mean," she answered, "that in your place, I think I should tell Basil Howth I was not going to marry him if I wasn't. And I don't think you are."

Terese uttered a low, impassioned, little exclamation.

"I—I despise myself!" she cried.

"I don't object to that," answered Elizabeth, "though I should say it was scarcely to be encouraged, for the sake of one's peace of mind. But I would advise you to put an end to the other. That was the folly you repented, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Ah! I thought so," her manner somewhat self-congratulatory. "I told Roger so."

She remained to dine with them that day, but Roger did not appear at the table. He had taken his gun and dog, and gone out early, Jekyl informed them, and he had not yet returned. He had not returned, when Elizabeth went home, nor even at their ten o'clock supper.

"I don't quite understand it," said my lady. "Such a thing never occurred before."

"Perhaps," suggested Terese, "he has gone to Darrelworth."

"He would not be likely to remain there all night," returned Lady Dysart.

CHAPTER XIV.

INDEED, as it became later, her manner was a little uneasy. It was so unlike Roger, to be absent at such an hour, that she could not help at last confessing to some anxiety.

After her first suggestion, Terese said very little. The restlessness, which seized upon her as the night advanced, alarmed her. She was full of miserable perturbation, and could only strive to maintain a decent aspect of composure. She was almost glad, despite her secret fever of apprehension, when Lady Dysart gave the matter up for the night.

"We will console ourselves by saying that he has gone to Darrelworth," she said. "He never did such a thing before, but then he never had anything like business to do, until lately."

Terese went to her room and to bed, but not to sleep. Darkness and silence made her additionally restless. She lay, with eyes wide open, until the dawn, and then got up and dressed.

"There must be a reason for this miserable anxiety," she said to herself. "Something—something is wrong."

She drew aside the window curtains, and looked out. It was a damp, misty morning, with a dull, gray sky. During the night it had rained, and everything was wet with the penetrating drizzle.

"There is no possible excuse for my going out," she said. "And yet I must go. I cannot stay in," she added, in a breathless voice.

She was in the frame of mind to be desperately careless of consequences. She did not confess to herself that her sole object in going out in the fog and damp, would be that she might have some slight chance of seeing, or hearing, of Roger Dysart. She did not confess that she had been kept awake, all night, by fevered imaginings of evil which might have befallen him; and yet such was the case. She had had no confidence in her suggestion of Darrelworth, as an explanation of his absence, even when she had made it; and the more she argued the point, the less foundation she found for belief in it. He would not have gone to Darrelworth without mentioning it; he

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would not have taken dogs and gun with him; and he had no business there, which could possibly have detained him all night.

"Something has happened," she said, over and over again. "Something has happened—something has happened, and we have let the night pass, without trying to find out what."

She made her way down stairs, and out into the open air, without encountering anyone. Once having left the park gates behind her, she turned towards the moors and walked rapidly. The turf was moist and spongy under her feet, and the rain began to fall drizzlingly again; but she scarcely noticed it, save through an increased sense of eagerness and discomfort. She was governed only by the most indefinite of plans. The wide, unbroken stretch of furze and heather seemed the only place to go to.

So she made her way through mist and rain, furze and heather. The moorland spread out monotonously on every side, and she could not see far through the damp, gray atmosphere. She did not even know exactly what she expected to see, and yet now and then she paused, and looked anxiously from right to left.

"There may be nothing to see," she said, more than once, a kind of anger against herself conquering her fear. "And what right have I to be here—why should I be here—*I* instead of Elizabeth?"

But she went on—on until she had left Dysart far behind, and she stood in the midst of the heather—checked at last by an indistinct something she saw ahead—the indistinct outline of something lying outstretched upon the ground.

"It is a man," she said, sharp dread seizing upon her. "No man would be lying there, in such weather as this, unless he had been badly hurt."

Almost at the same instant, she heard a groan, and though its sound was by no means pleasant, as it fell upon the desolate air, she experienced a slight sense of relief, and advanced with greater composure.

The next moment she was standing above the prostrate form of Roger Dysart, who had opened his closed eyes, with a start.

"Good God!" he exclaimed. "Is it you? I thought—I thought no one would ever come."

He spoke faintly and exhaustedly, and she saw that his clothes were dank and sodden with rain, and that the green of his velveteen shooting-coat was stained with a darker color, here and there. As for him—he saw, bending over him, a face, pale, excited, fearful, and so moved by some new inward feeling, that, weak as he was, it set his pulse astir.

"Where are you hurt?" she asked. "How did it happen?"

"I scarcely know," he answered. "I think I caught my foot against a clump of heath—I stumbled, and as I fell, the gun went off, and I received the charge in my shoulder. I have lost blood. I must have been deucedly awkward. I feel as if I had broken my ankle, too. I cannot move. I have been lying here all night."

He closed his eyes again, almost as if the mere exertion of speaking had been too much for him.

"That was the worst of it," he added, in a low, uneven tone, "the lying here so long. It has seemed so confoundedly long. And I think I must have been a little light-headed. I don't remember distinctly what I have been doing—only I remember trying to get up, and falling; and the pain of the fall—and the chill and darkness. It was like being out of the world. Even the dogs left me—ungrateful beggars!"

Terese knelt down by him, shaken both inwardly and outwardly. It fairly startled her to think what the night must have been to him.

"You are chilled and stiff with cold," she said. "And your clothes are wet through."

"Yes," he answered, "I am stiff and wet enough. I have not moved for many an hour."

Neither said very much, as she chafed his hands, and tried to bring back to him something like warmth. Reluctant as he was to allow himself to be conquered, he was too faint and weak to be able to combat against feeling long.

"Don't take the trouble to do that," he said. "You should not be kneeling here, on the wet ground. If you will just go to the nearest cottage, and send some one—"

"I do not like to leave you," said Terese; "but suppose I must. There is no other way."

She stood up, and began to unbuckle the belt at her waist.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"This is a water-proof cloak," she replied, touching her long outer wrap of dark gray. "I am going to fold it over you."

"I do not want it," he protested. "Keep it on. Do you think I would take it, and let you make your way through this drizzling mist without it."

She said nothing, but slipped out of the garment, looking rather obstinate; and then knelt again, and folded it closely around him, despite his angry objections. Then she rose.

"I will walk as quickly as possible," she said. "It will not be long before you are safe at home."

She had turned, and taken two or three steps, when he called her back, suddenly.

"Wait," he said, "one moment."

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She stopped, and turned towards him again.

"I want to know," he said, "what time it is."

She took out her watch, and looked at it.

"It is just six," she answered.

A flash of color started to his face.

"Six!" he echoed. "You are out early."

"Yes," she replied, "I am out early."

Then she was gone—had disappeared in the fog, and he was lying alone, the heather stretching around him, the dull, gray sky above, and he broke into a restive groan of wretchedness, mental and physical.

"It was no thought of me that brought her here," he said. "What a miserable devil I am."

CHAPTER XV.

Even a handful of shot in one's body, and a sprained ankle, are not trifles to bear, either when borne alone or together; but it was neither of these misfortunes which was productive of the greatest annoyance to Roger Dysart. The night spent, lying among the heather, under a penetrating rain, had done for him what nothing less trying would have done—brought on the only serious illness he had ever experienced. For several weeks he was confined to his room, and even after this lapse of time, emerged from it pale and hollow-eyed, rebelling irritably against his own weakness, and even while bent on defying it, obliged to succumb, and submit to giving up all action, and lying upon a sofa, day after day, and even week after week.

Upon the whole, he was scarcely an agreeable patient, particularly during the slow, convalescent stage. Nothing short of Elizabeth's placidity could have borne with him, and held him in check. Contrary to the ordinary custom of heroines, Miss Defarge had taken little part in the general attendance upon him. She had left that to Lady Dysart and Elizabeth, and had gone on the even tenor of her way. But Elizabeth had earned lays and laurels innumerable. She had established herself in the sick-room, and comported herself with a faithfulness, as marvelous as it was unexpected.

"No one has as good a right to care for him as I have," she had said, with novel warmth, to Terese. "I couldn't stay at home, and let some one else do this kind of thing for him."

In a comfortable, slow-moving fashion, she did wonderful things in the sick chamber. She was never in a hurry, she never got excited, and she never lost her temper or patience. She could sit by the fire, night after night, her hands thrown behind her head, and her eyes wide open, actually appearing to enjoy herself, without wanting to go to sleep. She had an excellent appetite, and equable spirits, and when Roger raved and protested against remedies, she was not to be disturbed. In his penitent moods, which occurred frequently, the invalid more than once burst forth into protestations of gratitude.

"What a faithful creature you are, Lizzie," he would cry. "*You* always stand by a fellow, no matter what he does or says."

Once, as she stood by him, he caught her hand, and laid it against his haggard cheek, with a repentant groan.

"You are a good girl, Lizzie," he said. "You are worthy of more than a poor devil of a Dysart can give you."

"Am I?" she answered, and laughed a little, and stood amiably still, apparently without the slightest regard for the sentiment of her position, allowing him to hold her hand passively.

In fact, for some time, Elizabeth had been rather a mystery to him. It had never been her style to indulge in sentiment, and so he could not say that anything of sentiment was lost in her manner. She was certainly not less frank, or less free of speech; she talked as much tranquil nonsense as ever, when they were thrown together; and yet, notwithstanding this, and the utter incomprehensibility of the thing, he found her a new Elizabeth—an Elizabeth utterly different, and standing wholly apart from the goddess, who had fanned him in the summer, and worn the classic white merino, because he had said he liked it, and prostrated herself in dust before him under his reproaches, on the subject of Kitty's left hind-foot.

While he lay ill, he pondered over the change often, and wondered wherein it lay; but he never found himself any nearer a solution of the problem. His love for another woman was too passionate to allow of his comprehending Elizabeth, as thoroughly as he might have done, under some circumstances. He was too fond of her, in a cool, unimpassioned way, to find significance in her actions—at least, significance of any special importance. To his detriment though it be, I must confess that it had never been his wont to disturb himself greatly, on the score of Elizabeth. It was only Elizabeth, after all—Elizabeth handsome, amiable, easy-going, inconsequential; Elizabeth whom he had liked, and lost temper with, and even bullied a little at times, and who had always been submissive, and careless, and free from any feminine frailties.

He pondered over the matter, as I have said, but he never lost sleep or peace of mind through it, he never fretted, and raged, and suffered sharply, and despised himself for his folly, as he did, when he thought of Terese Defarge.

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Just for one moment—that one moment, when, as he lay on the damp heath, he had called her back to ask the time—just for that one brief moment, he had been roused by a passionate stir of hope. It had leaped to his breast against the will of his cooler reasoning. And the next instant it had died down, and he had felt a species of hard contempt against himself for his folly. Whatever else she had wandered to the spot for, whatever incomprehensible whim had brought her there, it had not been to look for him.

During the time that he was confined to his room, he scarcely saw her at all. She had not seemed to trouble herself about him. She had spent the usual number of hours in the school-room, teaching the children; she had performed the customary round of her self-assumed duties in the household; but she had not shown any particular anxiety concerning him. He had heard from Elizabeth that Mr. Basil Howth had disappeared from the "Hand," and the village, and was seen no more; and this fact had consoled him.

"Perhaps Terese has sent him back to Huntingdonshire," Elizabeth had startled him by saying, one night. "It was time she did, as she had made up her mind not to marry him."

"Did she," he faltered with feverish eagerness, "did she tell you she had done that?"

"There was no need that she should tell me," responded the goddess. "I knew that, without being told. It was easy enough to see she almost hated him, though there was not the least reasen for it in the world. She would have liked him well enough, if he had not wanted to marry her. He was the kind of person to like. I liked him."

"I—I don't believe it," he muttered, tossing fretfully on the pillow.

"What?" inquired Elizabeth.

"I don't believe she did not intend to marry him—or disliked him. It is not her way to stand on ceremony."

"She would not stand on ceremony with you," said Elizabeth, "but—did I ever," turning her head as calmly over her shoulder to look at him, as if she was propounding the most indifferent of queries, "did I ever tell you how it happened—the engagement, you know?"

Of course not, he fretted. What did it matter? What was it to either of them? Why should they care?

But Elizabeth did not seem to hear. She went on, imperturably, telling the story, and told it from beginning to end, with leisurely comments of her own; while Roger, listening, almost glared at her from his pillows, his hollow eyes and haggard face, eager, skeptical, agitated.

"Pooh!" terminated the goddess, with large philosophy, "it is only natural, after all. Do people like her ever fall in love with the person you expect them to? No, they don't. They are too impassioned and original. They give you surprises. They always marry the last man, or woman, on earth, you would think them suited to. They have whims and fancies, we commonplace ones know nothing of. Terese will marry some one incredible, or not marry at all."

When next she went down stairs, and saw her friend, Elizabeth "dropped upon" her unexpectedly.

"Did you send him back to Huntingdonshire?" she inquired.

"No," answered Terese, with some sharpness of tone. "I did not. I know nothing of him."

Whereupon Elizabeth fell into grave musing.

So the matter stood, when Roger dragged himself down stairs, a gaunt shadow of his former strength, to lie upon the sofa in the room below.

But even then Elizabeth did not desert him. She appeared to as great an advantage as ever, and preserved her equanimity as beautifully. She even went to the length of selecting books from the library, and reading aloud, which was an exercise her soul abhorred.

"But if it makes him go to sleep, or forget himself, what does it matter?" she remarked. "One must amuse him, somehow."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

CAN I FORGET?

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

When you are lying still and cold,
From out my grave I'll rise,
And on your face, look, as of old,—
But with what diff'rent eyes.

With me will come my murdered years,
My home left desolate,
The wrongs on wrongs, that prayers, nor tears,
Nor death can expiate.

For mem'ry lives, and right is right.
Here, in my grave, you're yet
The same false trait'ress in my sight—
No! I can *not* forget.

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"BLACK ART."

BY META H. HYDE.

THEY were going to have their photographs taken, Rita and Jenny; at least, Rita was to have hers taken, and Jenny was going to look on, and support her through the ordeal. Rita's mother was very anxious that her costume should be of suitable richness. She wished that Rita should wear her watch chain disposed around her neck, and aunt Jane sent over the family ornaments of cameo ear-rings and breastpin, that nothing might be lacking; but Jenny's advice was, a plain black silk dress, with sheer ruffles in the neck and sleeves, and neither ear-rings, chain or breastpin. Jenny's advice was usually followed by her pretty friend; it was not disdained on the present occasion.

"Ah, Rita," cried little Bell, scornfully, "is that all the way you are going to fix up to have your photograph taken! You look *horrid!* And your hair that plain, low-down way. Why don't you get sister to lend you her braid plait—to put across the top of your head—it will make you look as if you had so much more hair."

"I don't want to look as if I had any more," said Rita, coloring.

"I wouldn't do that way," confided Bell to Molly, her small attendant, and playmate. "*I'd dress up!*"

It was a brilliant June morning. The mountains and sky were deep blue. Everything had that clear, fresh, clean look that comes to a mountain region, the day after the rain. The Swannanoa gurgled over the rocks, behind the river birches. The two girls, with old Vic in the wagon, and Jenny for driver, traveled onwards cheerfully. There was one obstacle to their complete enjoyment, and that was that Mrs. Merton had decided that this was a good opportunity for the tin boiler to go up to town to be mended; and there it was, behind the seat, an uncompromising tin boiler.

"It's odious," said Rita, discontentedly. "I do wish mother would not think of sending such old things, when we go to town."

"People will think we have a milk wagon," said Jenny; "at a little distance, the boiler looks like milk cans."

"If it didn't rattle so, one might forget it."

"I think it has a stimulating effect on old Vie," said Jenny. "I never knew him to trot so amiably. Perhaps, in the course of Vic's history, in the years that are lost to us, he belonged to a milkman, and he thinks he is hearing long forgotten music. The only thing we need is a bell. We might ring it, when we get to the photographers."

"And bring out Mr. Hollis' red head at the window."

"Is Mr. Hollis the photographer?"

"Yes. How must I sit, Jenny? Must I have a full face or a three-quarters face taken?"

"Never mind, Rita. I'll arrange you artistically. I want that Psyche head turned to suit my ideas on the subject."

"You may turn it any way you choose, Jenny. *I* haven't any ideas. All I want is to avoid having Mr. Hollis to twist it and saw it up and down."

"With those frightful chemical fingers," said Jenny. "Aren't they odious, photographers' hands! I wish they wore gloves."

"But the gloves would be just as chemical, Jenny. They'd be sure to dip them in all those horrid smelling acids and things."

"So they would," said Jenny. "There is evidently no remedy."

At this point in the conversation, they reached the bottom of a steep hill leading into the town. As the wagon creaked up over the stones, the boiler vaulted and rolled alarmingly.

"Horrid thing!" said Jenny. "Why does it not keep still? Suppose it should roll out?"

"Dreadful! But I think we are over the steepest part, and safe now."

Rita's congratulation came too soon. As she spoke, a wheel went over a stone, and the boiler, with a resounding thump, bounced into the road.

"There," cried Jenny, "I hope you are satisfied! Hold the reins, Rita, and I'll get down, and put it in."

"No, Jenny, *I'll* get down—"

"But you can't. You're too fine. You're dressed in your black silk, and you can't pick up boilers."

"But, Jenny—"

"Cannot I assist you?" said a man's voice.

There rode up a young man, who dismounted before the girls could reply, and shouldered the boiler bravely. Rita and Jenny blushed, and thanked, and apologized, and the young man was on his horse, and out of sight, before they had recovered their equilibrium.

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"Oh, Jenny, wasn't it mortifying?"

"No," cried Jenny, laughing convulsively, "it wasn't mortifying, it was awfully funny; he so grave and polite, handing up the boiler, and you so flushed and confused, trying to receive it as if it did not belong to you. What splendid black eyes he had."

Rita laughed a little, but her cheeks were still pink, even after the objectionable boiler had ceased from its labors, and was left with the tinner, far down the street.

They alighted at a door, within which a staircase displayed on each step the name of Hollis, and a hand pointing to the "Art Gallery" above. The "Gallery" was empty, but from an inner room came "There directly."

The girls found entertainment enough in the inspection of photographs, the images of divers victims who had trodden this path before them.

"Here, Rita, what do you think of this position for the Psyche head?"

Rita laughed at the model, which was leaning most affectionately against the shoulder of an enraptured-looking youth.

"Wouldn't it do," said Jenny, mischievously, "if one could secure the handsome, black-eyed stranger, with the boiler hoisted on the other shoulder?"

"Certainly," said Rita. "I'll agree, if you can produce your black-eyed man."

"You wish to have pictures taken?"

The girls looked around quickly. This certainly was not red-haired Mr. Hollis. Jenny blushed, this time, for, as if in answer to Rita's careless challenge, here stood the black-eyed stranger himself. They could not know whether he had overheard their nonsense or not. He told them that Mr. Hollis was away, but that he, being there in Mr. Hollis' place, would try to give them a good picture.

A protracted affair it promised to be—the taking of that picture.

Jenny was a positive young person, and had fixed ideas of her own relating to the exact curve and the exact droop necessary to show Rita's head and profile to the best advantage. The artist, though agreeing as to the desirability of a curve and a droop, seemed perversely determined to cavil at each pose. Sometimes the Psyche head was too high, sometimes too low. More than once, with the civil, but determined "Pardon me," down upon the soft, waving hair dropped the "chemical fingers" the slightest of touches, but they brought the color to Rita's cheek, for there were Jenny's dancing eyes to be withstood. Jenny, behind the screen, could laugh, but poor Rita must be as imperturbably grave as Mr. Hollis' deputy.

Then, when all was arranged, apparently, to suit even the black-eyed's exactions, he would dive under the pall of the camera, remain submerged for an exhausting time, then reappear, to request calmly that the young lady's eyes might be directed to the green stripe of the wall instead of the blue screen.

Jenny's patience gave out, and she retired in despair to the window, to see what entertainment could be found there, in the contemplation of three horses tied to the fence, and two pigs in search of a livelihood. The photographer's voice recalled her.

"I think I have it right now," said this exasperating man. "Will you kindly look into the camera and see if the young lady's position suits your tastes as well?"

Jenny complied, and instantly uttered a scream of delight.

"Oh! it's the prettest little picture I ever saw in my life—you never imagined such exquisite coloring!"

"I wish I could see *you* in it, Jenny," said gentle Rita. The black-eyed man observed in silence, but when the picture was taken, and the negative was going through certain processes in the photographic sanctum, he came to Rita and said:

"I have prepared a plate and arranged it; if your friend will take your seat, you may have the pleasure of seeing the effect that she thought so beautiful."

Down sat Jenny, and tried to look as picturesque as she could, and how her eyes danced, and how ecstatic, Rita thought, was the reflection of the bright brunette face, colored with rich, enchanting dyes, like the light of a stained-glass window!

What a kind photographer! What marvelous patience he showed, while Madge exclaimed and Jenny turned her head from side to side. A most amiable photographer! Why, then, that look of deep disgust as the door opened for a stout personage, panting from the exertion of handing up the stairs three candynivorous children, one elderly, unmarried sister, and one nurse and a baby?

It was a sight to weaken the photographic heart, and this amiable, black-eyed photographer was, after all, but mortal.

Rita and Jenny fled before this invading host, with the assurance that the pictures should be ready in three days.

Mrs. Smith, living at the end of the little town of A——, found room for one choice boarder during the summer and autumn months. On this day her boarder not only came home late,

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for his dinner, but he refused his lemon-pudding and showed indifference to his chicken-pie.

"You ain't sick or anything, are you, Mr. Black?" remarked Mrs. Smith, with anxiety.

"Oh, not at all, thank you, Mrs. Smith."

"Will you have a cup of coffee, sir?"

"Thank you, I think I will." Mr. Smith suddenly became conversational. "The town is quite full, to-day, Mrs. Smith—have you noticed? Quite a number of country vehicles in the streets."

"They come in pretty thick generally, the first of the week," replied Mrs. Smith, waving the fly-brush.

"Quite a number of ladies," pursued Mr. Black. "By the way, two ladies came into Hollis,' where I happened to be, to have pictures taken. Perhaps you may know their names—two girls, one light-haired, the other dark."

"Very tall?" struck in Mrs. Smith; "the light-haired one as thin as a lightning-rod? I'll bet a dollar they were the Minxes—always having their likeness taken!"

"This young lady was not tall," said Mr. Black, "on the contrary, she was small."

"*Small*—light-haired," mused Mrs. Smith. "The other one dark. Can't you tell me what they called one another?"

"I think she called the dark one Jenny."

"Jenny! Oh, I know now—must have been the Stubblefields—Jenny Stubblefield, and Ione (pronounced *I-own*). One of them is dark and the other light-complected. Chatty, dressy girls, both of them. Yes, it must have been the Stubblefields—Becky said she saw them in town, to-day."

Mr. Black shuddered. "'*Iown*' Stubblefield—what a designation for the Psyche face!"

That was information enough for one day, Mr. Black retired. He tilted his chair comfortably beside his open window, at the precise point whence the view of blue mountains and distant Pisgah was the fairest, and fell to reading "Epochs of Ancient Art."

Ancient Art proved unsatisfactory. The book was thrown aside, and out came a sketch-book. Mr. Black began to sketch rapidly. Modern Art fared no better than its forerunner. "Confound it!" muttered the artist, surveying his work, discontentedly, "it's a caricature—a confounded caricature. What curves in that lovely face. What soft, waving hair she had! 'Iown' Stubblefield—great Caesar!"

Mr. Black raised his sketch to the mantelpiece, in order to get a more comforting view of it; in doing so, he caught sight of a note, addressed to him.

"A—Reading Club—(invites you to attend its weekly meeting)—Miss Carver's. I'll go. Miss Dora, thanks very much. You may look for Lawrence Black, Esq. And he will look for somebody else."

Wednesday evening accordingly found Mr. Lawrence Black at the Reading Club. Miss Dora was making much vivacious conversation for his pleasure, but Mr. Black's countenance was far from contented, and his restless eyes searched every face that entered.

"Mrs. Thompson is going to read, I believe," said Miss Carver, at length; "perhaps we had better find seats."

She glided to a sofa that held but two. The gentleman followed obediently.

"If you're waking call me early," began Mrs. Thompson, in a thin, high voice.

At this moment Mr. Black confided to himself these words, "Why the deuce did I come?"

"Lovely, is it not?" whispered Miss Dora. "That is *such* a lovely piece, the 'May Queen.'"

"Delightful," said Mr. Black.

"I suspect you of being fond of poetry," again whispered Miss Dora.

"Not at all. But shall we not disturb her by talking?"

Miss Dora smiled, and put her finger on her lips, in a bewitching way.

The May Queen came to an end. Mrs. Thompson retired to private life.

"Next on the programme comes a song," said Miss Dora; but I think they are going to ask Mr. Clump to read 'Hiawatha's Wooing.'"

Again Mr. Black confided certain sentiments to himself, in vehement language. Happily, "Hiawatha" proved to be a false alarm. A song was called for, and the fair hostess consented to sing it. Mr. Black, having nothing better to do, stood by her, to turn the leaves of her music.

As Fate would have it, the position of the piano gave him a complete view of the next room, and there, in a corner, giving serene attention to the whisperings of a youthful admirer, was the face he had been looking for all the evening. Rita was lovely to see. She wore the simplest of blue and white lawn dresses, with a white rose, and one green leaf, in the bosom of it. Her hair was brushed behind her ears, and knotted on her neck; but no brush could take out its delightful wave, and little tendrils had shaken themselves loose on her forehead. Rose pink were her fresh cheeks, and clear her golden, hazel eyes.

Poor Miss Carver. When her song was over, her attentive cavalier gave her scarce time to rise from the piano, before he said:

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"Miss Carver, is Miss Ione Stubblefield here, this evening?"

"She is," replied Miss Dora, with a look of surprise.

"Will you be kind enough to present me to her?"

"Certainly, if you wish it."

How it all happened, Mr. Black could not have told, but he found himself gazing, in bewilderment, at a stout, freckled-faced girl, with a quantity of frizzed hair hanging over her eyes.

"'Ione' Stubblefield, indeed!" said this hasty young man to himself, with some dismay, and a great relief struggling through his fastidious soul. "I was a fool, not to know better than that. Who is she then, the Psyche, and how am I going to get out of *this?*"

Get out of it he did, after the manner of men, with the help of a brother man. The youth in conversation with Miss Merton was just discovering that her eyes had begun to wander, when suddenly her face flushed brightly, and Tom Carver was saying:

"Rita, let me introduce Mr. Black. Miss Merton, Mr. Black. Excuse *me*. I've got to set some of these girls to reading. Where's Miss Warner, Rita? Do you think she will give us poor mountain folks a little of her first class elocution?"

"I don't know," said Rita, laughing. "You had better ask her."

"Do you like to listen to reading, Miss Merton?" said Mr. Black.

"I like to hear the reading of some people."

"It is a rare accomplishment."

"The young lady who's going to read now has it," said Rita. "I could listen to *her* all day."

"Miss Warner? Which is she?"

Rita indicated Jenny, with a secret trepidation and amusement, as she thought of the tin boiler and the "chemical fingers."

"Ah—" said Mr. Black. "She is—"

Rita looked at him. Their eyes met, and they both smiled.

Jenny began to read the "Rhyme of the Duchess May." Jenny's reading was delightful. It was recitation rather than reading, for she rarely read what she had not studied.

Rita's face faithfully reflected each emotion that moved Jenny's. She loved Jenny.

Mr. Black watched her changing color, jealously. When the piteous story was told, and Jenny's voice ceased, Rita's breath came in a long, fluttering sigh.

"You seem to like that melancholy tale," said the young man.

Rita looked up. His words were commonplace enough. Mr. Brown, who had been standing in his place, might have spoken them; but his dark eyes were flashing eager questions of their own. "What are you?" flashed the dark eyes, "tell me quickly, quickly. Why did your lip tremble, and your cheek turn pale, at that story of love and true faith? Are *you* shallow and faithless, like most women; vain and vacillating, so that a man dare not trust his heart to you, or are you fair, and pure, and lovely within, as you are fair, and pure, and lovely without?"

Doubtless the clear, golden eyes made their answer, both proud and meek.

"I hope your pictures were satisfactory, Miss Merton," he said, at length.

"The pictures! Oh—yes—my mother liked them."

"And you?"

"I think they are good enough. Did *you* think they were good?" she added, timidly.

"No, I did not. In many respects, they might have been better."

"You were very kind," said Rita, hesitating and blushing. "We ought to be very much obliged to you for taking so much pains. I suppose you are much tried by a number of people who can't get their pictures to suit them."

"When I make pictures, Miss Merton, my trials usually come from *one* person who can't get his pictures to suit him, and that is myself."

"Are you so fond of taking photographs?" her tone was rather cold.

Mr. Black laughed outright.

"Hardly. Yet under some circumstances, the process can be made delightful."

Again that betraying blush. Rita was powerless against it—the more she rebelled, the brighter it came.

The reading was over. Everybody was going home. Mary Fulton came for Rita. Before Miss Merton's new friend said "good-night," he had managed to find out that she was to spend a few days with Miss Fulton, who was one of his few A—— acquaintances. So he asked and obtained permission to call.

The next morning, at the breakfast table, when the Reading was naturally the warp of the young ladies' conversation, Mr. Black's name was spoken enthusiastically by Mary Fulton.

"Has he bought out Mr. Hollis?" said Jenny, carelessly.

"Mr. Hollis! What are you thinking of?"

"Why, isn't he a photographer?"

"Photographer! What put such a notion in your head? Mr. Black is an artist—a real artist. He paints the most beautiful pictures. He has come up to the mountains just to collect sketches.

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The girls here are all crazy about him; but he rarely calls to see one of them."

"But surely he was in Mr. Hollis' gallery, taking photographs, the other day?"

"I never heard of it. It must have been some one else."

"I'll question him about it. *You* question him, Rita."

"I never expect to have an opportunity," said Rita, demurely.

She was destined to have opportunities enough.

Peculiarly stimulating to the artistic eye were the pictures of mountain and valley seen from the hills around Judge Merton's house overlooking the river. The calves and colts ceased to stare at a familiar camp-stool and yellow umbrella which invaded their domains.

Mr. Black found opportunity to ask some questions on his own account, before the summer was ended; and had one, at least, satisfactorily answered.

One day saw him sitting, not under the yellow umbrella, but under the shade of a beech tree, and Rita was beside him. He was showing her a photograph which he had taken out of his pocket-book.

"Where did you get it?" she said, "I did not give it to you."

"I took it, the day I took you."

"How did you know anything about taking photographs. Where did you learn?" she said, after a pause.

"I don't know. Artists pick up scraps of knowledge of all sorts. I don't know much about the photographs. You remember I told you that I volunteered to stay that day for Hollis, who was obliged to go to W——. I had no idea of trying my hand until you came in; Hollis finished off that picture and the others."

"I think it's a very good picture," said Rita, emphatically.

"I have a better one," said Mr. Black, taking a bit of card-board out of his portfolio. There! Don't you think it looks more natural?"

"Oh! how could you?"

He had drawn Rita in a festal dress, full length, and sketched in the figure of himself, in such manner that her head, with the droop that was Jenny's peculiar pride, rested gently on his shoulder.

"I am glad you omitted the boiler," she said, snatching at the picture.

"I forgot it—I'll put it in," he answered, holding the picture behind him.

"Oh, don't, please. It's bad enough as it is."

"I think it is perfect," said Mr. Black, roguishly.

"I was made to be your support, in more senses than one, Rita. My little, innocent girl, wasn't I? You admit it, don't you?"

Rita hung her head, and made no reply; for, in fact, she thought so too, and had admitted it.

One morning in October, the bells of the little stone Episcopal church rang for a wedding party. The groom's black eyes shone triumphantly, and the white, bride's veil fell over a face that was tinted like a rose leaf.

"I suppose he fell in love with Rita when he took her picture," said little Bell.

"No, my child," said Jenny, impressively, "your brother-in-law rode up one morning on his black steed for this especial purpose. It was prestidigitation, Bell, my child: the rattling of the tin boiler was the incantation. It was witchcraft, Bell; it was BLACK ART."

"Was it?" said little Bell, solemnly. "BLACK ART."

GOOD-NIGHT.

BY MRS. LAURA H. CARPENTER.

Good-night, good-night.
Thy forehead white
Is bound by moonlight's tranquil crown;
Dim shades of sleep
Upon thee creep,
And weigh thy silken lashes down.
Good-night.

Good-night, good-night.
The aspens light,
All trembling, touch thy lattice bars;
And in thy room
The twilight gloom
Is lit by glimmers of the stars.
Good-night.

Good-night, good-night.
May slumber light
Steal swiftly o'er thine eyelids, snow;
And may thy rest,
By visions blest,
Be sweet as one so pure may know.
Good-night.

Good-night, good-night,
A long good-night—
Thou dream'st not now how long 'twill be;
Yet seek thy rest,
With peaceful breast,
And smile thy last good-night on me.
Good-night.

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THE DORCAS SOCIETY.

BY MARIETTA HOLLEY.

THE Dorcas Society was one gotten up by the young people of Lathrop. It was a society given to good works, and it had various ways of extracting money from the unwary purses of Lathrop. Fairs, grab-bags, bazars, post offices, all these means had been exhausted, and rumor said that Mrs. Moulton, at whose house the weekly meeting was to be held next, was going to inaugurate something entirely new for their pleasure and profit. It was added that Mrs. Moulton had a young lady friend from the city, there on a visit, and it was supposed that she would aid in their entertainment.

The day before that momentous meeting, as the afternoon was gradually melting away in the golden sunset, little Rob Peters stood in the back yard of the Moulton cottage. A few sticks of kindling wood lay at his feet, as trophies of his prowess, and he leaned upon his axe handle, as one wearied in the conflict. As he stood there, another small figure approached down the road, and walking past the open gate, climbed over the fence, and drew near.

The new comer was the son of Prof. Muir's housekeeper, and his name was Jem Cobb. Prof. Paul Muir was talented, handsome, wealthy, thoroughly good, and the owner of Villa Eden, the handsomest and grandest residence for miles and miles around.

Mrs. Moulton was fair-faced, lovely in soul and life, comfortable as to the world's goods, just twenty-four years of age, and had been for one year a widow. If you asked little Rob Peters, leaning upon his battle-axe, what relation he sustained to the fair, young widow, he would doubtless say, with a deep sigh, that "he was bound to her." The sigh could be no deeper, if she were an ogre, and the figurative chains he spoke of were of iron, that clanked as he walked.

But Rob was of a morbid turn of mind, and was not happy. In fact, I don't know as he could be very happy, under any circumstances. Gloom, and morbid views of life, seemed to be his peculiar inheritance. He certainly had no other hereditary possessions, so perhaps he might be pardoned for making the most of what he had. He, in reality, loved his gentle little mistress, and the change from the town poor-house, to her pleasant home and gentle guardianship, had been almost like a change from earth to heaven. He was one of Nora Moulton's pet charities, one of the many ways in which she spent her liberal income, as a steward of her great Master.

She could be no kinder to him, if he were her own young brother. She clothed him handsomely, sent him to school, and looked forward to starting him in life in some honorable and useful manner. And slight indeed was the labor which he performed in payment for these services.

But Rob was melancholy, and leaned upon his axe handle, and looked out upon life, with gloomy and questioning eyes.

"Hello, Rob!" said the new comer.

"Hello, back again!" said Rob, but made no change of countenance or position.

But the new comer was evidently in a talking mood, and was not to be discouraged.

"Seen you killin' hens, over here, this mornin', an' makin' a fuss. What's up?"

"Oh, the Dorcust Society is goin' to meet here, to-morrow night. I killed 'em for the Dorcusses."

Never, in the memory of man, did Rob call this society other than the Dorcust, and its members he invariably termed Dorcusses.

Now, if Jem had one special weakness, it was a jealousy of those who possessed superior advantages, and a cankering fear lest they were putting on airs, and looking down upon him. And like older children, who are afflicted with this infirmity, he often imagined people were guilty of this crime towards him, who were entirely innocent of it.

So he now observed, with some bitterness.

"I guess other folks can have things to their housen, and kill hens, and make fusses. My mother belongs to the Female Sufferin' Society, and is goin' to have the Female Sufferers to our house, bime-by."

But Rob seemed to take no sort of interest in the Female Suffrage Society. His gloomy chin rested gloomily on the axe handle, and he looked at Jem, with gloomy eyes, as he said:

"What's the use of Dorcusses, anyway?"

"I d'no," responded Jem, looking non-plussed.

Evidently Rob had no disposition to put on airs. So Jem softens, and mellows down into sociability again, and a look of neighborly

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interest and concern moves his face, as Rob puts the gloomy conundrum to him once more.

"What's the use of Dorcusses anyway?" repeated Rob. "Had to run of errants all day. Kep' me on my feet, all day a'most, killin' hens and things; and splittin' kindlin' wood; shouldn't have to split half so much if it wuzn't for them Dorcusses."

"Have to split for more'n two fires?" asked Tom, feelingly.

"Don't, when there hain't nobody here. Miss Moulting has got a feller here now, a-seein' of her."

"No—has she? What for a lookin' feller?"

"He'd be a good-lookin' feller, if it wuzn't for his beerd."

"What's the matter with his beerd?"

"Oh, it is all over his chin, and hangs down over his mouth, like a curting. I'll be hanged, if I didn't laugh when I see him kiss Miss Moulting. I'll be hanged, if he didn't have to hold back his beerd with one hand, while he kissed her. I snickered out loud, but they wus so took up with each other that they didn't ketch me at it. But I couldn't help snickerin'."

"Is she his bo, do you think?" said Jem.

"Yes, I 'most know she is. Sets there on the sofa, with his arm round her now, I'll bet. She did, when I carried in the last load. I peeked through the door agin, and seen 'em. Talkin' awful sociable too."

"What about?"

"Oh, about love, and such-like." Rob included in that last happy term the wide world of sentiment and affection. "N' then I seen him git down on his knees before her, and take both her hands in his'n, and say, 'I love you—I love you to destruction.'"

"You don't say so!" Jem's eyes were round as large, blue glass beads.

"Jest es true es I live and breathe—hope to die this very minute."

Jem was convinced. They had no stronger oaths to bear witness to any fact, however extraordinary.

"What did she say?"

"Oh, she kinder crumpled down towards him, and says, 'I love you too, Charles, and will be your bride.'"

"What else?"

"Oh, lots and lots of jist such. Ocians of it."

"Shaw! she is his bo, hain't she?"

"Must be. But I hain't the first idee where he come from. First I knowed there he wus, right there in the parlor."

"Where wus that girl from Boston village, that is there a-visitin' of her?"

"Don't know—didn't see her. Mebby she's down to Squire Cleaveland's a-visitin'; they wus down there yesterday. Or mebby she's to bed with the sick headache, or sunthin'."

"Hum—shaw! What else did they say?" Jem's curiosity was rampant, and could not easily be appeased.

"Oh! all of a sudden, he laughed out loud—the feller did—about how he and Miss Moulting would fool Professor Muir; he seemed to be awful tickled about it, the feller did.'

But here Jem's anger rose suddenly and fiercely. No henchman, in feudal times, was ever more loyal to his liege lord, than was Jem to Professor Muir. And few are more deserving than Paul Muir of such devoted loyalty.

"I guess they'll fool him, a great sight. I guess they'll fool my professor. He knows more than the hull of the Dorcusses put together."

"Mebby he knows mor'n the Female Sufferin' Society," says Rob, sarcastically.

"Wall, he duz. He knows more'n any Dorcust, or any Female Sufferer that ever walked on two feet. And I guess Miss Moulting will have to get up earlier than she does now, before she'll fool my Mr. Muir. He forgets more every night, a-goin' up stairs to bed, than she'll ever know."

But here Rob's anger swept over him in a fierce wave.

"If you've got anything to say aginst Miss Moulting, you'd better shet up, and shet up quick, too."

At this, Jem's hereditary predisposition got the better of him. "Oh, you think you are somebody, don't you," he cried, "'cause you've got a feller here, with a long beerd? I guess Mr. Muir has got as good-lookin' a beerd as any other feller. It is as good a lookin' one as I ever see, anyway. You seem to think there can't anybody else raise beerds, only jist that feller."

"I'll raise you, if you don't clear out, and clear out quick, too."

Jem saw determination darkening the gloomy orbs, and backed off, just as Margaret, the cook, came to the back porch, and called Robbie in to his supper.

Prof. Paul Muir was sitting in his pleasant study, not engaged in reading, but in seeing visions and dreams. Not unpleasant ones, if one might judge from his face. It was an earnest, strong face, as well as a very handsome one. A face to trust, to reverence, as well as admire. As we said, he was not reading, though the shelves, filled with rare volumes, might well tempt a student. No, he was sitting, holding a tiny, delicately-tinted glove in his hands, and looking at it, with intent, tender eyes. The little glove

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exhaled a faint odor of violet, as he turned it over to see more plainly the name, woven in dainty, violet silk on the wrist. "Nora," just that one word, yet it seemed, judging from his face, to hold a full volume of tender thoughts and memories.

But a knock rouses him from his happy musings, and quickly dropping the glove in a secret drawer, and judging from the change in his countenance, his ecstatic dreams also, he shut the drawer with a sharp clap, and said, "come in."

The form that entered was tall, bony, angular, and the face was not beautiful. It was the face of his housekeeper, Mrs. Cobb, or in her own words, "Serence Cobb, survivin' relict of the late James Cobb, of Cobbville."

She is several years older than Prof. Muir, but she appreciates him fully. In fact, she was closely attached to him, and manifested her partiality in many ways, some of which he was aware of, and some of which were of so secret and mysterious a nature, that no living person, except her bosom friend, Betsy Wood, was aware of them.

Three times a day, did she solemnly turn out her tea, leaving the tea grounds, and with a countenance becoming the solemnity of the mystic rite, wave the cup three times around her head, from the direction of the rising sun, rap on it three times with her bony knuckles, and then look into its depths, hoping and expecting to see Prof. Muir's handsome face, photographed on the tea grounds, dawning upon her as the sun dawns upon the waiting earth.

Occasionally she saw, or fancied she saw, the letter M, and then she was triumphant; for M, as she truly observed to Betsy, stood both for Muir and for marriage. Though, as she always added, for she was conscientious, she made no brags, and boasted over no opportunities. It was also a great comfort to her that Professor Muir walked into her room, under a four-leafed clover, which she had found with great outlay of time and aching of back, (for she was badly troubled with rheumatism), and had secretly placed for his overthrow over his study door. It was his daily sitting-room, and there was no other mode of entrance, only through the window. Yet she considered his passing beneath it an extremely favorable omen, and so also did Betsy Wood.

When her admiration of him manifested itself in the form of delicious puddings, and crisp breakfast rolls, the professor was content. But when it overflowed in sentimental remarks, and languishing glances, although a brave man, he fled before it.

She asked him now, "If he wanted anything special for his supper, to-night; if he could think of anything he could relish more'n the common run of vittles, they was used to."

He answered her pleasantly, that he wished for nothing uncommon and special. And then she asked him, with a slight tinge of anxiety in her voice:

"If he was a-layin' out to go to the Dorcas Society, the next night."

He said, "Yes, he might go, if he returned from town in time; he had business of importance in town."

Mrs. Cobb retired from the presence, with a light buoyancy of spirit, that extended itself to her tea-cakes. What would she say, if she knew that "his business of importance" was only to get a bouquet, the rarest of flowers, for Nora Moulton?

"Sweet Nora, darling Nora!" Thus did our grave professor call her to himself, as he sat there, in the gathering twilight.

Poor man, he had been cheated out of his happiness so long, that he thought the paradise, which was now opening before him, would be all the sweeter for his long waiting.

All his life long he had loved Nora, worshipped her. He had been forced to stand by, and see a man with not half his worth take his treasure from him, and what was tenfold harder to his true, tender heart, had seen that man hold it lightly, and grow tired of what he would have bartered half his life for.

He had seen the soft, dove-like eyes grow weary, and wistful, and large with pain and despair; seen them turn to his tried and true face, full of an innocent, child-like longing, for the sympathy and tenderness he would have given the whole world to bestow.

But our grave professor was strong as well as tender. And so when he found himself in danger, he was strong enough to run away from temptation. Some people kneel down every morning, and pray, "lead me not into temptation," and then rise from their knees, and deliberately walk into it. But Paul Muir was wiser and stronger. And when he saw, in Nora Moulton's eyes, the truth they were so unconsciously revealing—that her marriage had been a terrible mistake, that she had thrown away the jewel, and accepted the counterfeit—he went away, for the simple reason that he dared not stay. He was not afraid of her husband's ill-using her, unless by indifference and neglect; and so he placed long miles of land and sea between him and those wistful, brown eyes. He took his sore heart to a distant city, and there tried to forget.

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He had wealth enough, but more came to him, fame, success. But those best of friends, happiness and content, came not.

But he was calm and reticent concerning his inner life. He was pleasant and genial to all, and was called a very successful, and an exceptionally happy man. Thank heaven! there are some who can bear their burdens with a smiling face, and not weary the heavens and the souls of their friends, with selfish murmurings. If his heart was a grave, as he indeed felt it to be, he covered it with fragrance and beauty, that cheered and blessed the lives of others.

Five years after his flight, news came to him that George Moulton was dead—thrown from a horse, and killed instantly. He waited six months, an eternity to him, and then he returned to the beautiful home he had never sold, because it was near hers, the home he had named, years ago, when they were boy and girl lovers, Villa Eden.

The first time he had looked in Nora Moulton's eyes, he thought he saw in them a blessed prophecy of future happiness, home, rest, blessedness.

He had said to himself that he would wait just one year, in memory of the man who had blasted two lives, before he spoke of love to her. Just one year—not one moment longer. And to-morrow evening, that long, long year of waiting would end. He had treated her, meantime, only as a friend; he had guarded his words, his actions. But the mystic language that soul speaks to soul, had told him the sweet truth—she was shy as a wild bird, but he knew she loved him.

And to-morrow evening he could speak to her, after the tiresome company had all left. He would linger awhile alone with her, the darling, and tell her all he had longed so to say to her. He pictured to himself just how her sweet, brown eyes would glance up into his. Her eyes were always as clear and honest, and innocent as a child's. And oh! the sweet, sweet story he would read in them.

He was thinking of just what he would say to her; of all the fond, loving, pet names he would call her; how he would take those soft, little hands in his own; how he would draw the blushing, lovely little face to his bosom, to hold her there against all the world—against all love and sorrow, when, suddenly, little Jem Cobb entered the room. Jem came with a lighted lamp, which he set down on the table, with such a bang, that it startled the professor. He looked up, and said:

"Why, Jem, what's the matter?"

"I'm mad! madder'n a hen!" cried Jem, in a loud, angry voice. "I wish I'd licked him. I could lick him, I know I could, if it hadn't been jest as it was."

"How was it Jem?" said the professor, with an amused smile. He had a keen eye for the humorous, and Jem looked so much like a very small bantam, whose feathers were bristling with indignation, that he could hardly avoid laughing outright.

"Well, I guess you wouldn't laugh, if you knowed how it wus. The idee of Miss Moulting fooling you, her and that feller with the beerd. Sayin' they wus a-goin' to fool you, and then snickerin' over it! It made me madder'n a hen—madder'n a wet hen," he added, as if that was the last height to which human indignation could ascend.

"What is that you are saying?" said the professor, suddenly loosing all sense of the ludicrous, his face growing red and white in turn.

"Why, her Rob hern 'em say it, this very day. Hern 'em talking about it, her and that feller with a beerd, that is there courtin' of her."

"What do you mean?" Jem had never heard the good-natured professor's voice sound as it did now.

"She did say it, jest as sure as I live and breathe; hope to die this very minute. Rob hern her say it, and she and the other feller snickered. Rob hern 'em."

"Tell me at once what you know," said the professor, sternly.

And Jem, nothing loth, began, and told the whole story, from beginning to end, just as Rob had told it to him. He omitted nothing. He began with their introductory conversation. "The Dorcusses, the Sufferin' Society, the kindling wood, the feller with the beerd, how he told Mrs. Moulting he loved her, how she said she loved him, and would be his bride."

Not once did the professor interrupt him, by word or gesture, during his recital. But by the time he had concluded his story, the red flush that had contended for the mastery on the professor's face, had quite vanished, leaving an almost deathly pallor. Jem, though exceedingly designable, was truthful. As for Rob, he looked upon life with far too serious and gloomy a vision for romancing.

The professor, with a strong effort, mastered his emotions, and told Jim, quietly, that he could go. So Jim went out, and told his mother the whole story, which proved so animating and exciting to her, that she sent for Betsy Wood at once, who told her fortune three times, past, present, and future, and who saw Professor Muir's form in it every time.

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But the professor himself did not take any tea that night. No, after Jem left, he took two or three quick turns through the room, and then exclaimed, aloud:

"What an idiot I am, to be so moved by a child's talk. I will go there myself, at once: I will not wait a moment."

So he took his hat and cloak, and started in the direction of the pretty cottage, the happy path he had trodden so often of late.

There was a bright light in the parlor, and the curtains were not drawn, and as he paused at the little iron gate, he looked up, and saw—oh, miserable, miserable, man!—Nora, his Nora, as he had fondly called her, standing in front of the great pier-glass, and by her side a man with a long, flowing beard. The man's arm was around her waist, and as he looked, he bent down, and kissed her; and Nora laid her beautiful head on his shoulder.

The professor waited to see no more. He turned back toward Villa Eden—lost Eden now—place of wretchedness forevermore.

Never, during his whole life, could he recall how he had reached his room. But reach it he did, at last; and when there, he threw himself, face downwards, upon the sofa; and there he lay, in just that position, till the cold light of dawn shone in, through his chamber window.

Again! again! to have his happiness snatched out of his hands. And mingled with his wretchedness now was that keenest of pangs, that she, his idol, his ideal of all that was purest and most womanly, was false, was a coquette. If those sweet eyes had not held love for him, then she was a consummate actress, then she had striven to ruin his happiness, had led him on with false hopes to despair. He had been living in a fool's paradise, feeding his heart with false hopes; and all this while, she had a lover. How could he endure it, how could he live?

In the morning he told Mrs. Cobb, frightening her nearly into hysterics with his white face, that sudden business of importance called him away, and that he did not know when he should return.

He went, and Mrs. Cobb, watching him from her chamber lattice, saw that he did not stop at Nora Moulton's cottage, and although his appearance was certainly strange, still she drew a favorable conclusion from this fact, and from his leaving home on the eve of Mrs. Moulton's party.

Betsy Wood also thought it looked favorable. And in Mrs. Cobb's tea-cup, that afternoon, Betsy saw "a light-complected man, with blue eyes, sort o' sad, and sort o' smilin' lookin', and a brown moustache and whiskers, and he seemed to be about the height of a certain person." She also saw, in the same cup, "a ring entirely closed, which even an infant might know meant an offer, and three clear dots in a row, which signified plainer than words that Mrs. Cobb would get her wish." What that wish was it is needless to say. The supper passed off pleasantly, Mrs. Cobb's food was delicious, her tea strong and stimulating, and inspired by that and friendship, Betsy Wood volunteered the prophecy that if Mrs. Cobb was not married in less than six months, to a certain person, it would be her own fault. Mrs. Cobb, at that, rose from the table, and did up a large "drawing" of the tea, for Betsy to take home with her to try in the morning.

But how fared the professor, as the morning train bore him from Lathrop; away from Nora, with her sweet, false face; away from the hated rival, who had won her from him; away from the busy tongues and gossip, that would soon be busy over the news of her engagement? Alas! his sad, heaving heart went with him, wherever he went. Those sweet, wistful eyes, the eyes of his first and only love, went with him too, and at last they drew him back to her. He must see her again, if it made his agony tenfold greater. He must look upon her face again, and hear that sweet voice, if only to hear it say "farewell forever."

So, at last, for it seemed an eternity to him, though it was only the third day of his absence, just at sunset, he left the little station, and walked up to Villa Eden. He had gone, perhaps, half the distance, when he espied a little figure, sitting in a disconsolate position, by the side of the road; and as he approached nearer, he saw it was little Rob, Nora Moulton's small bondman.

The professor was a great favorite, with all the small boys and girls of the neighborhood, as well as with the larger ones; and as he drew near, Rob got up, and walked along by his side.

Following blind habit, the first words the professor said were:

"How is your mistress, Robbie?"

"Oh! she haint well a mite, I guess she worked too hard to the Dorcust Society. There was sights of Dorcusses there, lots to do. She's been kinder pale ever since that night. I guess she wondered why you didn't come; she 'spected you, I know; seen her out on the west porch, a-lookin' up that way, lots of times; moonlight, you know, that night, bright as a dollar; sights of Dorcusses there; never seen so many of 'em together, in my life. We was jest run over with Dorcusses. Don't see no use of havin' so many of 'em anyway."

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But the professor was not heeding Rob's last words, nor the pensive shadow that was gathering on the small face.

"So she looked for me," the professor was saying to himself. "She wanted me to come, that she might witness my pain and humiliation, at the sight of my happy and successful rival. Oh, Nora, Nora!" he groaned.

This agonized cry of his soul seemed to him to fill the whole world about him. A bird flew past them, up into the thick trees, that bordered one side of the road, through which he and Rob were passing. Its low, sweet song smote the professor's heart with a keen pang. Oh! how he envied it—envied the soulless creature, who knew not how to suffer. "Nora, Nora! my lost Nora!" his heart cried, as softly the south wind swayed the green branches overhead. Brightly the golden sunlight sifted down through the emerald screen. The beauty all about him seemed but to make his agony tenfold deeper, and the words of Enon, when maddened by love and jealous pain, rose to his lips:

"Oh, happy heaven! how canst thou see my face?
Oh, happy earth, how canst thou bear my weight?"

Silently he and Rob walked along, between the blossoming hedges. We have said the professor was a brave man—a strong man—and he was; and I think he gave a proof of it now, by rousing himself from his sorrowful musings, and speaking cheerfully to the little fellow by his side.

"So you were resting here, were you, Robbie, when I overtook you?"

"Yes. I have been down to Squire Cleaveland's. I went to carry home Frank Cleaveland's clothes and beerd. Miss Moulting sent me."

"His clothes and beard?"

"Yes, the clothes and beerd Miss Cecile wore, the night of the Dorcust Society. She fooled 'em all; fooled every one of the Dorcusses; acted out a piece dressed up like a feller with a beerd. Asked ten cents for seein' of 'em act it out. They fooled me too. I peeked through the door, the day before, and seen her and Miss Moulting actin' it out; and thought she wus a feller; thought so jist as sure's I live and breathe; hope to die this very minute. Miss Moulting seemed to think the world of him. I thought she wus his bo, sure as everything. Jem thought so too. Jem and me did—thought she was his bo."

But Robbie was pouring his words now upon the empty air, for the professor was far in advance of him, going toward the cottage, with long strides, as if he had Seven-League Boots on.

Oh, Mrs. Cobb, Mrs. Cobb! Mix no more connubial hopes with the ingredients of his muffins and tea-cakes. Look no more for the professor's manly form. Wave that mystic cup no more from the dawning east; rather lift it towards the setting sun, emblem of perishing hopes. The letter M, which you and Betsy saw in its treacherous depths, should have been translated *Mala fide* instead of marriage and Muir. Bend your aching back no more in search of dewy, four-leafed clover, fair, false oracles, which were to you but a snare and a delusion. Or, if you have still any faith in their unhallowed rites, wave your tea-cup heroically toward fresh fields and pastures new. Hope springs eternal in the female breast. And happily some clover leaf may yet spring from the rocky earth, and wave, and wave triumphant, over some masculine head, an extremity which shall prove to be your opportunity. Men swarm the earth, in all directions, and the voice of widowers is heard in the streets. Do not despair, Mrs. Cobb, for feats seemingly impossible are accomplished by the valiant.

But Professor Muir is lost to you. His dreamings have come true. A gentle head is lying upon his manly breast. His heart is beating with tremulous throbs of ecstacy, beneath the rose-leaf pressure of the soft cheek, that lies so confidingly there.

Never, on earth, did brown eyes hold a tenderer love and trust. Never did a truer love, and a warmer admiration, look out of a man's eyes, and glorify a woman's life into a heavenlier existence. Soon, very soon, will his home become what it's name has heretofore falsely prophesied, a Paradise, love-glorified, Villa Eden, indeed.

CANZONET.

BY PAUL PASTNOR.

It was a wintry midnight,
And we were two, you know,
Speeding on silvery runners
Through a fairyland of snow.

We shot beneath the shadow,
We flashed forth in the moon,
Her soft eyes beaming upward,
And my eyes beaming down.

There came a sudden darkness,
That kissed the light away,
Perhaps, 'twas up in cloudland,
Perhaps—'twas in the sleigh!

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MARK'S MOTHER-IN-LAW.

BY HELEN J. MACKINTOSH.

"CONFOUND her," cried Mark Howell, bursting into the parlor, where Mrs. Ward, his married sister, then on a visit to him, was sitting, quietly sewing. "Confound her, she's always interfering."

His sister knew well enough of whom he was speaking. He was speaking of his mother-in-law, also on a visit at the Howells.

"Mark," said Mrs. Ward, looking up, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. I am older than you; have been, in some respects, a mother to you; and, therefore, I venture to speak plainly. And I must say," very decidedly, "that I think you talk scandalously of your mother-in-law."

"Why can't she mind her own business?" wrathfully. "Here she's been talking May over about the new nurse for Johnnie. The one I like, I'm told, won't do at all; and it's all, I do believe, because the girl's young, and has pretty manners. Instead, they're to have some sour old maid, as prim as a drill sergeant, and as ugly as a Chinese idol."

"I confess, I am on the side of your mother-in-law," very quietly. "The girl you fancied was entirely unfit to be put over Johnnie. He'd wind her round his finger. And I don't believe she cares for anything but dress and admiration."

This rather staggered Mark, who had been accustomed to regard his sister as the perfection of wisdom, especially in all housewifely matters. He looked blank, for a moment; but soon rallied.

"That's not all. She has persuaded May to put long stockings on Johnnie; when there's nothing prettier than to see his fat, chubby legs."

"Nor anything more unhealthy. I pity the poor little legs, on a cold day."

"Unhealthy! Half the children in town go bare-legged."

"And the consequence is, that half those who go bare-legged are catching colds and fevers, from which some never recover. You're fond of your bay mare, Mark; but you're very careful, in a sharp wind, to have a horse-cover put on her; while you never think of covering up poor Johnnie's legs, no matter how bitter the day. Do you suppose your child is stronger than your horse?"

"But it hardens him," said Mark, a little staggered, nevertheless.

"Why don't exposure harden your mare? No, Mark, you're wrong, in both these instances, and your mother-in-law is right."

Mark bit his moustache, and growled, "But a fellow don't like anybody interfering between himself and wife, you see. May's mother is very nice, generally, I admit; but let her keep to her own affairs."

"But are not these her own affairs? Johnnie is her grandchild. She naturally wishes him to be well brought up, and be healthy, and, therefore, in advising your wife about a nurse, and persuading her to cover Johnnie's legs, she is only keeping within the strict line of her duty. You ought to be thankful that there is somebody, with greater experience than May, to tell her what to do. No young mother can learn everything at once. Besides, Mrs. Barker has never, so far as I have seen, forced her opinions on May. Has she?"

"No," said Mark. "She doesn't nag, if that's what you mean. But she talks May over."

"And naturally. Come, Mark, be fair. Look at the subject without prejudice."

"I do."

"Not entirely, I think. For example, in both these instances, Mrs. Barker only advised what was best. Now, I have been here, for a fortnight, and I have never known her to advise May wrong. More than that, she hardly ever gives advice at all, unless she is first asked for it."

"It's not only in these two things; it is in plenty of others," retorted Mark, going back to the old ground, as obstinate men do. "She always takes a different side from me, and always gets May to go with her, and against me. Confound her, I say."

"Now, Mark, don't be silly. Don't quarrel with May, too, and for no better reason than that she is led, in many things, by her mother. Isn't it natural? I often think how unjust men are to mother-in-laws, as a class. You took May from a home, for instance, where she had lived for nineteen years, and in which the great authority in all matters, not only on dress and health, but everything, was her mother. She looked up to, and believed in, her mother, as all good children should. You and I looked up to our mother, and I hope Johnnie will look up to his. Now, though all families hold to the same general

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principles of morality, though all believe it is wrong to lie, or steal, or covet a neighbor's goods, there is the very greatest diversity of opinion between different families on the minor points of life. This is natural. It is natural, also, that a daughter should hold the same views as her mother on these points, and that, even after marriage, the influence of the home atmosphere should hang about her. Why, you, yourself, on some of these very points, cling more obstinately to the traditions of our family than May does to hers."

"But," stubbornly, "a wife ought to adapt herself to her husband's tastes."

"Well, even if we grant that, we must give her time. She can't undo the work of nineteen years in a few months, or even a year or two. I am quite willing to concede, that, in matters that involve no questions of right or wrong, a wife ought to yield to her husband, if he insists on it; though to insist on minor things too much, is neither wise, nor fair: there ought to be mutual concessions; for matrimony, like everything in life, is a matter of give and take. But it is absurd to expect a wife to remodel, so to speak, her whole character, in a couple of years. The influence of her mother, of her own family traditions, cannot be shaken off so easily; and a husband is wrong to expect it. Yet this is what you mean, when you say that May always goes against you, and always takes her mother's side."

"So she does."

"As a fact, she does not," replied Mrs. Ward, stoutly, looking him resolutely in the face, "and you know she don't. You are angry, or you would not say it. I will concede, that May sometimes goes against you, and with her mother; but she much more often follows your taste, even when it is more than an open question. And what does it matter, after all? For I am talking of things indifferent in themselves. A man ought to be too much of a man to want to tyrannize over his wife in little things of that kind."

Mark began, by this time, to realize that he had the worst of the argument, and so made no reply, but stroked his moustache—a favorite trick, we have observed, with men, in similar circumstances.

"The truth is," said his sister, laughingly, taking up her sewing again, for she had laid it down in the heat of the discussion, "you are jealous. That's the whole story. You want to monopolize every look, and word, and action, and even thought of May's. You want to be master, to the minutest detail. You are like all husbands, especially young husbands, in this, however; and I will not be too hard on you. It is this very jealousy, that is at the bottom of the general dislike, on the part of new husbands, towards mothers-in-law. You lords of creation, even in matters of which you know nothing, matters which ought to be left entirely to our sex, fret and champ the bit, when a woman comes, in the nick of time, to take things in hand. You fret and champ the more, when the woman is the one most fit to interfere—a mother-in-law. You don't like to play 'second fiddle," with two or three merry shakes of the head, "even when it is absolutely necessary you should. You resent interference, and would resent it from anybody, only you make the mother-in-law the scape-goat."

"Well," said Mark, who had recovered his humor, by this time, and who had the good sense to acknowledge, at least to himself, that he was in the wrong, "a woman, they say, will always have the last word. So I let you have it."

"What a blessing, though," retorted Mrs. Ward, with another gay laugh, and another shake of the head, "that it's a sister, in this case, who will have the last word, and not a MOTHER-IN-LAW."

A SECRET.

BY MILTON H. MARBLE.

I CLASPED your cold hand in my own,
And to my lips I pressed it;
And thus became the secret known—
Else you might not have guessed it;
A secret I had thought to keep
Locked in my breast forever;
Within a long, and lasting sleep;
Reveal it never, never!

Oh! is it sinful, love like mine?
If not, receive this token
That I shall worship at thy shrine,
Although no vows are spoken;
For, near thee, all is fair and bright,
And from thee, all is dreary;
For from thy eyes beams forth the light
That makes my life so merry.

And were it not a hand forbade,
I might reveal a story,
To thee, oh! fair and beauteous maid,
Of what would be my glory;
But, ah! the secret I must keep
Deep-locked within my bosom—
So, golden Cupid; go to sleep,
And weep, and wait, dear blossom.

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THE TRAGEDY OF TREVYLAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XXXI.

KEATH WINTERS went directly to the cove, after his interview with Miss Winchester. His object was to see his mother, break his project of emigration to her, and take leave of Trevylan forever. He had come directly from the nearest railroad station, and knew nothing of the evidence given at the inquest, or its adjournment. Thus he entered the cottage, conscious only that his absence had relieved the new lord of suspicions that might cast a slur upon the name, and in taking them upon himself, must hereafter bear the odium of carelessness, or positive cowardice, among the friends who had known him.

To a refined and proud young man, this position was one of great humiliation; but the late interview with Stella—her firm faith, and gentle spirit of self-abnegation—had almost swept these feelings away, and it was with a spirit of absolute hopefulness that he entered his mother's presence.

Huldah was alone in her little parlor. The first sight of her face, pale and set in its agony of suffering, smote the youth with a sense of his own cruelty in leaving the place, when she was in so much need of him.

"Mother," he said, pausing on the threshold.

Huldah, who was sitting, with folded hands, and lowered head, rose to her feet, and held out her arms. "My son—my son!" she cried, "Oh, why did you leave me so?"

Keath took the stately woman in his arms, and kissed her forehead tenderly. Then her bosom began to heave, and her proud lips to quiver.

"Forgive me, mother. I did not think how you must suffer. It seemed to me that you would know the reason of my going, and approve of it."

"I know that you have returned, and thank God for it," said the woman, lifting her head, and smoothing the hair from his forehead. "Oh, Keath, you are all that I have now!"

"All that you have, mother—ah! how well I know that. Still you will find heart to part with me awhile—only a little, and then we shall never be separated again. I came back to say this to you and my grandfather. Do not look so anxious—I—I—"

"What do you mean, Keath?"

"Sit down, mother—sit down, and I will tell you everything."

Huldah allowed him to lead her to the couch under the window.

"Go on—go on!" she said, huskily.

He told her everything. The course he had pursued that night, his interview with Belus, and the motive that had kept him from Trevylan during the inquest. She heard him through, without interruption: then arose suddenly, and went out.

Before he had time to conjecture the course of this abrupt action, she returned, hastily, followed by the new gamekeeper. She was greatly agitated.

"Tell him," she said, appealing to John. "Tell him all that you know. My son," she added, turning her pale, solemn face upon the youth, "what you will hear from this man is a history that Lord Colgate intended to reveal, on the day he appointed to meet you in his library. It is necessary that you should know it, before any steps for the future are taken. Even heroism may be a mistake, if exerted in the dark. Listen, and then you shall judge for yourself."

Saying this, with great, almost solemn, impressiveness, Huldah went from the room.

Then John Winters seated himself by the young man, and began his story.

"I was born in this house, and the old man, Winters, is my father," he said.

Keath interrupted him, surprised.

"Your father! Why, there was but one child and Winters was *my* father."

"So you have been told—so it was thought best that you and all others should believe; but I am the John Winters you have heard of—the one who is supposed to have been lost at sea, soon after you were born; but I never had a wife and you are not my son. This old man has given shelter and safe protection to your mother as his son's widow—to you as his grandson; but it was out of his great regard for the man who was her husband and your father."

John Winters paused a moment, hesitating, while Keath arose, and leaning against the win-

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dow, looked at him, with earnest, wondering eyes. At last, Winters dashed into the subject that possessed him.

"The old earl lived much at Trevylan when I was a lad, and as I grew older, the young lord made more of me than I deserved, no doubt, but I loved him beyond any living thing save one. Indeed, he was the bravest, handsomest—"

Here tears mounted into the strong man's eyes, and he turned away his head.

"He chose me out from all the rest; taught me many things that lifted me nearer to him, and trusted me as if I had been born his equal. During boyhood, half my life was spent at the castle. I became the young heir's constant attendant, in all his out-door amusements. As he grew toward manhood, this life was somewhat broken; but my love for him never changed. While he was at college I had books from the library and strove to inform myself, that I might be worthy of his companionship when he came home. To that end I studied hard and to some purpose. Lord Thomas loved the old place and always returned to it with delight. I can now see a reason for this that escaped me at the time. When he went on his travels I was with him, rather as a companion than a servant, though I gave him the devotion of both.

"The old earl had no objection to this. Indeed it pleased him to know that his son was accompanied by one of his own people, and he had always encouraged me in gaining such knowledge as made me agreeable and useful to the young man. When we returned to Trevylan, Lord Thomas took his place as the only son and heir of this vast property. No youth in England ever entered life with grander prospects or more general popularity: at the hunt, in the ball-room —everywhere he found no equal. I gloried in all this. Considerations of my own life were nothing compared to my love for him."

Here John Winters rose, and began to walk the floor, speaking with great emotion.

"There was a young girl in my father's house —the orphan child of a distant relative whom my father had loved with especial affection, during his sea-faring life, when they had often shipped together; for the man whom you have looked upon as your grandfather only settled here in the cove when he was disabled for more active service. This man, the father of Huldah Winters, died at sea, when she was a mere child. I was about ten years old when she was brought into the family, a shy and rather plain child, who was presented to me as a little sister. I did not like it at first; but my mother, an earnest, loving woman, soon won me to accept the little creature and at length I began to love her as few brothers ever care for the girls of a family. There came a time when that love grew into worship—when the whole world held nothing so beautiful for me as 'our Huldah.' We grew up together, lad and maiden, happy as innocent affection and active life could make us.

"Like me, Huldah soon became a favorite at the castle, for Lady Colgate had no daughter, and she learned to love the girl, by and bye, as if she had indeed been her own child.

"Lady Colgate was at all times a person of delicate constitution, and for this reason saw little company at Trevylan; thus Huldah became almost her sole companion, and would sometimes stay, weeks together, at the castle, where this kind lady took pleasure in forming her mind and bringing out those fine traits of character which has made your mother the noble woman she is.

"You will not think it strange that your mother soon took the place of a daughter with the mistress of Trevylan, and bestowed such devotion on the lady, in return, as few children vouchsafe to a real parent.

"By the woman your mother is now, you can judge what she became, under such auspices, in the first bloom of girlhood, when her heart was free as the air she breathed. The best part of her life had perhaps been spent under the sweet influences of this lady; but it was outdoor exercise that developed the strength and beauty of her person into the very perfection of healthy womanhood.

"It was understood in the neighborhood that, sometime or another, I was to wed my adopted sister, whom Lady Colgate intended to endow. No word of this kind had ever passed between us; but I knew that the expectation existed, and it sometimes made my heart beat, when her hand was clasped in mine, while we were climbing the rocks, or her clear, sweet voice would arouse me from my dreams in the morning. These occasions were constantly happening; for her outdoor life was spent almost entirely with Lord Thomas and myself. She went out with us in the fishing smacks, handling line or net with a dexterity that equaled that of the best men in the cove. She rode with us on horseback, scouring field or moor with the courage and grace of a Cossack.

"I have said, she was a plain child, and so she was. Perhaps this, having made its first impression on the old earl, left him unobservant; for the dawn of her rare beauty was so gradual, that one scarcely knew when the commonplace child disappeared in the radiant maiden. Had Lord Colgate realized this, he surely would have broken up the life that we were leading, with such

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reckless joyousness—the rides, the fishing excursions, and most of all, those delightful summer eventides that we spent upon the cliffs.

"I was happy then; for the idea had grown upon me that Huldah was to become my wife, and she also understood the wishes of my parents—that this should be the ending of the protection they had given her. In her gentle way, Lady Colgate had added to my confidence, by referring to the same idea as a settled thing; and Huldah seemed to accept it pleasantly. Thus the time went on till Lord Thomas was of age. Then Huldah, for the first time in her life, was permitted to have a glimpse of the brilliant world to which he belonged. Among all the fair women, who assembled at Trevylan, during the festivities of the occasion, she was the most remarkable; her bearing, so quiet, yet so full of dignity, was simply an outgrowth of the calm, inner beauty of her character. No pride of race could have equaled—no artist could have portrayed—the beauty of her person—those masses of coal-black hair, those eyes, dark and velvety; but I cannot describe what your mother was then. She was a creature to worship, and I—I worshipped her."

"As I do now—as I do now!" exclaimed Keath, kindling with tender enthusiasm.

John Winters smiled pleasantly; but shook his head.

"Ah! you can have no idea of the feeling that possessed me. A son's love is full of tenderness, but without the passion that thrilled me with its intensity. All at once, the tranquil affections of everyday life blazed into adoring love. It seemed to me as if I had never seen the girl in her real attractiveness before. You may think it strange that a rough, seafaring man should remember such dainty details; but your mother is before me now, as she stood, in all her native grace, by Lord Thomas, that day, ready to lead the dance in which the proudest nobility of the county mingled with the yeomen and peasants of the estate. Among all those patrician ladies, she seemed to me the most beautiful. Her dress, the color of old gold, was of some soft, India fabric, in which was embedded facings, or folds, of violet-hued velvet, and the two rare tints combined in a scarf woven in with her black braids, and dropping, with its delicate golden fringes, to her left shoulder.

"It was a princely dress, unsuited to the daughter of an old seaman; but Lady Colgate would have it so; for artistic taste made her obstinate, and, for once, she resolved that Huldah's fine beauty should be arrayed to its full advantage.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"After that night, a change came over Huldah. She had lost nothing of her sweet womanliness, and was friendly as ever; but there was something deprecating in her manner that held me aloof, and the new-born passion, always trembling in my heart, made me timid in her presence. It seemed to me that Lord Thomas partook of this feeling; for he seemed to avoid us both, after the festivities were over, and went up to London for awhile, without taking me with him.

"The old earl had been long meditating a long journey to the East; but had waited, until these birthday festivities were over, when he left the estate in charge of his son, and quitted England.

"Lady Colgate remained at Trevylan, and, after some weeks of delay, Lord Thomas came down, and took up his abode there.

"Certainly Lord Thomas had changed in those few weeks. He seemed grown, and less cordial, to my thinking, and did not come so frequently to the cove. I noticed, also, that he never proposed that Huldah should go with us, when we rode or sailed, as he had always done, and that his manner to her, when they chanced to meet, was constrained, though curiously deferential.

"I think that she noticed this; for a languor seemed to steal over her, and, instead of joining in my walks, or leaping to the boat, as I put out for fishing, she would stay at home, under the pretense of some household duty, which I am sure she never performed.

"The earl had, more than a year back, purchased a beautiful yacht for his son, which had been, all that time, moored in the cove. We had made many a venturesome sea trip with the little vessel, in which Huldah always took part, playfully calling herself stewardess of the craft; but for a whole month, after Lord Thomas came down, the pretty thing lay, unused.

"It seemed to me that Huldah drooped more and more. She changed somewhat. Her eyes grew larger, and shadows gathered under them, as if she did not sleep well at night. This troubled me. I longed to speak with her of the love that had become the best part of my life; but was held back by her change of manner.

"The conduct of Lord Thomas was also a cause of discontent. He had been at home two weeks now, but had not once been at the cove. I went up to the castle, one morning, hoping to see him, and, if possible, gain some explanation of this change. On the way, I met him coming down, by the cliff.

"'Is that you, John?' he said, with something of the old cordiality. 'I was hoping to meet you. Life at the castle, since my father left it,

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is beginning to drag heavily. How is it with you?'

"'There is always the fishing boats; but I haven't much heart for them, just now,' I answered, 'since Huldah does not care to go out.'

"'Ah! speaking of Huldah,' he said, rapidly, and with a flush on his handsome face. 'When are you going to be wedded? I have been thinking of it a good deal of late, and might help the time forward, if you would let me.'

"'I—I cannot tell, my lord; there has been nothing settled, as yet.'

"It seemed to me that he started; but I scarcely heeded it, at the time. Certain it was, that his face lighted up, for a moment, then became grave again.

"'But it *will* be,' he said. 'What is the use of waiting?'

"'I am ready enough,' I answered. 'All my heart is in it; but, somehow, the lass holds off.'

"'Holds off! Is it that she does not love you?'

"He asked this eagerly, and his eyes flashed with sudden fire.

"'But, of course, she does. How can I ask so rude a question?' he added. 'Has it not been always understood?'

"'Oh! as to that, there can be no mistake. It is only the time that is not settled.'

"'Then we must see to that. Speak to her, at once, John; that is a lover's bounden duty; a girl like—like Huldah must be sued for, with some humility.'

"'She is one in a thousand,' I broke forth. 'Yes, one in a million. The proudest man in England might go down on his knees for her.'

"Lord Thomas did not reply; but walked toward the cliff a pace or two, looking out to sea, as if his thoughts were far away.

"'Yes,' he said, turning back. 'It is better so. Once married, everything will settle down, and you will have the world before you. It is the uncertainty—the possibility of change—that unsettles one. Speak to her, John. There should be no delay about that.'

"'I will, before night falls. Only I love her too dearly not to be afraid.'

"'Is it that you have a doubt?' he asked.

"'No, no. Huldah's whole life has been a promise, and that is a thing she never broke. To-night will settle the time.'

"'And to-morrow, suppose we take a run out to sea. The yacht has been idle too long.'

"'That will be capital,' I answered, overjoyed. 'I think Huldah has been pining for a good run; certainly, she misses something.'

"'It is arranged then. Have the yacht ready. Let what will happen, we will have one more trip out to sea.'

"Lord Thomas said this excitedly, and with a sort of recklessness that I had never seen in him before.

"That night, I drew Huldah out, beneath the stars, told her of the impatient love that possessed me, and entreated that she would set a time for our marriage. She seemed greatly disturbed, at first, and shrank from the subject, with, what seemed to me, something more than maidenly hesitation. The ardor with which I urged my case surprised and frightened her, no doubt; but she yielded, with quiet gentleness, at last; saying that she owed everything to my parents, and had always loved me dearly.

"This did not quite satisfy the cravings of my passion; but I contented myself with the sweet assurance.

"The next day, I took a couple of men from the boats, put the yacht in order, and was ready for the tide, when Lord Thomas came to the beach. He still seemed under some unusual excitement; but made no effort to speak with me alone, until Huldah appeared in the porch of my father's cottage, prepared to descend to the shore. Then he turned upon me, abruptly enough.

"'Is it your wife who is coming? Am I to congratulate you?' he said.

"He tried to speak smilingly; but his voice was sharp, and his eyes shone, as if, in some way, I had angered him.

"'She promised me, last night,' I answered. 'Is not that a matter of congratulation?'

"He held out his hand, grasping mine.

"'I should be no friend, if I did not wish you happy, John. I do—I do.'

"By this time, Huldah had reached the shore. Lord Thomas did not go forward to meet her, as usual, but busied himself with the yacht, while I helped her aboard. Then he came forward, bowing as if she had been a princess, and gave her his hand. She took it, with a grave, sweet smile.

"The sails were up now, and the vessel began to move. Huldah sat in the cockpit, looking out upon the water, with troubled eyes. Indeed, I had not seen her smile since the day before; but she was a girl to take an engagement for life very seriously, and that did not disturb me.

"It was slack water—the wind blowing freshly from the southwest—when I took the wheel, and ran our vessel out from the harbor, into the open sea. She was a beautiful craft, and moved like a creature born of the elements that swayed it. At another time, there would have been something exciting in her swift, glad flight, through

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the waves; but we were all preoccupied, and took little heed of the vessel's progress—I lost in dreams of my own great happiness, the others silent and thoughtful, sitting apart.

"At last, my dream was broken up; for away in the northwest, a cloud, unobserved till then, was increasing rapidly, and rolling toward us in a great, black mass, like a moving mountain.

"Directly the low mutterings of thunder were heard, while here and there, an instantaneous pencil of fiery light shot through the lead-colored cumuli, as if some vail had been rent from a burning background, over which its sombre folds had been drawn.

"But all the while, that southerly wind blew steadily on, and there seemed no danger that the storm could work itself to windward, and invade the region of sunshine and sea-breeze in which we sailed.

"Remember, I had only a fisherman's experience then, and I think Lord Thomas did not see our danger. Indeed, he seemed scarcely conscious that a storm was brewing; but sat on the deck, with his hat drawn down on his forehead, as if lost in some unpleasant reverie, from which no battle of the elements could arouse him. So, in my inexperience, I kept the yacht on her course, with her sheets made fast.

"But lo! suddenly, in a single instant, the south wind died out, as if it had been arrested by an invisible wall, and the main boom swung upward, dropping the slackened sheets on the deck.

"The vessel, no longer borne down to starboard by the sails, rolled, lazily, to port, and yielded to the heaving of the little swell, like a drift of seaweed floating on the water; but, scarcely had the boom made one entire swing, when the roar of the squall burst upon our ears; then, far beneath the great cloud banks which had rapidly spread above us, a fearful blast came hissing along the sea; the wave crests were cut off, as if some great scythe had swept the broad surface of the water, and the white foam flew before the wind, like driven snow. With a report, like the blow of some mighty hammer, the mainsail and jib snatched their drooping sheets from the deck, and, taut as a fiddlestring, they vibrated under the tremendous tension of the sails, and before the jib could be cleared from the cleets, the boat careened to port, and a flood of water poured over the combings into the cockpit, and fell in a cataract over the seat from which Huldah had just startled, in affright.

"'Cut the weather jib sheets hard apart—'

This command was broken on my lips; for I saw the girl lifted from her feet, and hurled backward. The waters were sweeping her overboard. I sprang forward, abandoning the wheel; but before my hands could reach her, Lord Thomas had leaped, with the bound of a tiger, from the deck, and caught her in his arms. For one moment they clung together, reeling to and fro in the little space, more than once almost hurled into the boiling waves; clasped in, what seemed to me, a death grip. Then it was that I heard Lord Thomas cry out:

"'My God—my God, let us die thus, and together. One minute of love, and, after that, death. Better so than to live apart. Darling—darling, say that you love me—say that you love me—say that you love me, then let the storm do its worst.'

"I heard this indistinctly through the roar of the storm. I saw her face lifted to his, her arms clinging around him. I reeled back, and should have fallen, but that a firm grip on the wheel supported me. I had been already half blinded by a rush of spray; but now everything was black. I could not even see the two persons who stood before me. The men had obeyed my half uttered orders. The boat luffed, and righted herself. The halliards were let go, and the sails came down, with a run. It seemed to me as if earth and sea had crashed together, with a great shock.

"When my senses came back, I was sitting, with both hands on the wheel. Those two stood before me, parted now, but upright like statues, and as white.

"She came toward me, supporting herself by the wheel; for the yacht still heaved and quivered under her feet. Her garments were drenched; her hair heavy with sea spray. Huldah is a brave woman, but words did not come to her lips, though she tried to speak. I felt what she had no power to say, and shrunk from it.

"'You are wet—you are chilled,' I said. 'Go down to the cabin, and wrap yourself from the cold. The worst is over. You have nothing to fear.'

"She looked at me, a moment, with intense mournfulness, then bent her head, and retreated to the cabin.

"Lord Thomas reverently made room for her to pass, then turned, as if to speak; but I lifted my hand, fiercely waving him off. Had he come nearer, I must have killed him, the tiger was so strong within me, just then.

"He drew back, with a look of pain.

"'You wrong me, John,' he said, very gently. 'I have never wronged you.'

"I lifted my head, and a savage reply sprang to my lips; but I did not utter it. There was

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something in his face that quelled the passion within me.

"'You love her,' I said, at last. 'You love her, and have told her so.'

"'Never till now—never till the danger she was in drove me mad.'

"'But it is a truth. You love this girl—loved her, when it was understood that she was to be my wife.'

"'Yes. I scarcely know when I did not love her.'

"He spoke very quietly; but with a degree of suppressed passion that should have subdued the tumult in my own bosom; but it did not.

"'And she—Huldah Winters loves you?'

"I said this rudely, for he was no longer the young lord who had been almost a brother to me, but a man who craved the woman I loved, and had told her so, before my face. A steady glance of his eyes rebuked me; but he spoke gently as before.

"'She, and the angels, that are like her, can alone tell,' he said. 'Until this day, I have never breathed of my passion.'

"My hands still clenched the wheel. I dropped my head upon them, and strove to think clearly; but my heart ached, and my brain burned too fiercely for that. I allowed the yacht to drift. In my desperation, it seemed to me as if the whole earth was reeling under her planks. Had I known that she must plunge with us into eternity, the next moment, it must have been a relief. She staggered on through the heave of the waves, with her helm swaying aimlessly, like my own thoughts. The storm was abating somewhat; but I cared nothing for that. Another blast of opposing winds, a burst of thunder and arrows of lightning, would have pleased me better.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"I TELL you, lad, that one half hour was enough to leaven the whole lifetime of a man with his share of misery. I had lost the friend I loved best, the woman I had just learned to worship. Is it strange that my manhood reeled under the shock?

"It may have been an hour, or only ten minutes, when I lifted my head, and saw Lord Thomas sitting near me; his face was bowed down, and one hand shaded his eyes. There was something in his attitude that touched me. I tried to look another way; but, spite of the effort, my eyes would wander back to his troubled face, and I felt thrills of the old affection trembling up through the rage of pain in my heart. At length, his hand dropped, wearily, and I saw that his eyes were full of tears.

"Still I resisted, and seizing the wheel, put the yacht on her course, looking straight ahead, through the breaking and gauzy clouds.

"I knew that his eyes were on my face—those fine eyes that I had never, even in our boyhood, seen dim with tears. I felt my heart softening toward him. Still my head was turned away; the tumult of the storm was hushed, but that in my bosom could not be so readily subdued.

"The clouds were scattered now, and a sunburst turned their filmy streamers to silver. Was it possible that a man's life could be broken up in one half hour? Since those clouds had buried the sunshine, and given it forth again, in fresh splendor, no more time than that had passed; yet fate had performed the cruel marvel for me.

"I dropped one hand from the wheel, turned, and looked squarely at the young master, once more given back to my manhood.

"'You love her,' I said, 'and how can she help loving you? There can be no choice between us.'

"He shook his head.

"'I am not sure of that, and the question must never be asked now.'

"'But it must be asked. Only this—loving her, what then? You will be a peer of the land. She is a fisherman's daughter, a woman of the cove. Have you thought of that?'

"'No,' he said. 'She was to be your wife. How could I calculate so far, without dishonor?'

"'But now—now—when you love each other?'

"'You have no right to speak for Huldah in this.'

"'Then she must speak for herself.'

"I left the wheel, and went into the cabin. Huldah was lying on the cushioned locker, still wet; but shivering from something deeper than cold. I knelt down, and took her hand. It was chilled to marble. The fingers clasped mine, convulsively, and, turning her face, she fixed her large eyes full upon me—those beautiful eyes that made my heart ache, as I looked into them.

"'I did not know of it, till now,' she said. 'It was the fright that made him talk so.'

"'No, Huldah, it was love for you that has been hidden in his heart all the time.'

"A flash of such joy as I never saw in a human face before sent its fire through the soft gleam of her eyes—a flash that turned my heart faint; but it went out, as quick as it came, and was followed by a cloud of intense trouble.

"'No,' she faltered. 'No—no. You have my promise. He is too noble, too good.'

"'Still, Huldah, he loves you.'

She shook her head.

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"'Loves you better than anything on earth,' I nerved myself to say; 'better than a lowly man like me is capable of loving.'

"She half lifted herself from the cushions, and looked at me, earnestly. Tears trembled in her eye, without falling; she scarcely breathed. Then, as if reading all the pain I suppressed in my face, she fell slowly back, drawing a deep, hard breath.

"'No,' she said, 'it is you that loves me."

"There was something like despair in her voice; a shiver ran from her form to mine; for then the last spark of hope left me.

"'The love of a man like me is so little,' I said; 'it is not strong enough to keep him from roving the seas, as I must. The condition of a sailor's wife is scarcely better than widowhood. It needs great love, Huldah, to be content with that.'

"'But I have promised to be content.'

"That was before you knew how much you had come to love the master.'

"She started up, covering her face with both hands.

"'Oh! God, forgive me. I did not know it, till now. I did not know it,' she cried.

"I stooped down, and kissed her forehead, which was flushed to scarlet, when those trembling hands fell away. It was the first and last kiss that I had given her since childhood, our parting kiss forever.

"I left the cabin, and found Lord Thomas pacing the deck, careless that the disturbed waves made his footsteps more than perilous. He paused, as I came up, threw his arm around the mainmast, and searched my face with swift, nervous glances.

"'I have said that this girl is of the people —humble in her birth, and only more intelligent in her class because of your mother's liberality. How can love exist between you, without dishonor?'

"'There is no possibility that love can exist between me and any other person, with dishonor,' was his prompt and haughty answer.

"'But with you it does exist.'

"'And with her?' he questioned, in a low, soft voice.

"'Go down, and ask her,' I said, and as he left the deck, I was fain to cast my arm around the mast; for my limbs were giving way.

"How long I remained in this position, it is impossible for me to say. For some time, a dumb agony of feeling held me motionless, and it seemed as if the stout mast alone gave me strength to stand. But this weakness passed away; my thoughts broke through their shackles of pain, and worked rationally. I began to reason against my own fierce passions. Did I, alone, stand between these two persons, the dearest to me on earth, and complete happiness? What was I, compared to the young master, that she should choose me before him? That I had intelligence, and more culture than ordinary fishermen, was owing to his generosity and untiring friendship. That he had ever, in thought or word, attempted to rob me of Huldah's love, I did not believe now, when that storm of unreasoning wrath had left me. I heard their voices now and then, through the open cabin door. His was grave and earnest; hers low, and broken with tears. It went to my heart.

"But how could I give her up, and, if I did, to what destiny should I consign her? I could not doubt Lord Thomas. In the worst whirl of my anger I was not base enough for that; but had he the power to accept the sacrifice I was ready to make? Would the proud, old earl ever consent to a marriage that would seem to degrade his lineage? If not, all that I might give up or suffer would only lead to temptation for one, and misery for the other.

"No; I resolved on one thing, irrevocably; before sunset, the next day, Huldah should be my wife, or his. I knew that she would keep her pledge, if I demanded its fulfilment. Within that week I would quit Trevylan, leaving her the wife of my young master, or carry her away, my own bride, even if an unloving one, into some new country, where we could live and die alone.

"These thoughts were in my mind, when Lord Thomas came up from the cabin. I went forward to meet him, almost smiling; for a kind of generous exultation had followed the ebbing of my wrath, and, once resolved on my course, I could act with something like composure.

"'You have no cause for resentment,' he said, reaching out his hand, as I dropped into the cockpit. 'She abides by her engagement. She is wounded by what I have done.'

"I smiled, perhaps bitterly, saying, with a degree of steadiness that surprised myself:

"'But that changes nothing. Her heart is with you. It never has been mine—never! There is but one condition that can excuse me for accepting the sacrifice she is ready to make.'

"His eyes were turned earnestly upon me, full of sadness, but with an underglow that I understood.

"'What is that?' he said, at last.

"'If you find it impossible to marry her yourself—'

"'Impossible to marry the woman one loves,

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heart and soul. That is to reject heaven,' he said, with a splendid brightening of the face, which made me wonder that I had ever thought him handsome before. 'If she loved me, and you *could* give her to me, nothing should prove impossible.'

"'But your father.'

"His countenance fell, and he repeated, despondently:

"'My father?'

"'Will never consent.'

"'No.'

"'Not if you went down on your knees to him.'

"'Not to save his own life and mine.'

"I was but human; fresh hope began to burn in my heart. Would it indeed come about that I should take Huldah to the New World with me? I smothered the feeling, with all the manhood that was left to me.

"'But then—' I began.

"'Stop, stop. I must have time for thought.'

"He turned away, looking down into the water, but I drew close to him.

"'The earl is in the East—so far away, that he could not be reached, even if there existed a hope of consent,' I said.

"'There is no hope of that,' he answered, without lifting his eyes from the water.

"'Then what hope is there?'

"'None; but he may forgive.'

"My heart stood still. I knew what he was thinking of.

"'After all,' he said, as if reasoning with himself. 'Has any human being the right to choose the partner of a life for another? I am a man, responsible for my own actions, and I love Huldah—'

"'And she loves you.'

"He looked at me, earnestly.

"'You spoke with her. You know?'

"'That which I would give half my life not to know."

"'We might wait. I am an only son, and my father loves me. It might be.'

"'This is speaking against hope, my master,' I said.

"'I know, I know. It is madness to think of it.'

"'There is but one way,' I answered, slowly, for the words seemed dragging up the last hope in my heart. 'But one. To-morrow, Huldah must be your wife or mine. I can give her up, but dare not leave her to the perils of chance.'

"He turned upon me, suddenly, a hot flush on his face, and fire in his eyes.

"'Chance. Do I understand you?'

"'No, master. Not if you find a doubt in anything I have said. This girl may not be my wife, but she has all the claims of a sister. I cannot leave her here, that your father's pride may break her heart.'

"The blood receded from my master's face. He reached out his hand.

"'It might end in that,' he said, firmly; 'but it never shall.'

"I wrung his hand, feeling myself grow pale; for every word I spoke was breaking a heart-string woven about the girl I was giving up.

"'Let it be now; before I leave Trevylan forever,' I said.

"'You wish this?'

"'It is the price for which I yield her to you,' was my answer.

"'And you can do this?'

"'It would be easier to die for her; but I can do even that, and thank God that he has given me the power of leaving so much happiness behind.'

"Again he wrung my hand, and tears stood in his eyes.

"'To-morrow,' I said, with almost breathless eagerness; for it was like shooting arrows through my own heart, when I proposed these arrangements. 'To-morrow—'

"'To-morrow,' he repeated, with a start; but I saw his eyes kindle and his face flush.

"'Yes. The weather has been rough; that will account for our staying out over night. We will run down the coast to Ernstein—a quiet little place, as you know. There will be time for the license and the ceremony.'

"'But Huldah. Will she consent to this?'

"'We shall soon learn,' I answered, and leaving him, I went into the cabin.

"My heart seemed cold and dead as marble, when I came out, and found Lord Thomas waiting for me, impatient and flushed with excitement.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"'WELL,' he said, breathlessly. 'Well.'

"I waved my hand toward the cabin door, and went aft; for my life, I could not have spoken. We ran down the coast, and anchored off the little village I have spoken of. At daylight, Lord Thomas and I went ashore, walked across country to the nearest station, and after an hour or two, came back with the license, and had arranged with the curate of a little stone church, half buried in ivy, standing remotely from the village, that he should be ready in an hour to perform the marriage ceremony.

"We found Huldah ready. Her wet yachting dress had been dried, and carefully smoothed

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her hair arranged in its usual graceful coils; and, though very pale, and thoughtful even to sadness, she was as lovely a bride as I ever looked upon.

"I, the man who, only two days before, had expected to spend my life with Huldah Winters, gave her away at the altar of that humble church, with the shadows of rustling ivy trembling over us where the light came through a neighboring window, throwing soft traceries over the altar, while all the rest of the building lay in gloom. Yes, I gave her to him, there and then, with my whole heart and soul, and I believe there was a smile on my lips; for a spirit of self-abnegation made the sacrifice almost a happiness. Few people could ever be made to understand how I loved those two.

"Directly, the yacht was under way again, and a fair wind brought us in sight of Trevylan, before nightfall. We had consulted, earnestly, on our way, and decided on the best course to pursue in order to keep the secret of the marriage until the earl should return to England. By the time we entered the harbor, our plans were matured. My father and Lady Colgate were alone to be made acquainted with the facts.

"While rounding the point, we came in sight of the old man's fishing-boat making for the harbor. I hailed him, and he came aboard. Then we told him all, and, from that day to this, he has religiously kept the secret.

"As for Lady Colgate, no sweeter or kinder lady than she was, ever lived. She loved her son to idolatry, and Huldah had always been very dear to her. I do not know how Lord Thomas told her. What I do know is, that, two days after I left Trevylan, she sent for Huldah, and had her at the castle for months. This was not considered remarkable by the people of the cove, because such visits had been often made before.

"I do not know how the idea got abroad that Huldah and I had been wedded, during that trip in the yacht. Perhaps, the men on board, knowing that we were troth-plighted, whispered their conjectures to the neighbors, when they came home. Or it may be that my father thought best to encourage the belief. It was the interest of no one to contradict it, and so the rumor settled into a certainty.

"I can only tell you what happened after in fragments, as I have learned them since, from my father and old Markham.

"For some months, the health of the countess failed gradually. During this time, her reconciliation to the marriage became fully complete. I cannot tell what influences wrought upon the gentle lady. Perhaps the emptiness of all earthly rank was impressed upon her then, with a power that swept away the last vestige of old prejudice.

"It was her wish that the marriage should remain secret, until the earl's return, when she hoped that her own influence, joined with the great love that he had for his son, would induce, at least, a tardy forgiveness for the young people. Poor lady! she was unconscious of the insidious progress of a disease that was slowly leading her to the tomb, to which a terrible event hastened her.

"In those days, the young lord was strong, ardent and full of active life. No man in the county enjoyed all the outdoor sports of his class more keenly, or bore his part in them with more dashing grace, than he did. In his father's absence, he was master of the hounds, and led the hunt with spirit and boldness unequaled by any lord or squire in the county.

"Old Markham has told me with what brilliant force the red-coated riders mustered in front of the castle, that fatal day, when the young master gave up hunting forever. There had been a breakfast at Trevylan, from whence the whole hunt went to field. Lord Thomas rode in front, on his blooded horse, Chichester, a fiery creature, which no one could manage but himself. His laugh and clear, ringing voice came back to the countess and his young wife, as they stood at a window of Lady Colgate's chamber, watching him, as the one adored object in all that throng.

"A few hours from that time, a band of these men came in scattered groups through the trees they had ridden under, so gaily, in the morning, solemn and horror-stricken, like soldiers bearing a leader home to his funeral.

"Among them, borne prone and insensible on a litter, lay the form that had ridden so proudly away from Trevylan, that morning, now all the strength and glory of manhood crushed out of it. The face, turned upward in its deathly pallor, grew ashen near the vivid scarlet of a torn and soiled coat, where patches of blood had turned to something darker than crimson, in places through which great drops were falling to the grass.

"Two persons had come to the window, at the first sound of returning hoofs. The pale, thin face of the countess first, then the eager head of Huldah, looking over her shoulder. One glance, and the ashen whiteness of that face on the litter was not more deathly than hers. The mother's could scarcely be more colorless than disease had left it; but, with a single gasp—for she had no strength to cry out—the poor lady fell back into Huldah's arms, and was dead.

"The days that followed were terrible. While Lord Thomas lay between life and death, his mother was carried to her peace, in the tomb,

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down yonder. Huldah remained by her wounded husband, month after month, devoting all the strength of her life to his care. But for her, he must have died. The surgeons all agreed in this; for it was long before they gave any hopes of the partial recovery that left him the wreck of what he had been.

"Then Huldah left the castle, and went back to her old home, and there you were born."

Keath started to his feet, as John Winters said this.

"And he was my father—my own honored father! Oh, my God, my God, why was I not permitted, for one moment, to lay my head on his bosom, knowing it—"

John Winters lifted his hand.

"Be calm," he said, "and let me finish. Your grandfather, the old earl, was still in the East, wandering far beyond the reach of news, and it was not till Lord Thomas was out of immediate danger that he knew of his hurt, or of the death of his countess. This double blow, perhaps, kept him from Trevylan. I have no knowledge of the reason; but it was three years before he returned to England, and then it was with a second wife, the lady now at the castle, and her infant son. Even then, it was a long time before the earl came down to Trevylan, where Lord Thomas still remained.

"You have seen the lady, but can hardly judge of the effect her haughty beauty had upon the earl, for over him she had won unbounded influence.

"The antipathy with which this woman regarded Lord Thomas was absolute malevolence. Believing his existence the only obstacle between her son and the vast inheritance which goes with the title, she loathed the very sight of him. For this reason, he had rooms in the old castle fitted up for his use. His father was far advanced in years then, and he hesitated at no sacrifice that could add to the tranquility of a life already burdened beyond the proud old nobleman's endurance.

"At what time he told the earl of his marriage I do not know; but it *was* revealed to him, and with it, a letter from the first Lady Colgate, over which the old man wept such tears as could only be wrung from his heart when half its pride was crushed out.

"It is probable that his own imprudent marriage mitigated the earl's resentment, regarding that of his son; for no fierce outburst of pride or wrath followed the confession of Lord Thomas. Indeed, it seemed as if the old man took half comic, half vindictive pleasure in contemplating the discomfiture which would overwhelm his second countess, when the secret of this double heirship between his younger son and the estate should be made known to her.

"But the old nobleman had become sensitive under the home-rule of an imperious woman, whose haughty insolence shocked the finer pride of his own nature, and in a degree subdued it. With that shrinking from excitement which is the weakness of extreme age, he sought to delay the storm which was sure to follow this announcement, and made it a condition of his forgiveness, that the secret of this marriage should be kept, until after his own death.

"Your mother heard of this with an infinite sense of relief. She had no desire that you should be taken from the healthy influence with which you were surrounded, and subjected to the temptation of ambition, the malevolence of his grandfather's wife, or the evil example of Lord Belus. Your education, which Lord Thomas, in his invalid state, had found so much pleasure in superintending, was such as befitted any young noble of the land. Why then should the peaceful routine of their lives be disturbed?

"With these feelings it was easy to accept the old earl's conditions; for no curiosity regarding the interest Lord Thomas felt in Huldah, or her child, ever existed in this primitive neighborhood; for the ship I was supposed to have sailed in foundered at sea, and from that time, she was believed to be a widow, to whose almost superhuman care he was indebted for his life. To our people, it never seemed strange that his gratitude should be unceasing in behalf of both mother and son.

"I was across the Atlantic, when the news of Lord Colgate's death reached me. My father had kept me informed of the events I have given you, and I was convinced that the time had come, when I should be wanted at Trevylan; for I was the principal witness of the marriage which must be proclaimed, and which would have been made public on the next day, had your father lived twenty-four hours longer."

CHAPTER XXXV.

John Winters had finished his narrative; but, for some minutes, Keath sat motionless; he expected that more was to come. At last, he lifted his head, and revealed a face wet with tears.

"And I must never see him—never let him know how much dearer he was to me than any father that ever lived. All the rest might go, if I could only have told him that; but now they think—oh, my God, they think that it was I who let him drown—I, his own son. Tell me, tell

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me, did not some one say that the inquest was adjourned, that the court was sitting now?"

Before John Winters could answer, Huldah came into the room. She had been upon her knees, weeping and praying, while Keath was listening to the story of her life.

"My son," she said, with the pathetic sweetness of great love in her voice.

The young man, at the words, sprang up from his seat, folded her to his bosom, and held her close to his heart, a heart that was beating with passionate impatience.

"Mother, mother, I cannot wait," he cried, unwinding her arms from his neck. "I have taken a false step, and there may be time to redeem myself."

Before Huldah could speak, Stella Winchester rushed into the porch, and through the door, shutting it after her, and pressing both hands against it.

"Oh, Huldah, oh, Keath—Keath, flee for your life! Take the train—take the first boat you can find; only do not stay here another minute."

The girl's blue eyes were on fire, her white face quivered in all its beautiful features, as she turned it over her shoulder, gazing on the startled youth, with piteous entreaty, while her limbs shook.

"Go. Go, I say. Don't stand looking at me, there. They have brought you in guilty of murder. They have sworn away your life. They would not believe that you and I were together, in the park, that very hour, though I swore it. Oh, Huldah, why does he stand there, looking at me? Oh, sir, you can take him away—no matter where, so that the place is safe. Do, do!"

While the girl was hurling these wild words over her shoulder, footsteps were heard in the porch, and the door was pushed open, so rudely, that she was thrown upon her knees. But even then, she turned, and tried to press her weight against it. Keath came forward, and lifted her gently from beneath the very feet of three men, who seemed ready to trample her down.

"Put the lass away. We shall find other work for you," said one of the men, taking something from the pocket of his corduroy coat, that glittered like steel. "Keath Winters, I arrest you, in the name of the Queen."

"Keath Winters," said Huldah, coming forward, white as a marble woman. "That is not his name."

The officer laughed, coarsely.

"As if we did not know him," he said. "Come, young man. I'm sorry, but it must be done."

Again Huldah parted her lips to speak, but this time it was her son who checked her.

"Keep silent, mother, I beseech you," he said, in a low voice. "Would you couple that name with these—his name?"

The officer had seized his hand, and was looking the steel manacles upon his wrist.

Huldah shrunk back, almost blinded by their awful glitter; but her bloodless lips were firmly closed, and she saw them lead her son forth, with dry eyes. Then she fell senseless upon the floor.

John Winters looked anxiously back, as he followed Keath and his captors through the porch, and hesitated; for two women were lying like dead creatures in the room he had left.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

BEAUTIFUL ANNIE.

BY MRS. CHARLOTTE E. FISHER.

Oh! the blossoms crept over the meadows,
The vine grew in beauty each day,
And the stars came out 'mong the shadows,
The hours, like birds, flew away.
But we sang in the glorious sunlight,
My fair little Annie and I;
And we sang in the showers of moonlight,
Under the beautiful sky.

CHORUS.

Oh! my Annie, my beautiful Annie,
She was fairest of all fair things;
Oh! I heard not the song sung above me,
Nor the dirge the passing wind brings.

Oh! a mantle lies white on the meadows,
A mantle of glimmering snow,
And still 'mong the deepening shadows
The myriad stars are aglow.
But we wander no more in the sunlight,
My dear little Annie and I;
And we're singing no more in the moonlight,
Under the beautiful sky. CHORUS.

Oh! my Annie, my beautiful Annie,
Why do you thus tarry away?
While our tears, oh! so many, so many,
Are falling for you, ev'ry day.
You must have found many loved faces
Or else you'd come to me once more;
You must have found heavenly places
Out on the beautiful shore. CHORUS.

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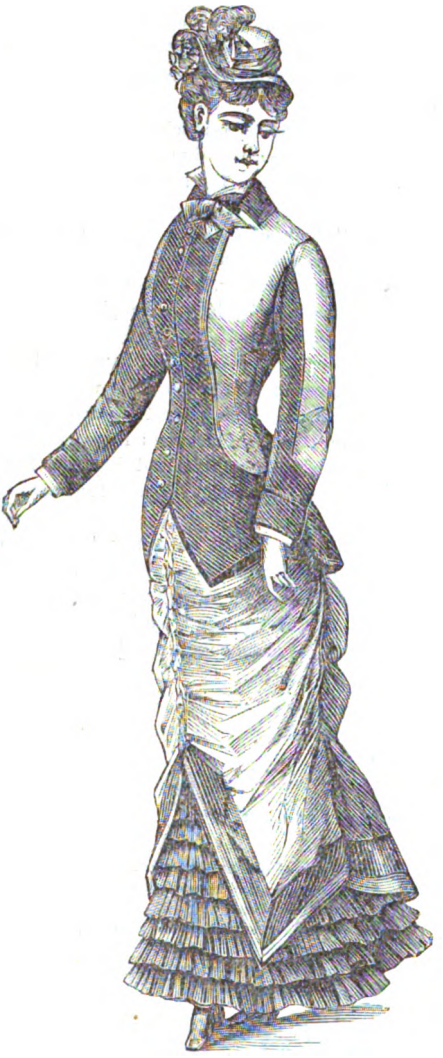
EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1.—We give, first, this month, a promenade costume of silk and camel's hair cloth, in olive-green. The skirt, which is short and round, is made on an alpaca foundation of the



No. 1.

same color. There is a narrow outside facing of the silk on this foundation, then it is trimmed with from six to eight two inch-wide knife-plaited ruffles of the silk. Over this is disposed the over-skirt, which is gathered quite full up the centre of the front width, opening as high as the knee, where the trimming is put on, in a bias band of silk, extending all round. The over-skirt is made of the camel's hair cloth, and the fulness at the back is arranged in three large

No. 2.

pouffs. For the basque, we have first a very deep basque, opening in front to match the over-skirt, this is made of the silk, over this a shorter one, cut as seen in the illustration, corresponding in length at the back; this is made of the camel's hair material. The coat-sleeves are made of the silk and camel's hair, in lengthwise

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stripes, with a double-pointed cuff of the silk. A turn-down collar completes this costume, which may be varied, in materials, by using cashmere in place of the silk, and some mixed material in place of the camel's hair cloth; and be less expensive, unless an old silk could be made to do service for the under-skirt and other trim-

No. 3—A.

mings. Fifteen yards of silk and four yards of camel's hair cloth will be required. If cashmere is used instead of silk, six to eight yards will be required.

No. 2.—Next, we have a walking-costume, for a very young lady, of a very dark maroon-colored woolen material, either cashmere, camel's hair, merino, or any solid-colored, twilled material; this is entirely trimmed with a two inch wide galon, embroidered in colors. There is, first, a very narrow, round skirt, not over two and a-half yards wide on this, which is of cambric to match, is put on outside facing one-eighth of a yard deep of the material. The kilt-plaited flounce, which is a half yard deep, is placed upon this foundation. There are three deep kilt-plaits, then a band of the embroidered galon, and this is repeated all round the skirt. The over-skirt is arranged permanently upon the foundation, in scarf fashion in front, and in pouff drapery at the back. This is done by taking three yards of the double-width material, and turning all of one side, lengthwise, across one end, and all of the other lengthwise side, except about one yard, which is arranged upon the front in scarf fashion, as seen by illustration. The jacket is a

No. 3—B.

tight-fitting basque, trimmed in front with lengthwise rows of the galon, to simulate a waistcoat. The same trimming is arranged on the fronts, where the basque joins the waistcoat, and around the lower edge. Coat-sleeves, trimmed to match, with a narrow kilt-plaiting of silk, and ribbon bow to match. At the neck, it is finished with a

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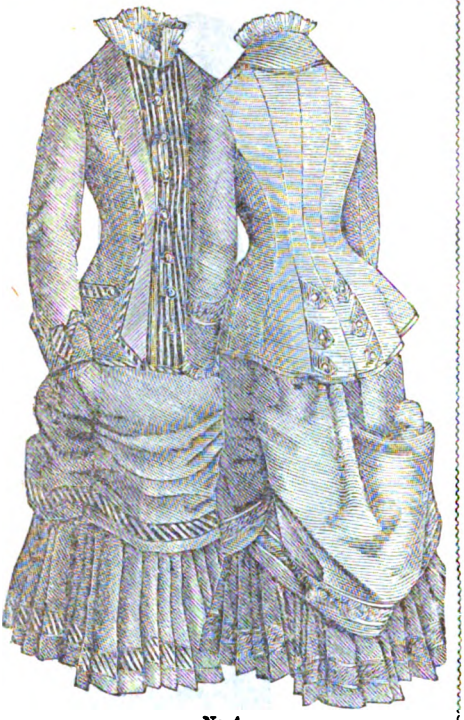
rolling collar, or it may be closed at the throat, if preferred. Eighteen to twenty yards of galon, ten to twelve yards of double-width material will be required. Plain bands of silk or velvet may be substituted for the embroidered galon, or bias bands of plaid cashmere, in blue and green, would look well upon a navy-blue, bottle-green, or black material.

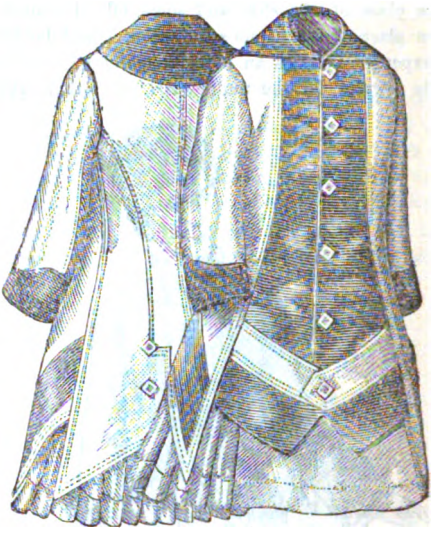
No. 3.—Next, we give the front and back (A, B) of a house or visiting-costume, of cream-colored cashmere. The skirt is kilt-plaited as far as the waistcoat. At the back the dress is princess, but in front there is a very long waist cut of Pompa-



No. 4.

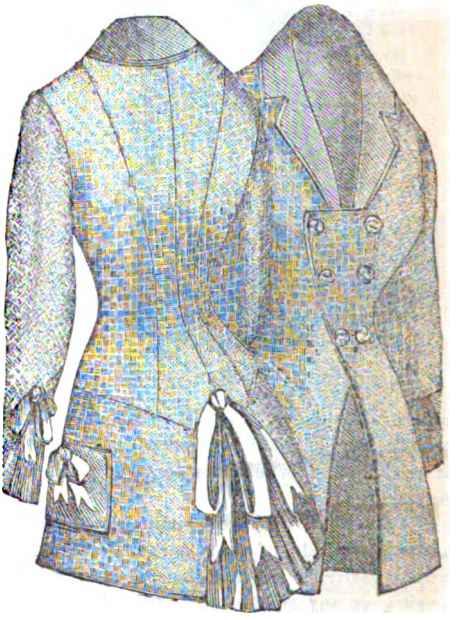
dour satinette, trimmed with Breton lace, which lace is carried to the throat in a jabot. The sides of the tunic form panier revers, and are stopped under a rosette of narrow ribbon with long, hanging loops. The trimming round the edge of the entire over-dress, beginning at the throat, is made of short loops of narrow ribbon, arranged to touch each other. The drapery at the back is caught up in several places, as seen by illustration. Pockets upon the lower part of the waistcoat, trimmed with the lace. Sixteen to eighteen yards of single-width material, ten of double, two yards of figured material for waistcoat. Coat-sleeves, with cuff of the same material as the waistcoat.

No. 4.—For a miss of ten to twelve years, we have the back and front view of a pretty, stylish costume, trimmed either with bias bands of



No 5.

striped material, or embroidered galon. The skirt has a kilt-plaited flounce on to a foundation. Over this, is arranged the over-skirt drapery, as



No. 6.

seen by illustration. The jacket has a vest-front of the striped goods, and a narrow piping of the same finishes the edge, pockets, cuffs, and

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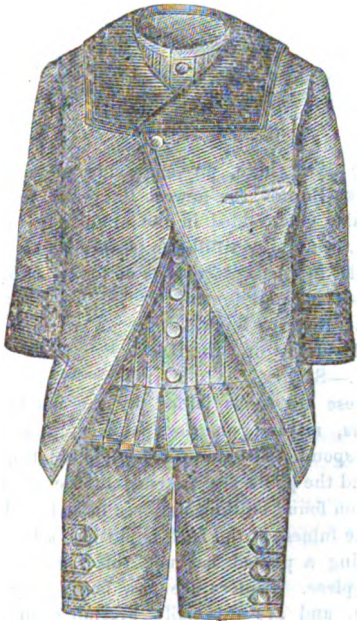
trimming at the back. Six yards of double-width material, two and a-half of striped, in either silk or cashmere, for trimming, will be required.

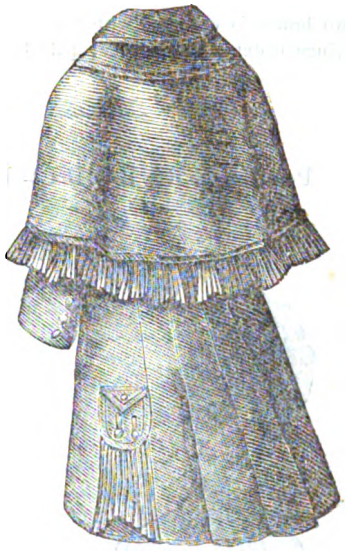
No. 5.—An outdoor costume for a girl of nine years is made of cashmere and satin, and mother-of-pearl buttons. The skirt is plain in front, and plaited at the back. The long waistcoat is of the satin, buttoned in front, and ornamented with tabs of the cashmere.. The paletot forms points at the sides, and is hollowed out at the back. Cuffs and collar of satin.

No. 6.—An outdoor jacket of bége, or black basket cloth or flannel, will be very useful for this season of the year, made by this n.odel, of which we give the back and front. Silk and ribbon to match, for collar, cuffs, pockets and bows. In the centre of the back, under the loops of ribbon, is a kilted plaiting of the silk.



No. 7.

No. 7.—For a little boy from five to seven years, we have short knee-pants. A plaited under-vest, with over-jacket, buttoned only once under the collar. Make of navy-blue flannel, trimmed with black, or a bége color.



No. 8.

No. 8.—For an infant in short dresses, we give a pretty model for a cloak, with large cape, made of white or light grey cashmere or cloth, and trimmed with fine knife-plaiting of silk to match.

PATTERNS OF OUR Every-Dresses, or for the costumes in our colored fashion plate, or for our Children's dresses, paletot, etc., may be had on application by letter enclosing price of pattern, of Mrs. M. A. Jones, Importer and Designer of Paper Patterns, No. 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

We also call particular attention to a beautiful line of Patterns for Ladies and Children furnished by her, and for which there is not space in this book. All patterns are put together and styles of trimming sent without extra charge. We give list of prices for a few principal patterns.

Watteau Wrapper,	50 cts.	Talmas, ...	35 cts.
Princess Dress, .	50 "	Waterproofs, ...	35 "
Polonaise, . . .	50 "	Wrappers, ...	35 "
Trimmed Skirt, .	50 "	Children's Dresses, plain,	25 "
Basques, ...	35 "	Combination Suits, . .	35 "
Coats, ...	35 "	Boys' Suit Patterns,	25 to 50 "
Cut-aways, . . .	35 "	Underwear, . .	20 and 25 "
Over-Skirts, . . .	35 "	Good-fitting shirt patterns,	50 "

For shirt pattern, send size of Neck, Yoke and Sleeve. Measure for Ladies: Bust, Waist, length of Back from neck to waist. For Children: length from neck to bottom of skirt front, also age and whether large or small. Also a new and very complete Dress Chart, with all the latest improvements for modern styles. Fully taught, $5.00. Without instructions, $1.25. Any questions about material or trimming cheerfully answered. In sending orders, please send address plainly written, with county and State, to Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MAT: EMBROIDERY IN PLUSH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give an engraving of a mat, in embroidery in plush, something both new and very elegant. We also give an engraving of a quarter of the same mat, full size. The foundation is old gold plush, embroidered with red and pale blue silk. The border

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is caroubier cloth, trimmed with two rows of old gold braid, fastened down with fancy stitches in pale blue silk; the garland in satin stitch between the two braids is executed with pale blue silk. The fringe matches the border; pale blue and old gold strands being introduced in the tassels. If old gold plush can not be procured, other colors may be substituted, at the taste of the person working the mat. The same may be said of the caroubier cloth.

PANIER BODICE: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, here, an engraving of a stylish PANIER BODICE, the newest thing out in Paris. We also give, folded in the number, a SUPPLEMENT, containing a full-size pattern for the same.

This Supplement consists of four pieces, viz.:

I.—HALF OF FRONT.

II.—HALF OF BACK.

III.—HALF OF SIDE-BACK.

IV.—SLEEVE.

These are to be joined by the notches and letters, marked on the patterns, and which correspond. The side piece is plaited from E to F, and the plaits are fastened to the projecting portion found on the side piece from D to E.

The fulness at the back is put into a box-plait, forming a plaited basque; this falls over the side piece. Paniers are now being very much worn, and are especially becoming to slight figures.

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WAX FLOWERS, No. 11.

BY MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON.

THE ABUTILON.

Materials.—Half package light green, half package white, half package yellow (light) wax; some green spool-wire; abutilon leaf-mould; glass-headed moulding-pin; small camel's hair brush; one tube dark yellow oil-paint; and one bunch rose stamens. These materials will cost about one dollar, and will be sufficient to teach three or four persons.

First mould your leaves in this manner: Take a piece of wire, three inches long, and wind it with a narrow strip of green wax; now wind two other pieces of wire, each one and one-half inches long. Dip the leaf-mould in water, then shake off the drops, lay a sheet of wax lengthwise of the sheet, on the back of the leaf mould; press it down around the edges, when it will cut off. Now lay the longest wire, which you have already wound, exactly in the centre of this leaf,

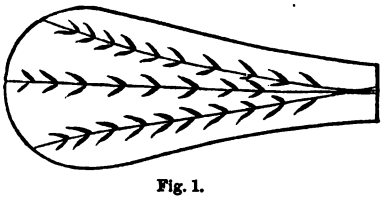

Fig. 1.

and lay over it another piece of wax lengthwise of the sheet. Press this firmly down, so as to get a good impression of the veins: when this is done, take the leaf from the leaf mould.

Dip your finger in water, and rub around the edges, when it will easily come off. Mould two more leaves, using the shorter pieces of wire, and join them to the first leaf. Now for the flowers: cut six pieces, the size and shape of Fig. 1. Roll until cupped around the rounding edges. Then, with your camel's hair brush, barely dipped in the dark yellow paint, draw fine veins all over the six pieces. These veins are represented by the lines in the figure. Lay them aside, and cut off a piece, two and a-half inches long, of the spool-wire. Make a hook at one end, and cover it with a narrow strip of wax, one-half inch long and a fourth wide. In this place five rose stamens, the one in the middle longer than the rest, folding the wax around firmly to keep the stamens in place.

After this is done, wrap the stem with a narrow strip of light green wax. Now place the six pieces like Fig. 1 on the stem, allowing the bottom, which has a narrow, straight edge, to rest right around the full part covered with a narrow strip of wax. The abutilon is full-shaped, and when the pieces are all on, its appearance is rich and double. Finish off with a piece of green wax, shaped like the calyx of a rose. For white ones, use white wax, veining with the yellow paint.

AFGHAN, OR BABY'S CRIB COVER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give an engraving of an Afghan, an entirely new pattern, and also of various parts of the work in detail. The pattern may likewise be used for a Baby's Crib Cover, only, in this case, it must be executed in smaller size. Three stripes only are given in our illustration, but these are sufficient to indicate the entire work, as they may be increased in number, at will The colors, in which the work is to be done, are marked by letters printed on the three engravings that represent the detail, viz.: on the design for the marguerite, that for the cornflower, and that for the narrow band connecting the stripes. The ground is crocheted in crochet tricotée, each stripe being sixteen stitches wide. Letter G denotes the ground, which is either blue or scarlet Saxony wool; letter H, the petal of the marguerite, very light grey; letter I, a stitch of white silk for the centre of the petal; letter J, the centre worked in yellow silk, in French knots. The ground of the stripe is figured in the cornflower cut, white or very pale grey; letter M, calyx of flower, black wool; letter N, the embroidery on the grey in white silk. The smallest of the cuts represents the narrow connecting band of the rug. Black wool is the ground; this band is only six stitches wide; the letter P, pale blue silk; letter Q, gold silk. The stripes are joined together by a row of chain stitch, using black wool.

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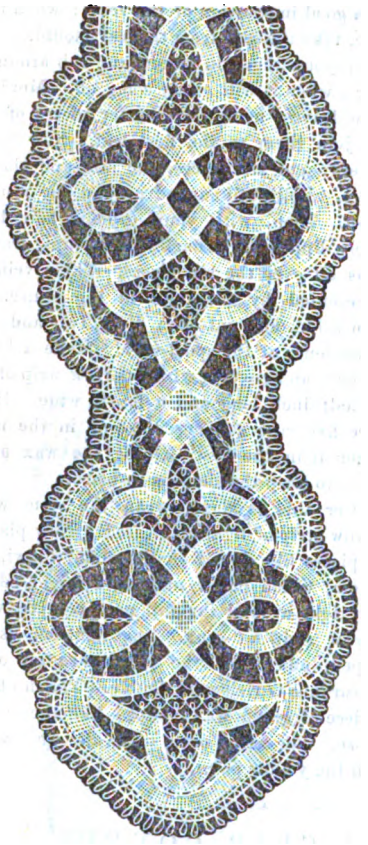
POINT LACE: TRIMMING, INSERTION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, patterns, in Modern Point Lace, one for trimming, the other for insertion.

The braid used is very fine, the edges being open, or *a jour*. The fillings, composed of various stitches, are made with *coleur de lin* thread. The bars that hold together the meshes are over-cast.

The patterns make an effective trimming on a washing dress, if lined with red Turkey twill or silk.

FOR THE LITTLE FOLK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

A pen-wiper for father, or brother, would be nice for a present. Here is one, in application, a kind of work very fashionable now. Application means that one substance or color is gummed on another, and the edges sewed over with some sort of ornamental work or braid. This is in green velvet, on claret cloth; the edges of the velvet are covered with gold braid, and a line of

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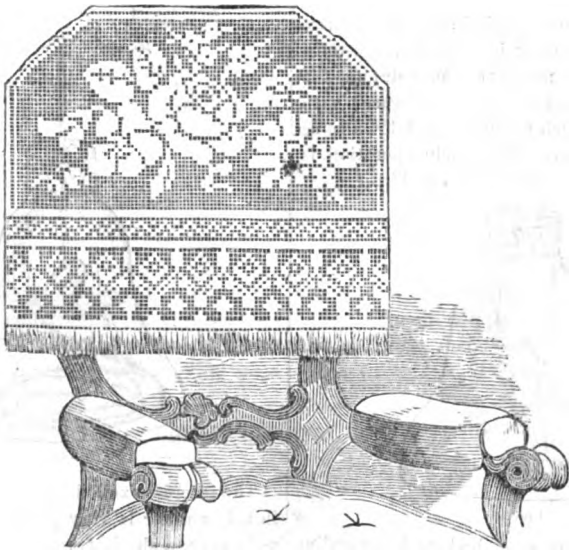
black beads laid along the centre of the velvet, is

also edged on each side with gold thread. Black glass beads are dotted here and there over the pattern. These should not be sewn on at one time, for then there would be large spaces between them, but should be threaded on a length of black silk, and then, with another needleful of silk, a stitch should be taken across the thread, between every two beads. The silk, in which the beads are threaded, should be very coarse; but they ought to be sewn over with fine. If preferred, a trimming of gold beads, or black bugles, may be put round the pen-wiper.

In the centre of the pen-wiper, as given in our illustration, is an eagle, with wings oustretched. Any other ornament, however, may be substituted. A button, either gilt, or covered, would do very well. All you want is that something brilliant, to give effect, should glisten on the dark velvet.

TIDY FOR CHAIR: IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The materials for this very beautiful tidy are crochet cotton, Nos. 8 and 12, and about eight ounces of torquoise-blue beads, No. 3. A crochet hook No. 17.

The entire upper part, including the narrow border, is to be worked in open square crochet from the engraving, a foundation chain of two hundred and ninety-five stitches. No. 12 cotton must be used for this purpose. The decreasing at the edges in the upper part is to be done in the mode often described in these pages. (See among others, the September number.)

The border is to be done in Sc, on the wrong side of the upper part; for it is to be remembered that the beads always appear on the reverse side.

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TIMBER TREES AS INDOOR ORNAMENTS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Underneath the boughs of the oak may be found at the present season multitudes of ripe acorns that have fallen amidst the decaying leaves. These may, with the expenditure of an amount of trouble that is not worth a thought, be made to furnish most interesting and pleasing ornaments for our sitting-rooms—their great attraction being that, living and growing, they are ever fresh and ever new. The simple process is as follows: Select a large, well-grown acorn, and by the aid of a very stout needle run a strong thread through it, in such a manner that the acorn shall hang with the pointed end straight downwards. Now put the acorn so threaded in a clear glass bottle (for this purpose an empty gum bottle answers very well), place the two ends of thread over the opposite sides of the neck, and secure them by wrapping a few turns of fine thread or string around the neck, and fix the turns by tying the ends together. This done, pull upon the ends of the thread that pierces the acorn until the latter hangs fairly point downwards in the very centre of the bottle. Now pour in a little water until it just reaches, and no more, the point of the acorn. Then cut a small piece of card, with vandyked edges, which can be turned down so as to form a loose cover. The whole operation is complete, and the result is shown in Fig. 1.

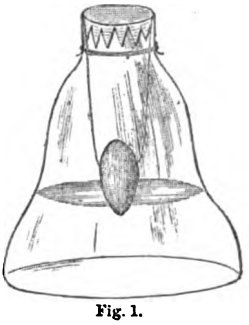

Fig. 1.

If the acorn so prepared be kept in an ordinary sitting-room or placed on the mantelshelf, it will be seen that after a few days, more or less dependent on the warmth of the room, the shell will open at the point, and a white radicle or long root will grow downwards into the water. This root will go on elongating for weeks. In a state of nature it would become the tap root of the oak; but, as in its glassy prison it cannot obey the attraction of the earth, it coils round and round the inner side of the glass until a foot or more is packed away in the little bottle, and small rootlets grow forth profusely from its sides. At last the upper coverings of the acorn split, and the plumule, in the form of a little green stem, forces its way out, bearing delicate fairy-like leaves of the most exquisitely tender green. These will grow with vigor, borne on a straight stem; the card covering will then have to be perforated to allow the little timber tree to grow out into the open air and assume the appearance shown in the second figure.

Fig. 2.

The interest excited by the growth of an acorn in this manner is very great. The little tree is, as it were, a child of your own rearing. All its requirements have been fulfilled by your own hands—the gardener has had nothing whatever to do with it; the little glass forcing house is all your own. You can set going a dozen or more if you like, and the growth of a forest of fairy oaks will gladden your eyes, even whilst the keen blasts from the icy north have checked all progress in the parent trees.

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Through the long winter the tender leaves continue to appear. When spring returns with the revolving year the growth becomes more vigorous: and through the long summer and the ensuing winter the little oak flourishes on, the leaves find sufficient nourishment in the solid lobes of the seed. The oak has become an evergreen; and, if at the end of the second winter you plant it, may perchance flourish for a thousand years—

A thing of beauty and a joy for ever.

The seeds of other timber trees may be used in a similar manner, with such modifications of the arrangements as are required by their size and form. The third figure shows a horse chestnut, placed in the neck of a bottle just touching the surface of water, in which position it will germinate freely, though not quite so rapidly as the acorn.

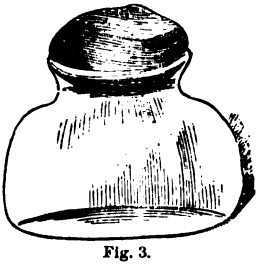

Fig. 3.

NEEDLE-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

A simple and pretty needle-case is made like the illustration on Java or gold canvas. A small square, embroidered on the outside with pink or blue silk, inside it is lined with silk to match the embroidery, and bound with satin ribbon. At the edge is a cord, also to match, and a loop of it is left at the three corners, a button being sewn at the fourth. Leaves of cloth or flannel, with their edges done in buttonhole stitch, are added inside the case for the needles.

HANDKERCHIEF, TRIMMED WITH BRETON LACE.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1880! SPLENDID ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES! We call attention to the Prospectus for 1880, on the last page of the cover. We claim there that "Peterson" is both better and cheaper than any magazine of its kind, and therefore *the one, above all others, for the times.* That the public at large admits the justice of the claim, is proved by the fact, that "Peterson" has now, and has had for years, *the largest circulation of any lady's book* in the world.

We claim also that "Peterson" combines more desirable qualities than any other magazine. Its steel-engravings are the finest, and a steel-engraving is the finest of all engravings. Its stories are the best published: no lady's book has such contributors. In its fashion department, it has long been acknowledged to be pre-eminent: its styles are the newest and most elegant, its superb, colored plates have no rivals. The Pattern-sheets, given as Supplements, each month, and the "Every-Day" department, make it, moreover, indispensable in a family, *as a matter of economy.* Where but one magazine is taken, "Peterson" should be that magazine. And every family of refinement should, at least, take one magazine.

A new feature will distinguish "Peterson" next year, which will make it even more desirable than ever. This will be a series of brilliantly illustrated articles, stories, etc., etc., etc. We give the first, in this number, as a specimen. It has often been said that "Peterson" could make no further improvements, but we think this will be conceded to be one, and it is the only possible one left.

Now is the time to get up clubs. Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merits and cheapness are fairly put before them. *Be first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for. *Do not lose a moment!*

TO WALK GRACEFULLY.—M. Ingres, the well-known French artist, was once asked, by a lady, how she could learn to walk gracefully. His reply was, "Take a long walk, daily, with a pitcher of water on your head." This exercise gives a true poise to the whole figure, necessitates an upright carriage of the head, and teaches a smooth, firm step.

"HANDSOMEST, BEST AND CHEAPEST."—The Rosita (Cal.) Index says of this magazine, that it is "the handsomest, best and cheapest ladies' magazine published in the United States, and should have a circulation of a million *in the Great West alone.*"

BACK NUMBERS OF THIS MAGAZINE for 1879, 1878, and 1877 may be had of news agents, or of the publisher. If your local news agent says the number you ask for is out of print, or that he cannot supply it, write to us, and we will furnish it, at the retail price, postage free.

"WOULD BE THE HAPPIER."—The Taylorville (Ill.) Journal says, "Every household would be the happier for taking 'Peterson's' truly invaluable magazine."

MAKING TABLE BORDERS.—One way of using up odds and ends for a table cover is to cut out several into the semblance of small hearts, put them over cardboard, first tacking the scraps on, and then buttonholing them with yellow floselle. When several various colored ones are ready arrange them on the border, tack them on, make a chain stitch from each up to a point and as if they were each hanging by a string, and sew on last of all a bow of narrow ribbon of the same shade as the chain-stitched silk, you have a bunch of little hearts hanging from a bow. These in different colors, in groups at equal distances, have a very pretty quaint effect. Scraps cut out diamond shape, and fitted in to form a star, are effective. There is a new work, which consists of scraps of all kinds being appliqué on to serge, and ornamented with colored silks, in imitation of Eastern work. Stars, circles, and all sorts of shapes are brought into use. If the pieces of cloth are large enough, cut them in squares, and work a flower in crewels or silks in each. Cloth cut out in the form of ordinary leaves, ivy, or vine leaves, appliqué on with long showy stitches in colored silk, veined with silk, and laid on a bright-colored ground, has a pretty effect.

"CORRESPONDENTS' CLASS."—A subscriber suggests that we should have a "Correspondents' Class," in the magazine, in which questions, propounded by subscribers, should be answered. If the questions were such as every one would be interested in, we should have no objection; but this would rarely be the case: and why take up space for a few persons, to the exclusion of something else, that would gratify every one of our three hundred thousand readers? We should prefer to answer questions, therefore, *not of universal interest*, by postal-card; and are always willing to do so.

OUR "EIGHTY PAGES."—The New Holland (Pa.) Clarion says, "*The eighty pages*, between the covers of 'Peterson,' contains such a variety of matter, that there is something to please and interest everybody." This reminds us, that, though we have very considerably increased the number of our pages, this year, we have never alluded to it before. In fact, "Peterson," as its old friends know, always performs more than it promises. Others, as as a rule, promise more than they perform.

TWO ELEGANT ANNUALS.—If preferred, we will send, in place of an engraving, either of our beautiful gift-books, "The Gems Of Art," or "The Pictorial Annual," each containing twenty-five steel engravings. Or, for the large clubs, we will send both. This may be an additional inducement to some persons to get up clubs.

THE COLORED SLIPPER PATTERN, in this number, is one of those costly, beautiful, and useful embellishments, which are only to be found in "Peterson." Our large circulation enables us to afford these things. It is simply impossible for others to compete with us.

PURITY OF SENTIMENT.—The Norborne (Mo.) Independent says, "That magnificent periodical, Peterson's Magazine, is the most popular lady's book in America. We cannot help feeling grateful to the publisher for the purity of sentiment and language that characterizes all that he publishes."

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TWO NEW PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS!—Next year, our inducements for getting up clubs will be greater than ever, for we shall have two new premium engravings, so as to give our friends a choice. Both will be copy-righted mezzotints. One of these will be "Washington At Prayer At Valley Forge," size 24 inches by 20, commemorating a tradition of the eventful winter, the darkest period of the War of Independence. The other will be "The Parable Of The Lily," 20 by 16. These mezzotints belong to the highest class of engravings, and ought to be, even apart from their artistic merits, on the walls of *every family in the land.* Some persons may prefer one, some another, and in order to secure either, it is only necessary to get up a club for "Peterson." *By getting up one of the large clubs, however, you may secure both.* See, however, the advertisement on the fourth page of cover. These premiums are, decidedly, the best we have ever offered.

Now is the time to get up clubs for 1880! We expect to double our already enormous list, so many are the improvements that we intend to make. Send for a specimen of "Peterson" to show. No other magazine, at anything like the price, will at all approach this. No other offers such inducements for getting up clubs. In every respect—merit, cheapness, etc., etc.—*we shall lead the field.*

"THE LITTLE HAYMAKER."—The "Little Haymaker" of our principal engraving is evidently an amateur, in spite of her torn hat and demoralized stockings, for she has not yet learned to hold her rake right, and thinks more of looking at people than attending to her work. Haymaking, in fact, is play to her. But how often have we all seen just such little "tots" in the hay-field. And how charmingthey are always!

"ECONOMY IN IT."—The Philipsburg (Pa.) Journal says, when noticing our last number, "It is economy for a lady to know how to make up a costume, that will show to the best advantage, or to be able to re-model an old garment, that can take the place of a new one." This is what "Peterson" does in the "Every-Day" department. No other magazine does it any where.

ONE OF OUR NOVELETS for 1880 is by Mrs. Sheffey Peters, the wife of Professor Peters, of the University of Virginia. Her numerous Southern friends will not be disappointed in this charming idyl of life in Germany.

"FAR SUPERIOR TO OTHERS."—The Pipestone (Minn.) Star says, "Peterson's Magazine is far superior, in excellence, to any other fashion book published in America. No lady can keep posted in the latest fashions without it."

A NERVOUS PERSONS is not only miserable, himself or herself, but makes everybody else miserable. Take plenty of exercise in the open air, if you would cure yourself of nervousness.

THANKSGIVING is close at hand, and all of us, even the least happy, have something to be thankful for. Besides, there are always others less happy than ourselves. Remember that.

"THE GENERAL REMARK."—Says the Rayville (La.) Beacon, "The general remark of the subscribers to 'Peterson' is, 'How can any lady do without it?' How can they?—we repeat.

COMPARE THIS MAGAZINE with any one of the same price, or anything like the price, and see, for yourselves, if it is not the *cheapest as well as the best of its kind.*

HOW TO FURNISH ROOMS.—We can only say to our correspondent, M., that furnishing is such a question of individual fancy, that it is difficult to offer suggestions on the subject. A house depends greatly on its arrangement for its good or bad appearance. A tasteful woman will make small rooms and cheap furniture pretty and attractive; while ill-arranged apartments look comfortless, however costly their contents may be. A "best parlor" appearance is, of all things, to be avoided in the sitting-rooms. Who does not know the discomfort of being ushered into a *painfully neat* drawing-room, which is evidently never used save when a visitor calls, and in which the mistress of the house is as little at home as her guest? Books, work, music, scattered about a room (we do not, of course, mean in an untidy manner), give a home-like look to the apartment, and remove the appearance of "fixed up for company," which, of all things, is to be avoided. One of the best beautifiers of a house, however, is cleanliness. Be scrupulously neat. Well-swept carpets, well-dusted tables, well-polished furniture, are everything.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Markof, the Russian Violinist. By Henry Gréville. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—It is a proof of the exceptionally high merit of this story, that a second edition has been called for within a few weeks of the appearance of the first. As our readers know, we have always placed Henry Gréville in the very front rank of modern French novelists. We do not hesitate to say, that this novel, after "Dosia," is her best fiction: perhaps even better than "Dosia." The volume is printed on tinted paper, and is especially neat in other respects also. It may be had in paper covers, or bound in cloth gilt, at the choice of the buyer. The large demand for this, and other recent first-class fictions, is a proof that the "hard times" are passing away, and that people are once more beginning to indulge their taste for books, periodicals, etc., to something like the extent they did formerly. No surer sign of the decline of a people in refinement and intelligence can be found, than in the ceasing to buy books, and other reading matter; no surer proof of increasing culture, than their return to it: food for the mind, as well as for the body, is, in fact, a necessity for all well-balanced natures.

Madelon Lemoine. By Mrs. Leith Adams. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—The author of this novel is already favorably known by "Winstowe," "My Land of Beulah," and other fictions of merit. Her present story is, perhaps, a little too spun out. If it had been told more tersely, it would certainly not have been worse. Nevertheless, it is full of pathetic passages, teaches an excellent moral, and ends happily for all the principal actors. The character of the heroine is an especially lovely one. The volume is printed, in that particularly neat style, which always distinguishes the publications of this house.

The Earl of Mayfield. A Novel. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is, critically speaking, rather a romance than a novel. But it is all the more readable, at least in our opinion, on that account. It is written with great force, so much so, that, if anything could induce Mrs. Southworth to appear anonymously, and we do not say she could not, we thould think the volume was from her pen. The tale shows much more knowledge, by the bye, of the English aristocracy than most novels. The story is a love-story, and one of the best that, for many years, has been published.

Holidays In Eastern France. By M. Betham Edwards. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Harper and Brothers.*—A series of graphic sketches, that not only give vivid pictures of a portion of the people of France, but will do much to remove the false idea that all Frenchmen, as well as Frenchwomen, are such as haunt the Boulevards of Paris.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE ROBBINS FAMILY WASHER AND BLEACHER, advertised in this number is, we are told, an article of sterling merit. The Bissell Manufacturing Company, 50 Barclay street, New York, are the sole manufacturers. They have on hand thousands of testimonials, from parties all over the United States, who are now using their Robbins Washer. All speak in the highest terms of it. See their advertisement.

CASTORIA IS PLEASANT TO TAKE, contains nothing narcotic, and always regulates the stomach and bowels. No SOUR-CURD or Wind-Colic; no FEVERISHNESS or Diarrhœa; no Congestion or WORMS, and no CROSS CHILDREN or WORN-OUT MOTHERS where CASTORIA is used.

MANAGEMENT OF INFANTS.

When a child is about to have the *measles*—a disease not dangerous in its ordinary form—he will be heavy, drowsy, hot, and feverish, having to all appearance a very heavy cold upon him. His eyes will be more or less inflamed and watery-looking, his voice hoarse, and there will be considerable running from the nose. He will cough frequently and complain of headache, and, although his skin may be very hot and dry, he will now and then feel chilly. In two or three days all this will violently increase, and do not be too much alarmed—as it is a very usual thing—if towards evening he becomes a little delirious.

Four or five days after the first symptoms described the *rash* usually makes its appearance, small red spots like flea-bites, which at first come distinct from each other, but which soon thickly increase and cover the whole of the body, legs and feet excepted. About the sixth day the eruption begins to fade from the face and is out upon the extremities. In *fading* the spots drop off, like bran in appearance. Although, as we have said, this disease is not dangerous generally speaking, it is often *made so* by carelessness in not attending rigidly to the doctor's instructions. Therefore do not let your child's life now be in the hands of any mere inexperienced attendant. If you *cannot* attend upon him yourself, obtain *good*, reliable assistance.

Put him to bed *directly* you have come to the conclusion he is going to have the measles, not heaping clothes upon him, as some will advise, but putting just enough to keep him comfortably warm. And let the sick-room be the largest, airiest one you have in the house—*darkened*. Give scarcely any food. What *is* taken should be warm and liquid, but he may drink plentifully of barley water, very thin gruel, etc.

You may bathe the chest, arms, hands, and face with vinegar and water (warm), one-fourth of the former to three-fourths of the latter. This malady is "catching," so be doubly careful with your little one if it is in your neighborhood.

Also bear well in mind that *after* a child has suffered with it he will be very delicate for some time, and must be carefully guarded from cold and damp. A cough will be almost sure to follow, and this *must not* be allowed to take its own course. The doctor must take it in hand.

Scarlet fever and scarlatina are not one and the same thing, but by the laity should be treated in the same way. They somewhat resemble measles, and may be placed under the same general treatment, at first. They *begin* (and we have only to do with beginnings) with feverish symptoms, sometimes so slight, however, that not much notice is taken of them. The *rash* usually comes at the second day, specks of a bright red color on face, neck, and chest; on the third day it will spread itself all over the body.

Sometimes much soreness of the throat accompanies this disease; it is then more alarming. Remember that you may readily distinguish between the measles and the scarlet fever thus: the latter has no cough, no running at the nose and eyes, *usually*, nor are the eyes inflamed and watery, which are the leading symptoms in measles at an early stage.

Inflammation is the hidden foe to be staved off in scarlet fever—quick to come, but easy to prevent by excessive watchfulness and care.

When the patient is exceedingly hot, the skin being dry, sponge him all over the surface of his body with vinegar and water. This will refresh him wonderfully, and may be done again and again. No animal food must be given, but cooling drinks, thin gruel, oranges, grapes, etc., sweetened (the juice only).

This disease is also contagious, and the contagion will lurk in the bedding, carpets, and furniture, and of course also in the child's clothes. So remove as much of the former as you can do without. Take every scrap of carpet away from the room, and soiled linen as it is replenished from time to time with fresh should be plunged into boiling water immediately. Disinfectants ought to be used, and when the patient is quite recovered, at least so as to be able to leave his bedroom, if possible let it be whitewashed and re-papered.

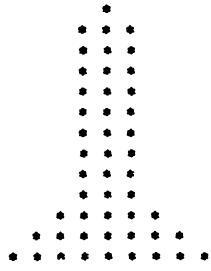
Worms are a very disagreeable and common plague to children. Baby fed naturally is seldom troubled with them, but when reared "by hand" will sometimes have them. Sloppy, ill-cooked food will bring them rapidly, and therefore this is another urgent reason to exercise the greatest of care in the preparation of what you give him to eat.

Children with worms are fretful, "picksome," ravenously hungry sometimes, and at others will refuse their food. Sugar, though a most useful and proper condiment to give them as occasion requires, will produce worms if not used with discretion. So also will gingerbread, common sweetstuff, and unripe fruits. Encourage them to eat salt freely with their food—it is an excellent preventative. A remedy is a few—say six—common dried grapes or raisins eaten whilst in a fasting state in the morning before breakfast. We mention the number because this fruit is very unwholesome for children, or, indeed, for grown-up persons. Eaten in large quantities they disorder the digestive organs to a great extent.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers.☜

No. 45.—MONUMENT PUZZLE.



Begin at the top, and read each line from left to right. The following form the monument: a consonant, a bondling, a mineral, to request, an imitator, to order, an atom, a fire-arm, a weight, a cottage, mouldy, to gain, the art of analyzing.

The central word read downward means plainly.

Marblehead, Mass. G. C.

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No. 46.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in corn, but not in bean.
My second is in horse, but not in team.
My third is in cord, but not in string.
My fourth is in queen, but not in king.
My fifth is in jump, but not in walk.
My sixth is in speak, but not in talk.
My seventh is in night, but not in day.
My whole is a game which all girls play.

Amsterdam, N. Y. CLARA VAN BROCKLEN.

No. 47.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of fourteen letters:
My 14, 2, 3, 8 is a fish.
My 7, 9, 5, 11 is produced by worms.
My 10, 2, 12, 7, 14 is a favorite game.
My 8, 3, 13, 1, 12 is a popular amusement.
My 2, 6, 4 is a personal pronoun.
My whole is a delightful novelist.

Ridgeway, S. C. "CHASSIE."

Answers Next Month.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

No. 40.

Catastrophe.

No. 41.

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C     F
R     L
CROSSROAD
W     R
S     I
F     F
PROBATORY
O     R
T     M
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No. 42.

1. Chair, hair, air.
2. Please, lease, case.
3. Grace, race, ace.
4. Glass, lass, ass.
5. Frill, rill, ill.
6. Dray, ray, ay.

No. 43.

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YULAN
UKASE
LABEL
ASEAL
NELLY
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No. 44.

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  T
 SUN
TUNIC
 NIP
  C
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OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS AND POULTRY.

Meat Croquettes.—Take any kind of cold boiled, braised, or roasted meat; remove carefully all fat and outside parts, and mince it finely; melt a piece of butter in a saucepan, add a little flour, stir; then add a small quantity of stock and the minced meat, with some parsley, finely chopped; season with pepper, salt, and a little powdered spice; stir well, and as soon as the mixture is quite hot, remove it from the fire. Beat up and strain into a basin the yolks of one or two eggs, with the juice of half or of a whole lemon, according to the quantity of mince; put two or three tablespoonfuls of mince into the basin; mix them well with the egg and lemon, then add the whole to the rest of the mince; mix well, and turn it out on a dish. When cold, fashion it in bread-crumbs to the shape of eggs, taking care to make them all of a uniform size; then roll them in egg, and again in bread-crumbs. Let them dry a short time; then fry in plenty of hot lard, and serve with fried parsley.

Minced Mutton with Poached Eggs.—Mince the mutton small, taking out all skin and sinew. Put into a stewpan a small piece of butter, with one or two onions, some parsley, and a sprig of tarragon, all chopped fine, and let them fry well in the butter; then add sufficient stock for the quantity of meat; pepper and salt to taste, a little browning if needed for the color, and a tablespoonful or more of flour, mixed in a little stock or water. Stir constantly, and when the sauce is smooth and well boiled, add the minced mutton, and warm it through, but do not let it boil, or it will be hard. Pour it upon a dish, and serve it with some nicely poached eggs on the top.

Boiled Turkey.—Draw your turkey, wash it clean, season it with salt, but no pepper. Make a force-meat of some cold veal, finely minced, a little grated ham, pepper and salt to the taste; add also a little grated nutmeg and powdered mace. Fill the crop of the turkey with this force-meat, tie or skewer it well. Dredge flour over it, and wrap it in a napkin. Put it in a large pot, with plenty of water, which has been salted. Let it boil for about two hours, which will cook it sufficiently, unless it be a very large one. Take it out of the napkin, place it on a large dish, garnish the edges of the dish with double parsley, and serve with a rich oyster sauce, in a tureen.

VEGETABLES.

Onion Sauce.—Parboil some onions a few minutes, mince them roughly and put them into a saucepan, with plenty of butter, a pinch of sugar and pepper and salt to taste; let them cook slowly, so that they do not take color, and add a tablespoonful of flour. When they are quite tender pass them through a hair sieve. Dilute the onion pulp with sufficient milk to make the sauce of the desired consistency; add a tablespoonful of grated cheese, stir well, make it hot, and serve.

Baked Potatoes.—Potatoes are more nutritious baked than they are in any other manner, and they relish better with those who have not been accustomed to eat them without seasoning. Wash them clean, but do not soak them. Bake them as quickly as possible, without burning in the least. As soon as they are done, press each potato in a cloth, so as to crack the skin, and allow the steam to escape. If this is omitted, the best potatoes will not be mealy. They should be brought immediately to table.

Beetroot and Onion Salad.—Peel and cut into slices two or three medium size onions and a plateful of beetroot; season with salt, pepper, a table-spoonful of vinegar, and five tablespoonfuls of salad oil; lay the beetroot in alternate layers on the dish, and pour the mixed liquor over; then place a layer of hard-boiled eggs on the edge of the dish.

DESSERTS.

Apple Compote.—Peel, core, and halve six large apples, trimming them so as to get them all of a size; drop them as they are done into cold water with the juice of a lemon squeezed into it, to prevent their turning brown. Have ready a strong syrup (made with a pound of sugar and one quart of water) boiling hot; put the apples into this, with

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the thin rind of a lemon and two or three cloves. As soon as they are cooked (great care must be taken that they do not break), take them out and dispose them, on a glass dish, concave side uppermost; place a piece of currant jelly in the hollow of each apple, then well reduce the syrup, and, when cold, pour as much of it as is necessary under the apples.

Italian Rice Pudding.—A teacupful of rice, the yolks of four eggs, the whites of three beaten separately, two ounces pounded sugar, two ounces raisins, one-quarter pound suet, chopped very fine, flavoring of ratafia or vanilla. Put these ingredients into a mould, and boil an hour and a half. Serve with brandy or sweet sauce.

Lemon Pudding.—Take six eggs, beat them well; boil half a pint of milk; let it cool; but before it cools, put into it two ounces fresh butter; when it is perfectly cold, mix it with the eggs; then add two tablespoonfuls of sifted white sugar, and the juice of a lemon. Line the dish with puff paste, and pour in your pudding. Bake it in rather a quick oven for half an hour. Serve it hot.

CAKES.

Sponge Cake.—Take five large, fresh eggs, break them one by one, separate the whites from the yolks, and beat the latter for ten minutes; then take the weight of five eggs in lump sugar, finely crushed. Put in the sugar gradually, and beat it well together. In the meantime, have the whites whisked to quite a solid froth; add this to the yolks; and when they are well blended, have ready some flour, the weight of three eggs, which must be stirred into them gently. Flavor it with the grated rind of one lemon. Pour the cake into a mould that has been well buttered, and let it bake in a moderate oven for one hour. All the ingredients for a sponge cake must be of the very best quality, and the sugar and flour quite dry.

Pound Seed Cake.—One pound butter beaten to a cream, one pound sifted lump sugar, one pound flour, well dried, eight eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, and caraway seeds to taste. Mix the ingredients, and beat all well together for one hour. Put the batter into a tin shape, lined with paper, and buttered. Bake in a moderate oven.

Muffins.—One quart of milk, two eggs, one tablespoonful of butter warmed with milk, flour enough to make a batter that will drop rather thick from the spoon, a teaspoonful of salt, a pennyworth of baker's or a teacupful of home-made yeast. When very light bake in rings on a griddle.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

Fig. I.—Reception-Dress of Black Satin. The back is caught up irregularly, the front is trimmed with black lace flounces; the sleeves and fichu are also of black lace; the skirt and deep basque are trimmed with wide black velvet.

Fig. II.—Walking-Dress of Black Velveteen. The skirt is short, and is cut in turrets, piped with black satin, which fall over a knife-plaited ruffle of black satin; the long dolman-shaped cloak is of fawn-color, and is trimmed with deep chenille fringe; fawn-colored felt hat, ornamented with ostrich feathers of the same shade.

Fig. III.—Reception-Dress of Almond-Colored Silk. The skirt and long train are edged with a knife-plaiting of the silk; the front is rather full and gathered, and is trimmed with long loops of satin ribbon; the visiting or opera cloak is of light-green Japanese crape, embroidered in rich colors and lined with red quilted satin. This robe is almost identical with those worn by Japanese ladies.

Fig. IV.—Visiting-Dress of Camel's Hair, worn over Black Silk. The camel's hair dress is made in princess style in the back, and is looped up with bows of black ribbon; it is made with a train, which falls over the black silk train; the material is one of the newest figured ones that has appeared, and is very beautiful for rather dressy occasions; the black silk vest and cuffs have fancy pearl buttons on them; bonnet of black velvet, trimmed with green bows and gold and red berries.

Fig. V.—Visiting-Dress of Light Cream-Colored Amazon Cloth. The skirt is simply draped, and edged with a plaiting of the material; the half-tight fitting jacket has large cuffs on the sleeves; the front of the dress is of claret-colored velvet, trimmed with red gros-grain bows, and the jacket is trimmed with claret velvet also; bonnet of cream-colored felt, trimmed with the claret velvet.

Figs. VI. and VII.—Front and Back of Chenille Cloth Mantle, of a bége color; it is trimmed with brown velvet, and piped with silk; the front of the mantle is double-breasted, and fastened with two rows of tortoise-shell buttons; the back is demi-fitting, and the sleeves, which are somewhat in the dolman style, terminate with velvet cuffs, lined with silk to match the pipings; brown silk dress.

Fig. VIII.—House-Dress of Blue Camel's Hair. It has a demi-train, which is edged with two narrow knife-plaitings of the camel's hair, between which is a plaiting of Breton lace; the vest, cuffs, and front of the dress is of Pekin silk, blue and old-gold striped; the panier basque is trimmed with a narrow knife-plaiting of Breton lace; a jabot of wider lace is put down the front of the vest.

Fig. IX.—Dinner-Dress of Gray Silk and Gray Brocade, covered with pink flowers. The gray skirt is draped in front, and bordered with two flounces, edged with pink silk; the back is vandyked and edged with pink, the ruche below being caught up shell-shape; the brocaded polonaise opens heart-shaped, and is draped below the waist, where it turns back with revers.

Figs. X. and XI.—Back and Front of Winter Jacket, which is made of heavy, beaver cloth, and trimmed with brown fur; there are many seams at the back, a style that is eminently becoming to all except very slender figures.

Figs. XII. and XIII.—Back and Front of a Gray Cloth Jacket, for a young lady; the material is basket cloth, the shape is close to the figure, and the basque is a separate piece joined on, the opening in the centre being filled in with a silk plaiting of the same shade as the cloth, and which is fan-shaped; a flot of ribbon at the top of the opening; the pocket on the left side is ornamented with a bow of similar ribbon; the sleeve also opens at the back to receive a fan-shaped plaiting of silk, headed with bow to match the centre of the back; the front is double-breasted, opening with a shawl-shaped collar.

General Remarks.—The hats and bonnets are of such a variety of styles that it is impossible to describe them all; but we give some of the very newest, among the very prettiest of which for a young lady is a velvet hat that may be made either of the same material as the dress worn at the time, or of black velvet; it is edged with a garland of bronze leaves and red currants, which rest in a row of Breton lace; a cluster of loops of red and black ribbon at the left side. The second hat is of dark blue cloth, trimmed with dark blue silk and a wing. The *Directorie* bonnet is of plum-colored velvet, with a border on the outer edge, of old-gold plush; the feathers are of plum-color and the strings of old-gold color. The second bonnet is of black velvet, trimmed with black plumes, and black lace on the edge, and having long and wide black lace strings, which come from the back and tie at the side; the brim is turned up at the side and lined with dark red satin. The first head-dress is in the Grecian style, and has two gilt bands, enamelled in black, worn on the front; bands covered with gold-colored satin, and embroidered in black, would look well in this style of head-dress; or of black velvet, embroidered in gold, or of blue or pink velvet, embroidered with pearls; but it

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requires regular features to make the style becoming. In the second head-dress, the puffs are worn at the back of the head, and fastened in by a jet comb, or by many large-headed black pins.

The sleeve is from a black silk costume, and trimmed with plaitings of the silk, separated by a band of rich brocaded velvet; this sleeve is suitable for a dressy costume, when a more open sleeve is not desirable.

The present fashion for out-of-door costumes is of the severe masculine style, with close-fitting cloth jackets, cut-away coats, and little trimmings; the paniers are worn below these jackets, if paniers are worn at all; some persons prefer the very plain straight lines for the street; but for reception, visiting and house-dresses, paniers are very popular; for carriage, and more dressy occasions, long mantles and cloaks will be worn, and as the colder weather advances, they will, in a great degree, supersede the more jaunty jacket, and will take the shape of under-dress. The fashion of a few years back is revived in house-dresses, the under-dress, or petticoat, is of one color, and the upper dress, or polonaise, opens down the front over the petticoat, and is looped back like the once popular Dolly Varden dresses; in other words the Maintenon, Pompadour, and Marie Antoinette styles are all employed, varied according to the fancy of the wearer. The materials employed for these costumes are admirably adapted for them, as they are often of gay colors, with small chintz patterns over them, and always used in combination with some solid color; then some Pompadour patterns would not look nearly so well, if employed for the whole dress, and often quite out of place on the street in *winter*, though much more appropriate for *summer* wear.

The Marie Antoinette dress is of the princess shape at the back, open in front, usually, and can be draped high or low, in many or few loops, as may be wished.

If there is a basque and over-skirt worn, the basque is much trimmed, or much gathered and looped up around the hips, to give the panier effect.

The extremely economical fashion of wearing a bodice of a different material and color from the skirt is destined to become more popular as the season moves on; in fact, a revival of the spencer is probable. Plain and striped velvet corsages will be worn with silk skirts of a different color.

Several of these bodices will be made of brocaded silk; the new cashmeres, shot with gold thread, will also be used, combined with plain cashmere of the same shade, and trimmed with shaded flounces—by which I mean several shades of the color of the cashmere. Black bodices trimmed with gold will also be worn, for black is more popular than ever. There was a time—true, long ago—when the sole fact of wearing a black dress out of mourning was sufficient to call forth reprobation, and to cause the wearer to be classed as eccentric. But now at the most elegant *réunions* black faille dresses are trimmed with gold braid, arranged *à la Valois* in straight lines, forming a plastron on the bodice and front of the skirt. The paniers of such dress are made of either black silk gauze or of black China crêpe.

The new colors are frog-green, a green which has a tinge of yellow in it; sulphur, which is mixed with pink; the North Pole blue, which is a pale shade tinted with violet, in distinction to turquoise, which is tinted with green.

The pigeon's throat silk, and indeed all shot silks, are in great favor now, although never used alone for a dress.

The present style of combination is a most economical one, as two or three old dresses will make a most fashionable new one. The fashion just revived, of having a basque or waist of a different color or material from the skirt, is one of the most economical that we know of; though if the waist is of a figured or striped material, and the skirt of a plain one, the effect is the best.

For out-of-door-dresses, the combinations of figured with plain material is not so good, and is not considered so elegant, many street-dresses being made of one entire color and material, though the figured material is sometimes used as facings, bias bands, etc. For the plain out-of-door-costume, olive-green and olive-brown, dark blue, gray, chestnut, claret and myrtle-greens are all popular, and look most elegant. Still some figured or striped cashmere basques, for out-of-door wear, have been imported; but as yet, there are rather too pronounced for the street. Many of the cut-away jackets have soft twilled fronts that are shirred and inserted, and take the place of vests; these give roundness to the figure, and are most becoming; the shirring is at the waist and near the neck. Black cashmere and black silk, much trimmed with jet or with rainbow beads, are popular; in fact, black is very much worn.

Jackets of all descriptions will be worn on the street, though mantles will also be worn if the dress is at all puffed in the back, and must necessarily follow the shape of the dress. For cold weather, the long cloak or mantle will be worn, more for warmth than for style, however.

Bonnets and Hats are worn both very large and very small; the large scoop front of the *Directorie* bonnet and the close-fitting cottage bonnet equally divide favor, according to the face that they are to adorn; and the large turned-up hat will be chosen by the young girl who thinks she has a picturesque face, though the simple round toque, or "pork-pie hat," with its round crown and close rolled-up brim, (though an entirely old style revived), is really very becoming to many faces. Gay cashmere ribbons and silks are used for bonnet strings, and gimps made of colored beads are also used. Some plain black velvet bonnets are piped with dark red and old-gold, and others are only trimmed with black feathers and jet.

Hair Dressing shows decided variety and change. In France, three styles of hair dressing are noticeable. Slender oval faces adopt the following: the back hair is tied high, two thick braids (each plaits of three) fall in two loops; the front hair is a waved fringe, and a cluster of three puffs is pinned about the looped plaits. The high coiffure is adopted by the possessors of full, round faces; the back hair is combed up from the nape of the neck, and that on the temples combed back to meet it, the whole being massed in two or three long puffs; the front hair is parted in the centre, and falls in half rings at the sides. The third fashion is the simple classic head-dress, with the Greek coil low at the back; the front hair is simply parted and waved, and the back hair firmly plaited in a tress of three. Very little hair is required, but the head should be finely shaped, as the outline is clearly displayed. Dark tortoise-shell pins are worn in fair hair, while silver ornaments are preferred by brunettes.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. I.—Girl's Out-of-Door Costume. The dress is of dark brown cashmere, which is kilt-plaited; the jacket is of a chestnut-brown cloth, made double-breasted, and trimmed with large, bone buttons; the hat is of brown plush, the color of the jacket, with a band of darker plush, of the color of the dress.

Fig. II.—Boy's Suit of Plaid Flannel. The dress is laid in large plaits back and front, and is confined about the waist by a bias band of the material of the dress; the long striped stockings are of the colors of the dress.

Fig. III.—Girl's Out-of-Door Costume. The figure represents the back of the jacket which is seen in figure No. I; the dress is of dark brown cashmere, with bias bands of chestnut-brown silk around the skirt.

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THE ROBBINS
Family Washer and Bleacher.

AGENTS WANTED.

In bringing this article before the public it becomes necessary to take into consideration

THE ART OF CLEANSING FABRICS,

which is yet so imperfectly understood. Having had a life-long experience in the laundry business, in connection with first-class hotels, public laundries, asylums, hospitals, &c., we know whereof we speak. The numerous devices of friction rollers, pounders, squeezers, mashers, agitators, steam wash boilers, &c., have all failed in one or more of the three essential points, namely, the saving of labor, wear and tear of clothes or in perfectly extracting the dirt and discoloration, all of which are accomplished by the ROBBINS FAMILY WASHER AND BLEACHER.

WHAT IS IT REMOVES THE DIRT?

You may ask washerwomen and housekeepers, and your answer from nine out of ten will be, "Plenty of elbow grease," or, in other words, laborious rubbing upon the washboard. And such is the case, for you first rub soap upon the cloth and then you have to rub it in to make the dirt soluble; but does that remove it? No, to do that you must dip it in the water and rub repeatedly to force water through the fabric again and again. That is what removes dirt after having been softened by the chemical action of the soap.

The way in which this could be most economically accomplished has been developed in the FAMILY WASHER AND BLEACHER which embodies all the above points.

It is harder work to operate these mechanical devices than to use the common washboard. They are constantly getting out of order, and wear out in a short time. They wear out clothes faster than the rubbing board, because the friction is a hundred per cent. greater.

Mechanical devices take the entire time of a person during the whole wash, and will not remove streaks from clothes. With the Washer and Bleacher, washing, baking and housework are contemporaneous operations, the fire doing the washing and baking while the housewife does her housework.

All who have tried steam wash boilers will unite with us in saying: They do not give satisfaction.

WE WILL EXPLAIN WHY.

As stated, water force is what removes dirt from the fibres of the cloth. A large body of water is required to hold in solution a comparatively small amount of dirt. Steam wash-boilers cannot accomplish the desired result. They do not contain enough water to hold the dirt in solution. While steam will not remove dirt, it is a powerful agent to assist in cleansing, because it expands the fabric and causes the discharge of dirt and impurities from the cloth that cannot be forced out in any other way unless by the application of heat and force of water combined.

In order to remove the dirt from steamed clothes, they must be washed out in water at nearly boiling heat, for if you use water at a lower temperature it causes the fabric to contract, which "sets the dirt," thus causing the clothes to turn yellow. An essential thing to be mentioned is the rotting of clothes by steam wash-boilers, because of the small quantity of water used.

Everybody knows that a large quantity of soap dissolved in a small body of water must necessarily form an exceedingly strong alkali, which, after the clothes are packed in the steam wash-boiler, is converted into steam, every moment becoming more concentrated, until the clothes are removed. A few such washings, and what is the result? Simply this: Your clothes fall to pieces of their own weight, and you pronounce steam wash-boilers, as they are, a failure.

THE PRINCIPLE OF THE WASHER AND BLEACHER

embodies all the essential points. First, we have the desired heat, which expands the fabric and causes it to discharge the dirt. Second, we obtain a powerful suction beneath the clothes, which produces a rapid downward current or water-course through and through them, thereby removing the dirt. Third, we use a large body of water, which holds the dirt in solution. Fourth, we use but a small quantity of soap. Fifth, the washing is done by water, and not by steam. This process cannot injure fabrics. It cleanses thoroughly, rinsing the clothes being all that is required to complete the operation.

THE CAPACITY OF THE WASHER AND BLEACHER.

There are three sizes: No. 1, the family size; No. 2, suitable for small hotels, restaurants, barber shops, boarding houses, &c.; No. 3, or steam-power washer, into which is conducted, through a ⅝-inch pipe, live steam from the steam boiler from which is obtained the power for driving the water. This washer takes the place of machinery in places where steam-power is used in the laundries.

The washer is composed of metal and cannot get out of order.

The family size weighs about five pounds and is only 8 inches long by 5 inches wide, and 1¾ inches deep.

The discharge pipe is 13 inches high over that and is 1½ inches in diameter. It throws water in a solid, unbroken stream at the rate of ten to twelve gallons per minute. It will work in any family boiler. It takes only three or four ounces of soap to ten or twelve gallons of water, and will wash bed and table linen, a boiler full, in ten to fifteen minutes, wearing apparel in from twenty to thirty minutes, and will remove streaks without rubbing: requires no previous preparation of the clothes, such as soaking over night. We take the clothes dry, and when the washer gets thoroughly at work, we fill the boiler as full as it will hold by gently pressing them down with a stick. We use no chemicals, only good soap and soft water. If the water is hard it may be softened by a small piece of borax, which is harmless.

For LACE CURTAINS this Washer is invaluable. It cleanses them as no other process can, and without the slightest danger of injury.

The No. 2, or small hotel size, will do the work in a boiler four times the size of a common family boiler, and wash of average pieces from 1,500 to 2,000 per day; or it may be used in any smaller boiler. They will work in anything that has a flat bottom large enough for them to rest upon.

For hospitals this Washer is pronounced by the medical faculty as invaluable, being the most powerful disinfecter known, leaving the fabric as pure as when new. By engineers, mechanics and scientific men generally it is pronounced one of the most wonderful discoveries in the principle of hydraulics or water-force ever brought to light. By bleachers and chemists it is said to be the most powerful method of removing dirt and vegetable matter from fabrics ever known. It is the greatest bleacher extant, and for that alone is worth ten times the price.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE WASHER AND BLEACHER is this: We have five pounds of metal, which attains a much greater degree of heat than the water surrounding it; consequently the water underneath the Washer becomes hotter and more expansive than in any other part of the boiler, and is thereby thrown to the surface through the tube, thus tending to produce a vacuum underneath the Washer at the bottom of the boiler, into which the water is rapidly drawn.

As it passes along the channels of the Washer the curved and contracted throats of the same prevent its flowing backward, and being held in contact with the hot metal it becomes hotter and hotter, consequently more expansive and more forcible until thrown to the surface, thus producing a powerful suction beneath the clothes, through which the water must pass in a rapid downward current, thereby obtaining a water force which cannot be obtained by any other method known in cleaning fabrics. Thus, we get a combination. First, we have the desired heat. Second, perfect chemical action of the soap. Third, force of water—all of which are required to thoroughly cleanse and purify any fabric.

THE IMPROVED WASHER.

The improved Washer has a perfect fitting pipe, and is a combination of metals which does not become sticky or dirty. It comes out of the boiler as bright as new.

A WORD ABOUT BLEACHING.

There are few professional bleachers in the United

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THE PET PIGEONS.

SEE THE STORY "JEANIE AND HER PETS"

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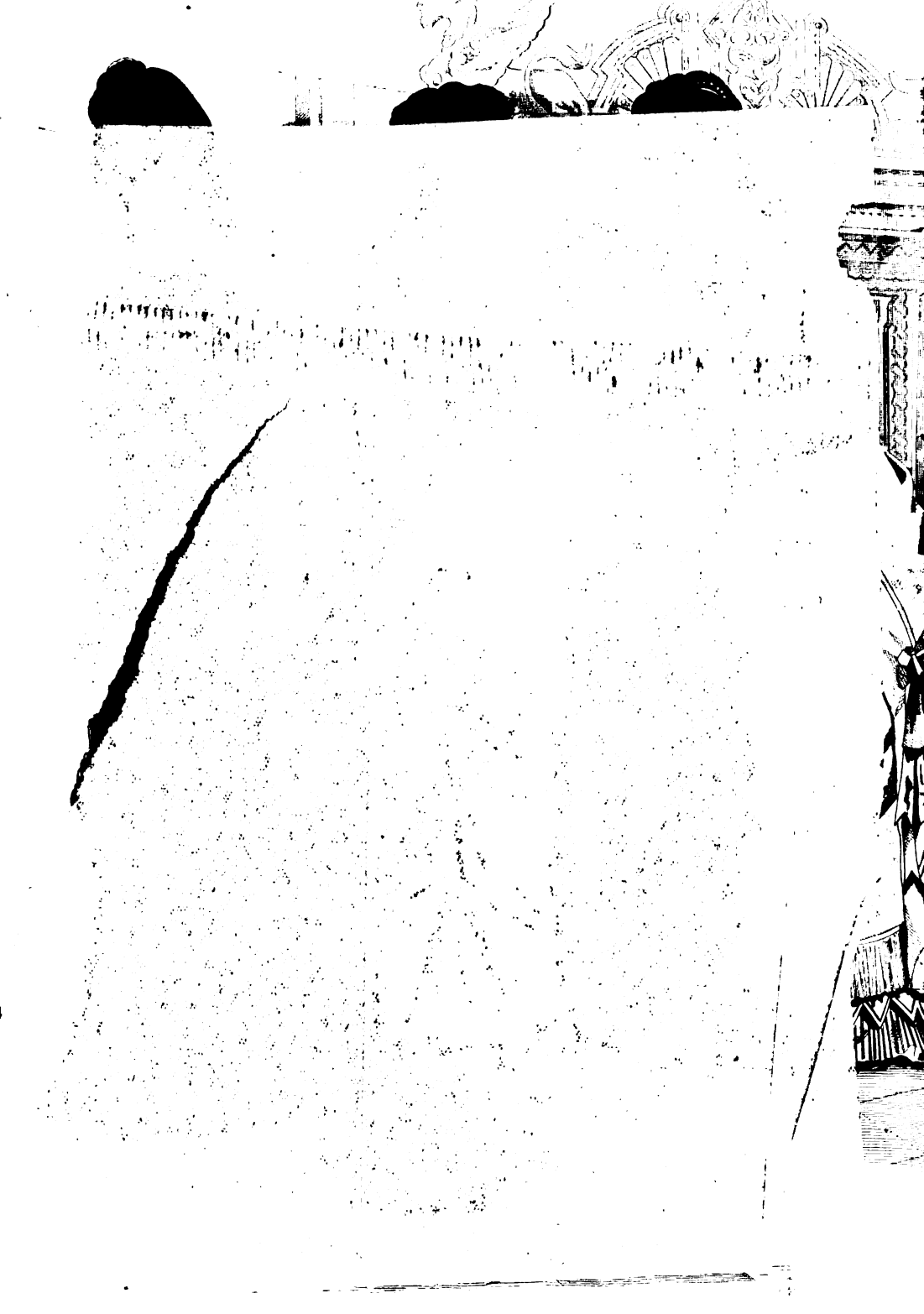

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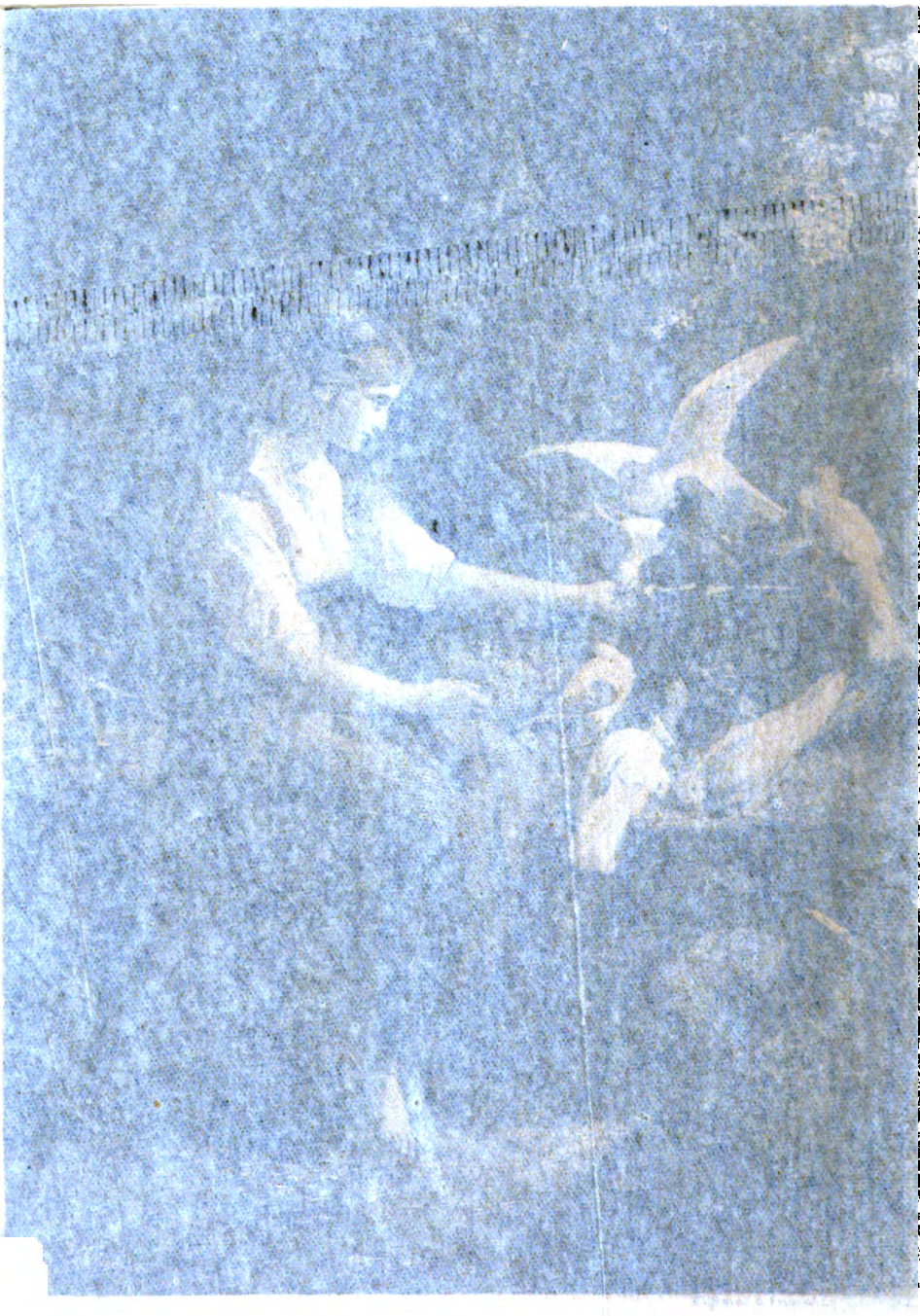

THE PET PIGEONS.

SEE THE STORY, JEANIE AND HER PETS

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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SINGING CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

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CHILDREN'S COSTUMES FOR WINTER. BALMORAL PELERINE. SLEEVE.

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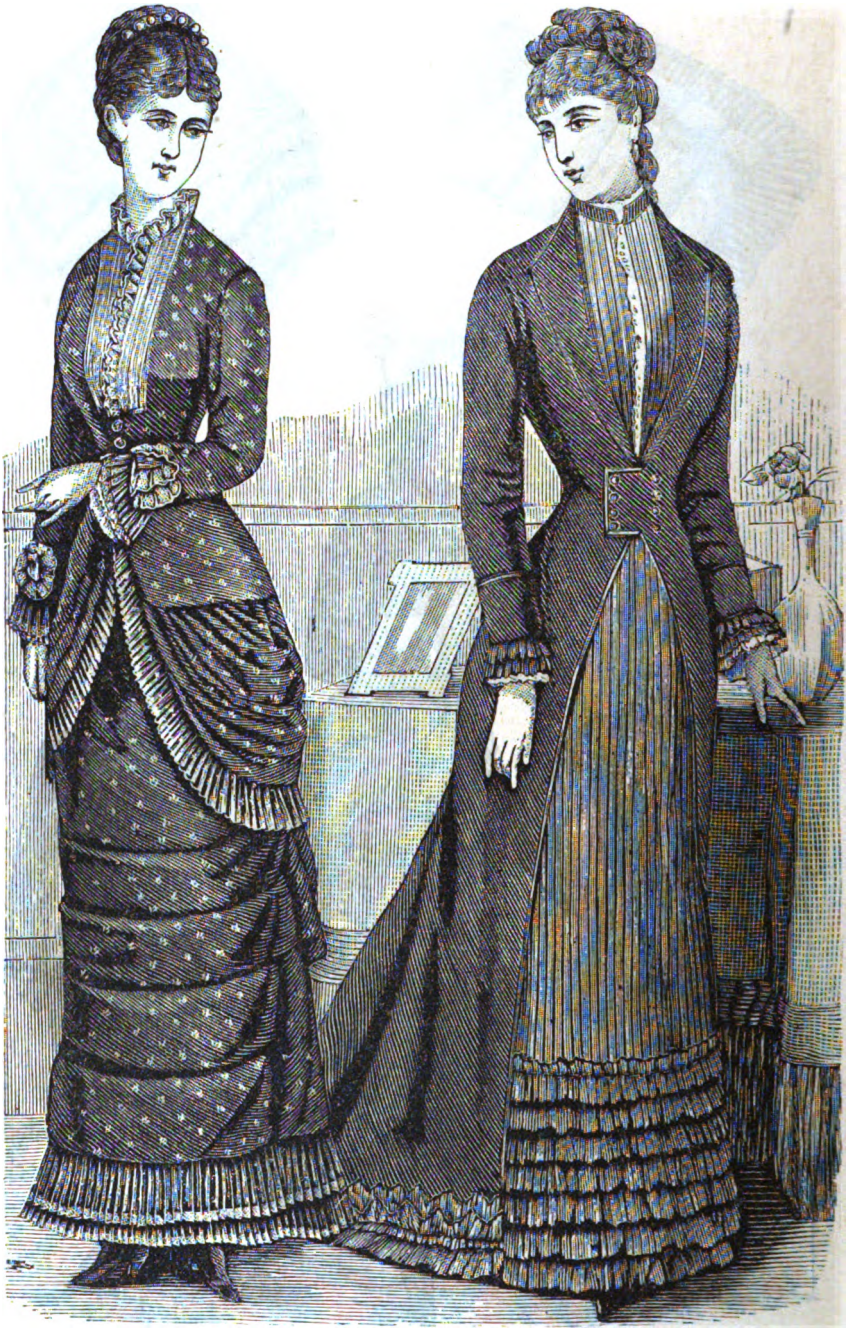

DRESSES FOR THE HOUSE.

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WINTER CLOAK. SKATING COSTUME.

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NEW STYLES FOR WINTER WRAPS.

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NEW STYLES FOR WINTER WRAPS.

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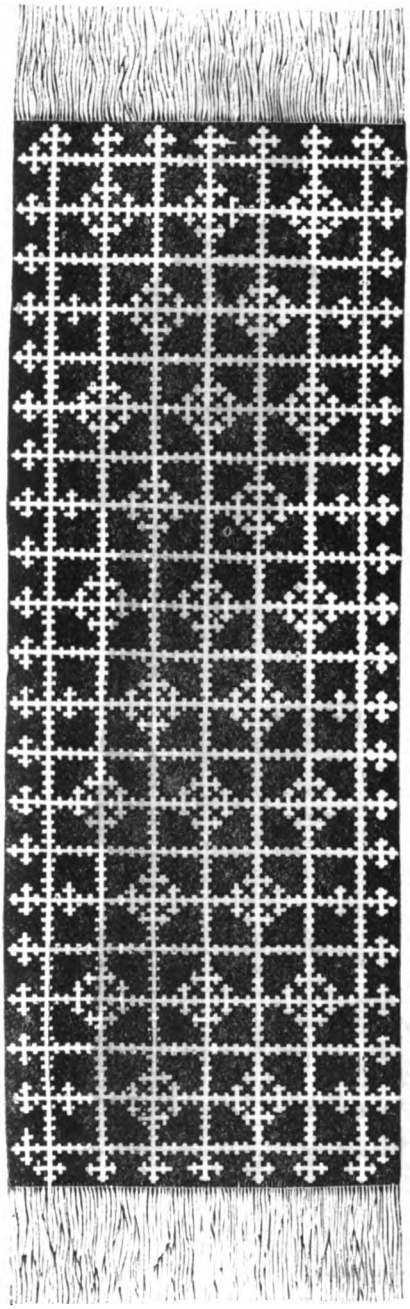

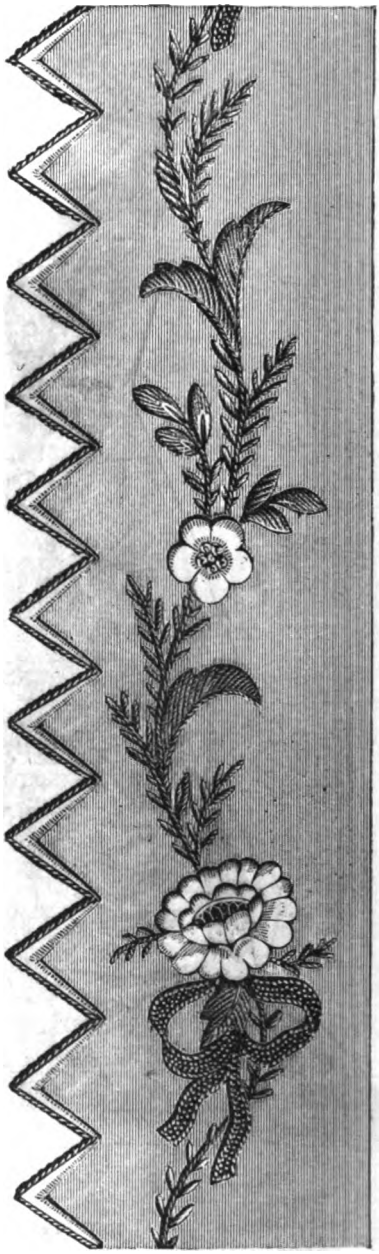

BOOK MARKER IN BRISTOL BOARD. EMBROIDERED DRESS TRIMMING.

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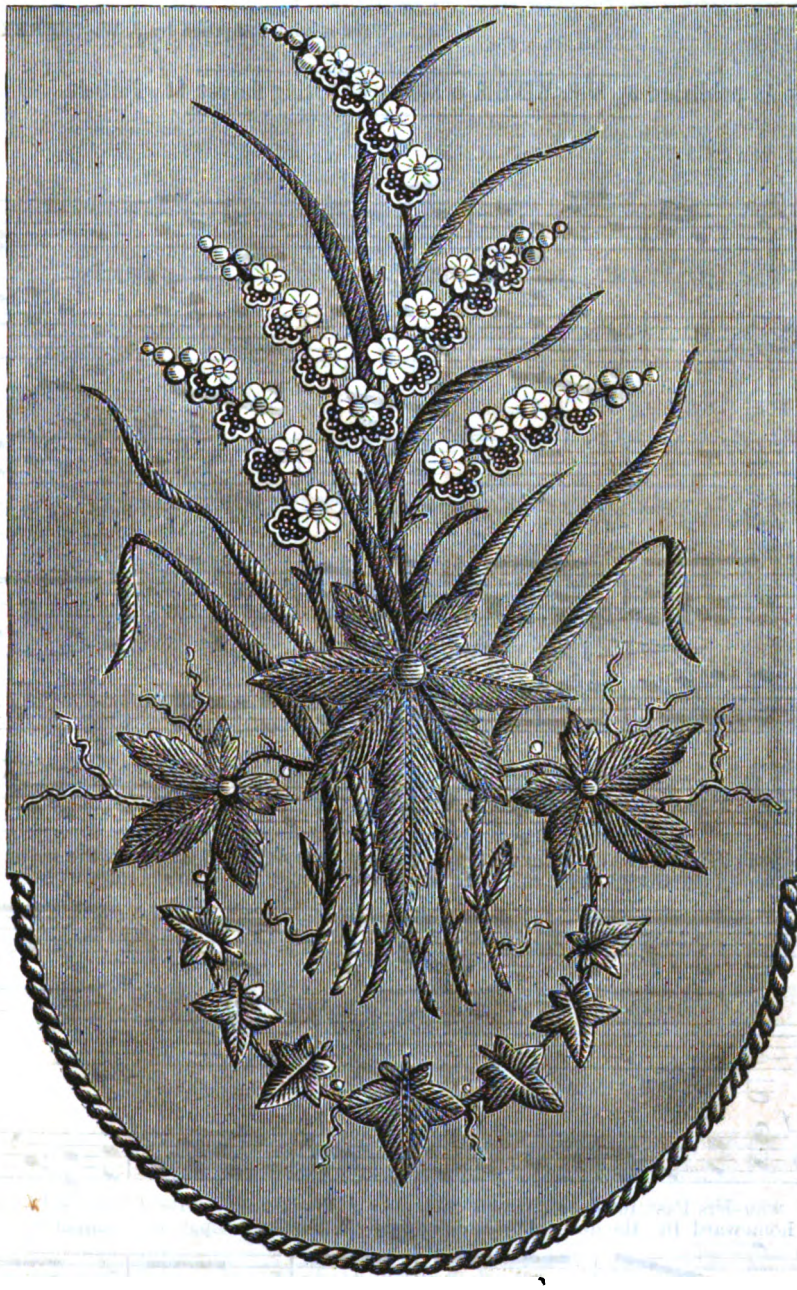

NECK TIE, IN EMBROIDERY.

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MEET ME IN THE TWILIGHT.

Written and Composed by J. W. CHERRY.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1008 Spring Garden St., Philada.

Piano

f Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

Espress.

1. Wilt meet me in the twi - light? Ah! thou know'st the lit - tle spot, Near where the streamlet wan-ders Past the dear old vine-clad cot: 'Tis there the soft-est breezes Lin-ger
2. When faintly stars are peep - ing, One by one from out the sky, When bird and bee doth homeward In the deepening shadows fly; When day's departing glimmer In the

f *rall.* *dim.* *a tempo.*

rall. *a tempo.*

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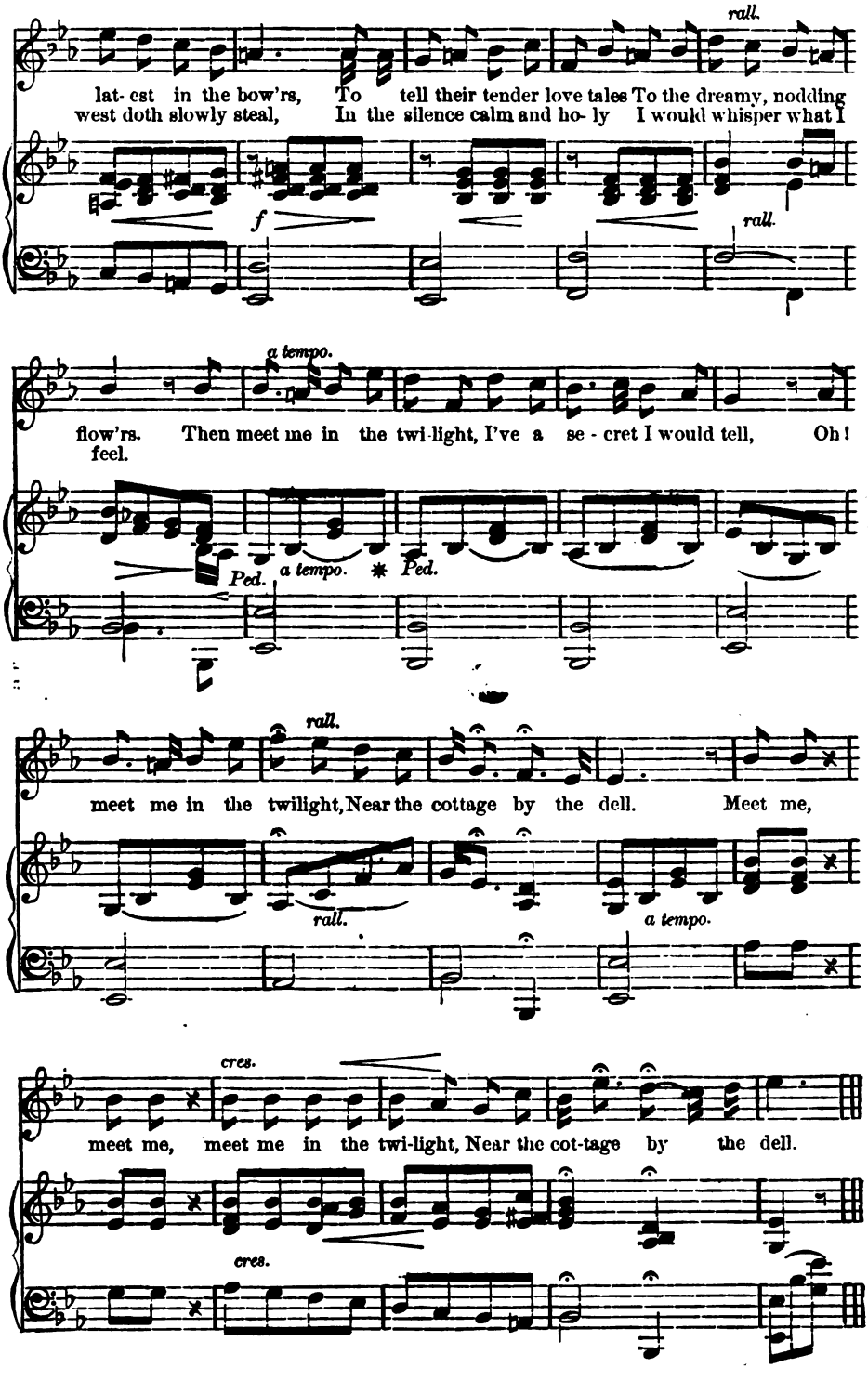

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BRIDAL HEAD DRESSES AND BONNET.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.

CHRISTMAS is much more generally observed, in the United States, than it was a generation ago, and its observance is annually extending. But it is not kept, even yet, with anything like the universality, much less the enthusiasm, of the olden time in England.

Three hundred years ago, Christmas was, emphatically, the great festival of the year. It was the one that appealed, more eloquently than any other, to that feeling of a common brotherhood in man, which is the very essence of true Christianity. On Christmas day, rich and poor were drawn together, as they were at no other time. The mendicant was sure of his alms, no matter at what gate he knocked. The lord of the Manor saw that every one, who took his hire, had a joint for dinner. In the houses of the wealthy, relatives of every degree met, as they meet now at Thanksgiving in New England: the son from across the sea, the married daughter from another county, the widow, the orphan, the heir, the repentant prodigal. The chimneys blazed, the boards groaned, the minstrels piped. The young danced the long evenings through. The aged looked on, thought of the past, and smiled. While many a bashful lover, who had sighed in vain all the year, took courage, when he caught his sweetheart under the evergreen, and availing himself of the old-time license, kissed her, and found tongue to speak.

But that which hallowed Christmas, especially, was the sacred memory connected with it. The story of the Babe in the manger was a story that melted the hardest hearts to love and reverence. It was kept vividly before the mind, on every recurring Christmas season, by the words of Holy Writ, by poetry, by legend, by pictorial representations even. The lowly stable, the Wise Men offering gifts, the actual Star in the East were real to the men of that day, in a sense that can hardly be understood in this material age. The times were, essentially, imaginative. People saw the steps of fairies in the rings of blighted grass. The devout believed, as Milton believed long after, in spiritual presences all about them. What wonder, therefore, that, in the quiet, starlit night, the carol-singers, wandering homeward, almost fancied they heard, in the sough of the wind among the trees, the rush of angels' wings, as the celestial messengers chanted, far up, and out of sight, "Glory to God in the Highest!"

"With folded hands, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail."

For Christmas was ushered in invariably by carol-singers. The custom has now disappeared, almost entirely, even in England. Here we only know it, as practised in the domestic circle, when a mother, or elder sister, gathers the little ones around her, and sings carols with them. But as evening drew on, in the old times of which we write, the picked singers of the vicinage, both men and women, came together, and going from house to house, sang carols until long after midnight. Many of these carols are still extant, the oldest being a Norman one of the thirteenth century, of which we give the first stanza:

"Lordlings, listen to our lay—

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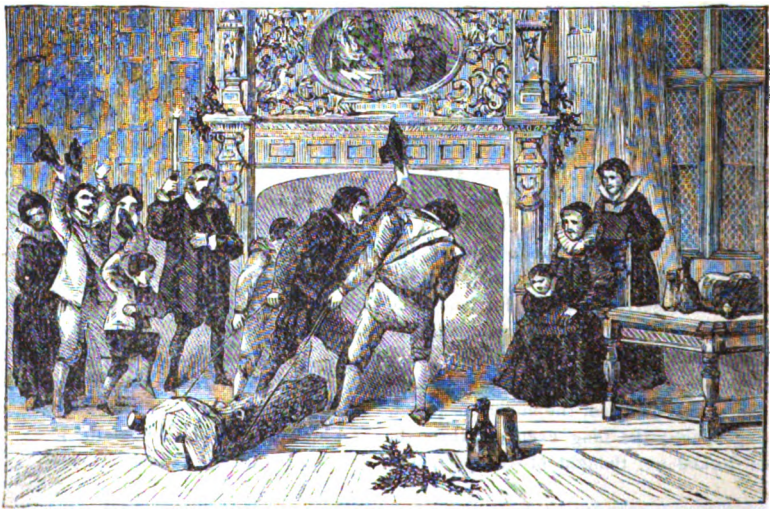
We have came from far away,
To seek Christmas.
In this mansion we are told
He his yearly feast doth hold:
'Tis to-day:
May joy come from God above,
To all those who Christmas love."

Sometimes the music was wholly vocal; sometimes a viol only accompanied the voices; sometimes there were musical instruments of every variety then known. But the carol, in the main, depended for its success, on the voice; and wisely, for vocal music was as universally cultivated, in England then, as in Germany now. This carol-singing was a beautiful custom, and might be revived to advantage, if not abused. Fancy the long prolonged notes, rising and falling, melodiously, on the night-air, and dying away, at last, in the distance, as if seraphic choirs echoed them from heaven. As Milton, in his "Hymn to the Nativity," rapturously exclaims;

"Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of Morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellatations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung."

While the carol-singers were thus going from house to house, the Yule log, at the Manor House, was being brought in. Those were the days of capacious chimneys, and fire-places, wide enough to roast an ox. For this ceremonial, the butt of some huge tree was selected; for it was expected to act as back-log the week out; and it was dragged in by ropes, the whole household attending, with shouts, and often with music. The master, or mistress, sat by the hearth, looking on. When the mighty piece of timber was fairly in its place, and the lesser logs snapping and burning, musically, in front, the servants were sent back to the kitchen, where they kept Christmas Eve with song and dance, while the heads of the family, gathering around the blaze, with their children, and grandchildren, and other near relatives, "held high festival."

But if bringing in the Yule log was indispensable on Christmas eve, not less was the going to



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church, for morning service, on Christmas day. Every one, high or low, was expected to be present. Woe to him or her, Goodman Hodge, or Goody Joan, who failed to appear. If not provided with an excellent excuse, scant was the dole that would be his, or hers, when Christmas came around again. The church, for this festive day, was decked out with holly, ivy, bay, and other evergreens. The lord of the Manor was there, prominent in his pew; the rest of the congregation had suitable, but ruder, seats.

Church over, everybody went home: in the earlier times to a late breakfast, afterwards to dinner. The dinner was the dinner of the year. Every one was happy, or tried to be so. All yielded to the genial spirit of the season. Smiles were on the faces of rich and poor alike. It was under the influence of these festivities, that old George Withers broke out into his famous verses:

"So now has come our joyf'lest feast,
Let every man be jolly.
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And ev'ry post with holly.
Though some churls at out mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine,
And let us all be merry.

Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens, they with baked meats choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lie
And if for cold it hap' to die,
We'll bury it in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry."

In the houses of the nobles, the greatest state was observed; and the principal feature of the festival was the bringing in the boar's head. No Christmas dinner there, was considered complete without this famous dish. The preparation and adorning of the boar's head tasked the head-cook's utmost skill; each *chef* tried to outdo his rival, each strove to excel his former triumphs. It was an age when spices were used, in preparing food, to an extent utterly unknown now. Almost the only dish that has descended, unimpaired, from those times, is the Christmas mince-pie. What it is to other pies, all dishes, at that period, were to modern dishes. The boar's head was a marvel of spices, and was served up decked with holly, and with an apple in its mouth. A servitor of distinction, attired in his best, and preceded by heralds blowing trumpets, the jester leading all, carried in the dish; while minstrels, in a gallery overlooking the apartment, played on the viol, harp, and other instruments.

One of our illustrations depicts such a scene. The apartment is not unlike the banquet room, in Haddon Hall, where such revels were held for generation after generation. The old place is deserted now and desolate. The knights who fought at Crecy and Agincourt, and who kept their Christmas at Haddon afterwards, have been in their graves for centuries. No longer are there feastings in kitchen or solar; gay laughter is heard no more beneath holly and ivy; the long

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gallery echoes not to the feet of dancers. But we have been there, when, in the fading twilight, everything assumed a shape so shadowy, that, for a moment, the antique rooms seemed to be peopled again, and we almost fancied we could hear the light step of Dorothy Vernon, as she lifted the tapestry, and stole out of the little postern door, to elope with her forest lover, who was of the Manners family, since Dukes of Rutland, a "squire," as she found afterwards, of "high degree," in disguise.

At this dinner each one had a place in keeping with his rank; for distinction of caste was, in those days, scrupulously observed. The head of the household sat at the upper end of the board, often on a raised platform called a *dais;* while inferiors were placed at the lower end, and below the salt. A Lord of Misrule, chosen annually for the twelve days of the Christmas festivities, was always present, with his assistants, and they jested, mimicked, cut antics, and often danced the famous Dance of Fools. Practical jokes were greeted with roars of laughter. The food, like the fun, was rather coarse. Beef, mutton, boar's meat, and wild fowl were the dishes. It was a jovial, merry age, but not a refined one. Yet never, since, has any people, perhaps, so heartily KEPT CHRISTMAS.

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JEANNIE AND HER PETS.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

"JEANNIE, Jeannie! I do wonder now where that girl is?"

The voice was shrill, and a trifle sharp with impatience; but Jeannie did not heed; she did not even hear, perhaps. She seemed lost to everything but the whirr and rustle of the silver-white wings, and the soft cooing of her doves and pigeons, as they came fluttering down, eager for their evening meal.

Mrs. Cooper, her aunt, scarcely knew how to understand Jeannie. The girl was capable and willing enough, for that matter, but she could no more be made a drudge of, than Mr. Cooper could make a plough-horse of his handsome, thoroughbred filly. Jeannie was more a kitchen-maid than anything else, eating that bitterest of all bread, "the bread of dependence." But somehow, her hard tasks failed to spoil, or soil her pretty hands. Somehow, all the smoke and heat of the great kitchen fire, all the sun and wind of the fields, had failed to dim the splendor of her blue eyes, or blanch the hue of her golden hair.

Mrs. Cooper was a trifle envious of Jeannie's rare gifts. Jeannie had out-stripped her cousins at the village school, and now she had grown up even prettier than Adelaide. Yet she was nothing more than the daughter of a thriftless half-brother, who had married above his own station in life, and yet had contrived to die penniless, and leave his orphan child to his sister's care. That sister, however, to be just to her, had done her duty by Jeannie, at least, after a fashion. But, of course, it could not be expected that she would treat Jeannie as she treated Adelaide.

The autumn day was closing; Jeannie's busy work was all over at last; and so she filled her pretty hands with grain, and sitting down on the raised hearth-stone of the old-fashioned summer kitchen, had uttered a musical sort of call, which had brought her pets about her in a fluttering flock. One silver-white, bright, beautiful little dove, with a brilliantly tinted sheen on his snowy wings, and a diamond glitter in his round eyes, wore a blue band edged with silver threads about his graceful throat.

"Beauty, Beauty," called Jeannie.

The bird fluttered down, at the call, and pecked the grain from Jeannie's open palm.

Jeannie's soft, dark eyes grew radiant, as she watched the pretty, gentle creature; for she was thinking of the day when he first made his appearance at Maple Hill.

It had been a summer day, golden with sunshine, and balmy with garden odors. Flushed and heated from working in her flower beds, Jeannie had taken her seat on a green border, and called her pets. And among them, with a certain air of good breeding and superiority, came a stranger, with a blue and silver band about his throat.

"Oh, you beauty, you beauty," she cried.

Unwittingly, she had called the dove by his name, and he fluttered through the sunshine, and settled on her shoulder. And Jeannie, examining his blue and silver necklace, saw a name, penciled in black, on the blue ground of the ribbon. It was "Fossebrooke."

"Oh," cried Jeannie, regretfully, "you belong at Woodlawn then?"

And a little later, when her garden work had been finished, she took the pretty dove, and ran across the fields to Woodlawn.

Captain Fossebrooke, the handsome owner of the place, and still a young man in spite of the honors he had won, sat on the long portico, smoking, when the click of the gate, and a growl from the dog at his feet, disturbed him. He rose hastily, and throwing his cigar aside, confronted Jeannie with the same deference that he would have shown to a princess.

"You are Captain Fossebrooke?" she began, slightly embarrassed, but with a graceful, little inclination of her head. The captain bowed.

"I have brought back your dove. He was with my pigeons, when I called them to be fed."

"Thank you," said the captain. "But I am sorry he gave you trouble. Beauty!"

The dove turned his head, and looked at him askance, but did not stir from Jeannie's hand.

"Beauty seems very well satisfied," he said. "I don't think he's particularly pleased with Woodlawn. I brought him all the way from France. I beg your pardon—Miss—"

"My name is Jeannie Rivers," artlessly.

"Oh, yes, yes, from Maple Hill. I remember. I am away so much, that my acquaintances grow out of my remembrance. I used to know your aunt. Pray, walk in, Miss Rivers."

"Oh, no, thank you! I must hurry back. Please take your pretty dove, sir."

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"On the contrary, do me the favor to keep him, Miss Rivers."

"Oh, Captain Fossebrooke, do you mean it?"

She looked up at him, with her great, starry eyes: her sweet, red lips apart; smiling.

"I mean it, with my whole heart," he said, bowing low. "Beauty is yours."

So Jeannie had returned to Maple Hill, in the hush of the summer twilight, with the white dove still nestling in her bosom, and Captain Fossebrooke had gone with her. This was weeks ago.

She was thinking it all over now, sitting on the hearth, when her aunt called again; and up sprang Jeannie, and away fluttered the birds.

"You ought to know that Adelaide is waiting for you," said Mrs. Cooper, severely.

"Indeed, auntie, I forgot," replied Jeannie.

"It's a wonder to me you don't forget to fetch your breath. Adelaide wants you to fix her hair, and she's been waiting a round half hour."

Jeannie made no reply, but hurried into the room, where her cousin was busy with her toilet. There was to be a party at Woodlawn, that night, and both girls were invited; but, of course, Jeannie had no thought of going.

"They merely put in your name, so as not to be uncivil; of course, they don't expect you," her aunt had said. And Jeannie had acquiesced in silence. If the disappointment caused her a heartache, it had been short-lived. She was too sweet-tempered and sunny-hearted, to brood over so trivial a grievance.

"I mentioned that I wanted you to do my hair," said Adelaide, pettishly; "what made you keep me waiting?"

"I forgot; but I can soon do it now," was Jeannie's pleasant answer.

"I don't believe it. You kept me waiting just for spite. You don't want me to go, because you can't," continued Miss Adelaide.

The delicate color in Jeannie's cheek deepened, but she set about her task in silence. When the coiffure was complete, it was quite a success.

"Now, bring my flowers," said Adelaide, surveying herself with smiling satisfaction; "there they are on the window-sill. Captain Fossebrooke sent them over, this morning."

Jeannie turned towards the open window. But before she had secured the urn of flowers, her white dove came fluttering in, and striking the slender vase, sent flowers and all down into the yard below.

"Now, see that," cried Adelaide, in a fury. "My flowers are spoiled. Oh, you hateful torment!"

She struck the dove, which had settled on Jeannie's shoulder, with her open palm, as she spoke. The bird uttered a plaintive little cry, fluttered, and fell to the floor.

"Oh, how could you?" cried Jeannie, stooping and picking it up. "You have killed it."

"I hope I have," retorted Adelaide, angrily. "You've no business with it, anyhow. What does Captain Fossebrooke care for you?"

Jeannie stood silent, holding the dead dove to her bosom.

"I'll never forgive you," she burst forth, at last. "I'll never do another thing for you, while I live. You have killed my dove."

She turned, and fled out of the room, and out of the house. Nor did she stop until she had crossed the lawn, and had found shelter in her favorite, secluded spot, under the gloom of the hazel thicket. There she threw herself down, clasping the dead bird to her heart.

"Oh, Beauty, my darling," she moaned.

The silver wings began to stir and flutter, in the soft, warm shelter of her bosom. She uttered a sharp cry of rapture.

"He's alive. He's alive. He's not dead!"

Some one, arrested by the cry, paused in his rapid walk across the glen, listened a minute, and then approached. It was Captain Fossebrooke.

"Miss Jeannie," he began, in surprise.

Jeannie forgot everything, but her rapture over the bird's recovery.

"Oh, Captain Fossebrooke," she cried, springing to her feet, her lips trembling, her eyes radiant, "I was so sure he was dead—he seemed so still and cold—but he's alive! Oh, my Beauty! See, he can perch upon my hand."

"You seem to be very fond of Beauty," said the captain, with a smile.

"I never cared for anything half so much—I—"

She stopped short, and her eyes fell, and her cheeks glowed; for the captain was looking at her, with a curious eagerness.

"I was coming over," he said, "to escort you to Woodlawn, Miss Jeannie. My sister expects you."

"Me?" said Jennie. "I had no thought of going. They said I mustn't. But Adelaide is, and she is expecting you now."

Suddenly, she seemed struck by some swift thought that brought the hot blood in torrents to her cheeks; and clasping the dove, she turned away, and fled through the gathering darkness.

The captain looked, for a moment, undecided whether to follow her, or not. But finally, he pursued his way to Maple Hill, and accompanied Adelaide to Woodlawn.

A day or two after, Mrs. Cooper and her daughter drove to the nearest town, leaving Jeannie at home to get dinner.

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She sat in the old kitchen, picking raisins for the pudding, when footsteps startled her.

"Good-morning, Miss Jeannie," said the pleasant voice of Captain Fossebrooke.

She sprang up, scattering her raisins about.

"Oh, Captain Fossebrooke!" she cried, and her heart began to beat strangely. But she made an effort, and said, more calmly, "Walk into the sitting-room, please. Adelaide isn't at home, this morning."

"I didn't come to see Miss Adelaide," said the captain, taking Jeannie's hand, and looking straight into her eyes. "I came to see you, and to inquire after Beauty. Pray sit down, Miss Jeannie, and let me help you with your raisins. And don't you think you could invite me to stay for dinner," he added, archly. "I'm particularly fond of plum pudding."

Jeannie resumed her seat, smiling. The captain took a seat in front of her, and went to work at the raisins, chatting pleasantly the while.

Presently Jeannie, who was getting embarrassed, called Beauty, and the bird fluttered in, and perched on the top of her head. Somehow, now, Jeannie began to feel less uneasy.

"What a picture you make," said the captain. "You are very fond of Beauty?"

"Oh, yes," answered Jeannie.

He caught her hands, and held them fast.

"Jeannie," he said, bending his handsome face down towards her, "since you care so much for my dove, can't you care a little for me?"

She struggled instinctively to free her hands, but he would not let them go.

"You must hear me, Jeannie," he went on. "You and I haven't known each other very long; but long enough for me to love you. I've travelled in many lands, and seen many fair women; but never one before that I cared to make my wife. Jeannie, can you give me hope—just a little, at least?"

She lifted her lovely, startled eyes.

"I love you with my whole heart," he continued. "I have loved you, ever since that summer day, when you brought Beauty home. Don't be cruel. You pity all inanimate things. Can't you pity me?"

She gave another quick glance at him, and then sat silent, but with heaving bosom, and downcast eyes.

The captain drew her towards him.

"No answer! Not even pity," he said.

She gave him a shy, sweet, radiant glance; and he knew it meant success.

"I never dreamed of such a thing, until you mentioned it," she whispered, after awhile. "I was sure it was Adelaide, and not poor me. But—but I—I—I believe now, I have cared for you, all the while."

He caught her to his heart. "God bless you," he said, "for those words."

When Mrs. Cooper and Adelaide returned, they found the captain still at Maple Hall. He called Mrs. Cooper aside, and told his story, while Jeannie fled up stairs to her little attic chamber. Her aunt angrily declared she would give her consent to no such foolery. "Jeannie is a mere child," she said. As for Adelaide, she went into hysterics.

But for all that, Jeannie and the captain were married, that fall, and kept their Christmas at Fossebrooke; and even Adelaide and Mrs. Cooper condescended to be guests there. In fact, the aunt does nothing, since, but talk of the "great match" her niece has made.

"She's Mrs. Fossebrooke, of Fossebrooke Hall, you know," she says, "the oldest family in the county."

ONE OF THE TWO.

BY MISS LAURA H. FISHER.

Where it belongs I know not,
  Persian, or Moor, or Greek,
A song that they used to sing me,
  All through the "holiday" week:
"Who dies in the Christmas sunshine
  Roams wide with all winds that blow;
Who dies in the Christmas tempest
  Sleeps under the Christmas snow.'

Oh! tell me which is the sweeter—
  For the Christmas is come again,
And the future is one with the present,
  So short are the days of men—
To wander forever and ever,
  Swift from the old to the new,
'Cross worlds, and oceans, and ages—
  If the childish story is true?

Or to sleep with no terror of waking,
  Dearer than mortals know,
Closed eyes, and a heart unshaken,
  Down deep under the snow?
Let me die! in the Christmas tempest,
  Or die in the Christmas sun!
They are dead that sang me the story,
  And the glory of life is done.

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MISS DEFARGE.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

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CHAPTER XVI.

It is not to be wondered at, that such sacrifices as these had their effect. The effect they produced upon Roger Dysart was a constantly disturbing one. No day passed without his pondering remorsefully and bitterly over the past months. After all, was it not Elizabeth who was true, and unselfish, and generous? He had said that he liked women who were faithful and innocent, and she was the woman who was both, and who had roused herself from her natural indolence to care for him and bear with him. He had many a folly to reproach himself with, as he lay and wearied of the lengthening days, but he told himself that the worst folly of all was his past underrating of the good that was his own. He scarcely knew how it had come about, that he had learned to consider Elizabeth Dysart his own property; it had been a process so gradual—extending through childhood and boyhood, over many a year. There had been no actual love-making between them; they had never been an effusive, or sentimental couple; Elizabeth at twenty had borne with his Dysart humors as she had done at ten; she had demanded nothing but a continuance of his high-handed patronage and protection, and had been quite content with these favors. And yet, somehow, there had been a kind of general understanding between them. If he should marry, he had begun by saying, he would marry Elizabeth. And as he grew older, it had become an indistinct sort of fact, that in some more propitious future, Elizabeth was to be his wife. Naturally, too, there had been times when he had warmed a little, under the influence of the wonderful beauty, to whose power she herself had been so indifferent; and once he had quite startled her, one day when he lay upon the grass at her feet, by exclaiming, without any prelude whatever,

"By my soul, Lizzie, you are the handsomest woman in the county, and I am glad of it!"

He knew she had been fond of him in her way, and the nature of his own feeling was such, that her equable, unexacting affection had suited him well enough. But of late the whole world had seemed to change. He had been scorched by a fire, whose existence he had never before known. He had been aroused to passion, and longing, and regret. He had suffered keenly—and to no end—he told himself. He had suddenly awakened to find that he had lost every thing, and gained nothing. And after all it was Elizabeth who was true, notwithstanding that he had been false.

"If she had not been what she is," he said, moodily, "she would have seen and resented; but she is not like other women."

So, one night, when they were alone together, Elizabeth sitting on a low seat in the firelight, dubious, picturesque, and beautiful, in the faithful purple, with a book open on her knees, he made up his mind to go back to the old, undisturbed serenity, and spoke accordingly.

"Lizzie," he began, with a secret feeling of gloom, "I wish you would oblige me with your attention."

Elizabeth turned towards him rather quickly. Oddly enough, she also seemed somewhat reflective. She had been regarding the fire in silence, for at least ten minutes, but she aroused herself promptly.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"Nothing," was his answer, "only I want to talk to you."

"But why—," she exclaimed.

He interrupted her.

"I am going to talk sentiment," he said, with incongruous bitterness. "It is a long time since I talked sentiment, Lizzie." And his bitterness wore, as he uttered these last words, almost an air of reproach. He tried to take her hand.

It was something of a check to him to see her turn quietly to the fire again.

"Talk sentiment, if you like," she said, "but never mind my hand. You will get along better without it."

He was so far checked that for a moment he regarded her fixedly. But when its momentary influence had passed, the very check served to give him fresh impetus.

"Lizzie," he broke out, "something is wrong. What is it?"

But she only smiled benignly at the fire.

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"Is this sentiment," she murmured, "if it is—"

"Ah!" he cried, in a fret. "I am not going to be put off. I mean what I say. Do you think I have not seen—?"

She interposed, quite in her old manner, with her deliciously idle, inconsequent air.

"Why get excited?" she said. "I don't, and it will only tire you. I never could understand why you always would get excited, Roger."

"Tell me what you mean!" he exclaimed, "I want to know."

She pushed the book off her knee, and rose slowly to her beautiful height, and stood looking down at his fevered, bewildered face, in smiling calm.

"Do you think I have not seen too?" she asked.

It was like an electric shock to him. All at once—in a single instant—he saw that a climax had arrived, towards which he had never even glanced in his dreams of possibilities. It was Elizabeth who stood before him—Elizabeth wholly candid and careless, and startlingly point-blank as was her custom—but Elizabeth in an unexpected mood, and assuming an entirely unexpected position. He saw it at his first glance.

"As to anything being wrong," she went on, "that's all nonsense. Was there ever anything wrong between us? And as to my meaning anything, what could I mean, but that it is not me you should talk sentiment to, but Terese."

He uttered a sharp exclamation, but it did not appear to disturb her equanimity, in the least.

"We have never had rows," she proceeded. "It was not our way to have rows, any more than it was our way to be sentimental; and we were never that, you know. For my part, I don't see how we ever rambled on, into that feeble-minded kind of belief, that we were going to marry each other."

She stopped a moment, looking more coolly amicable than ever.

"I don't tire you too much, do I?" she asked, with friendly consideration. "We can talk it over some other time, if I do. It isn't of any particular consequence, you know."

"So it seems," he answered, savagely, "but I should like to hear the worst."

"Ah! it isn't very bad," she returned. "There is no 'worst' about it. I shouldn't mention it, if I didn't think we might as well set matters to rights. I could not help seeing, you know. Do you remember the day you asked me if Terese cared for Basil Howth? Well, I began to see from that day. You were in love with her, and you were never in love with me, and it has occurred to me, once or twice, that—that you might be held back by some remembrance of—well, of me."

"You did not care yourself?" he said. "You are indifferent enough, on my soul, Lizzie!"

There was one second's silence, and then she made her reply.

"It would be a new thing for me to be sentimental," she said. "Emotions don't suit me."

"Why did you come and nurse me?" he cried, with actual resentment.

"Because I was fond of you," she returned, "because I was always fond of you, and always shall be. You don't suppose"—quickly—"that I mean that I am less fond of you now, or that I want you to be less fond of me."

"I don't know," he muttered, impatiently.

"Yes, you do," with something almost approaching firmness. "You know that what I mean is this—that it is not Elizabeth Dysart you should marry, if you ever do marry; that there is nothing between us, that is not too slight a thread to bind us together; that we are only reasonably fond of each other; and that all the rest is over as it should be—though it was nothing from the first."

"And you never cared—"

"Did you ask me to care very much?" she interrupted him. "And even if I had the kind of grand passion for you, which is not at all in my line, do you suppose I would tell you of it now? No, I am only Elizabeth"—lifting her head with a grand air, which was so remarkable and novel a development of her resources, that it fairly amazed him—"only Elizabeth, and of no consequence whatever, but I am too proud a Dysart for that."

There is no knowing what further revelations might have been made. Certainly, each was in a curious mood enough; and Elizabeth, with head uplifted, and eyes aglow with something which might even have been pain, was a revelation in herself. But at this very crisis their solitude was broken in upon. There was a ringing at the hall door bell, and a sudden development of some excitement outside; and in less than three minutes, Lady Dysart came into the room, pale and shaken with some strange agitation, and holding a slip of paper in her hand.

Both turned towards her, and Roger started from his cushions into a sitting posture.

"What is it?" he cried. "What has happened? What have you there?"

"It is a telegram," answered her ladyship. "It is from Sir Roderick's lawyer in London. Sir Roderick—"

Roger flung himself backward with a bitter ejaculation.

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"Nothing but Sir Roderick," he exclaimed.

My lady handed him the paper, answering him, in a voice as rigid as her pale face.

"He is dead," she said. "He was shot at a gaming table at Homburg."

CHAPTER XVII.

As he had lived, so Sir Roderick Dysart had died. An extraordinary, and rather suspicious run of good luck, accompanying his play with a hot headed young Parisian, had given rise to an exchange of complimentary phrases, which had terminated in an exchange of bullets over the card table. The Parisian had escaped with a flesh wound, but that ornament to society, the Baronet himself, had not been so lucky.

"But bad as it was," said society, in general, "no one has blamed the Parisian greatly. He was a scoundrel, and a blackleg, that Dysart; and the world is well rid of him and his rascalities."

Going into my lady's room, the night the news arrived, Terese found her sitting in the dark, before her dying fire, holding in her hand the telegram, and bearing upon her face the traces of a deep and bitter misery; and she met the girl's glance with the shadow of a smile, half scorn, half hopelessness.

"You do not understand, do you?" she said. "You are wondering why I should look so desolate. Well, I will tell you. It is not my husband I am mourning, as I sit here—it is something else. It is something far more bitter. It is this. Once there was a time when I loved him, with all a girl's passionate, weak folly—and to-night, knowing that he is dead, I can only be glad—glad!"

This was her only direct reference to the subject. When Terese seated herself near her, she began to talk of Roger and his future. "Sir Roger," she said, with a faint smile.

"He will have a chance to retrieve the honor of his name," she said. "There is a little money, which could not be altogether wasted, and now it will come to him. The principal could not be broken in upon. The time may come, perhaps, when to be a Dysart may not sound so very bad, after all."

Naturally there could be no waste of sentiment, downstairs. There had not been much talk. Elizabeth had subsided into speculative silence, and Roger had lain, for the remainder of the evening, with fevered brain and beating heart. When they had been left once more to themselves, Elizabeth's dramatic mood had died down with her usual ease of manner. Unconsciously she had echoed Lady Dysart's own thought.

"The worst part of it is," she said, "that there is no use in pretending to be sorry. We couldn't be, if we tried." Which was quite true.

When they parted for the night, Roger had been guilty of an exhibition of weakness, which even I, his chronicler, fail clearly to comprehend, and can only account for on the score of the natural perversity of mankind. He had made one more feeble effort to involve himself in fresh difficulties and entanglements.

"You had better forget and forgive, and—be Lady Dysart, Lizzie," he had said.

But Elizabeth had remained cheerfully unmoved.

"I don't want to forget," she said. "And there is nothing to forgive; but I shall never be Lady Dysart. Thanks, all the same! We should not enjoy each other's society half so well, if we were married. It would be sure to result in rows."

So Roger Dysart arose from his sick bed, a few weeks later, and went out into the world, a free man, in more senses than one; and yet bound by a new ambition and a secret chain.

"My life begins late," he said to Terese, "but it begins at last."

Outwardly they were as far apart from each other as ever, but inwardly each felt that a change had taken place.

"The lover has not come back," Roger said to himself. "I wonder why?"

And Terese, noting every day some subtle difference in Elizabeth's careless display of affection, wondered also.

"They are as good friends as ever," she said. "And yet—."

Still each went their separate way in silence. Gradually the county awakened to a recognition of the fact, that Sir Roger Dysart was a different man from his father. They had been in the habit of regarding him as a fine, stalwart numskull, with possible bad blood in him, which ought to be expected to show itself at any time; and even in a better case simply a numskull, who rode fearlessly, and was a good shot, and by no means a bad judge of horseflesh. But to the general amazement, the numskull developed singular tastes of an entirely different class. He plunged into the hardest possible work, and did it astonishingly well; he attacked evils at their root; he wove every slight thread of circumstance or chance into a web of his own; he lost sight of no resource; he rented his lands on novel terms, and accepted labor as an equivalent. He had a whole life of another man's ill-doing to retrieve, and he did not flinch before it, and left no stone unturned.

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He labored so hard and so incessantly, and struggled with such desperate courage against entanglement and obstacle, that he became less stalwart. There were times when his worn look and his loss of color secretly touched Terese with a sharp pain.

"Don't—don't work too hard," she once astonished him by saying.

He made her no reply, but he carried the words in his heart, for many a day, nevertheless. She had hesitated, too, and spoken with a novel gentleness, and this he remembered also.

Thus for a month or so again, and then one delicious day in the spring, Basil Howth suddenly made his appearance. He came to the Court, one evening, and demanded Miss Defarge, and Miss Defarge went to him. She found him rather pale also, and evidently by no means at his best, either mentally or physically. He looked as if his unaccountable absence had not passed very happily; and yet, after her first glance, Terese understood that he had passed all stages of indecision, and reached a crisis, to be equal to which he had braced himself firmly.

"Don't begin by feeling angry," were his first words, as she favored him with her hand. "I have not come to annoy you with the old story. I have not been silent so long that I might end with that. I went away to try if I could not make a man of myself."

They had a long interview, in which he conducted himself wonderfully to his credit, and succeeded in rousing, within Terese's previously well steeled bosom, a sentiment of respect, which was quite a new and unexpected emotion. He had made a man of himself, and accordingly she began to feel guilty, and ill at ease. He did not blame her, as he might well have done, and he took a stoical stand, which was quite chivalrous:

"I ought to have known better, I suppose," he said, in the end. "You always told me you had nothing to give, and I have no right to complain, because you have proved that you only spoke the truth."

He was a little startled, as was quite natural, when he saw that Terese had softened sufficiently, to be guilty of the weakness of suddenly beginning to shed tears, as if she had been a young lady of spirit and will much less indomitable. He had never before seen her approach, in the most distant manner, any such youthful display of emotion.

"I treated you infamously," she cried. "And it is not you who should suffer. You had some excuse for making a mistake, but I had none—nothing but my despicable vanity!"

"I have never seen anything despicable in you yet," he said, with quiet feeling. "I couldn't, you know. I—I am so fond of you yet, that I should like to prove that a man may be a woman's friend, even after he has been her lover."

"Oh!" said Terese, with a humility quite pathetic in its novelty, "do let us try." And she held out her hand, with no inconsiderable emotion.

"Elizabeth—" began the young man, a few moments later.

Terese started slightly. In fact, she did not know as much as might have been expected of those interviews over the parsonage parlor-fire, when Mr. Basil Howth had been gloomy, and sardonic, and Byronic; and Elizabeth had gazed at the glowing coals, and sighed.

"Elizabeth?" she echoed.

"I mean Miss Elizabeth Dysart," answered Basil, somewhat confusedly. "The fact is, we—we became very good friends, when I was here before. She is very kind-hearted, you know, and she used to—to listen, when I was in lower spirits than usual."

Most incomprehensibly Terese suddenly found her own spirits improve their tone. She could not help privately calling up a tableau, in which Elizabeth, golden-haired, picturesque, and gracious was the centre figure. It was not a trifle for her disconsolate lover to have been "listened to" by Elizabeth.

This had been an eventful day for her. That very morning she had heard, from Lady Dysart's lips, a piece of news, which had had a startling effect upon her.

"Did you know," asked her ladyship, in a most matter of fact tone, "that that foolish engagement between Roger and Elizabeth had been broken so long?"

"I did not know," replied Terese, "that it had been broken at all."

"Nor I, until yesterday," said my lady, musingly. "But of course it is by far the best. It was an absurd affair from first to last. For my part, I never could understand how it originated. And now—"

"Do you know," asked Terese, "how it came to an end?"

Her ladyship laughed.

"According to Elizabeth, it was a mutual agreement. They found it fatiguing, she says, and besides Roger was developing a kind of energy she was not equal to. 'He is actually beginning to make plans and have theories,' she said. 'And you know *I* could never marry a man in that frame of mind. He would expect me to be interested, and how could I be interested—especially in warm weather.'"

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When Basil Howth left the Court, the sun was setting; and Terese, having watched him out of sight, went to her room, and made preparations for a walk. She was in too excited a mood to feel that she could remain in the house and sit still.

"The fresh air will cool me down, and make me feel quieter," she said.

Since the spring had set in, she had taken many a walk across the heather, and this evening she turned her steps towards the moorland, principally because she had fallen into the habit of doing so. She walked rapidly, and when she stopped, she was stopped by a remembrance. She found herself standing upon the very spot, upon which she had stood, the morning she had found Roger Dysart lying wounded in the rain.

"It is the very place," she said. "I remember that desolate looking tree."

She sat down among the rough, purple and yellow heather, half to rest, half because she wanted to gain time to recover herself altogether, before going back to the Court. There was quiet enough here, with the silence of the wide-spread heath around, and the high arch of the clear, tender-tinted sky above. So she sat there, for some time.

But just as she was rousing herself to the effort of making up her mind to rise, she was disturbed. Her wandering eyes caught sight of an approaching figure, a stalwart figure, bearing a gun over its shoulder, and nearing her plainly with no other intention than that of joining her. A little glow of embarrassment and discomfort ran over her. It was Roger Dysart, and it was not exactly here that she cared to encounter him.

But there was no help for it. He came on steadily, trampling down heath and long grasses, in his remorselessly direct course, and when at last he found himself in front of her, he grounded his gun, and stood leaning on it.

"I thought it was you," he said. "I knew your figure as soon as I caught sight of it, half a mile away."

Terese sat, and looked up at him.

"You have good eyes," she remarked. "I was just thinking of going home again."

His reply rather alarmed her.

"Don't go yet," he said. "I followed you here, because I had something to say."

She had gathered a handful of heath bells and ferns, and she began to put them together, with a coolness and steadiness of touch, which certainly belied her inward condition.

"After all, it is not very late," she said to herself. "And we are beginning to have such long twilights."

She waited through what seemed to be to her a terribly long pause, during which Dysart, leaning upon his gun, still looked down at her. Finally his voice broke in upon the stillness, as if with an effort.

"I followed you," he said, "because I can have neither rest, nor peace, until I have asked you if—at some future time, it does not matter how far distant—you will be my wife?"

It was a master stroke. Nothing that he could have said, or done, with whatever prelude, or passion, would have thrown aside the barriers existing between them, and reached her at once, and as utterly, as did this unexpected resolution.

She said not a word. She thought that he must hear the beating of her heart. She dropped the heath and ferns, into her lap, and sat silent, with trembling hands.

"I found out only a short time ago," he proceeded, "that there is no longer any obstacle between us, beyond such as may exist in your own feelings. I only wanted to know that I did not know that the world held such love as I feel for you to-day. If I had never seen you, I think I should never have known of its existence. You have awakened me as if it were from a dream. You have aroused me to effort and ambition. You know what lies before me—what work and effort to retrieve the miserable past of my race. I have nothing to offer, but the feeling I have for you, and the name I have sworn to make honorable. But you can give me a power nothing else could give me. You can help me to finish what you yourself began—what began through my love for you. Will you do it? Will you say that you will marry me?"

For a few moments she remained silent, not because she would not, but because she could not speak. Then she ceased to trifle with her flowers, and pushed them aside with an odd, abrupt gesture.

"Do you know," she said, in a tremulous, half whisper, "do you know why I came—that morning—when I found you here?"

He started forward quickly.

"Tell me?" he said.

"It was because—because I could not rest," she answered slowly, "because something told me you were in danger. I came—to find you. I came because—though I would not tell myself so—I loved you a little—even then."

CHAPTER XVIII.

That, after his interview with Terese, Basil Howth's thoughts should wander towards the parsonage, was certainly no more than natural. Feeling a little sore at heart, it was to be expected that his youth should long for some balm of

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consolation. Such wounds as his, he had of course told himself, were not to be healed; the flesh, he had said, with much poetic despondency, would always throb beneath the scar. And yet, notwithstanding this melancholy fact, there was something just a little soothing in the thought of Elizabeth—Elizabeth, who was always exquisite, and urbane, and who, to judge from her gentle sighs, was plainly full of the most charmingly sympathetic feeling.

"Not that she ever says very much about it," he remarked, as he strolled across the park; "but then, if she never said a word, a man could sit and look at her, and not feel a dearth of conversation much."

He did not go around through the gates, but turned towards the bridge. It was a shorter way, and he was not in the mood to be particularly anxious concerning personal safety. Even if he broke his neck, it would not matter very much. There was no one who would care—unless some one, who had proved otherwise somewhat stony of heart, should be touched by the calamity.

He was really deriving some little secret consolation from this speculation, when he reached the top of the rising ground, down which Sir Roderick's amiable young friend had pushed his frightened horse, the day Elizabeth had crossed the bridge, for the last time, as she had declared. She had kept her word. Consequently, he was rather surprised, on looking down from the summit of the incline, to catch sight of the well-known, celestial figure, in the well-known gown of royal purple, leaning, in an attitude of some dejection, against the crazy, rustic balustrading of the bridge.

"By George!" he exclaimed. "She looks as if she was not quite up to the mark either; and it is not like her to be low-spirited."

She was so much absorbed in her contemplation of the water, running below, that she did not hear his approach, and only looked up, when he stood close at her side. Then, aroused by his immediate presence, she started slightly, and turned around; and he saw in her face an appearance so altogther remarkable and amazing, that he was quite dumbfounded, and taken aback, the said appearance being nothing less extraordinary than a suggestion of tears, which might either have fallen, or be about to fall.

But notwithstanding this, her greeting was by no means a pathetic one.

"You see I crossed again, after all," she said. "How are you?" And she shook hands with him, with much friendliness.

Possibly his private convictions betrayed themselves in his face, and that from this fact arose her extreme composure of manner and quickness of speech. At all events, her air was very easy indeed, as she leaned on the balustrading again.

"You have been away, a long time, haven't you?" she asked. "I mean, under the circumstances."

"Yes," he replied, following her example, by leaning on the rail also, and looking down into the water.

"Been to the Court?" she enquired next.

"Just came from there," lugubriously.

"Ah!" rather abstractedly. "I thought so."

A pause, and then Basil himself began.

"You can guess why I went?" he said.

"Yes. I think I can."

She still spoke abstractedly, but a minute later she began to laugh, and said,

"It is a little odd that we should meet here."

"Why?" he asked.

Her cheeks were warm with a peculiar, excited color, and her eyes had a queer look, hard to define.

"Ah," she said, "because it is like a kind of duet of farewells. You are saying good-bye to Terese, and I am saying good-bye to—to the bridge."

"The bridge," he echoed.

Then, even while she laughed again, she drew her hand across her eyes.

"It is to be pulled down, to-morrow," she said. "And—and I am sorry. It is unsafe, and it is one of Roger's fearfully energetic repairing whims. He is reconstructing everything, from himself downwards. And the bridge goes with the rest. I've been crying a little over it. I dare say, I look as if I had, don't I?"

But the next moment she wore her old seraphic smile of tranquil satisfaction.

"A place where one has risked one's neck so often, naturally endears itself to one, in course of time," she added.

It could not be otherwise than that, at this moment, a happy thought should occur to her companion, despite his dejection.

"It was here that I saw you, for the first time," he said. "So *I* should be sorry too."

"Yes, it was here," returned Elizabeth. And then she added, reflectively, "What a tipsy little brute that was!"

It was not easy to pay her compliments, and yet he found her as satisfactory as ever. She could say, or do nothing, however careless, which a man could soon forget; she could fall into no posture, make no idle gesture, which might not fairly have been immortalized on canvas. And yet, she was so unconscious of her power, and so

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indifferent, even when something of its existence forced itself upon her.

And her mood, too, suited his own, wonderfully well this evening. She made no more Elizabeth-like speeches, after this last. Somehow, she was not quite herself. When, at length, his emotions got the better of him, and he began to tell her his story, she listened in a new way. She did not sigh, but she listened, with a kind of gravity he had never seen in her face before, and when he had finished, there was a mist in her blue eyes again.

"You did the best thing you could have done," she said. "It must be a bad thing for two people to marry, when one, or the other, does not—does not care as they should. It must turn out a bad thing for both of them. One could not live with a man—or woman—who did not love one, without being horribly wretched. Terese will always like you better for what you have done. She will like you even—even after she has married Roger."

"Roger!" he cried, with a start. "Does she—will she marry Sir Roger?" And a little tremor fell upon him.

Elizabeth turned, upon his pale face, eyes full of pity.

"Didn't you know?" she said, in a softened voice. "I thought you did. I—I have known it from the first. Yes, she will marry Roger."

He stared at her, in amazement.

"But I thought—I heard—some one said it was you—"

"No," she answered. "It was not me. He never cared for me at all, in that way. We were only friends."

But he saw that there was something behind, which he could not understand, and it did not add to his peace of mind. For a while he was miserable enough. It was hard to lose; but it was worse to feel, that some one else had won; and he had been so blind.

He could not speak for a long time. Both were silent, and it is possible that the bridge bore a reasonably heavy weight of feeling. But at last, he was aroused from his reverie.

For she moved. Mr. Basil Howth moved also. He stood up, and looked at her, even then taking in her wonderful beauty, in a bewildered way.

"I suppose I ought to go away?" he said. "Do you think I ought? We have been good friends, and—it is rather hard on a man to lose all at once."

They looked at each other, and Elizabeth hesitated. She had not thought of his going before, and she became gradually conscious of a faint regret. The bridge would be pulled down, to-morrow, and all would be over, and different. She held out her hand, with a little, desolate, half smile.

"Yes," she said. "We have been good friends. And we are rather a lonely couple. Don't go."

Having remarked that he did not go just at that time, or in fact for several weeks, there is really small need to say much more to an intelligent public. But this I will add, that, after Terese Defarge had been Lady Dysart for a year, on the occasion of a dinner-party, given in the much-improved rooms at the Court, the goddess was present, wondrous in her ladyship's gifts of black velvet and pearls, and attended by Mr. Basil Howth.

"There is in Elizabeth," said the younger Lady Dysart to her husband, "a kind of moon-like splendor—white, slow-moving, and stately. She is wonderful to look at. And did I tell you, Roger, that she is going to marry Basil Howth, and that Major Pomsonby approves, because she is 'a young person of family,' which I, you know, was not?" with a smile.

[THE END.]

A WOMAN'S FAITH.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Across the miles that stretch between,
Through days of gloom or glad sunlight,
I see a face I have not seen,
That yet doth make my world more bright.

He may be near, he may be far,
How near, how far, I cannot see;
But faithful as the morning star,
He yet shall rise and come to me.

What though fate leads us sep'rate ways?
The world is round, and time is fleet.
A journey of a few brief days—
And face to face we two shall meet.

Shall meet beneath God's arching skies,
While suns shall blaze, or stars shall gleam,
And looking in each other's eyes,
Shall know the past was but a dream.

And round, and perfect, and complete,
Life like a star shall climb the height,
As we two press with willing feet,
Together toward the Infinite.

And still behind the space between,
As back of dawns the sunbeams play,
There shines the face I have not seen,
Whose smile shall wake my world to-day.

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JOSIAH KNOX'S SECRET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

It was June of the Centennial year. The morning sun shone brightly, into the bare, prim parlors of Josiah Knox's house, on Spring Garden street. Josiah Knox was known to all the neighbors as "the rich old Quaker;" but he was not recognized as one of the Society, by Friends of either the Orthodox or Hicksite branches. Hannah, his wife, they knew as one of the Lupton family, from whom had come many noted preachers; and Ruth, their daughter, was a devout little Friend. But Josiah was unknown to them, until he came to the city, nineteen years ago, and built up a fortune in manufacturing iron stewpans and stoves. His life was irreproachable. But the Society always treated him with coolness.

On this June morning, his wife was reading to him the family diary; for his exactness extended to the least details of the kitchen economy. They sat at a table, before the open book, while Ruth, in a corner, had slyly drawn out her diary, a tiny blue book, and was peeping into it, her eyes shining, and her cheeks aflame.

"On Second day," read Hannah, "I paid the butcher's bill."

"Thee must, henceforth, only buy chucks, Hannah. Here is an increase of two dollars per week, in meat alone, since last month. This is ruin."

"On Second day," read Ruth to herself, "Henry passed the gate. He did not look up. He bowed to a lady, with pink buds in her hat. Ah, if I could wear pink buds!"

"On Third day," continued Mrs. Knox, "Ann broke a valuable dish."

"Tut, tut! That girl is thoroughly godless."

"And poor Ponto died," her voice shaken. "He has been with us for eight years."

"It was hardly necessary to put that down. A dog is not held as property."

"On Third day," read Ruth, "I found a rose beside my pillow. I knew that Henry sent it. Ann laughed roguishly when I came down stairs, with it in my breast. The poor Irish girl guesses at our story, and pities us."

"On Fourth day, certain women of the world's people came to solicit me to take stock in the Exhibition."

"Thee did not do it?" cried Josiah, angrily. "Centennial, indeed! It would be better for Philadelphia, to-day, if she had kept the Penns as her rulers. There was peace in their days. Only respectable men could afford to be drunk; young women were satisfied with two gowns a year." (Ruth shuddered.) "There were no theatres, no gas-bills, no plumbers, no modern in-conveniences of any sort."

"Oh, father," cried Ruth, "thee is so prejudiced against the Exhibition! It is the fit flowering of a century of prosperity."

"Was not Henry Granger the author of that fine sentiment?" said Josiah, drily. Ruth blushed furiously. "I thought as much. Thee knows my decision concerning that insolent pauper. Thy mother can tell thee if I am easily swayed from my purpose."

The pale lady bent over her book, and made no reply; but when she looked at her daughter, presently, there was only a great pity, and little encouragement in her eyes.

"As for this Exhibition, it has not brought a dollar into my shop; and I will not have it mentioned in my house."

The door-bell had rung violently, several times, and Ann appeared. "Some people on business, sir."

"Show them in," said Josiah, and donned his business smile.

Half a dozen men entered.

"I appear on behalf of a new Centennial Transportation Company," said the foremost of them. "Sure to pay fifty per cent. How many shares shall I put you down for, Mr. Knox?"

"Not one, if it paid a hundred."

Another dapper youth slid to the front.

"Called to see you in reference to Centennial Popcorn Association. Concession secured for $5,000. Profits will be immense! Should like your name as a small stockholder—"

A man in paper cap and white apron, meantime, was beleaguering Mrs. Knox.

"Chicago waffles. Wagon at the door. Served hot, every morning. Subscribe for the season?"

A man in broadcloth, and a blazing paste solitaire on his shirt front, attacked her on the other side, note-book in hand.

"I am agent, madam, for City Lodging-house Bureau. How many chambers, if any, can you give us? Will leave circular for you to fill and return. State if ladies will be received, and if

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bath-room can be converted into temporary chamber for single gent."

"Is it any kind of a warrant, Ruth?" said her mother, faintly. "Pop-corn? A single gent in the bath-room?"

"Come, mother, let us go," said Ruth, laughing.

In the hall they met Ann and a Chinaman, who stood bowing.

"Centennial Washing and Fluting. Me Hop Sing. Muchee washee. One dollee."

"Go away with you, you haythen," cried Ann. "But, ma'am, my own wages must be raised. Genteel young ladies is advertised for, in the big hotels, as waitresses—"

"Yes, yes. I will see thee again."

Mrs. Knox hurried up to her own room, while Ann beckoned Ruth, mysteriously, into the shaded little garden, at the back. "I have brought you something, Miss Ruth."

"A—a rose?"

"Better than that," fumbling in her pocket.

"A letter? He would not dare to write to me! If father should know it!" thought the blushing, trembling little girl.

"Shut your eyes, till I find it," said Ann, and then, unlatching the gate, she ran into the house.

"Henry! Oh, what will father say? How could thee dare—"

"Dare? I opened the gate, and have found nothing more alarming than the roses and—you," said Master Granger, who looked all the victorious knight, or demi-god, in her eyes, but who was, in fact, merely a good-natured, honest lad, dressed in a shabby, pepper-and-salt office suit. He had his fantastic notion of romance, too, in some warm corner of his brain, and it made the fresh-faced little Quaker, among her Bourbon rose bushes, seem to him the fairest vision upon which the sun shone, that June morning.

Ann, from the kitchen, and Mrs. Knox in her chamber, saw them go into the arbor, and sit down together; and the hearts of the two women grew warmer and beat faster. The common-place day, with its cooking, and marketing, and stocking-darning, suddenly became something rare and royal, with those two lovers in sight.

As for the two young people, Henry could spare but an hour from the office, and the garden was not ten yards square. But it was all the same as if they had dreamed, through a whole lifetime, in the roses of the Vales of Cashmere. They did not talk of love. They were too tender and shy; to put it into words would have destroyed the delicious fragrance of this dream. They asked questions about the weather, which died unfinished on their lips, or began a vigorous talk about the Exhibition, and broke down into silence, full of wandering glances, and blushes, and hot, quick-beating pulses. Ruth was angry at herself; she was not thus rude, and awkward, and stupidly silent, with others. What would Henry think of her?

A breathless pause, and then Ann's shrill voice, inside, "I tell you, sir, there's nobody there. Only Miss Ruth—"

"Don't be so frightened, Ruth. You have done nothing wrong," and Granger, who was a manly young fellow, hurried down the path to meet Josiah, smiling and lifting his hat, after the usage of the world's people, on ordinary occasions.

But Josiah's usages were not those of world's people, or even of Quakers. He thrust Henry aside, with a muttered "beggar," and marched on to the arbor.

Down the steps came Ruth, to his amazement, in a flutter of courage, which would have suited an angry pigeon.

"He is no beggar, father! He is an honorable gentleman!"

The wrathful old stove-dealer could not help laughing.

"Don't be absurd, child," he said. "Go to thy room. As for Henry Granger—"

The lad rose to the occasion. The chance was desperate—but, now or never! His face grew pale, but there was a frank smile on it.

"I believe I *am* a beggar. There is one thing, at least, I would ask you for," he said, bravely, looking at Ruth.

Josiah shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, I have heard of thy intentions. I have been told that Small & Hoyt's entry clerk proposed to do me the honor of becoming my son-in-law, and of so providing himself with capital for life."

"I never thought of your money!" in a white heat of rage. "God knows I love Ruth."

"Oh, no doubt! Ingenuous youth! Thee proposed to marry and support her? On how much money?" With winning softness.

Henry grew furiously red. The truth was, he never had thought of dollars and cents, in this rosy dream. How should he stop to count what it would cost to buy shoes, and bonnets, and beef, and caramels for an angel singing to him the celestial hymn of life?

"My salary is nine hundred dollars," he stammered. "Mother and I live very comfortably on it."

"A very fair income," said Josiah, with the same portentous gentleness. "Many a lucky man has begun with quarter that sum, and by middle age paid taxes on millions. Now, Gran-

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ger, I am so impressed by thy virtue and industry, and—love for Ruth, that I am willing to make a bargain with thee."

"Yes, yes," said Henry, breathlessly.

"Thee may be one of the lucky men. Who knows? When thee comes to my office, and buys an equal partnership in the business from me, dollar for dollar, thee shall marry my daughter. Not before."

"Oh, father!"

"Thee can go to thy room, now, Ruth, as thee has thy answer," said Josiah, with a vicious chuckle

Granger, who had been stunned for a moment, darted after her, hotly crying out

"I will do it! The day will come! I will lay down dollar for dollar with him. You will wait for me, Ruth?"

"I will wait for thee until death!"

Josiah only smiled, and rubbed his fat chin.

"Yes, the day will come," Granger hurled back at him, as he went out. This boyish fury so possessed him, that it seemed an easy thing to gather a million, or two, together, and fling it at the cruel tyrant's feet.

It was an ignoble conclusion to his fervor, however, to go to his desk, at Small & Hoyt's, and stand there, calling off, "Two bales Wamsutta. T. P. Z," or "One case James' Particular. A. M.," as he had to do all the afternoon.

When it was time to go home, for the night, he said to one of his companions, "What does that cashier, old Finney, get a year, Bob?"

"Three thousand. Tre-mendous pay!"

"How long was he in working up to that?"

"Don't know. He's gray-headed, you see."

"Yes, I see!" groaned Henry.

Henry Granger lived with his mother, in one of the tiny, neat houses, which front the Naval Asylum. They sat up late, that night, discussing the event of the day. Mrs. Granger was an exceptionally mild, gentle, little woman; and like most mild, gentle people, was exceedingly bitter in her prejudices.

"I should be glad for you to marry Ruth," she said. "She is a loving, sensible girl. But really, Henry, I do not think a near connection with a man like Josiah Knox is desirable. The man must be mercenary beyond belief, in the first place, to sell his daughter; and a fool in the second, not to see that you, without a penny, are the best husband he could find for her."

Henry laughed. "If only Friend Josiah could borrow your spectacles, mother! But there's no chance of a near connection with him. We need not reckon over objections to it."

The old lady looked anxiously at the sturdy young fellow, marching impatiently up and down the little parlor.

"Dollar for dollar. Half of his business," he muttered. "Oh, mother, it is madness to think of it! All that I can do is to never see her again!"

"There is but one chance, Henry—"

"The fortune that was stolen from you, thirty years ago? Dear Mother, that is a castle of the very thinnest air."

"Don't say stolen, Henry. It was my poor brother, who took it, remember."

"He was your guardian, you being a minor, as I understand. He gambled away his own property, and ran away with yours; left you penniless, and without a friend. If that be not stealing, I know no other name to suit it," replied Henry, who was in no amiable mood. "I wish you would put the whole matter out of your mind, mother. My uncle is dead, no doubt. You have not seen or heard of him for thirty years."

"I can't help hoping," said Mrs. Granger, feebly.

She did not tell him that twice, since the Exhibition opened, she had fancied that she had seen her brother, John Lenox, at a distance. Nothing, to her mind, was more probable than that he was in Philadelphia now. The Exhibition brought up all kinds of people, who had been lost out of one's life, and forgotten—it was like a resurrection of the dead.

So the old lady often reasoned to herself. If she should meet John, face to face, and he (having become a millionaire, in the meantime, and an honest, godly man,) would pour into her lap the hundred thousand dollars, of which he had robbed her—all in shining gold!

"Henry," she said, suddenly, "I will go out to the Exhibition, to-morrow. You can come out to meet me. I will wait for you, by the Crocodile in Egypt, at five o'clock."

"Very well, mother." Henry stooped to kiss her good-night, wondering that she had so soon forgotten his heavy griefs.

A night's sleep cooled Mrs. Granger's hot wrath against Josiah Knox. It was natural, that, being a wordly man, he should covet wealth for his daughter. Henry was but a boy, and had doubtless gone about his wooing in a blundering way. She wished he had left it for her to manage. She had, like most women, a profound faith in her own business tact and skill. Was it too late yet for her to interfere?

She sat, at the breakfast table, long after Henry was gone, lost in thought. At last she rose, with a beaming countenance. She had a

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capital idea! She would bring the matter to a triumphant conclusion. She would seek an interview with this Quaker Knox, and meet him as a business woman should meet a business man. She would put the facts of her lost fortune in his hands. No doubt his shrewd mind would devise some plan, by which her brother could be found, and the property regained. At any rate, this confidence would establish pleasant, friendly relations between the families.

Mrs. Granger accordingly wrote a note, requesting Mr. Knox to meet her, that afternoon, at three o'clock, on business of vital importance, in the Egyptian department, beside the crocodile. She kept the matter a secret from Henry, observing to herself, that "children were so hot-headed, and likely to interfere at the critical moment."

Henry found, at his desk, that morning, a dainty, little, white note. The poor boy's countenance glowed as he read it.

"I must see thee, again," it ran, "at least once more. My father has given me permission to visit the Exhibition, to-day. Wilt thou be there?"

He wrote an answer, and sent it by the faithful Ann, asking Ruth to meet him in the Egyptian department, at four o'clock, thinking that after they had been an hour together, his mother would come, and give the dear girl her blessing. He could imagine no greater happiness, on earth, than to see Ruth with his old mother—the two women whom the honest fellow loved so faithfully.

Josiah Knox also received his mysterious letter at his office. The writing was unknown to him, and there was no signature. His whole face lowered, as he read it.

"It is some fellow, who has known me in California," he said, and threw it from him, angrily.

He went about his business, after this, however, looking like a man who has seen a ghost. But early in the afternoon, he seemed to change his mind. He started to the Centennial grounds. Somehow, when it came to the point, he dared not disregard the appointment to which he had been summoned.

Some of our readers may remember the gigantic crocodile, which stretched its scaly length, across a raised platform, in the Egyptian court of the Exhibition. Mrs. Granger, whose placid life had been totally lacking in any element of the terrible and grotesque, was oddly attracted by this monster, as by every other hint, indeed, of barbarous, or savage life.

There was a divan beside the crocodile, covered with a Persian rug; and there the old lady would sit, by the hour, in the ill-lighted court, fingering the reeds, which grew in the water, that had washed Cleopatra's galley; while the figures of Rameses and the Pharoahs frowned down on her, and swarthy men in caftan and scarlet fez moved silently to and fro, guarding the royal treasures of the Khedive: marvelous services of beaten gold, jeweled trappings, and spoil taken from long-dead Abyssinian kings.

It was a glimpse into wild and terrible romance for the quiet old woman; and as she sat waiting, this afternoon, for the interview which was to decide Henry's fate, she felt as if she too were in a romance, which rose above the height of this dramatic surrounding. What were long-dead kings, or golden glitter, to the love and life of these two fresh young hearts, balked and soured at the outset?

It was a rainy day, and there were few visitors; during much of the time the court was empty. Presently a young girl, in a gray waterproof, with scared blue eyes, and fair curls peeping out of a Quaker bonnet, came up to the armor of the old Abyssinian, and stood weighing the sword in her hand, while she glanced about the court.

"Ruth, my dear!" exclaimed the old lady. "Yes, it is I." She drew the girl down to her side, and said, eagerly: "Henry is coming, presently. Ah! you know that? He is to meet you! There he is. Well, well, children, the poor old mother does not know everything, it seems!"

"You are an hour too early," said Henry, taking Ruth's hand, "and so am I. But I was afraid I should miss a moment with you."

Ruth would not say why she had come too early, but a soft rose-color crept over her lovely face, and told the truth for her.

Mrs. Granger was uneasy.

"Go, children, go," she cried. "There are shady nooks, in the park, better suited for you than this old monster."

"But we will not leave thee alone," said Ruth.

"I shall not be alone. I expect a—a friend. Go, go!" She looked around, anxiously.

"I only wished to see thee," said Ruth, as she and Henry passed the grinning Norwegian bears, "to say that I must never meet thee again. It is all over."

"All over. Yes, forever!" said Henry, with desperation in his voice.

There were tears in her eyes. But there was a keen delight in the tears, and in the desperation, and in the misery.

They went to a far off grove, and sat under

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some thick sycamores—the shower was over; and the sun shone on a foam-like fountain before them, and the rain drops sparkled in the beds of brilliant flowers.

Down in the cafés, happy, commonplace people munched cakes and popcorn, and heard the bands play. But they, in their wretchedness, held each other by the hand; and the music they heard was that far up the heavenly heights, which never sounds but once in life.

Mrs. Granger, meanwhile, planned every word of her attack. She would be at once practical, forcible, circumspect; she would impress this Quaker with the social position of the Grangers, with Henry's solid merits, with— Ah, who was that? A stout, elderly man, in broad-brimmed hat and shad-bellied coat, came cautiously into the court, and stood surveying the scimitars and gold-embroidered trappings, his back to her.

She rose and went to him.

"Friend Josiah Knox?"

"That is my name," turning. "And thee is —good God, Elizabeth!"

"John! Brother!"

There was no escape for him. He supported her to a seat, and sat down quietly beside her. He had met the danger, which had dogged him for thirty years.

He must have secresy at any price! Better to pay double the sum he owed her, than that the story of his life should reach the Friends, his wife, and child.

For more than an hour, brother and sister sat talking in low tones. Mrs. Granger was a sharp-witted woman, at least as far as her boy was concerned, as indeed most women are in such cases. When she had recovered from the shock, she was not slow to catch at the advantage, thus thrown into her hands.

"You have my answer," she said, quietly, at the end of the hour. "If you will give Ruth to Henry, and take him into partnership, settling upon him the sum of which you defrauded me, I will be silent. No word of your shameful secret shall ever pass my lips. If not, I shall put my case into the hands of a lawyer, to-morrow."

The man seemed to have shrunken physically as he sat there.

"It is my wife—it is Hannah I think of," he almost moaned. "She has only known me as I am."

"I will keep your secret."

He rose, stood motionless a minute, then said, in a low voice:

"Come. We will go and find the children."

Outside, they saw Henry and Ruth coming up the path; buds of tropical flowers were on either side. When the children beheld Josiah and Mrs. Granger walking together, they stopped suddenly, alarm, amazement, joy chasing each other in their faces.

Mrs. Granger hurried, trembling, to meet them.

She carried the happiness of their whole lives to them. She was the angel of good tidings, bearing a divine message, and tender in heart as any that walk the hills of Beulah.

But people only saw an old woman, in rusty black, hurrying down the asphalt path.

THE BABY'S GRAVE.

BY HELEN M. WARNER.

WEEPING, hand in hand, we stood,
In that gruesome solitude,
Close beside the dark, old wood.

Fields were rich, in tasseled bloom;
Far they tossed their sweet perfume,
On the balmy afternoon.

Birds were jubilant aloft,
And beyond the orchard-croft,
Whippoorwills were crooning soft.

Dappled clouds hung overhead—
All the west was golden red—
"Mocking our drear loss," I said.

Just one little week ago,
Life was tinged with radiant glow,
And the stars were shining so

When the bud, by Heaven's decree,
Grafted on our household tree,
Closed its petals peacefully.

There the rounded hillock stands,
Close beside the shifting sands,
Flower-bedecked by tender hands.

And the Heaven-bound mystery,
Still unsolved by you and me,
Is revealed to such as she.

What cared I for life or love?
In the misery of my mood,
All his reasoning I withstood.

Till the night had garnered day,
He, in gentle, reverent way,
Softly murmured, "Let us pray."

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THE LAST NIGHT OF THE YEAR.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THE last night of the year! Ambrose Christern had not thought much about it. Neither that anniversary, nor any other, had ever been very important in his life.

It was Molly, the maid, when she brought in his tea, who set him thinking. He dined out, but he was fond of a cup of tea in the evening, and it sometimes occurred to him that he had never known any other female of the Hibernian race, who prepared it so well as Molly. It was not Molly, who brewed it, in fact; but that was of no consequence.

So, to-night, as she set the tray on the table, with a care for his papers, which he could never sufficiently admire, (she had been well lectured on the subject, but he did not know that either,) Molly said, with the pleasant smile, which rendered her broad, red face very agreeable, and with the broader brogue, which gave a certain heartiness to her words, very agreeable also:

"The last time I'll serve yez the tay, this year, sir; and here's wishing ye it strong and plenty, and a stomach to enjoy it, in the wan to come!"

"Eh, eh?" demanded Mr. Christern, lifting his nose out of his papers, having so imperfectly caught what she said, that he fancied she was giving him notice of her departure. "The last time—what do you mean? You're not going away, I hope, Molly!"

"Away, is it—me?" returned Molly, with the comfortable laugh of a fat person. "Faix, why wud I, onless the misthress gave me warnin', and she'll not do that, I'm thinkin'."

"But you said the last time—"

"This year, yer honor. Shure, ye'd forgot it was New Year's Eve."

"I believe I had, Molly," he answered, rather apologetically; "I really believe I had!"

Molly looked dubiously at the top of his head, which was slightly bald, and then looked viciously at the books and papers, which littered the table; and if Mr. Christern had looked at *her*, abstracted as he was, he might have read the thought in her mind, so plainly did her countenance express it; and the thought was, "that all that reading and writing would lave his honor no memory at all, av he kept on a few years longer." But Mr. Christern did not look at her—he was nodding his head slowly, and repeating absently: "Yes, I had—I had!" Then he put his hand in his pocket. "There, that's to buy a Christmas box, Molly," he said, and put some money in her palm; and Molly retreated, with voluble thanks and many courtesies.

Mr. Christern drew his easy-chair close to the fire, and sat down with his feet on the fender; poured out a cup of tea; slowly added sugar and milk; then leaned his elbow on the arm of his chair, and his head on his hand, and fell into a revery so deep, that he forgot all about the fragrant beverage, which was perfuming the air while it grew cold.

After a little, he stretched out one hand; automatically took his pipe from the mantel; filled, lighted it, and began smoking; but that was so much a matter of habit, that he could do it without being reminded of his cooling tea.

He was lost in a retrospection unusual with him, though, if he had been roused out of it, he could hardly have told whither his thoughts had strayed. Indeed, his life had been so cold and uneventful, that it held few memories important enough to have left deep marks on his soul.

Nothing had ever happened to him, neither great love nor sorrow. He had a very vague remembrance of his parents, and no very enthusiastic one of an elder sister, in whose house he passed his childhood. Then had come school and college, and then, after a little wandering up and down the face of the earth, he settled himself among his books, and followed his studies; and the years had gone on, and gone on. He was neither a morose, nor an unsociable man, yet he sought no new acquaintances, paid few visits, and received none, except when, at intervals, some scientific man sought him out for a little converse, or some dryasdust society sent a deputation to offer congratulations upon some pamphlet he had put forth, which met with its august approbation.

Years and years of a perfectly uneventful existence, rising always at the same hour, pursuing the same plan through each day; and here he was forty-five! The fact struck him, to-night, with a sort of wonder. Where had the years gone? Why he had always meant to marry sometime, and have a family grow up about him, so that when age came, he should possess companionship and interests. He certainly had intended this, he told himself now, as he sat

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gazing into the fire; but he must have put the thought by so carefully, that it had not appeared for a long while! So well as he could recollect, he had not remembered his intention for full ten years—yes, it was just ten years! He recollected that he had then said to himself he was only thirty-five, and that a man was young at that age; he had plenty of time before him; and a wife and growing family were a hinderance to a student! He must wait, at least, till he had finished compiling the materials for that work on Human Mythologies, which was to be *the* work of his life, and got the first volume well under way: and here he was five-and-forty, and the first volume hardly commenced, so many times had he altered his plan, under such new aspects did his task present itself, as he studied his subject more deeply.

Surely, it was rather a pity he had forgotten his idea, it would be late now to think of carrying it into execution! He said this to himself, as he might have urged excuses to a second person, and while feeling a certain regret that it was too late, he felt, at the same time, a certain relief that no new and perhaps troublesome elements need be admitted into his life. Still he was conscious of a sensation of sadness, as his thoughts wandered down the years, and found so little of eventfulness on which to fasten. But all the while, it was more as if he were sorry for somebody else, than really making the retrospect a personal matter. He became cognizant of this fact at length, and smiled at his own state of mind. He had a very pleasant smile, Molly always said, adding, with a degree of critical acumen quite surprising, that he used it so seldom, the rest of his face looked astonished when it appeared! But he was a favorite with Molly; he always was with servants, and beggars, and children; these keen judges invariably approved of Mr. Christern.

Marrying, children, a home—how these words kept ringing in his ears to-night! Possessing at once a newness and an odd familiarity, like objects of value that he had kept shut up so long, that now, when he drew them out of their hiding place, he could hardly have sworn in a court of justice whether he had or not put them aside.

And it was too late—he kept thinking that too! Dear, dear, rather a pity, and yet—there was the great book to occupy him—yes, yes, he must begin in earnest with the first volume now!

But yet, but yet! Surely it was a pity he had not sooner recalled his determination. Queerly enough, a vague echo of childrens' voices, laughing at their play, rang in his ear; a touch like the touch of little hands seemed pressing his knee; a misty, phantom-like vision of a woman's face on the other side of the hearth, haunted him. It was not the ghost of any woman in particular; there had never been such for him; but the faint, faded likeness of the dream-companion he had once thought of; very faint and faded now, so long was it since he had conjured the phantom up.

Was it not rather silly to sit thinking these things, instead of finishing that review? Well, well, just a little longer! Not a trace of romance anywhere? Why, yes, there might be one, still: it hardly deserved the name, though: he had found some difficulty in putting it aside. And now, as he reflected, he became aware, that in the days when the dream-shape, the phantasmal wife of the future, looked more real than at present, she had always wore the likeness of that young girl whom—what was her name? He tried to think. Ah—Mary Desmond. But after all, there had been no romance, it was only that there might have been, that was the nearest to poetry his recollections could supply!

Just then a log rolled off upon the hearth. Mr. Christern always would have a wood fire; and the incident effectually roused him from his reverie. Had he been asleep? He rather thought so. At all events, he was awake now. The last night of the year, Molly had said. Being awake, he had better, before settling himself to work, ring for his landlady; it was his habit to pay his bills at the end of each month, and he was a creature of habit. All the same, he did not remember to drink his tea; and still, through the prosaic thought of bills, rang that faint echo of childish laughter, which had brightened his reverie; and still, through the smoke of his meerschaum, that faded vision looked at him, wearing Mary Desmond's smile.

The bell-rope was within reach of his hand. He pulled it. Molly appeared, pausing on the threshold, well-trained creature that she was.

"I should like to see Mrs. Judson," he said.

"And faith ye shall," replied Molly, and vanished.

Presently there came a knock at the door; then, in obedience to Mr. Christern's summons, the door opened, and a lady entered: evidently a lady, even if she was a lodging-house keeper. She was not young, and her black gown and close cap made her look older than she was, just as they increased her thinness and pallor. She looked so familiar with sorrow, that you would have said, at a glance, that, from girlhood up, Fate had proved the sternest and most relentless of task-masters, constantly compelling her to make

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bricks without straw, to draw water out of broken cisterns, to kindle dead embers on ruined altars.

Yet you would have felt, all the while, that a certain sanctity enveloped the woman. Patience, fortitude, nay, something better and higher than these old heathen virtues, cast a kind of glory across the faded countenance! There was no thought of Fate in *her* mind, no murmuring, no question. "*Thy will be done! Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him!*" that was the writing on her brow! Eighteen hundred years ago Christ died! And through the blackness and storm, through centuries of human error, or if you will, call it human guilt, Christ still lives for some souls, even in this materialistic age, else the woman, standing before Ambrose Christern, could not have looked as she did, amid all the weariness, the suffering, which lined that face beneath its halo of Faith.

"Excuse me for troubling you, Mrs. Judson—please take a seat," said Mr. Christern, rising and drawing a second easy chair to the fire. "I have not seen you, I think, for a day or two. You have been quite well, I hope."

"Quite well," she answered, and at his words, a half smile crossed her lips, (poor, tired lips that had scarcely known full smiles for twice a decade!) It was considerably more than a week since Mr. Christern had seen her, though several times he had passed her in the hall or on the stairs; but so deeply immersed was he in his thoughts, that he noticed her no more than he did the umbrella stand. But she knew that, if he had perceived her, he would have spoken kindly, and in her life it was a great deal to know that, even if he did not see her.

She seated herself, in obedience to his invitation. All her life, she had been doing what somebody told her to; living at somebody's beck and call: so it had become second nature for her to obey, whether in small matters or great; only that in her existence there had been little enough of the last, save where pain was concerned.

"I ventured to disturb you, ma'am," continued Mr. Christern, with his old-fashioned courtesy, "because I recollected that it was the end of the month."

"And the end of the year," she added, rather to herself than him; and she shivered as she spoke.

Mr. Christern was looking at her, and he noticed, for the first time, what a peculiar, refined face she had. He saw the pain too, past and present, and the shadow of that which she knew well was to come. Doubtless his late reverie had left him in an unusual mood. He told himself this. But, somehow, he noticed trifles as he seldom did. She was sitting just where he used to picture his dream-companion, and really her eyes—but what folly! There was something more important to think of, just now, than his fancies. This pale, gentle lady was in trouble. He saw it; for, when, now and then, he roused himself really to use his sight, Ambrose Christern could see very keenly.

He was wondering what he could say, how ask her to confide in him, without thereby hurting her dignity and self-respect. But before he had arrived at any form of speech, which seemed appropriate, Mrs. Judson said:

"I was going to ask to see you, Mr. Christern," and her hands were linked together in her lap, in a way that showed she had to make an effort to articulate with composure. "I wanted to speak about the rooms—"

"Very comfortable," he said, as she paused. "I have been here three months now, Mrs. Judson. If you are satisfied, we will go on for the coming year."

"Why, that is just the thing," she said, and her voice was a little breathless and swift now. "I am afraid there is an end."

"Oh!" he said. "Well, well, have you a better offer—"

"It is only that I shan't have any rooms to let," she interrupted. "I am obliged to give up the house. I hope you won't think I have treated you ill, in not giving you a longer warning; but I did not know myself, until to-day. I must leave next week."

Mr. Christern did not speak. She thought he was disconcerted by the suddenness; a change of apartments was a trouble to a middle-aged bachelor, no doubt of that.

"If you would not think it a liberty," she went on, "I believe I could spare you any worry. An acquaintance of mine has a very nice house, in the next street. Her parlor floor is to let. Molly and I could see to removing your things. Indeed, I hope to find Molly a place there, and I should not be surprised if Mrs. Tavish bought in this furniture; so you would not feel so much as if you had changed houses, after all."

Mr. Christern sat, regarding her intently from under his heavy brows. You may be sure that the repressed trouble in her voice, the attempt at cheerfulness—oh, none of these things escaped him!

When she ceased speaking, he laid his two hands on the arms of his chair, and leaned a little forward.

"And where are *you* going, Mrs. Judson?" he asked.

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"I don't—I mean my plans are not quite settled."

"I thought not," he muttered, but so low that she did not hear.

"If you would kindly look at Mrs. Tavish's rooms, I think you would find them suit," she hurried on. But though he saw that she wanted to divert the talk from herself, he resolved to persevere.

"And why are you giving up this house, Mrs. Judson?" he asked.

She hesitated.

"Come, come," he persisted. "I insist on knowing. I have a right to know! A man isn't to be put about, and dragged away to Tavish, or any other *ish*, without knowing why!"

His masterful manner had the effect, upon his listener, which he had expected to produce.

"I am in debt—I can't pay my rent," she stammered. "My landlord is going to put me out, and sell the furniture to secure himself." Her fingers worked nervously, as she spoke.

"Is that all?"

"Well, sir, it's about enough," she answered, looking up, with a wan smile. "But I hope you won't think I have treated you badly! I thought to get on. But you have been my only lodger for three months; and now the failure of the Marcott Insurance Company has cut me off from —But indeed; indeed, I beg your pardon for talking about it—I—I—now I have told you, sir, perhaps—"

She half rose. Mr. Christern put out his hand, and very decidedly, yet gently, forced her to sit down again.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Molly wants a little leave this evening, and—"

"Never mind Molly! Where are you going, when you quit this house? That's my question. I insist on an answer. The truth, now, the exact truth."

"I don't know, Mr. Christern—that is the truth! But some way will open—there always does—it looks a little black—but—"

"Go on. Why don't you finish?"

"Because I was afraid it would sound Pharisaical—"

"Say it, however."

"God never forgets," she answered, almost in a whisper, and hid her face in her hands.

Mr. Christern rose, and walked twice up and down the room. He could say what he wanted to, now; say it quietly. He came back, and sat down opposite her again.

"Mrs. Judson," he said, "I can't be bothered moving. I can't have changes; they hinder my work! I shall take this house for the year, and you must keep it for me; and if you can let any rooms, well and good! There, the matter is settled! Come, look up—don't cry! Eh, what did you say?"

"God never forgets," she murmured once more, and now she was looking at him, and his thought was:

"Why, this woman is beautiful!"

And she was for the moment. As beautiful as any human creature is, who possesses a pure soul, when, now and then, that soul gains control enough to show itself through the clay envelope of our common mortality.

"I can't thank you, Mr. Christern—"

"I don't want you to! Thanks, indeed, for obliging oneself. Why, I thought that last removing would drive me mad! I'm a hermit, ma'am. I'm a fossil. No, I'm a lichen, and I must stick fast."

He poured out all this, with unusual volubility. Then he poked the fire vigorously; then he busied himself with his pipe; and so gave Mrs. Judson time to shed a few tears, and get back to composure. It did not take long, because she was accustomed to restraining herself. As for the sudden brightening of her cloudy sky, it seemed almost like a dream. But she was not surprised. God's goodness never surprised her, although a modern philosopher might have suggested to her, that she had not been so overwhelmed with favors, as to give a very sound basis for trust, on which such a state of mind must have been founded. Glancing about for some prosaic matter to fall back upon, by way of steadying her so lately recovered composure, her eyes fell on the cup of tea. Then she took up the teapot. It was cold. She looked inside. It was full.

"Mr. Christern, you have not drank your tea," she said, almost severely.

"No? I remember now. I forgot it," he answered. "I ought to be ashamed to admit it, I suppose. But Molly's saying it was the last night of the year set me off on absurd fancies, and—Well, we might have tea together!"

Up he jumped again with astounding alacrity, pulled the bell, and cried to the handmaid, when she appeared: "Molly, fresh tea in the pot—boiling kettle with a lamp under—plenty of bread cut thin and butter—Mrs. Judson is going to make tea here, for herself and me, and you can go to the—to your sister's—and don't forget the toasting fork!"

Molly's head was too full of her own affairs to reflect that there was anything odd in the matter. Patrick Safford was to be at her sister's, as likely

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a lad as ever left the Emerald Isle, six feet two, in his stockings, and a master mason, and—

But we will leave Molly and her little chaotic attempts at dreams and poetry, and go back to the pair by the study fire.

The handmaid speedily brought all that was necessary, and then hastened away; and the outer door was soon heard closing behind her, with a bang. Mr. Christern had arranged a beautiful bed of coals, while his landlady performed an incantation over the teapot.

"Now, Mrs. Judson," said he, "we will have an even division of labor. I will toast, and you shall butter."

He displayed great energy, but very little aptness; for he dropped the first piece of bread in the fire, and in his efforts to save the second from falling, he gave his fork a twist, which sent the slice across the room; he nearly, though unintentionally, stabbed Mrs. Judson, when she came to his assistance; then he fastened a prong of the fork in his buttonhole, and it was some time before he could release it. By this time, he was laughing, and so was Mrs. Judson, and both were enjoying themselves so much, that neither remembered how long it was since they had laughed before. Then Mrs. Judson captured the fork, and bade him sit still, and keep out of mischief. Then she made the toast, in the deftest fashion, and Mr. Christern still kept her laughing by his quaintly humorous speeches. At last, between merriment, and the heat of the fire, by the time the last round of toast was buttered, and the tea drawn to perfection, and they were each seated at a corner of the table, with the tray between them, Mrs. Judson looked ten years younger than when she entered the room, ten at least, and he quite five.

They ate and drank. They talked. They jested. The oddest thing of all was the fact that neither stopped to wonder at this strange flinging off of their old ordinary selves—nay, so natural did it all seem, that it was rather as if they had just found their real selves, after having been long deprived thereof, by the malice of the grim enchanter, Destiny.

But when the repast was over, and the hearth brushed, and they seated by the fire again, Mr. Christern with his pipe lighted, and Mrs. Judson with a bit of crochet work which she had opportunely discovered in her pocket, the student suddenly began to wonder how it had all come about, and to express his thought.

Then they talked and talked, and at last the desire to know something of his companion's past grew so strong, that Mr. Christern said, abruptly:

"This is an exceptional evening, Mrs. Judson, rather an event; and it all comes of Molly's telling me it was New Year's Eve! I told you it set me, well, I believe I must say dreaming, though it sounds a foolish word for a man of my age! I was thinking about my past life; thinking how strange I had had no romance—yes, I may say none; but you—you have been married—you have a story, of course."

"Not much," she answered; "I have been an orphan, ever since I can remember—"

"So have I," Mr. Christern parenthesized.

"I was brought up to be a governess. I was one. When I was eighteen, my friends urged me to marry a man, who—who thought he loved me. Well, I did! Poor fellow, he has been dead a long, long while. I may forget his faults! I am thirty-eight now—I have gone on by myself for ten years—you see there's no story."

"Why, no, not much," he replied, thoughtfully, though in truth he was thinking that the bold, brief account held a very pitiful one, for he could imagine it in all its details.

He began, rather abruptly, speaking of his own past, much more freely than she had done of hers; he had brought his account up to the present time; then, suddenly, he said:

"But, after all, I have left out what came nearest the approach to a romance—but don't I bore you?"

"No, I like to hear. Go on."

He filled his pipe, and sat gazing into the fire. Mrs. Judson, busy with her work, watched him furtively; and there was a faint look of expectation in her face, that might have struck him as odd, had he glanced at her.

"Did I say romance? Well, that's hardly the word! I was travelling in Maryland: I was twenty-five then. I was making a journey in a stage-coach, across a mountain. I was outside. Inside there was only one passenger, a lady; but I had not seen her. We met with an accident: the coach upset; the horses broke loose and ran away. The driver was injured, and my arm was hurt, but between us we managed to get the lady out. She was a pretty, delicate little creature of eighteen, bruised somewhat, though not seriously. I shall never forget how brave she was! Well, there was only a cabin for us two to stop in, and we had to stay there several hours, before a vehicle could be provided. She was going to join some friends, at a place about twenty miles off. We got very well acquainted, as two people would under such circumstances. When we were separating, she said to me:

"'You have saved my life. The coachman

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has told me that I should have been killed, but for your—' "

He hesitated.

"Your courage," answered Mrs. Judson, softly.

"Well, that was what she said! 'We may never meet again,' she went on, 'so I want you to take this little ring, as a remembrance.' Here it is now," said Mr. Christern, and held up his watch-guard, as he spoke, and showed the gold circlet fastened to it. "Then she added, 'I want you to give me that tiny locket, you wear on your chain.' So we exchanged presents, and then—why, then we said good-bye."

There was a silence. Mrs. Judson broke it, by asking:

"Was that all?"

"Not quite. Sounds foolish, eh, to admit how these trifles have stayed in my head so long? Well, I could not forget her. A few weeks later, I made an errand to the place. She had gone! I used to think a good deal about her; to wonder if I ought not try to follow up our acquaintance, so oddly begun! In short, as well as I can judge, knowing so little about such matters, I believe I was somewhere near the state of mind people call falling in love at first sight."

He paused again, still gazing into the fire. Mrs. Judson sat with her head partially turned away.

"Well," said Mr. Christern, at last, without looking around, "some months after, I was in Pittsburg, and suddenly met her, face to face, in the street. I never was good at expressing myself, and I was shy, and afraid of offending her; but what I wanted was to make her understand the impression she had made on me—to ask her permission to become acquainted with her friends, and—and, in short, try if it would be possible to teach her to like me."

"But it was too late?"

"Yes, she stopped me gently—kindly—she told me that she was to be married, the next day but one—and so—well, I never saw her again."

Mr. Christern knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and added:

"Not much of a romance, eh?"

"The odd part is, that you should have remembered her so long," Mrs. Judson said, in her slow, sweet tones.

"Oh, I told you that I was a lichen," he replied, with a laugh that held a sigh. "Think of her—well, not constantly, of course—perhaps sometimes, very seldom. But if you will believe me, I think Mary Desmond has always stood between me and marriage—I do indeed!"

Mrs. Judson leaned forward, and touched his hand. He had fallen into thought again, and started as her fingers brushed his.

"Eh, what?" he asked. "I suppose you think I'm a fool!"

Then he stared in wonder. She was holding up a little locket, which she had taken from a chain, that she wore about her neck.

"We are old now," she said, "and I may tell you that it was to me you gave the locket. See, there are your initials. You may think how pleasant it is to me to thank you for your kindness of this evening."

Mr. Christern seized the trinket, examined it curiously, started up, crossed the room, came back, and stood before her.

"You must have known me by my name?"

"Of course," she answered.

"And you never spoke!" he cried.

She was silent.

"Mary, Mary Desmond!" he called. "Is it too late? I think I have loved you all my life."

"And I know that I have you," was her answer.

Suddenly the bells from a hundred steeples rang out in mingled chime. The pair stood mute, until the joyous peal ceased for an instant; then Ambrose Christern drew the reality of his dream-love towards him. As they looked at each other, their faces were so full of peace and tranquil happiness, that something of the brightness of youth seemed to illuminate them, once more.

Then the bells burst forth anew.

"It is the New Year," she said, softly.

"And we will begin it together," he answered.

TWO PICTURES.

BY NETTIE LONE

BRIGHT black eyes awake to the light,
On a bountiful Christmas morning;
Friends and treasures, what a glad sight,
And such a glad Christmas morning.

Sad blue eyes awake to the light,
On a sorrowful Christmas morning;
No friends or treasures to meet their sight,
On God's bright Christmas morning.

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BABY STEALING.

BY SIDNEY TREVOR, AUTHOR OF "UNE DISCRETION," ETC., ETC.

It was the middle of September, and I was going up to Paris, to see the Exhibition, having spent the summer in the cooler regions of the Haute Savoie. I must confess, to begin with, that I am something of a cynic, especially in regard to woman, as what man is not, who has narrowly escaped, more than once, being married for his fortune? Still, I hope I have some natural good-heartedness, and therefore, when I saw a poor governess, without a seat, and the train about to start, I slily told the station-master to put her into my *coupé*, which I had engaged, regardless of expense, for my journey. I happened to know a little about the poor girl, which, perhaps, was the cause of my offer. Her employers were Austrians. The husband had just lost everything at the gambling-table, and the wife had turned her off, in consequence, without a moment's warning.

"Don't let her know," I said to the station-master, "that the *coupé* is not for the general public: otherwise she might object, you see."

Later on, in the night, the door of the *coupé* was opened, and another passenger put in; but this time without consulting me. My generosity, in the one case, had led the guard, I suppose, to fancy I would be generous in all. "A poor woman, with a child," he said, apologetically, with French politeness. Not to be outdone in politeness, I said, "all right," and went to sleep again.

At last we reached Macon, and I woke up. The *coupé* now contained, I observed, only the governess and myself. Yet, no! What was that bundle on the furthest seat. It looked like the baby, but of course it couldn't be—I uncovered the lamp—it was! What did it mean?

"The poor woman got out, at a small station, and I fear is left behind," said the governess, hesitatingly, seeing my look of astonishment.

"Was it the last station?" I asked.

"No. It was several stations back."

I called the station-master promptly.

"You had better take the child, and keep it till the mother turns up," I suggested to him, after explaining matters.

"Hum!" he said, and looked suspiciously at the governess and me. Then he asked, "And that shawl—about the child—is—"

"Mine," said the governess. "The child seemed so cold. You can keep it around him, lest he take a chill in the night air."

The fellow pulled his moustache, but made no move toward the child. I lifted it gently, and held it toward him; but he looked steadily at my young companion, and waved the child away, saying:

"No, Monsieur. That will not do. You had better not try it. You both had better give it up, and keep the child. It will not do—you know—"

And as he stood, solemnly waving his finger in a negative, the engine gave a shriek and a plunge, the guard shut our door, with a bang, and the movement of the train set me down very suddenly, with the baby in my lap, in a state of unavoidable mental confusion.

The poor governess gave a little, shocked cry, at the station-master's words, and grew so horribly pale, that I thought she was going to faint; but she didn't even allow herself that solace, for which self-control I mentally blessed her.

I plumped the baby down, and extended myself out of the carriage door, in vain appeals for a hearing, but the engine drowned my words, and I was obliged to withdraw from my dangerous eminence, as the train moved inexorably on. Then I sat quiet, and began to comprehend the full horror of my situation, and the worse one of the poor little governess. If we were to go up to Paris, offering the unconscious infant to each successive station-master, would it not be to subject ourselves to an equally ignominious rejection at each and all of their hands. If, on the other hand, we remained silent, what was to prevent our being pro-telegraphed, and nabbed for kidnapping.

The infant still slept profoundly, but what were we to do when it should wake, and howl, as it inevitably would? What were we to do for its proper nourishment of which it would doubtless be in need, very soon. Something of all this, perhaps, troubled my companion, for she looked like death, and had turned her pale face toward the window, which framed in a starless night, lest I should see her quivering lips and wide, frightened eyes.

"I must comfort and reassure her, somehow," I said to myself. So I took out my letter of credit, visiting-card, and tendering them to her, said:

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"It is necessary that we should be acquainted, my dear young lady. My name is Addison Howe. I am an American, and vagabondising for my own amusement. I am old enough, if not to be your father, at least to be an adopted elder brother for the time, and so long as I can be of service to you. Now, if you will perform a similar ceremony of introduction on your part, we will call ourselves friends, and, if you consent, will consult together."

As I took off my glove, and held out my hand, she put hers in it, with a blush that positively beautified her.

"My name is Alice Tremaine," she said. "Here is a letter from mother, which will show you where she and I live."

I read no further than to see that the widowed mother lived in the small Welsh town, where her husband had held his curacy. It was, then, the old story of a father's death, and his daughter obliged to seek some gentlewoman's employment.

At this moment, a sudden jar of the train made me stagger, and I nearly sat down on the outraged baby, who promptly woke, and began to scream. I had just been on the point of magnanimously proposing to my fellow voyager, that she should stop at Dijon, leaving me to get out of the scrape as best I could; but if the child persisted in wailing, what was I to do, during the five or more remaining hours of the journey?

After much coaxing and cuddling, on Miss Tremaine's part, baby consented to be comforted by the loan of my watch. Enthroned upon that young lady's lap, he began gradually to feel more at home, and imparted to us that his name was *Bibi*, and that *Non-non* was *la-bas*, *la-bas;* and then, in default of more satisfactory nourishment, amiably addressed himself to sucking his fat little thumb, still keeping a vigorous hold upon my watch, probably for further investigation when he should find himself once more temporarily relieved from the pangs of hunger.

Miss Tremaine had taken off her hat, in the beginning of the fray, and she really made a most lovely picture, with her blonde head, and slender figure, bent over the sturdy, little, rosy rascal, who leaned so confidently on her breast.

By the time we reached Dijon, we were all three more sociable. When the train stopped, Miss Tremaine said:

"Some milk in a bottle, and some bread will do," in quite a matter of course way, as if our minds were both absorbed in the endeavor to aid baby to keep the peace. Indeed, it never occurred to me, until after, how astonishing it would have seemed to any bachelor friend of mine, to see me hunting up baby food, at two o'clock P.M., and awaited in the carriage by such a pretty domestic tableau.

My dressing-case furnished the glass, out of which Bibi consented to drink; and I was bottle-holder, during the skirmishing meal, which he took from Miss Tremaine's unaccustomed hands.

Then his lordship mendaciously insisted upon calling *me* his paternal ancestor—as if he knew about our embarrassment, and meant to add to the general confusion—and refused to go to sleep elsewhere than in my arms!

He curled up contentedly, caressing my whiskers with one pudgy hand, and singing his own lullaby of "papa, papa," and soon I had the doubtful pleasure of tucking him up in his shawls, and we the leisure to again think about our position.

"Do you go to friends in Paris?" I ventured to ask.

The pink color surged painfully in Miss Tremaine's face, as she remembered her hasty dismissal, and unforeseen journey.

"I must go through, without stopping," she said, candidly. "I have no friends there, and am in haste to reach home."

"And so," I reflected, "I shall be left alone with the baby."

So much the better, I magnanimously decided. The poor girl would escape annoyance, and reach her mother safely.

Knock—bump—bump—bang! and Miss Tremaine was thrown forcibly into my arms, while the baby rolled to the floor of the carriage, which carriage was tilted on one side, at so uncomfortable an angle, that we were all three tumbled together, quite promiscuously.

At all events, we were unhurt, and the train was stopped; and although cries proceeded from hundreds of lungs, our little trio was only severely frightened.

While I mounted upon the window, and poked my head out of the door, to reconnoitre, Miss Tremaine picked up and consoled the child. I soon learned that, though several carriages were off the rails, no harm beyond contusions seemed to have been done. But the road was so blocked as to prevent the passage of any train, before at least twelve hours.

A neighboring farmer insisted, meantime, on taking pity on my "delicate-looking wife and magnificent marmot," as he phrased it, and carried us off to his house. A room with an immense bed and eider-down cover, evidently the show-chamber, was proudly offered to our accep-

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tance. I carried the now sleeping baby meekly in, and deposited him comfortably on the bed. Turning, I met Miss Tremaine's troubled glance. We both looked so hopeless of ever explaining our position, and so dazed by its many complications, that, after a despairing gaze in each other's faces, I burst into a hearty laugh, and she, in a few moments, joined in it.

The dawn was just promising a lovely day; the sweet morning air came in at the open windows, and the birds were singing such a beautiful hymn of praise that I could not remain depressed.

"I beg pardon, Miss Tremaine," I said, "but it is impossible to be woe-begone, when one has just escaped safe and sound, from a railway accident; and believe me," I added, reassuringly, "we will also escape this other little rascal of an accident, in due time. Only let me see you smile cheerfully. But I am so sorry you will lose your train for the Channel, in consequence of this delay."

As I spoke, I heard a sound of whispering, and leaning quickly out of the window, I saw some feminine figures trying to conceal themselves behind a vine. At the same time, what were evidently English voices spoke:

"Hit's 'er, mum, has sure's heggs is heggs," said one. "Has for '*im*, hi never 'ad the honor hof seein' 'im afore."

"Hush, Primmins. You talk too loud," said another voice. "I'm perfectly certain it is she, and she ought never again to be permitted a governess' place, in a decent family—"

I excused myself, and hurriedly went out, and around the house, to where the speakers were standing. They had been joined, meantime, by a third, and I recognized, without difficulty, some people, who had been at the same place, whence I and the governess had started.

Good heaven! What is it that so often makes virtuous people's imaginings vile and soiled, when it would be so much more cleanly and even reasonable to think well of others?

"Good heavens!" I said to myself, "can it be possible, that these two 'sister-women' will devote themselves to ruining the hopes and reputation of this poor little governess because of a combination of adverse, though so easily explainable, circumstances." I felt so disturbed, that I strolled away toward the scene of the accident, and passed some time in assisting my fellow passengers, hoping that my young friend was reposing.

Arriving again at the cottage, I surprised one of the "Angels of Mercy," talking with our hostess, while partaking of coffee. My appearance was the signal for her departure, and I thought no more of her, until, endeavoring to arrange with the good peasant, for the care of *Bibi*—now awake and hungry—for the day, the good soul regarded poor, tired Miss Tremaine, with such pitiful looks, and seemed quite ready to weep over the baby on the slightest provocation, that I almost lost my temper. Still, I determined not to be rebuffed, and proceeded to ask the farmer's wife, if she would keep baby, until we should have hunted up his belongings. But the woman would neither hear of it at any price, nor recommend any neighbor more willing to accept the charge.

"Monsieur will do better to take the little good-man with him," she said, meaningly, "and the poor little lady, to Paris. Monsieur will do best by taking them to Paris."

Nothing remained but patience. When my fellow-traveller had slept and eaten, we went away for a stroll. In the course of our two hours' ramble, her conversation showed a mind so stored with information, and a heart so full of sweet womanliness, that I felt all the chivalrous devotion of a brother, when I saw how innocent and pure of mind her nineteen years of life had left her.

Near sunset the road was declared to be cleared, and the express train, which we were to take, announced as nearly due. I now made a last effort to induce the farmer's wife to take baby. But she frankly said she could not do it, unless I could furnish certificates of his birth and baptism, which, of course, I was embarrassingly unable to do.

In the crowded train, we were face to face with our English slanderers, who were divided between horror and delight, as *Bibi* resumed his "pa-pa, pa-pa," lullaby, when it pleased him to go to sleep, stroking my moustache.

Little scamp! It was impossible not to feel one's heart warm to him, when his big, soft, black eyes closed slowly and unwillingly, while he held fast to my finger, and sung himself confidingly into the land of baby dreams. Whatever might happen, I said, as I looked from him to Miss Tremaine, I would use my man's strength and heartiest endeavor to protect these two helpless ones.

At the Paris station, a scarcity of hacks, occasioned by a day's review at Vincennes, caused me to leave my two charges, for some moments, in the waiting-room alone. When I returned, one of the English virgins was just turning away, from having spoken to Miss Tremaine; and as she disappeared in the crowd, the poor girl lifted such a horror-stricken face, to my gaze, that I knew she had suffered some insult.

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"Come away, dear child," I said, hastily, picking up *Bibi* and Miss Tremaine's dressing-bag.

As I pressed through the crowd, I met the gaze of a Parisian with whom I had passed the night, at the Chartreuse monastery, two days before. He gave a long whistle of surprise—scarcely above his breath—at my encumbrances; and his wife put her chin in the air, and looked away from us, in the most pointedly virtuous manner. I could have laughed at the viciousness of accident, but for this poor girl on my arm.

We drove, all the long distance to the middle of the town, with our attention absorbed by *Bibi*, who was charmed with the gaslight and noise. I had given the address of a hotel, on the Avenue de l'Opera; but, to my dismay, we found it crowded. Then we had the same experience, with at least twenty others, not counting those we passed *en route*, whose servants mocked at us, when they saw the luggage on our hack. There was the same response everywhere. "Since three days we haven't had a room." "People sleeping on the dining and reading-room tables." "To-morrow, perhaps; but to-night—quite impossible."

Miss Tremaine's sweet face grew white, at each refusal; but *Bibi* went comfortably to sleep in her lap, unconcerned at our houseless condition.

At length, I remembered a boarding-house, where I had visited a friend, last year, in the Avenue Friedland. Arrived at "Madame Lagrange's Family Hotel," I was told they had one small room, with a double bed; but that they could give us a crib for the baby.

I was inadvertently telling her that it would do for *Mademoiselle*, when she interrupted me with a stare, to ask if *Madame* was difficult; and after certain questions, which I considered impertinent, and answered accordingly, she declined further discussion, and literally turned me out of doors.

Luckily, Miss Tremaine had remained in the hack, and heard none of this. We drove to another *pension*, but when I perceived our two ancient English maidens in the entrance, I knew my application would be fruitless. Hotel after hotel, *pension* after *pension*, we visited in vain. I began to feel as if we must hire the hack for a lodging.

In no one place would they let me leave Miss Tremaine and the child; and in no other had they two rooms for our accommodation.

The cab-driver finally conducted us to the narrow alley, where lived the owner of the hack and tired horse, somewhere near the Luxembourg gardens. The good woman came out, smelling fearfully of garlic, and offered condolence, but no lodging.

Miss Tremaine, by this time, was weeping, but quietly, her tears dropping on the peaceful, rosy cheeks of the sleeping *Bibi*. I stood at the hack window, and rumpled my hair in despair.

Suddenly, a respectable-looking man came up, who joined in the conversation.

"Come with me, over the way," he said, when he heard of our difficulty. I excused myself to Miss Tremaine, and followed him.

"Late, isn't it, to be going about with a young person, and telling people that she isn't your wife?" he said, in a pleasant tone.

Twelve o'clock struck, just as he knocked at a house, from whence, as he said, he had seen some lodgers depart hardly an hour before.

Here I found that two rooms were vacant, on the first floor. My companion explained our late arrival, testifying—to my great astonishment—to our "entire respectability!"

The proprietor said he thought it right to mention the price, in advance, "to prevent misunderstanding."

I opened my mouth to say that the amount couldn't matter in the slightest, and that I was only too charmed, etc.; but my guide, with a warning pressure on my arm, was already quite fiercely disputing the price—appealing to him if it was right to *écorché*, or "take the bark off strangers because of their misfortune," and indulging in other pathetic figures of speech, to which I was an impatient listener.

He ended, however, by consenting to the original price, with a proviso that it should only be for one day; should include service, and the carrying up and down of our luggage; and when I grumbled at the delay, on our way to the hack, he said:

"You would have spoiled it all, with your magnificence; a *respectable* father of a family," with a tone of irony, "looks out for his expenditures, even in traveling with a pretty *young* wife."

As soon as Miss Tremaine was comfortably installed, I returned to overwhelm my guide with thanks. But I found him gone, and the landlord said he knew nothing of him.

"Blessings on him, wherever he may be!" said I, and addressed myself to my poor girl's comfort. She seemed quite broken and discouraged by all which had happened, but she set about trying to make a bed for *Bibi* on a sofa in her room, refusing to give him over to my tender mercies for the night, lest my masculine hands should be even less tender than her unaccustomed ones. A nice supper, and a cup of tea for Miss

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Tremaine, was produced; and then I left her, saying I hoped she would get a good sleep.

Her room and *Bibi's* were within mine, separated only by folding doors, and as I felt as if I should never sleep again, I did not like stopping where my every movement might disturb them, and so stole down the stairs.

The landlord came out on hearing me, to know if I needed anything. While I explained my restlessness and fear of disturbing "my family," I noticed a feminine form inside the tiny rooms, and "hoped we had not disturbed his wife," on which hint the wife appeared. What was my surprise, to recognize the pleasant face of a nursery governess, whom I had noticed in charge of the children of an English friend of mine, who lived at Folkestone, some years before.

She remembered my face, though not my name. Should I confide in her? I must soon find some one, able to assist in our dilemma—why not venture?

I did so. We sat in that tiny room until the clock rang half-past three, A. M., and I had the pleasure to see that even the neat little Frenchman, had not a trace of his national suspiciousness left, when the sitting was ended; but willingly assisted in arranging a bed, in their own little alcove, for my occupancy, while his wife betook herself to the room next Miss Tremaine, and he finished his night upon the sofa.

The first thing in the morning, was to write down our names, ages, occupations, etc., etc., according to the usual formula, which list our host was obliged to furnish to the ever-watchful Parisian police.

"It is better to have done with it, for they send to lodging-houses, every morning," explained our host. In fact, while we were speaking, the official appeared in search of the bulletin, and to my surprise, I recognized in him my guide of the night before.

He calmly looked over the two lists I had filled out, made certain memoranda therefrom in a note-book, and then bade me good-morning, as if he had never seen me before.

As I was puzzling over this, the first-floor bell rang furiously. My host and I rushed up the narrow stairs, and arrived in what had been my room, to find the hostess sitting on a valise, with *Bibi* hugged in her arms, wildly pulling at the bell-rope, between her kisses on his rosy cheeks.

The landlord, at this sight, became demented in his turn, and began a frantic pirouette about the group, which ended in his tumbling over a footstool and nearly crushing the two, whom he embraced frantically and volubly, though with entire incoherence.

The most mysterious part of the matter was that *Bibi* seemed as delirious as the others: and with his chubby fists entangled in the landlord's hair, hastily delivered himself of his whole vocabulary, from mamma to papa, explaining the matter to his own entire satisfaction, and apparently to that of my hosts; for they hugged, they kissed, they exclaimed over him, shedding tears of delight, and then they began again, and repeated the same, *ad infinitum*.

I folded my arms, and tried to regard the performance with patience, anxious enough about the effect of all this row, on the delicate nerves of Miss Tremaine, whose door stood partly open.

When the uproar had somewhat subsided, I mildly begged to know, if that young lady had rung.

"Oh, sir, she rang when this angel woke, and I went in, knowing no more than the dead that I would find my own darlingest, dearest, beautifullest—"

And then hugging and kissing *de capo*.

"If monsieur pleases," put in the husband, "the little angel has been at nurse in the country, and was to come home to us, now that he is big enough! *Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!* to think of monsieur's bringing him to us—monsieur and the dear young lady—"

"*Chut!*" cried out madame, in a low whisper, as if they had not all been howling in concert; "the dear young lady who is ill—and I am so stupid—so cruel as to forget her, when she has been so kind to my angel—my *bichon mon amour*."

I took the baby out of her arms, and pushed her unceremoniously into Miss Tremaine's room, and then I told the husband to go for a doctor, resolutely keeping *Bibi* out of his reach.

Bibi I carried down to the small room below, where my guide of the night before still tranquilly remained, reading the morning paper. I rang for bread and milk, and he was much more skilful than I, in feeding our young tyrant, while I explained the situation.

"And what will you do, if the young lady should be ill?" he asked, meditatively.

"I should think madame, here, could take care of her, if it is nothing serious. Money, you know, is not to be spared—if only it could do any good," said I.

"It's not a bad element in the affair," he mused. "But if she should be seriously ill, you had better send for the mother. Better do so now, I think," he added, decidedly.

Then came the doctor, who "couldn't tell you." Mademoiselle had fever, but nothing as yet alarming. Twenty-four hours would show. Good little Madame Ducreux also said that a

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familiar face and attendance would possibly be a comfort to Miss Tremaine, so I was only too glad to decide on sending for her mother. Then I reflected that a clergyman's widow might not be provided with means in hand for a sudden and expensive journey. As I sat wrinkling my brow, in perplexity, over these thoughts, the policeman, my guide of the night before, said:

"Pardon! Monsieur, will he not alarm the mother less—a widow, I think, he said—if he telegraph in the young lady's name?"

"Quite right," I answer, eagerly.

"And monsieur will be going to his bankers, to telegraph some money," he added, in a matter of course tone, "and can find the name of the nearest banker."

"My *dear* friend," I said to him, holding out my hand, "by what other name may I address you?"

"*Peret*, at monsieur's service; but, if he permits, the money sent should be drawn from monsieur's banker, deposited with another in mademoiselle's name, and so telegraphed to her mother—*n'est ce pas?*"

I used to think myself a man of resources, but in my anxiety for this girl, I seemed to have lost my head; and I could have hugged the speaker for his wise forethought.

He seemed to consider me rather feeble minded, and went with me to see that all formalities were fulfilled.

Once more back at the house, I felt at a loss. All was now quite tranquil, and even *Bibi* had subsided, under the influence of proper food and was now asleep.

Why did I feel, suddenly, as if my life's occupation was at an end, now that I could no longer see the sweet, pale face of my fellow voyager? My alarm, and her troubles being now virtually at an end, I ought to be jubilant. I did not even remember that I had come to see the Exposition.

I only sat patient under *Bibi's* caresses—she caressed him a few hours ago—and wondered how she was, and if the tender heart was at last tranquil, and the tired eyes at rest.

"Naughty *Bibi!* You have tumbled monsieur's hair, and emptied his pocket," said Madame Ducreux, entering while that cherub was making ineffectual attempts to strangle me with two fat arms. "The dear young lady is nervous and feverish," she pursued, in answer to my look; "but the doctor, who has been again, thinks it will be nothing, if she keeps her bed a day or so."

"A day or so" seemed a horribly long time, before I should be able to see her again.

Here the door opened, and Peret slipped in, in a matter of course manner, as if he belonged to the family.

"Li," he added, as if continuing a former phrase, "the doctor thinks the young lady is too troubled, too anxious about something, to cure rapidly."

"Her mother will probably get here, to-morrow," I suggested.

"If Monsieur Howe will come away, and see the room I have prepared for him," says little madame, by way of diversion; and I suddenly remember how much I need a thorough sacrifice to the graces.

Peret coolly follows, and lingers after madame leaves us. He does not budge, even when I open my dressing-case. Peret has evidently something on his mind, and won't stir till he has delivered himself. I await his pleasure.

"Monsieur isn't married?" he says, at last.

"No, *merci*, my good Peret—are you?"

"That's another thing. How old is monsieur?"

"Hum! Peret you do not lack *aplomb*. My age was on this morning's list," I answer, brushing away at my hair.

"True?" from my self-constituted father confessor. "Then the young lady's age?"

"My good, but curious friend, Peret, I am not sure of it; but I fancy I was right also about her age," I answer, patiently.

The man don't seem to mean to be impudent.

"Monsieur is rich—eh?"

"Enough to remember you, for all your usefulness," I answer.

"*Aprés;*. but the young lady is poor—a governess?"

"My Peret, aren't you just—well, too curious?" I ask, quietly. Then, all at once, I feel furious—as if some one had been meddling with my own sister.

"If monsieur could be content to espouse the dear young lady, then it would all end like a *feuilleton* of Madame Sand, or a comedy of Monsieur Sardou," said Peret, imperturbably.

What had I been thinking of? And it was *this* that had ailed me all the while!

I dropped my two beautiful, ivory-backed hair-brushes into the coal-scuttle, and seizing Peret, the imperturbable, about the waist, I made him do such a *can-can*, about that small room, that I believe he thought I had suddenly gone mad. When we were both breathless, I plumped him into an arm-chair.

"You ridiculous creature, do you think she would accept me?" I stammer, in my excitement. "I must be at least ten, yes, even more years the elder."

"But ten years! It is a bagatelle," asserted

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the adorable Peret, adding, as a sweet morsel, "and monsieur is a very handsome boy!"

We began to look over the railway time-table, to see how soon the mother could arrive; for then I might perhaps be allowed to see the invalid. Peret went away as soon as he had given me this blissful suggestion, and I made my careful toilet, regretting the ten years which had passed since my former experience, and which had made me, as I believed, a confirmed celibate. My thirty-five years were not ill-worn, except as I compare them with my darling's nineteen.

Once dressed, I descended to the parlor. Behold my ever-present and now beloved Peret, making block-houses for *Bibi!*

"Madame Ducreux begs you to make a visit, upon her and the young lady, who is better, and able to lie upon her sofa," he announced, quietly.

All at once, my blood seemed to leap to my heart, and then away to my finger-ends, and I turned about and flew up the stairs without a word.

Madame Ducreux met me in the first room, and shook a warning finger.

"Peret is right," she said, oracularly, "and it will simplify everything."

His French way of coolly talking one over strikes one as impertinent; but then it was in this case convenient, since it had caused them to give me a sight of my girl, so much sooner than I had dared to hope.

She was lying on a couch, in the shaded room, looking quite too etherial; and I felt as if I would give my life to be able to keep the winds of heaven from roughly visiting her. I think my love must have shone in my face, for hers put on a tender flush under my eager gaze.

"Are you better, my dearest girl?" I blurted out, taking her little hands both in mine, "and will you—can you try to let me take care of you always? Oh, Alice! Don't tell me it is impossible! Only let me try to make you happy as my wife—promise to think of it—to come to me, even in the remotest future—"

I should have gone on in my passionate rambling, but my dear girl's soft voice made me listen.

She took one of my hands, and leaned her dear cheek on it, with a caressing motion, that made my heart leap; then holding up her hand, to stop my wild words, she said, softly, and hesitating often:

"When I have time, to know that this is not an impulse of generosity from the noblest of hearts, and you to know what you ask, you shall be answered—at present, let this suffice," and she gave me her hand to kiss.

How the little, timid mother came to us, and how I won her to my side—how we went home to Wales—how the younger children became my faithful allies—and how they adopted me as I did them, shall not be told here, but I thank heaven that there is no more need for governessing in that family.

When they finally consented to give Alice to me, we came over again to Paris, where Peret was our most welcome guest, he soberly considering our marriage as his special work, which, in some sort, it was.

"*Bibi*" is grown a big fellow now. The poor nurse, who missed her train, was never forgiven by *Bibi's* parents, who, however, are willing to admit that much happiness came of our BABY STEALING.

LOVE'S DILEMMA.

BY E. S. HOPKINS.

"STOP, love," I said, "it's early yet,
It's early yet, stop at the gate."
"Nay, nay," she said, "it's growing late,
It's growing late, the sun has set."

"Why, see," I said, "'tis light as day,
'Tis light as day—see overhead."
"The clouds are coming, love," she said,
"The clouds are come, I must away."

"But soon," I said, "the clouds will go,
The clouds will go before the breeze."
"Oh, dear," she said, "you're such a tease,
You're such a tease, do let me go."

"Oh, fie!" I said, "then you may go,
Then you may go, if you'll be wed."

"Nay, love, it's growing dark," she said,
"It's dark," she said, "I fear to go."

"Well, then," I said, "then I'll be gone,
Then I'll be gone, and leave you here."
"But, sir," she said, "the way is drear,
The way is drear when I'm alone."

"We'll wait," I said, "then we will wait,
Then we will wait, it's early yet."
"But see," she said, "the moon is set,
The moon is set, it's growing late."

"Well, then," I said, "what will you do?
What will you do, then, love?" I said.
"I'll go," she said, in rosy red,
In rosy red, "I'll go—with you!"

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THE TRAGEDY OF TREVYLAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

MONTHS went by. Trevylan was almost deserted. The portals of the old keep had not been unbarred since the funeral.

In the modern building, the solitude seemed almost as complete as that which brooded among the old towers; for only two of the family remained, Lady Colgate and Stella Winchester, and they seldom met except at their meals.

Keath Winters, in his prison cell, twenty miles away, was not more completely isolated than the lady of Trevylan who had kept to the mocking solitude of her own rooms, since the first week after the funeral; for then Belus, the new lord, had left her, after some sharp words of expostulation, met by open defiance, and was now in London, rioting in his new life, and living in the fastest set.

This had been a bitter blow to the mother, who had studied his interests at the peril of her own soul, and was beginning to drink the gall and wormwood of his inevitable ingratitude. Alas! in the madness of her ambition, and the craving fondness of her love, she forgot that gratitude is the first barrier that crime breaks down in a human soul, and that sin is forever in rebellion against love. In making her son Earl of Colgate she had expected to share his wealth, his honors, and to be left permanent mistress of Trevylan—the guide and councillor of his future career. But in less than one short week he had aroused her from this mistake. Instead of giving orders, she had found herself compelled to receive them. Her advice was scarcely listened to, her wishes set at nought. Finally, as we have seen, he had left her, and with words of cruel scorn.

One day, young Lord Colgate was giving a sumptuous dinner, at Richmond. Half the party had been driven down behind six blooded horses on his own high drag, and another gaily-loaded vehicle was in sight. As Belus was helping down from the front seat a tall, handsome girl, whose hair had once been dark brown, but now shone like wisps of dull gold, from the high curve of her Gainsborough hat, the other drag came up, with great tumult and dash, its horses all in a foam, but curveting under their glittering harness, and its occupants full of hilarity. Directly, a bevy of bright, young women were helped down from their high seats, giving out flashes of blue, scarlet or white, as their garments happened to be tinted, some laughing merrily, as they leaped to the ground, others uttering little, affected shrieks, when they were lifted from the steps, but all bent on supreme enjoyment.

As the feast went on, conversation became free as the wine.

"I say," called out a young man from the lower end of the table, "you will soon be dragged from among us, Colgate. That fellow who made you an earl is to be tried at the next assizes, I see by the journals, and your evidence will be needed to hang him."

Spite of the wine that flushed his handsome face, Belus turned suddenly pale, but he rallied at once, and replied, with a laugh:

"Yes, I suppose they will have me down. The fellow could not well be convicted without me; but it will be an awful bore, just as the hunting season is coming on."

"I say," continued the young man. "Isn't it rather hard terms for the poor wretch, that he should make you a peer of the realm, and your evidence hang him for it?"

"But tell me," said the young lady with the Gainsborough hat, "not of the murder—one gets those things from the journals—but about Trevylan. Isn't there a castle, old as the hills, that the late earl used to live in, like a hermit, or something of that kind?"

"Yes, there is a gloomy keep, and some grim old towers, which I mean to raze to the ground before the year is out; for I hate every stone in it!" answered Belus, with a degree of vehemence that startled the butterfly at his side.

"But not yet—not until your friends have seen it; I do so dote on towers, and keeps, and things."

Belus looked at her beautiful, upturned face, and tried to smile. "I think that I had a vague sort of affection for the old place once," was the moody reply; "but that was before—"

"Before the murder, I suppose," suggested the girl, innocently enough.

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Belus turned upon her fiercely enough: then, seeing her surprise, burst into a hoarse laugh.

"What a way you have of putting things," he said.

"But the dear old castle—you shall not drive me from that."

"I would much rather drive you there."

"In your drag? Oh, delightful! How far is it?" cried the girl, clapping her hands. "Only think, ladies and gentlemen, Lord Colgate talks of taking us down to his place in a drag. Wouldn't that be a lark?"

"I should think so," answered the young man, who had introduced the subject. "How many hundred miles is it from London to Trevylan, Colgate?"

"Not too many for the railroad at any rate," answered Belus, with a sudden burst of animation, "so I invite you all to go down."

"To the assizes?" questioned the young man, with a careless laugh.

"The assizes—yes, why not? It will be better than going down alone."

"To the old, old castle?" questioned the lady at his side.

"That is but a small part of Trevylan," he replied, with a thrill of pride in his voice. "The new building is twice as large and far more to your taste, I'll be sworn: besides, there is a lady in it, ready to do the honors."

"Your wife?" whispered the girl, with a look of tender reproach.

"My mother—Lady Colgate—who will be delighted to receive you all."

The guests looked at each other, doubtingly. They knew how short a time it was since the family at Trevylan had been thrown into mourning.

"Is this really an invitation?" said one.

"An invitation? Of course it is. First and foremost this fair lady shall be queen of the party."

"But your mother?" questioned the girl.

"Shall invite you all in due form; if any one cares to refuse, let him speak now."

"No, no. How can any one think of refusing?" was the general exclamation.

"There will be yachting, I suppose, as Trevylan is on the sea," added a voice.

Belus glared around the table a moment, and settled back in his chair, white as death. Then the guests remembered all the details of the tragedy at Trevylan, and fell into dead silence.

"Let us drink to it," cried Belus, to break the spell; and as he spoke, he held the glass down to the rosy lips of his companion, and added, "kiss the glass before I drink, and it shall be a pledge of our reunion at my castle of Trevylan."

The girl, who had her own ambitious thoughts, looked into the handsome face of Lord Belus at her side, smiled sweetly, and touched her lips to the wine. Then he waved the glass above his head, like a young Bacchus, quaffed the contents, and made a gesture that others should rise to their feet. While they drained their glasses, he flung his over one shoulder, and hurled it against the window.

Thus, with a crash of crystal against crystal, a blaze of flowers, and the riotous mingling of many voices in words and sweet laughter, this strange invitation to Trevylan was accepted.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

At that very day and hour, Huldah Winters stood in the prison room of her son, a worn, half broken hearted woman, with a world of misery in her great, black eyes, which she strove to conquer, or at least conceal, with the strength of absolute martyrdom.

Since the knowledge of his birthright had been made known to the young man, the subject had been a grave object of discussion, between these two and their nearest friends, the old fisherman and his son, John. Indeed, some efforts had been made to induce Keath to take advantage of what influence the truth would give him, and come forth, on his trial, as the true heir of Trevylan; but the same reason that had led him to evade the inquest, and thus save the Stamford name from a breath of suspicion, influenced him now. While he was confined in that place, as a felon, under the charge of murder, no sign, he said, should be given of the blood that might be disgraced in his veins. If he must die, the secret of his birth should die with him.

For a time, Huldah's spirit matched his in this. She, too, would rather see him perish, in all the pride of his strong youth, than bring one stain upon the name she had borne, in willing secresy, so many years. She had elected to remain in the humble sphere of her people, rather than cast the shadow of a misalliance on this proud house, and it was with a feeling of absolute exultation, at first, that she found her son so resolute in maintaining the same course, even at the peril of his life.

But now, when the time of his trial drew very near, and no ray of light had been found to lessen the array of evidence against him, the motherhood of the woman began to break down her powers of resistance, and she stood before the young man, that day, with tears in her eyes, and hands clasped, imploring him to tell the truth about his position, and thus gain the friendly influence that might save him.

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"No, mother," he said, taking her hands in his, and kissing them tenderly. "That can only be done by the possibility of putting another Stamford in my place—by stamping the record of an odious crime on the history of a great name. What would life or fortune be to us, bought at this price? How could we sit down in the old castle to which our weakness had brought such disgrace? How could we meet your husband, and my father, in that other world, after purchasing a short life here by the deep dishonor of his race?"

Huldah lifted her eyes to his, and a faint smile shone through her tears.

"Oh, you are so like him as he was—as he was," she exclaimed, in an uncontrolable outburst of womanly recollections.

"Let me be like him in everything," answered the youth, drawing her to his bosom, and leaving a kiss upon her forehead. "You were brave and secret for him, be brave and secret for me!"

She drew back her head, and looked in his face, her eyes full of trouble, her lips quivering.

"They took him from me, and now will take you, my son—his son—all that is left to me on earth," she cried out, with a fresh pang of agony. "Oh, my God, help me: for it is more than I can bear!"

Keath drew the unhappy woman to the side of his bed, and sat down, with both arms around her, tenderly.

"It may be," Keath said, thoughtfully, "that some way of honorable escape can be yet found out of the snare that holds me. Sometimes I think it impossible that the good God can permit an innocent man to perish for another's sin. But if that is to be, fate shall find us clean-handed. All that honor permits shall be done in my behalf. The grandfather and John Winters are at work for me, day and night."

"And I—oh, Keath, has it come to this, that I can only pray for you?" cried out the poor mother, piteously, "that I alone am helpless?"

Meantime, and before the trial, young Lord Colgate had come down to Trevylan, and made his request that the countess dowager should invite the new friends he had made to the castle. Lady Colgate turned upon her son, haughtily.

"You ask this of me!" she answered. "You, a Stamford, and my own son, dare to offer me an insult like that!"

"Yes, madam," said the new earl, throwing himself into the great velvet chair she had left, and watching her stormy face through his half closed eyelids. "I not only ask it, but insist that the invitations shall be written at once. These persons are my friends. I take the liberty of inviting them to my own castle, and as you happen to be staying here, it is the correct thing that the ladies should receive an invitation from your own hand. They do not quite belong to a class that would accept mine, as yet."

"I—I do not know these people, even by name."

"I will give you the list."

"It will be the scandal of the whole county. Only a few months since, two lords of Colgate have been buried from this castle—and that horrible trial coming on—"

"I do not care what the people of the county may think about it; for I do not intend to be much among them, after this beastly trial is over. As for the two funerals and all this dismal display of mourning, these things are what makes the old rookery unendurable. This will be a jolly party: they will make the old walls ring again."

"Men about town, and women that I never heard of. How can any one explain this to Stella Winchester?"

Belus leaned back among the velvet cushions, and laughed viciously.

"Ah, there is the gist of it! That young lady will be taught, before we have done with her, that other women, quite as beautiful, can be found, to whom the master of Trevylan is not wholly a monster of ugliness. I warrant her, beforehand, that none of these fair ladies will be found prowling about the park with fishermen from the cove, after her dainty fashion."

"But it is an insult to her, worse than that to myself," exclaimed the countess, moving up and down the room, in her usual imperious fashion. "I will not do it!"

Belus arose from the chair, pale with rage, and advanced close to her.

"Madam, you will either write those invitations at once, or start for your dower house—the only habitation on the Trevylan estates to which you are entitled—at ten o'clock, to-morrow morning."

After saying these words, with a cool stillness that was more cutting than insult, the young man sauntered out of the room, leaving his mother, white and still as marble, rooted to the floor. An hour after that, the invitations were written by a hand that seemed to stab the tinted paper with every dash of the pen.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The London party lost no time in coming down. Belus joined them at the station, and came riding through the village, mounted on one of the old earl's hunters, in a state of wild excitement, making his horse curvet and toss

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his head, with one hand, while the other rested on the edge of Lady Colgate's barouche, in which the yellow-haired lady of that Richmond dinner sat conspicuous.

As they approached the castle, exclamations of astonishment at its size and grandeur broke from the party, and the young person, who received most honored attention from the new master, became charmingly enthusiastic over the grand old pile.

It was, perhaps, the keenest humiliation that could have fallen on the lady of that castle, when she felt herself compelled to meet and welcome these strange guests, in the modern entrance-hall.

There she stood, ready for her enforced duty, loathing herself, and hating her son, with sharp, momentary rage, that she had been dragged down to this unseemly level. Even the amber-haired young lady made a pause, in her careless advance, and half drew back, when she saw this haughty figure moving down, through sombre lines of servants, in deep mourning, to receive her.

By her son's request—or rather, orders—the lady had thrown aside her solemn crapes and bombazines; but a robe of black velvet swept far out on the tessellated marble of the floor, lighted up only by a few large diamonds, subdued with jet, in her ears and on her bosom. For one moment, the haughty grace with which the countess advanced, took that flippant young creature's breath away; but she rallied at once, and went forward, with her jauntiest air, as if she considered it in place to welcome that stately woman to the honor of her acquaintance.

Pale with rising indignation, and trembling under the severe restraints she was placing on herself, the countess received these enforced guests with the haughty grace of a queen, waiting for the homage of her people. Soon they all disappeared up the grand stair-case, escorted to the apartments prepared for them, their voices breaking up the solemn stillness that had so long reigned over the castle.

When they were gone, and she found herself quite alone, the countess hurried to her boudoir, flung herself on the couch, and absolutely bit the silken cushions, as she moaned and writhed among them, in the agony of her abasement.

Thus the week commenced that was to end in the trial of Keath Winters, for the murder of his benefactor—and thus the week went on.

It is on record that utter desperation sometimes ends in such fierce recklessness as seems the very insanity of enjoyment. This would have been believed by any one who shared the life at Trevylan, during that riotous week; for never, since its massive walls were laid, had revels as demoralizing been witnessed within them. Day and night, a wild hunt for amusements was kept up: such amusements as often drove the countess to her room, and kept Stella a prisoner in hers. In this unchecked disorder the young master invariably took the lead.

Play with cards, and betting, ran high under that stately roof. At all hours the clash of ivory balls might be heard at the billiard tables. Rooms, hitherto held sacred to ladies, were clouded with smoke from cigars, lighted from gems of art torn from emblazoned books, that had cost men a life-time in embellishing. Men, in shooting-jackets, lounged on cushions glowing with oriental embroidery.

Each day, and every hour of the night, noisy men whose faces were unknown in the neighborhood, might be seen racing at break-neck speed down the highway, or sometimes along the very edge of the cliffs, with the sea beneath them, and nothing but the blue, or crimson, sky for a background. The people were amazed to see their new lord leading these strangers into the most dangerous places, where pitfalls abounded, and walls were to be leaped, at the risk of life and limb; but it was observed that he never took them to the cliffs, which he had once loved to sport to the very edge, either on foot or horseback. He even grew restive and white if any of his wild companions turned that way. Once, when the boldest of them, seeing this weakness, challenged him to make the ascent, Belus turned upon him so fiercely that he never dared to mention the subject again.

Lulu, however—for thus the girl called herself, spite of the baptismal register, which gave a less romantic name—was more audacious, and hearing of this rebuff, rejoiced in it; for in her—and others of her kind—pleasure is tame without a touch of suffering, for others, in it: so, one day, while riding ahead with Belus, she turned her spirited horse up the cliff, and challenged him to follow. Stung by her mocking raillery, he wheeled his hunter, dashed past her, with a wild laugh, and reached the summit of the rock, before she was half way up. But when he came within sight of the water, she saw him reel in the saddle, start upright in the stirrups, turn his horse on the very verge of the precipice, and dash toward her again. The girl urged her horse aside, in great terror, as he thundered by, flashing a fierce gleam upon her, and uttering something that sounded to the trembling little butterfly like a curse.

This was the last day before the assizes, and Colgate had exhibited unusual disturbance since the early morning, when he was seen by the

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wondering servants, leaving the dining-room, in full dress, and heavy-eyed, as if he had not slept at all, but remained below after his guests had retired, when the dawn broke up the revels of the night.

In this state, Lady Colgate met him, walking up and down the long picture gallery, an hour before dinner was announced.

"Ah! you have condescended to come out of your shell at last," he said, approaching her; "but dressed like a hearse, as usual. I've just been surveying my ancestors—grim old fellows now, whatever they were living. Look at them, mustered along the walls—generation after generation—every one of them frowning upon me like a judge in his wig, sentencing some poor devil to death—Keath Winters, for instance. I wonder if there is one of the old dons there who wouldn't like to do it, knowing who his mother is. Look at them, lady mother."

Lady Colgate regarded her son with alarm. His features, his wild speech and still wilder eyes, filled her with terror. On the morrow, all his strength, all his coolness and force of nerve, would be wanted to go through the ordeal of an examination that would be close, searching, and to them both very painful, if not altogether disasterous, and here he was, breaking down for want of sleep. What could she do? With a great effort she tried to smile, as if his wild talk amused her.

"You have come into the wrong place," she said. "So many pictures of people who are dead always have a depressing influence. Come away from them. My room is far pleasanter, and I shall have much to say to you, before to-morrow."

"No, let to-morrow take care of itself," answered the young man, turning impatiently away. "I think I like these old fellows best, after all. They glare at you, but don't talk."

"But you must listen to me."

"Not if I can help it. This affair of to-morrow is a thing that one hates even to think about."

"But you are unnerved."

Belus broke into a sharp laugh, as he answered:

"Am I! Wait and see. The coolest and sharpest man in that court, to-morrow, will be your son."

"I hope so; but that is impossible, unless you take some rest. It was this I wished to urge upon you."

"Rest!"

The face which Belus turned upon his mother, as this word broke from his lips, made the heart quail in her bosom.

Gay voices, clamorous in gay dispute, that moment, filled the lower end of the gallery, and a party of his guests, who had just left the billiard-room, appeared in search of the young host, led by the girl Lulu, in a wild flush of excitement, who fluttered up to him, and, with both hands clasped on his arm, led him away to act as umpire over some dispute, that had arisen in the game.

When Lady Colgate saw this, she turned aside, with a faint groan, and wandered back to the dreary solitude of her own apartment.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

While these strange scenes were happening at Trevylan, Huldah Winters, and the good old fisherman, who had been kind and dear as a father to her, lingered about the prison, waiting for a last interview with Keath, before his trial came on. The permission came at last, and Huldah went in, and clasped her son frantically to her breast.

"God can not," she exclaimed, "permit this awful wrong; something will arise, some fact made clear. Ah! my poor boy, do not shake your head. I do not say that any new evidence is found; but John Winters has been hard at work, and the dear old man. We have got good counsel—the very best that money can bring; for John has squandered his savings for us like dust. He will be here, to-night, and perhaps—yes, perhaps, he may hear something."

"No, mother. You must not hope that; the net they have woven around me is too well knotted. Even that innocent child will be used to destroy me; for, no doubt, every word he says is the truth. But one thing, mother: Miss Winchester must not be brought here. Though her evidence might save my life, she must not give it. See to that, mother."

Huldah tried to smile. How little did the boy understand the self-abnegation of which a loving woman is capable.

"But how can I help it? Stella is a woman, and she loves you."

Keath's eyes filled, and his frame shook.

"I know—I know it; but she must not—she—"

Here the poor young fellow broke down, and throwing himself upon the scant pillow of his bed, sobbed till the iron structure under him shook like a handful of reeds.

At last, a slanting sunbeam shot through the grated window, startling them as if it had been the arrow from some murderous shaft.

"It is time that John should have been here," said Huldah. "In half an hour I must go, and then they will refuse to let him in."

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Keath sat upright, sighing heavily.

"One thing, mother," he said. "Let what will happen, when this trial is over—if—if—dear heart, do not shudder. Remember this: after to-morrow, the worst will be known. Death is never very terrible to a brave man. It will be leaving you, and the old grandfather, that makes it hard—and—and—there, now, we must not give way again. She will love you, and be a great comfort to you."

Here the brave young fellow was silent for a moment, with one hand pressed upon his swelling throat. Then he went on.

"I keep wandering from what I wished to say. When to-morrow has done its work, and all is ended, you will never let it be known that it was a Stamford that perished on the scaffold. You will keep to the old life, nor take one step toward the place you have a right to fill. For my sake, and in consideration of all that I shall have suffered—for my father's sake, most of all—you will bear the old name without a blot. Promise me this, mother."

The woman could not speak, for a while; but she no longer wept. She murmured, at last,

"I promise this. There was no need to ask it—but I promise."

After this, they sat together, hand in hand, gazing on the floor, until a noise of drawn bolts made them look up.

John Winters entered.

Huldah read something in his face that startled the curdling blood from her heart.

"You have heard something," she said, breathlessly.

"Yes, that is what kept me. There is some evidence at Trevylan that you must help me to obtain. If we start at once, it will not be too late." As he spoke he held out his hand to Keath.

"Keep a good heart," he said. "We may be able to give them a hard fight, to-morrow. Who knows."

Keath smiled, faintly, as he returned that firm hand clasp, and watched the eager haste with which his mother was preparing to go.

"In the morning," she said, warming up from her deadly paleness, and embracing her son, "I shall be here early, no matter how many miles away he takes me. Till then, oh, my God, keep him safe for me!"

Little was said between Huldah and John Winters, as they drove fast toward Trevylan. He had reason to believe that something important would be discovered in the library at Trevylan, he said, but her knowledge of the room would be necessary to its attainment. So he had taken the best means to be found for getting her there, as early as possible after dark; for there was no time to lose.

Notwithstanding that heavy drops of rain now began to fall, Winters took the longer route, through the old avenue. Leaving his vehicle at the gate, he led the tired woman along the broken pathway, across the stone bridge, to the old oak portal of the keep. He unlocked this door, with a key that had been in his possession since Lord Colgate's funeral, and Huldah followed him in.

"Will you be afraid to wait here a half hour or so?" he asked. "I will not be gone longer than that."

Huldah answered, wearily, and sat down in a hall chair. She heard the oak door close, as Winters went out, with a sense of relief; for the silence and the darkness soothed the terrible strain that was wearing on her nerves. It did not seem as if she had slept. But some moments of dead apathy must have come over her before she sat upright, with a start, and saw John Winters returning through the open door.

CHAPTER XL.

As Lady Colgate sat in her boudoir, brooding gloomily over the interview she had held with her son in the picture gallery, Lord Belus knocked at the door, then pushed it open, and entered, without waiting for permission, saying,

"I have come to see if you are dressed for dinner. After to-morrow you will have plenty of time to sulk in this fantastic den; for neither myself nor friends will care to trouble you when the farce is played out; but, to-night, you will sit at the head of my table, and be civil to my guests, as the opportunity will never be offered you again."

Lady Colgate arose with such evident reluctance, that it brought forth another sneer from her son, who looked angrily on her black robes.

"Wear colors, too. Put on something bright. I have seen you wear a velvet dress—scarlet or wine-colored. Wear that."

"I will wear the dress," with a weary sigh.

"With jewels?"

"Yes, with jewels."

The young man threw his arms around her, as if in requital of her unexpected submission, and kissed her cheek.

"These are stormy times for us," he said, with some degree of feeling, "but for life or death you and I are bound together. We cannot go back."

"By what bonds are we bound? Oh, my God, by what bonds?" cried the lady, turning from his kiss for the first time in her life.

"By this," answered Belus, seizing the two

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hands she was about to uplift in her agony, "by this: What is bought by blood *must* be by blood maintained!"

The lady drew her hands from him, shuddering. Belus took them back by force.

"Shrink from what is before us to-morrow, as you are doing now, and your cowardice will destroy us both," he said, with fierce earnestness. Then, flinging her hands away, he left her, muttering: "Now for the other!"

Stella Winchester, sitting there in her room, heard footsteps approaching that made her heart shrink. They reached the door. A pause—then came a knock, which seemed to demand, rather than ask, admittance. She sat still, holding her breath with dread. Then the latch was turned and Belus stood in the open door-way.

"I have come to ask why our guests are always deprived of your society—to say that Lady Colgate will expect you down this evening," he said; but he faltered a little in the arrogance of his speech, as he saw her more closely.

The girl stood before him so white, so changed that he drew slowly back, as if it was her apparition that confronted him.

"So changed!" he muttered, to himself, "and all on account of that fellow."

Stella looked at him, for a moment, in stern silence: then she said,

"When you interrupted me I was on my knees praying that God would interpose, and spare that innocent man, even though his acquittal should bring the guilty to punishment. With that prayer on my lips, would you have me break bread and drink wine with you?"

He did not answer, but fascinated by those sad, blue eyes, under which tears had left purple shadows, held his breath, until she closed the door in his face, and shut herself in with her misery.

In another minute Belus Stamford had stifled the spark of regret enkindled by that changed face, and resuming his old defiant look, followed a burst of music dashed from a piano in the great drawing-room where the lady guests were already assembled. Apparently joyous as ever, he came down the broad stair-case, and hurried into their midst with a forced laugh on his lips.

"That's right!" he exclaimed. "Let us have something lively—a waltz—anything to brighten the old place, and keep out this infernal racket of the storm. Hear how it rages and groans among the old trees! Strike up—strike up! We can have a turn before my lady joins us."

His arm was around Lulu's waist. He whirled her into the middle of the room as the lady at the piano dashed into an exhilarating waltz, that sounded in strange, wild discord against the rising storm that shook the windows and made the trees sob and moan like living things, shaken with dread.

Other guests came in, and joined the whirling couple, filling the room with stormy mirth, in the midst of which Lady Colgate stood, transfixed with dismay, when she entered, queen-like but worn and aged, spite of her wine-colored velvet and gleaming jewels.

"Ah, it is the Lady Mother!" exclaimed Belus, whirling Lulu to a seat, "and here comes the butler, announcing dinner. Will the best of you take her ladyship out? My devotion belongs here."

He stood, with Lulu on his arm, smiling in his mother's white, stern face, until she turned from him, bowed a haughty dismissal to the man who ventured to offer his arm, and walked alone into the brilliantly lighted dining-room.

It seemed as if Belus had intended to defy both his mother and the storm; for indoors that boisterous night had been turned into a midsummer's day. The room was one flood of radiance. Piles of gold and silver plate shone and glittered on the great buffet. Flowers were everywhere.

Poor Lady Colgate turned faint in her seat of honor. With that awful sense of evil gnawing under the jewels on her bosom, the whole scene appeared to her like a stupendous mockery.

But that gay crowd, mustering around the table, saw nothing of this. Belus set the example, and her presence did not prevent the banquet from soon deepening into a revel. When the ladies were led from the table, the revel went on wilder than ever.

"I cannot stand this," whispered Lulu, to a companion, as a clash of glasses, and ringing shouts of laughter came faintly up from the distance. "I am tired, too, of seeing my lady sweeping up and down the room, as if no one but herself were in it. Let us steal away and see what the storm is about—come."

These two stole softly from the room, and went out upon the terrace, across which the wind was sweeping in gusts that nearly took them from their feet.

"Never mind, it is better than that stifling room inside," exclaimed Lulu, gathering up the long train of her dress, and throwing it over her arm. "It isn't raining now, thank heaven! How the wind is tossing the vines and plants in those great stone vases."

"Hush!" said her companion, "look there!"

Lulu turned, startled by the terror in her friend's voice, and saw that lights were burning in a tower of the old castle.

"Mercy on us!" she whispered, clinging to

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her companion; her eyes widening with terror, fixed on the strange illumination. "I—I told Colgate that the old place was running over with ghosts. I wonder if he'll believe me now?"

"This is just the night for them to come," said the other, "but I didn't think you'd be such a coward."

"Coward?" retorted Lulu, over whom no strong emotion held more than momentary sway. "Come, now, and we'll see who is the coward. Come—I dare you!"

Away the girl went, back through the great entrance-hall, speeding onward in her wild haste, till she reached the dining-room. She flung the door wide open, just as the party of young men were standing around the table, holding glasses, that dripped a rain of red wine over their wavering hands, and vociferously applauding the toast that was to break up what had deepened into an absolute carouse.

"Come," cried Lulu, "come and see for yourself. There are lights in all the windows of the older towers. Now tell me that ghosts do not revel there."

Those men, grouped around the table, turned upon her, some in stupefied amazement, others laughing boisterously, and tossing off their wine,

As the girl spoke thus, the glass that Belus was raising to his lips dropped from his hand, with a crash that scattered shivers and sparks of crystal over that end of the table.

"What is the matter, Colgate?" asked one. "Let us have a shie at the ghost. Lead on, lead on. You know the way best."

During some seconds, Belus stood, white and still, gazing blankly at the speaker. Then, with a restraining force that was terrible in its intensity, he reached forth his hand, poured some brandy into a goblet, and drank it off deliberately.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "I am ready for the ghost hunt."

The party crowded after him, as he led the way; and, a little in advance, Lulu fluttered, so full of gay excitement, that all her fear was gone. She paused a moment at the drawing-room door, where Lady Colgate was standing, alarmed by the confusion.

"We are going to the old tower," she said. "The ghosts are setting it on fire, for anything we know."

"What does this mean?" said Lady Colgate, stopping her son.

"You had better go with us," he said. "There is some disturbance in the tower. Lightning playing against the windows, perhaps; but they are bent on finding out what it is. There has been a great deal of wine drank, and your presance may be a check on them."

Belus spoke steadily: he too had been flushed with wine, only a few minutes before; but something had subdued it—the shock it may be, or that goblet half full of brandy.

Without a word, Lady Colgate followed him, hurrying forward in front of the crowd, which was hushed to silence while crossing the gloomy passages that connected the ancient and modern building; and became even awe-stricken as the library was approached.

Belus kept by his mother's side, moving in dead silence. How that heavy door was opened, no one ever remembered. But it swung back, and, directly opposite, seated in the great library chair, they saw Thomas—Lord Colgate, the man who was supposed to be lying in the family vault at Trevylan Church.

He did not move or look up; for the roar of the storm overwhelmed all other noises; but sat with one elbow resting on the table, and his face cast downward, as if weary and sad in his loneliness.

Belus and his mother stood, for a space, on the threshold—dumb, cold, appalled, a man and woman frozen into stone. After a few moments, in which uncertainty became horror, they turned, and fled. Two deadly white faces flitted by such of the guests as had lingered near the door; but when they attempted to follow, nothing but void darkness could be seen.

Huldah Winters, who sat anxiously waiting in the keep below, saw two shadowy forms flit down the staircase, and through the dense gloom that surrounded her: two deathly white faces looked upon her, as if from the Rembrandt back-ground of a framed picture: then the great door opened, letting in a rush of the storm, and closed again, leaving everything dark and silent as before.

CHAPTER XLI.

"Are you tired of waiting?"

It was the voice of John Winters, kind and low, speaking close to Huldah's chair. She knew it, and started up.

"Tired, yes; but so anxious, that I forgot it. Tell me, now, if I am brought here to learn evil or good news. Suspense is killing me."

"Sit down again, only for a moment. I will not keep you long."

Huldah dropped back into her chair, with a heavy sigh, and her companion went on:

"It is not to torment you with evil news, Huldah, that I have brought you here, but, if possible, to cheer you with a little hope."

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"Hope!" repeated the unhappy mother. "Oh, do not torture me with dreams!"

"Would it torture you, if I said that something has arisen that may save your boy?"

"Ah, that would be the most cruel dream of all! What can save him? You fancied that some evidence could be found here. But alas! nothing of that kind exists. If his father could return from the dead, and testify that Keath is his child, that might save him, but only that."

John Winters laid one hand upon the woman's shoulder, and the touch thrilled her with a strange sensation. His voice trembled.

"Huldah, if the dead were permitted to return, could you bear it?"

The woman started from her seat.

"Bear it?" she said, in a voice that thrilled her listener from head to foot. "One moment—one look—people say that such things have been. If there is any power, on earth or in heaven, that can bring him back to me for a single minute, let me have that minute, and die."

"Not in that way, Huldah. God does not break his immutable laws for any of his creatures; but there has always been a doubt with me that—"

Huldah caught both his hands, her own were shaking like reeds in the wind.

"John Winters, that thought has almost driven me mad already. Have you the heart to bring it up?"

"I have the heart to give you hope, Huldah, and I do."

"Hope, ah, John!"

"Almost certainty. Be strong—be your own brave self. There is some one waiting in the library, who will tell you more. Come, now."

All at once, the woman seemed possessed of marvelous strength. Winters could hardly keep up with her, as she crossed the keep, and mounted the stairs. Still in advance, she turned the heavy lock of the door that had just closed on her bitterest enemies, and saw the man whose presence had seemded to banish them from the face of the earth.

His head was uplifted now. He started up, and came toward her, with both arms extended. She did not faint or cry aloud in the joy of her great astonishment, but clung to him, weeping, smiling, trembling, in an ecstacy that seemed like the delirium of madness.

Lord Colgate bore her to the chair he had left, placed her in it, and knelt by her side.

"Huldah—Huldah. My wife, speak to me—say that my appearance has not killed you."

She leaned forward, and wound her arms around his neck.

"It has killed me, and I am in heaven," she said. "Surely, surely, this is not the same earth. If so, if so, how came you here?"

"Almost by a miracle, love; for we are indeed in the dear old castle; and to-morrow, you shall be greeted as its mistress."

"But our son, Keath. Did you know that, to-morrow, they will try him for murder?"

Even then, thrilled as she was with joy, the woman shuddered, as the word passed her lips.

"To-morrow," answered her husband, "he will stand by your side, the acknowledged heir of Trevylan. How can he be convicted of murder, when the supposed murdered man is alive?"

No wonder the woman thought herself in heaven. The transition from despair to extreme happiness had been so sudden, that no consistent train of thought was possible. She had changed places with her lord—she knelt by his side, leaning her head against him, kissing his hands, and never turning her great, luminous eyes from his face.

"Tell me," she said, at length, "tell me how it was that God gave you back to me.

A serious, almost stern look came over Lord Colgate's face.

"But two persons live," he said, "to whom the truth must be told—yourself and our son. Winters knows it already. He it was who told me of the story that little boy of Markham's told. It was exactly as he gave it. I *was* thrown overboard, beaten down by the wooden fender that had been previously torn from the side of the boat. For some moments I was under water deep down. When I came up again the yacht was flying toward the shore. I was a good swimmer once, and kept myself afloat, struggling for my life, but my strength gave way, and I should have gone down forever but for the fender which floated within my reach. I seized upon it and was thus enabled to keep afloat. The tide drifted me against the buoy which you may remember far out to the west, and only seen from the coast in fair weather. I clung to that and thus supported myself a little longer. It seemed an age that I had clung to that unstable timber, sometimes up to my neck in water—sometimes entirely submerged, when my strength gave way and I became unconscious. Still I must have clung to the buoy, for some men in a boat found me holding to it, but quite insensible.

"While I was clinging to that unstable timber with a last death grip, an outward-bound vessel hove to, within sight of the buoy—not for me. I was as yet unseen, but a passenger had fallen overboard, and the men in search of him discovered me, insensible—almost dead.

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"They took me on board in the place of that other unfortunate man, and the ship went on her way; for there was nothing about me to prove my name or position, and it was almost a week before I came out of the delirium which kept me helpless in their hands.

'When I became capable of memory, the ship was far on her way to Australia. I entreated the captain to put me on board some home-bound vessel; but none passed us till we neared the end of our voyage; then a vessel bound for England received me; and two days ago I reached London and learned for the first time all that has been passing here."

"They told you of your own funeral," said Huldah, shuddering.

"Yes, poor fellow. No doubt I and the stranger changed places. I was carried out to sea, and his battered remains were cast ashore by the storm, to find rest in the old family vault, where they shall remain in peace. But for the boat sent out to save him, I must have perished."

"Poor man, poor man, some woman is mourning for him now, while I am so blessed," cried Huldah, with tears in her eyes.

While Colgate and his wife thus sat together, sometimes silent in their great happiness, sometimes asking and answering questions, Belus Stamford and his mother, were fleeing madly, blindly, down the old avenues, with the storm beating on their uncovered heads. Now and then a glare of lightning revealed the woman dragging her velvet train through the wet herbage, so drenched and soiled that its lustrous red had turned black, and so heavy that she was more than once almost thrown on her face by its entanglement in the under-brush.

After struggling forward till the breath left her, the poor woman turned her back on the wind, and gave out a struggling cry.

"Belus, Belus, where are you taking me?"

"Away from that accursed old pile—away from the clutches of the law. Come on—come on, I say, or to-morrow Keath Winters and your son will change places!"

"But how can we escape, without help, without money?"

"Without money! Great heavens, if we only had that there might be a chance—one chance against—"

"Against what?" pleaded the woman. "Oh, Belus, tell me, what are you thinking of?'

That instant a flash of lightning rent the clouds, blazing down upon the diamonds on her bosom and naked arms.

Belus uttered a fierce cry, and made a clutch at the jewels.

"These are money—these are life," he exclaimed, with a sharp, wild laugh, throwing one arm around his mother, and dragging her forward. "If the storm lifts, we may reach the coast of France. We *will* reach it. Come."

The woman tried to obey him, but another great flash of lightning blinded her, and she covered her eyes with both hands, retreating against the trunk of a dead tree close by.

While she thus shut out the glare, it revealed to Belus a pond of water, lashed by the wind; forest trees, writhing and moaning around it; and a great blasted tree, against which his mother was leaning, that spread two gaunt, black limbs, like a cross, over her head.

"Come along," shouted Belus, stamping on the wet sod, in an agony of horror. "Would you have the lightning strike me dead on this spot?" He remembered the place too well.

The agony in his voice startled the woman into new strength. She dropped her hands, and followed his swift steps, in desperate haste, till they brought her to the ancient gate, then on and on, down the highway, toward the cove.

Here Belus turned, and helped her down the steep, winding path, without pause or halt, till they reached the beach.

There the White Witch lay, rising and falling unsteadily in the storm. Belus left his mother here, and, directly, she saw him moving on the deck of the little craft, that seemed to swing and reel under him. Then there was a rattle of cordage, and a shadowy sail rose, slowly unfolding in the darkness, and sending out ghostly gleams when the blue lightning struck it.

All at once, Belus leaped to the shore, and stood beside the terrified woman.

"Come," he said. "Come on board."

She drew away from him, shrinking from the black danger. Despite her dread, he took her in his arms, carried her to the yacht, and placed her on the deck. Once on board, she cowered down, burying her face in both hands, and quaking in all her limbs. Then, directly, she heard a slow rattle of cordage, felt a heaving motion of the yacht, and knew that, for life or death, she was launched into the midnight blackness of the storm.

Later on, that night, a fisherman, who went to the shore to look after the safety of his boats, was startled by a broad sheet of lightning that revealed to him a vessel outside of the harbor, in the very teeth of the storm—a frail craft, with sails up, reeling, plunging and recovering herself, as if for breath; fighting the winds and the fierce inrush of waters, as a desperate man battles for his life. Then darkness closed her

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in, and that was the last glimpse that any human being ever had of the White Witch or the two souls that drifted out of life with her.

CHAPTER XLII.

A MORE beautiful morning than that which followed the storm never glorified the old walls of Trevylan Castle. The trees of the park, fresh and vividly green, sparkled with raindrops. At a distance, the still turbulent sea seemed drifting great waves of sunshine, and dashing them against the rocky shore. The castle itself was unusually silent. The party that had reveled in the new building had left it at daylight. Host, hostess and guests, all had gone. Two ladies only stood on the terrace, that morning.

But more beautiful and happy faces than those of those two, Huldah, Countess of Colgate, and Stella Winchester, could not have been found in all England.

"They are coming. They are here at last," exclaimed Huldah, turning her radiant face on Stella. "I hear voices—the sound of wheels."

Stella Winchester leaned forward, clasped her hands on the stone balustrade, and listened.

"Yes—Yes. The voices are growing louder. Hark! that is a shout—oh! here they come; a great throng of people, and in their midst—"

"My husband—my son," interrupted Huldah. "Oh, Stella, Stella, was there ever so happy a woman as I am on all this beautiful world?"

"I, too, am happy," answered the girl. "Ah, so happy!"

Huldah drew the fair girl to her side, and kissed her; but there was no time for more than this; for that rejoicing crowd was swarming up the avenue, some on horseback, some on foot—all escorting a carriage, drawn by four black horses, in which Lord Colgate and his son, Keath, sat side by side. The magistrates of the county rode near the carriage, while the neighbors and tenants of the estate, filling the air with the joyous clamor of their welcome, followed it.

They reached the terrace. Lord Colgate and Keath left the carriage, and hurried up to the steps. The crowd swarmed after, tenants, county magistrates, all.

Huldah came forward to meet her husband and son—a dark, brilliant woman, dressed after her old fashion; but with a dignity and grace that required nothing to its completeness. Indeed, I am doubtful if that eastern scarf, woven, with all the soft richness of its oriental colors, in the braids of her raven hair, was not more picturesque than a circlet of jewels could have been.

Lord Colgate took the hand of Huldah, and led her forward.

"My wife," he said, presenting her, with that grave simplicity of speech and manner, which was the charm of his character. "My son I have already introduced," he added, smiling on Keath, who had made his way to the spot where Stella Winchester was standing, "and these the staunchest and most faithful friends that ever man possessed," he continued, turning toward old Winters and his son, John; "both born on the lands of Trevylan, of which one is from this day manager and agent; the other—"

"Will return to his nets and his cottage, where he taught the young heir how to sail his first boat. I'm not afraid that the lad will ever forget the old man," said old Winters, with tears in his eyes.

"He might as well attempt to forget his own grandfather," said Keath, coming forward, and grasping the old man's hands.

The fishermen on the outskirts of the crowd below set up a shout as they saw this, and when Lord Colgate led Huldah to the top of the steps, followed by Keath and Stella, the other tenants and yeomen joined in, and a loud, cheery shout, such as had not been heard in those woods for years, rang out again and again.

[THE END.]

ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY JENNIE JOY.

VAGUE shadows strangely come and go
  Athwart the ash-boards of my floor:
Heart—oh, my heart! be still and list:
  Is that his shadow by the door?
  And does it whisper, "Nevermore?"

The moon breaks through a flying cloud,
  Making its jagged edges bright;
Heart—oh, my heart! be still and list:
  Was that *his* face against the light?
  Why does yon aspen turn so white?

His cloak, upon its well-worn peg,
  Stirs slightly in the outer hall;
Heart—oh, my heart! be still and list:
  Was that *his* hand against the wall?
  What shape is that so like a pall?

The broken shutter swings and creaks,
  The wooden latch moves on the door;
Heart—oh, my heart! be still and list:
  Is that *his* step upon the floor?
  He clasps me, whisp'ring "Evermore!"

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1.—We give, first, this month, something new for an outside winter wrap. It is made of Vicugna cloth, which is a kind of cloth on which the long hairs are seen. It is to be trimmed with fur. It is cut with a seam in the centre of the back, where the mantle is slightly hollowed

No. 1. No. 2.

out to fit the figure. The sleeve is in one piece with the back, the upper part being joined to the under part. A band of fur borders the mantle and sleeves, and the back is ornamented with passementerie, which commences at the shoulder. This passementerie trimming may be added or

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not, as the taste may suggest, but for ourselves we would prefer the garment without it. A double ruching of black lace finishes the neck,

No. 3—A.

which is tied with long loops and ends of heavy satin double faced ribbon.

No. 2.—Next we have an indoor or dinner toilette of gray silk and cashmere. The train, draperies, and bodice are cashmere; the plaiting, sleeves, and revers are silk. The tablier consists of narrow knife-plaited ruffles, these are put upon a foundation, and the revers are attached and turned back, from beneath which there is a panier drapery, ornamented with a coquille of Russian lace and loops of ribbon. The basque bodice has a waistcoat of gray and white brocaded satin or silk, fastened with pearl buttons. The sleeves are tight to the elbow, where they terminate with a ruffle of the Russian lace. Of course the lace and the brocade vest can be left out, and a simple vest of the gray silk, and knife-plaitings instead of the lace used for the trimmings of panier, bodice, and sleeves, for a more quiet costume. A partially worn silk dress of any color can be utilized after this design, with the addition of the cashmere in corresponding color.

No. 3.—For a young lady we give a short costume, either for house or street, with polonaise and panier. It is made of cashmere of a light fawn-color, with vest and trimmings of black velvet. The front of the skirt is kilted from just under the vest, where it is put on the foundation, the sides are kilted, only from the knee, where the trimming comes. This trimming is formed of a band of the cashmere embroidered in black,

No. 3—B.

and edged with a very fine, narrow knife-plaiting, and edged with black velvet ribbon. The panier polonaise is trimmed to correspond. We give

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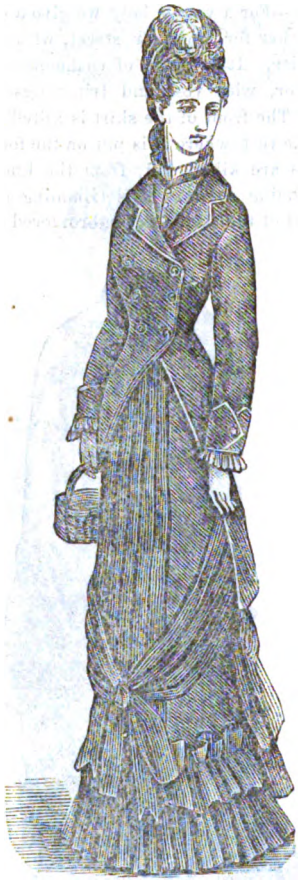
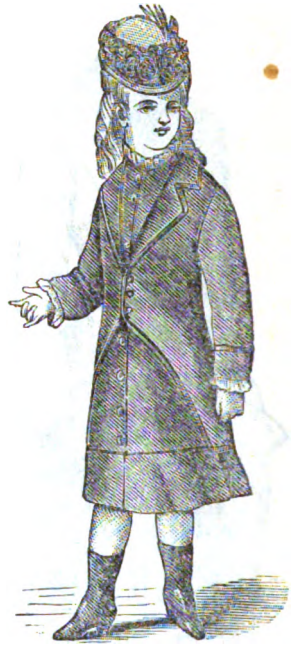
the front and back, showing two designs for trimming the sleeves. Twelve yards of cashmere and one yard of velvet for vest and cuffs, with several pieces of very narrow velvet ribbon for the ruffles will be required.



No. 4.

No. 4.—Another short costume is of blue and green plaid woolens. The skirt has two box-plaited ruffles five inches deep; the upper one put on with a heading. Down the front, it is kilted in six plaits meeting in the centre. A plaited scarf is arranged from under the back drapery and tied in front with loops and ends of ribbon to correspond. There is a double-breasted jacket bodice, cut away in front. It is worn over a round waist, to which the skirt and back drapery is sewed. A complete round-waisted dress with sleeves may be made with this costume, to be worn with a belt, and the jacket only put on for walking, or the vest at the neck can be simulated, and only the jacket bodice worn if preferred. Twelve to fourteen yards of double-width goods required.



No. 5.

No. 5.—A pretty costume for a girl of six is of cloth or velvet, simply bound with braid. There is first a princess dress with kilted skirt back, over which is a cut-away jacket, fastened by three buttons in front. Very pretty for velvet or fancy cloth.

No. 6.

No. 6.—For a little girl of three to six years we give the front and back of a winter paletot. It is made of a soft, light gray cloth, and orna-

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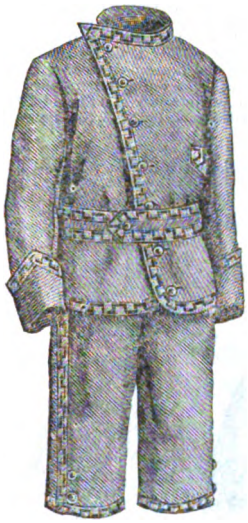
mented with silk braid. The trimming is laid on to simulate an over-jacket, and the buttons arranged as seen by illustration. Large and a



No. 7.

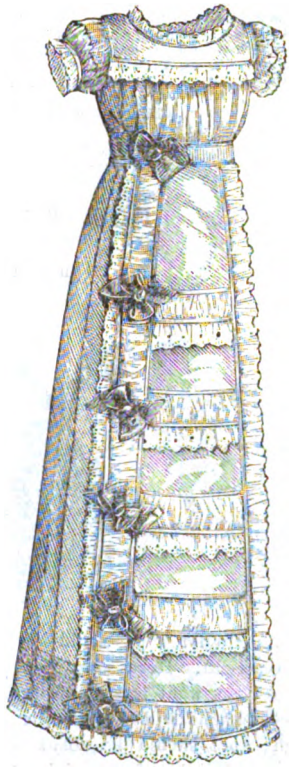
smaller-sized button are used. Fancy pearl or bone are most fashionable.

No. 7.—For a boy of five to seven years, we have short pants, with double-breasted blouse-

No. 8.

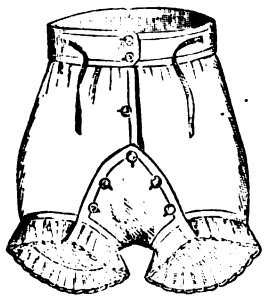
jacket worn with a belt, trimmed with fancy braid, or narrow braid laid on in a simple pattern. Make of gray or navy-blue flannel.

No. 8.—A simple blouse-apron for either boy or girl of two to four years, made of Madras gingham, calico, or in white nainsook. Gray linen also makes very serviceable aprons for children. The plaits, belt and border on the skirt, are of Hamburg insertion.



No. 9.—A.

No. 9.—We give a very pretty design for an infant's robe, made of French nainsook and lace —bretonne or Valenciens washes best. Long



No. 9.—B.

sleeves may be substituted. Also the first drawers, which are worn over the napkin, and made of muslin, ruffled with Hamburg edging.

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PATTERNS OF OUR Every-Dresses, or for the costumes in our colored fashion plate, or for our Children's dresses, paletot, etc., may be had on application by letter enclosing price of pattern, of Mrs. M. A. Jones, Importer and Designer of Paper Patterns, No. 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

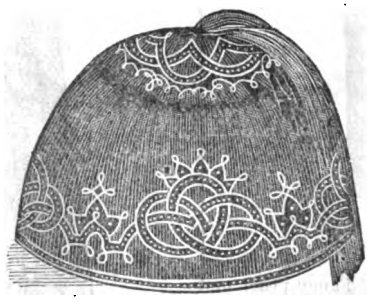
We also call particular attention to a beautiful line of Patterns for Ladies and Children furnished by her, and for which there is not space in this book. All patterns are put together and styles of trimming sent without extra charge. We give list of prices for a few principal patterns.

Watteau Wrapper,	50 cts.	Talmas, ...	35 cts.
Princess Dress, .	50 "	Waterproofs, ...	35 "
Polonaise, . . .	50 "	Wrappers, ...	35 "
Trimmed Skirt, .	50 "	Children's Dresses, plain,	25 "
Basques, ...	35 cts.	Combination Suits, . .	35 cts.
Coats, ...	35 "	Boys' Suit Patterns,	25 to 50 "
Cut-aways, . . .	35 "	Underwear, . .	20 and 25 "
Over-Skirts, . . .	35 "	Good-fitting shirt patterns,	50 "

For shirt pattern, send size of Neck, Yoke and Sleeve. Measure for Ladies: Bust, Waist, length of Back from neck to waist. For Children: length from neck to bottom of skirt front, also age and whether large or small. Also a new and very complete Dress Chart, with all the latest improvements for modern styles. Fully taught, $5.00. Without instructions, $1.25. Any questions about material or trimming cheerfully answered. In sending orders, please send address plainly written, with county and State, to Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR THE LITTLE FOLK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



A smoking cap for papa would be very nice for a Christmas gift. Here is one in application on cloth. All you want is some rich, dark blue cloth, which mamma will give you, if you coax her enough; that should be about six inches deep, by seven-eighths of a yard long; a little black silk velvet; gold thread; gold braid; black beads; and, to finish all, a gold tassel. Or if less showy things are wanted, other colored thread and braid may be substituted, and of course the gold tassel left off.

The design, as you see, is black velvet, cut out in one entire piece, and gummed on to the cloth. The edges, after being sewed down, are covered with gold (or any other) braid, which also forms small ornamental loops on the cloth itself. Along the entire centre of the knot, a row of black beads is laid over, and edged with coarse, gold thread. The way to put on the beads is to thread them on strong black silk, and then sew the silk down in an even line between every two beads. The gold thread and braid must be sewed on with silk of the same color. The design for the crown corresponds with that of the head piece. To make it up it must be lined with silk of the same color. The head piece is set full into the crown, as will be observed in the engraving. A very long and rich gold tassel (if gold is the color of the braid,) completes the cap. Nothing in the way of a present can be prettier.

COLORED PATTERN FOR CHAIR SEAT, ETC., ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give, as a CHRISTMAS GIFT TO OUR SUBSCRIBER, a Colored Pattern in Berlin Work, for an Ottoman, Chair Seat, etc., etc. It is to be worked in cross-stitch, the colors to be followed as in Pattern, and may be made as much larger as wished, by using a canvas with a larger mesh.

We have got this pattern up, regardless of expense. "Peterson" is the only magazine, remember, that gives these costly and beautiful patterns, and the present one is not only exceptionally costly, but will be found, like the slipper in November, unusually useful.

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WINTER CLOAK: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give above an engraving of a Winter Cloak, front and back, made in plain or basket-cloth, and trimmed with either velvet or silk. The trimming for the cuffs, and for the back of the skirt of the cloak, is laid in side-plaits, and put on the outside of the garment at the back. On the cuffs, the plaiting is put, so as to come from under the over-lap, as seen in the illustration above.

Folded in this number, we give as a SUPPLEMENT,

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a full-sized pattern, which consists, as will be seen, of six pieces:

No. 1.—Half of Front.

No. 2.—Half of Upper Part of Back, including upper half of sleeve.

No. 3.—Half of Skirt of Back.

No. 4.—Under Half of Sleeve to the dotted line marked F F to H H.

No. 5.—Cuffs. The square marks show where the cuff laps over the outside of the arm.

No. 6.—Half of Collar.

Cut out of some old muslin, and fit the pattern before cutting into the cloth. This pattern is cut to fit a 36-inch bust measure.

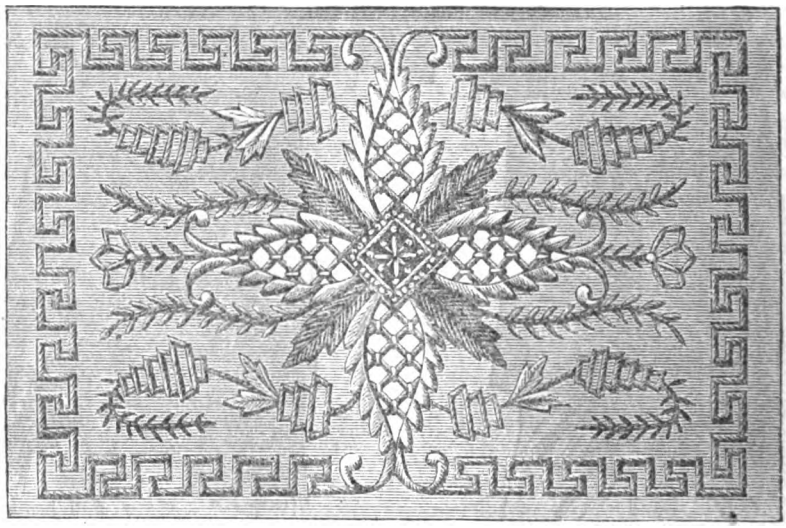
It must be noticed that in No. 1—Half of Front—the pattern turns over at the top from Y Y to W W. From Y to Z on the front, the line is straight, as may be seen; it is a continuation of the front. At the dotted line, on the side-seam of the front, marked A A, the pattern also turns over.

Also notice on No. 2, which is the half of the upper part of the back, including the sleeve, that the under half of the sleeve is cut precisely like the upper half, only stopping at the dotted line marked F F to H H. At the point O, this under half of the sleeve is tacked to the point O, on the upper half of sleeve. From R to P, is the place where the hand comes through the 6 stars at X; join the 6 stars at X in the upper half of the piece No. 2. Match all the stars, and also the letters (thus, G G, and C C,) in putting the pieces together.

The skirt of the back of the garment is held in place by the three large buttons, which ornament the back. The pocket, at the side, is inserted in the cloak, and the opening bound with the same material as the trimming.

NEEDLE-BOOK: EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The foundation may be either satin or cashmere, and the embroidery is point Russe and *au passé*. For the motif in the centre there is an appliqué of satin of a contrasting color. These appliqués are fastened down with silk trellis work. Before commencing the embroidery the material must be lined with muslin, to prevent the work from dragging. Both sides of the needle-case cover are embroidered. Inside several flannel leaves are fastened, and these are pinked out at the edges. Besides containing the needles, they prevent them from rusting.

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WAX FLOWERS, No. 12.

BY MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON.

THE PANSY.

Materials.—One pansy leaf mould, one bottle dark purple (dry paint), one large-headed cutting-pin, one small-headed cutting-pin, half package double white wax, half package green (a bright color but not light), one bottle light yellow paint, half dozen pieces green stem-wire, a little lamp black. Carefully save all small scraps of wax, laying them between the leaves of an old book. These scraps do for small flowers, stem-winding and calyxes. Cut out of white wax one piece the size and shape of Fig. 1, with a small Canton-flannel cloth color the underside purple. It is necessary to rub the paint on lightly, as the underside does not show. When using the dry

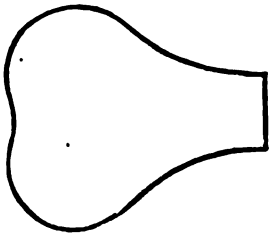

Fig. 1.

paint pour a small quantity of each color you wish to use into a small saucer; it is then convenient, and will not soil wax you do not want colored. Color the upper side of the piece like Fig. 1 with light yellow (a small spot) near where it is joined on the stem. You will see what is meant by looking at Fig. 4, where the whole flower is represented. Then with purple paint color a larger spot purple, around it a band of light yellow, and the remainder of the piece purple. The veining is done with the point of a lead-pencil dipped in mucilage, then in lamp black, and carefully drawn over in lines as indi-

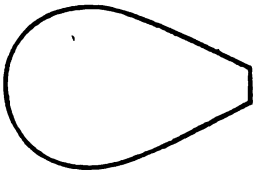

Fig. 2.

cated by Fig. 4. This veining must be done lightly, else it will cut the wax.

Now cut of the white wax two pieces the shape of Fig. 2, only a little broader and longer. Coloring them as indicated in the engraving Fig. 4. All of these pieces should be rolled with the glass head of the cutting-pin before they are veined with the lamp black or placed on the stem. Cap the edges a very little. Never wet the head of the moulding-pin for flowers colored with dry paint, as the paint prevents the pin from sticking to the wax. For the stem take a piece of wire

Fig. 3.

three inches long, make a small hook at one end and cover it with a very small ball of green wax, first having wound your stem with a narrow strip of green wax.

Now, place the piece numbered as Fig. 1 on the stem. By looking at Fig. 4, you cannot fail

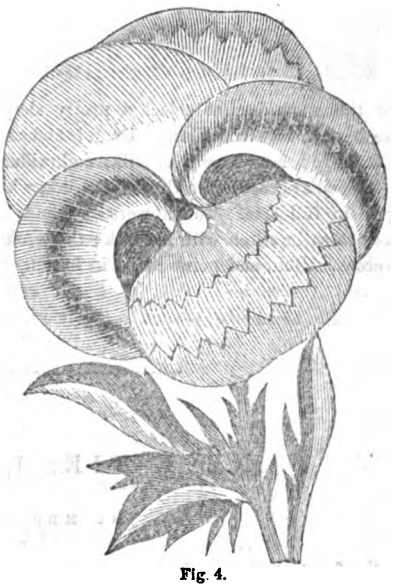

Fig. 4.

to see the exact arrangement of the pansy. When the pieces are all neatly placed on the stem, add a calyx of green wax cut like Fig. 3. The leaves are moulded on the leaf mould exactly as all other leaves before described in the articles on wax work.

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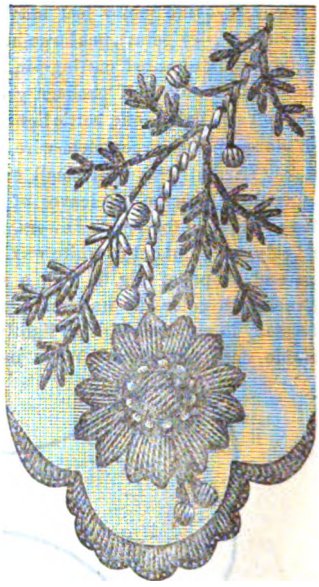
WORK BASKET, WITH DETAIL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



For this work basket select a pretty shaped willow basket, rather shallow. Round the basket is a scalloped lambrequin of silk, embroidered with floss silk according to the illustration, which we give in full size. The flowers and buds are worked in satin stitch with red silk; the tendrils in overcast stitch, and point Russe in brown, and fawn-colored silks. Round the outer edge, which is done in buttonhole stitch, with fawn-color, between each scallop are ball tassels of red silk. Finish the upper edge with a quilling of red satin ribbon, and bows at the sides of the handle. We give a detail of the pattern to be worked, full size, to facilitate the working.

NECK TIE: IN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give a pattern for a neck-tie in embroidery. For the foundation use silk, crêpe de chine, or fine French muslin. The embroidery is done in colored silks. The ivy-shaped leaves in shades of green; the long grasses in pale shade of olive-brown. The forget-me-nots in pale blue, with gold centres; the leaf along side in a darker shade of blue, with dots of gold. The edge of the cravat is done in buttonhole stitch, with the brown silks. If the neck-tie is made of muslin, the same design can be worked in white cotton, or in the colored silks, if desired: but the latter will not wash more than once without fading, and then the washing must be done with great care. This is a charming present.

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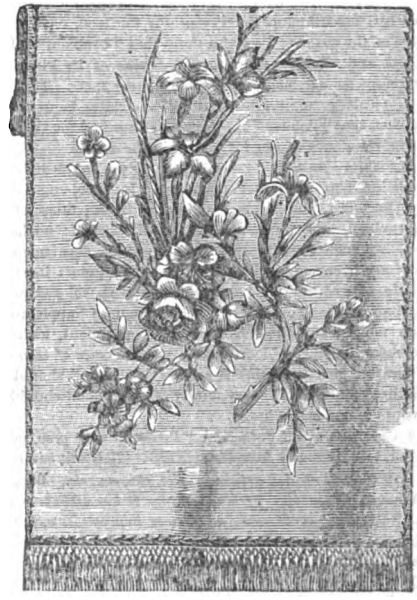
ANTIMACASSARS: APPLIQUÉ OF CRETONNE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



These designs are given in miniature, but they serve as models for embroidery, painting, appliqué of cretonne, or what is better, a combination of the two last. The birds, flowers, etc., are cut out of the cretonne. They are arranged according to the taste of the worker, each piece being tacked in its place. The stalks and stems can be either painted on, or else worked in embroidery silks. Fasten down the pieces of cretonne with silks to match, and work in buttonhole stitch. The veins of the leaves are sometimes put in with gold thread. Satin, silk, cloth, unbleached sheeting, or crash, can be used for this work. These designs also serve for covers for little tables, sideboards, etc. Any other designs, of course, will do as well.

EMBROIDERED DRESS TRIMMING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design for one of those embroidered dress-trimmings, now so fashionable. This band can be embroidered in either white or color. In white, using either jaconet or muslin, it is very suitable for children's frocks; if colored silks are used, the groundwork may be either flannel, satin, or cashmere, according to the destination of the trimming.

We also give, on the same page, a design for a book-marker, to be worked on Bristol board. It would make a very pretty Christmas gift to a mother, brother, friend, etc. etc.; as would the dress trimming also.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1880! SPLENDID ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES! We call attention to the Prospectus for 1880, on the last page of the cover. We claim there that "Peterson" is both better and cheaper than any magazine of its kind, and therefore *the one, above all others, for the times.* That the public at large admits the justice of the claim, is proved by the fact, that "Peterson" has now, and has had for years, *the largest circulation of any lady's book* in the world.

We claim also that "Peterson" combines more desirable qualities than any other magazine. Its steel-engravings are the finest, and a steel-engraving is the finest of all engravings. Its stories are the best published: no lady's book has such contributors. In its fashion department, it has long been acknowledged to be pre-eminent: its styles are the newest and most elegant; its superb, colored plates have no rivals. The Pattern-sheets, given as Supplements, each month, and the "Every-Day" department, make it, moreover, indispensable in a family, *as a matter of economy.* Where but one magazine is taken, "Peterson" should be that magazine. And every family of refinement should, at least, take one magazine.

A new feature will distinguish "Peterson" next year, which will make it even more desirable than ever. This will be a series of brilliantly illustrated articles, stories, etc., etc., etc. We publish one, in this number, as a specimen. It has often been said that "Peterson" could make no further improvements, but we think this will be conceded to be one, and it is the only possible one left.

Now is the time to get up clubs. Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merits and cheapness are fairly put before them. *Be first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for. *Do not lose a moment!*

"SAVE MANY DOLLARS."—The Lynn (Mass.) Reporter, noticing this magazine, says: "In addition to the colored fashion-plate, etc., etc., we find *stories of a high order of merit.* The fact is, 'Peterson's' is well known as one of the best magazines of its class published in the world, and every lady in the land should possess it. It will *save many dollars* alone by acting according to the advice given in regard to children's clothes, etc., etc."

WE REPEAT THE NOTICE, so often given in these pages, that *we have no agents for whom we are responsible.* Either remit direct to us, join a club, or subscribe through your local news-agent, if you have one. Trust no stranger. Where money is remitted *directly to us*, in the manner described in our Prospectus, we are responsible for it, in case of its loss, *but not otherwise.*

VERY PRETTY MOSS FRAMES for photographs or engravings may be made of moss that is found on the bark of forest trees, and on that of apple trees. To make these frames, make stiff cardboard foundations, and attach the moss with glue, commencing with the lightest shades of moss for the inside edges of frames and the darkest for the outer edges.

REMIT EARLY.—The January number will be ready about the twentieth of November, or a little in advance of the usual time, and will be a miracle of beauty. Everybody of taste will be on the *qui vive* to see it. Remit early.

A RHYME ABOUT "YE PETERSON."—An old subscriber writes: "I was in a delightful state of half doze, lying on the big sofa in the family sitting-room.

"Baby Alice felt somewhat as I did, and Nurse Tina was singing to her, in a low tone, that old, but never-out-of-fashion song, 'My Mother.' The measure is as persistent and arbitrary as that of the 'Nonsense' rhymes, and unconsciously, a conversation going on near the sofa took, in my mind, the same jingle. Sister Mary's friend, Annie, had come to see her about the various lady's magazines, and this is what seemed to be said, as I listened, half asleep:

'Now, Mary Jane, I'm not in jest;
Of magazines which is the best,
And cheaper, too, than all the rest?
'Tis 'Peterson?'

'Well, Annie, I can truly say,
In spite of all the vast array,
I'm sure no magazine does pay
Like 'Peterson.'

'If ever one must dress in haste,
Wants skirt, or polonaise, or waist,
No fashion-book displays the taste
Of 'Peterson.'

'For dress at home, or dress away,
For company, or *negligé*,
For dress of every kind, you may
Trust 'Peterson.'

'Of stories, too, you get the best,
Of love, of tragedy, of jest,
From north, from south, from east, from west,
In 'Peterson.'

'In all emergencies you'll meet
In parlor, kitchen, garden, street,
Which you're uncertain how to greet,
Ask 'Peterson.'

'I think our tastes do coincide,
And, without searching far and wide,
You will, I know, be satisfied
With 'Peterson.'

"Words grew to a murmur, then ceased: I was fast asleep. On waking, I hastened for pen and paper, saying, 'Peterson' must have that!' And here it is."

And we pass it on to our subscribers.

RAINWATER AND THE COMPLEXION.—In that admirable journal, Col. Forney's "Progress," the veteran editor calls attention to the fact that ladies do not half appreciate the value of rainwater. It is the best and safest cosmetic in the world for preserving the complexion clear, soft, and fresh. The Duchess of Valentois, the celebrated beauty, known as the "Diana of Poictiers," managed to retain the youthfulness of her marvellous skin to the day of her decease, and M. Oudard, her perfumer, declared after her death, that the only secret she possessed with which to be and remain in perfect health, youth, and beauty to the age of seventy-two was pure rainwater. "A constant use of rainwater," says Col. Forney, "will render the skin soft and downy, brighten the color, cleanse thoroughly the pores, and make beauty last as long as life itself. Try it."

TO REFINE AND ELEVATE, as well as to instruct and delight, has always been the aim of this magazine. Nothing has ever appeared in it, inimical to religion, or virtue.

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Two New Premium Engravings!—Next year, our inducements for getting up clubs will be greater than ever, for we shall have two new premium engravings, so as to give our friends a choice. Both will be copy-righted mezzotints. One of these will be "Washington At Prayer At Valley Forge," size 24 inches by 20, commemorating a tradition of the eventful winter, the darkest period of the War of Independence. The other will be "The Parable Of The Lily," 20 by 16. These mezzotints belong to the highest class of engravings, and ought to be, even apart from their artistic merits, on the walls of *every family in the land.* Some persons may prefer one, some another, and in order to secure either, it is only necessary to get up a club for "Peterson." *By getting up one of the large clubs, however, you may secure both.* See, however, the advertisement on the fourth page of cover. These premiums are, decidedly, the best we have ever offered.

Now is the time to get up clubs for 1880! We expect to double our already enormous list, so many are the improvements that we intend to make. Send for a specimen of "Peterson" to show. We invite comparison. We do not wish to deceive anybody. You will find that no other magazine, at anything like the price, approaches this. No other offers such inducements for getting up clubs. In every respect—merit, cheapness, etc., etc.—*we shall lead the field.*

As Trifles for a bazaar, we would suggest the following: A kettle-holder, in ordinary knitting, made of ten stripes, in two alternate colors, such as red and blue, green and white, gold and brown; each stripe ten stitches wide and twenty rows long, sewn together when finished, and put on a lining in such a way that the rows set close together, forming plaits, which, being thick, resist the heat. They are easy work for old people and children. We have seen pretty wash-stand mats made of white felt or flannel, bound with a broad band of color, and large wool stars roughly worked all over in the color of the binding. Red or light blue look well, or pink. Colored sheeting, with a deep wool fringe, looks well.

The Colored Pattern, in this number, is one of those costly embellishments, which are only to be found in "Peterson." The expense of this pattern is as great as the boasted "chromos," which are given, with a great flourish, as premiums, by some other periodicals. Each color has to be printed separately, and the cost, therefore, is very large. But we give this, not as a premium, but as part of the magazine, and make no "flourish" about it, except to do justice to ourselves in calling attention to its expense.

The Gems of Art, or, the Pictorial Annual, will be sent to persons getting up clubs, instead of a premium engraving, if preferred. Each of these beautiful gift-books contains twenty-five steel engravings, similiar to those published in "Peterson." Or they will be sent to subscribers on the same terms as the premium plates, viz.: for fifty cents, extra, each. To persons, not subscribers, the price is one dollar each.

A Use for Lime Water.—Many people cannot take milk without lime water, and of those who require the addition of lime some require much more than others. Try at first two tablespoonfuls to half a pint of milk, and increase if necessary.

More Money is Spent, annually, by this magazine, on steel plates, colored fashion plates, Berlin patterns, and other embellishments, than by any other periodical in America, or, so far as we know, in the world.

Be Courteous to All, for politeness costs but little, and pays a very big dividend.

One Advantage in Subscribing to this magazine is that it is not interested in any dry goods, millinery, or other business, and therefore is not, as so many are, biased, by its pocket, in its notices of fashions, etc., etc. "Peterson" is entirely impartial, selecting the latest styles, which are sent out to it, in advance, from Paris. Its patterns are not those of second-rate dress-makers in New York or Philadelphia, but French ones, the newest and prettiest of their kind. All the fashion editor asks is that "Peterson," in this respect, may be compared with others. We repeat, we have no personal interests to secure, in giving our fashions, no third-rate articles of our own to work off.

"Cannot Be Excelled."—The Darlington (S. C.) Southerner says: "Peterson's is full to overflowing, and up to the highest standard of excellence *in every department.* Some of the *finest stories* ever penned may be found in this magazine. The fashion department *cannot be excelled* by any other work of the kind."

"The Best of Any."—A lady writes that she took "Peterson," for the first time, this year, and adds: "I have fell in love with it, and like the best of any lady's book."

Homes of Refinement.—A magazine, like this, on the centre-table, is a sure sign that the home is one of refinement.

Our Title-Page, this year, is after a picture by the celebrated English artist, Millais.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Sarah De Berenger. A novel. By Jean Ingelow. 1 *vol.,* 12*mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—The poetry of Jean Ingelow has long been a favorite in refined households. Some of her lyrics, indeed, are among the best in the language. Her first novel, however, was less of a success. But in the tale before us she establishes her claim to excellence in prose as well as in poetry. The story has many merits, but its principal one is that it deviates from the usual beaten track, and is really original. The chief character is that of the mother, Hannah Dill, who, in order to save her two little daughters from the contamination of their criminal father, goes off, assumes the character of their nurse, and for a score of years—until her death, in fact—practises a heroic self-abnegation that amounts to living martyrdom. How this is done without the incidents being forced, the reader must seek the book to find; for it would be unfair in us to tell it, and so anticipate the author. The merit of the book is that everything happens so naturally, and that a plot, that seems, at first, improbable, works itself out, at last, with entire ease. There are passages, besides, of great power and pathos in the story.

The Preservation of Flowers in Their Natural State and Colors. By H. Acosta Kresen. Illustrated. 1 *vol.,* 16*mo. Dayton: Philip A. Kemper.*—This little volume hails from Dayton, Ohio, and being the work of a practical florist, who thoroughly understands his business, is worthy to take rank as a text-book. In addition to full directions for drying flowers of every kind in every way, the volume contains a treatise on ornamental grasses and mosses, their uses, how to color them, etc., etc. The illustrations are numerous and valuable.

In The Schillingscourt. From the German of E. Marlitt. By Mrs. A. L. Wistar. 1 *vol.,* 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—A romance by E. Marlitt, translated by Mrs. A. L. Wistar, is always sure to be popular; for the one writes exceptionally well, and the other has no rival as a translator. The tale is one of modern German life. It is a love-story, full of incident, the characters are well discriminated, the *dénouement* exactly what it should be. The volume, like all those issued by this house, is unusually well printed.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WHAT THE EDITORS SAY.—In showing your specimen, when you are getting up a club, call attention to what the editors say of this magazine. For instance, the Woburn (Mass.) Journal says, "The secret of the wonderful success of this prince of monthlies *lies in its ever onward progress* towards the highest possible point to be reached in its line; and so long as it continues, as it has in the past, to gain new friends with every number, it will hold its place in the front rank." The Prescott (Ark.) Despatch says, of the last number, that it is "emphatically the magazine of the season." The Raleigh (N. C.) Friend says, "It always comes, in its freshness and beauty, to cheer the household of the tens of thousands, who are so fortunate as to be its subscribers. It cannot be surpassed." The Middleport (N. Y.) Mail calls it "the best magazine published: ahead in all its departments." The Lapeer (Mich.) Clarion says, "The stories are always of the best class." The Charleston (W. Va.) Spirit of Jefferson calls it "the best of the fashion monthlies." The Lynn (Mass.) Record pronounces it indispensable to "everybody who desires to keep thoroughly posted in regard to the fashions."

WHAT BAKING-POWDER SHALL WE USE.—The late Dr. Samuel Jackson, Professor of the Institute of Medicine, in the University of Pennsylvania, whose opinion as a physician is held in such high esteem, said, in regard to Horsford's Bread-Preparation: "The phosphate of lime, which is the principal ingredient of this preparation, is an essential constituent of all grains. It is further an important nutritive principle, and an indispensable element in the construction of all the animal tissues. This preparation, while it makes a light, sweet and palatable bread, restores to the phosphate of lime which had been separated from the flour, and thus adapts it as an aliment for the maintenance of a healthy state of organization." A sample of above preparation sufficient for raising one quart of flour will be sent by mail, upon the receipt of a three-cent stamp, by the Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I. If thirty-five cents are sent, you will receive one of the regular packages, sufficient for twenty-five pounds of flour.

CHILDREN CRY for PITCHER'S CASTORIA, because it is sweet and stops their stomach ache. Mothers like CASTORIA because it gives HEALTH TO THE CHILD and REST TO THEMSELVES, and Physicians use CASTORIA because it contains no morphine or other narcotic property.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. XI.—ACHILLEA MILLEFOLIUM.

Thousand-leaf Achillea; Yarrow; Milfoil. Named after Achilles, a Greek physician, who first, probably, used the plant. Natural order, compositae; tribe 4, Senecconideæ; sub-tribe 4, anthemideæ.

Yarrow is a perennial herb; stem mostly simple, two to three feet high; sulcate, striate, hairy, somewhat woolly, leafy; leaves two or three to six inches long, alternate bipennatifid, minutely divided with linear dentate divisions. Heads of flowers numerous, fragrant, whitish, but small, in flat, dense corymbs; tube green. It abounds in old pastures, along fences, and on the borders of woods, throughout the United States. The whole plant is medicinal; possessing, at least, a pleasant aromatic bitter, with some astringency. Its MEDICAL PROPERTIES are those of an aromatic tonic and astringent—used chiefly in domestic practice—by mothers—for the relief of flatulent colic, nervous affections, their peculiar ailments, as dysmenorrhea, and especially for diarrhœa of children. The late Dr. Fronefield, of this city, put up, several years ago, a "Compound Syrup of Yarrow," which had an extensive sale, and became quite a popular medicine for bowel affections. It has been recommended in low forms of fever, and for the suppression of hemorrhages.

Hughes (homœopath) says he has seen good effects from the use of Yarrow in haemptysis and epistaysis.

In some parts of Sweden, it is said to be used as a substitute for hops, in the preparation for beer, which it is thought to render more intoxicating. From the peculiar taste and effects of much beer in this country, one is compelled to believe that many medicinal agents besides hops and malt are used by the brewers.

Yarrow is generally given in strong infusion, one ounce or more to the pint of boiling water, of which a wineglassful or more may be taken freely.

AGRIMONIE EUPATORIA.—AGRIMONY.

BOTANICAL CHARACTERS.—Stem, hirsute, simple, two to four feet high; leaves, four or five to nine inches long; principal leaflets five to seven, two to three or four inches in length, ovate, oblong, coarsely serrate, the intervening ones small, ovate. Flowers, small, yellow, with petals twice the length of the calyx, in a slender, spicate raceme about six or eight inches in length.

HABITAT.—This species of agrimony is a perennial herb, with interruptedly pinnate leaves, common to Asia, Europe and America, and in this country is generally found in open woods, or on the borders of woods, and flowering during July and August.

PHYSICAL PROPERTIES.—The herb has a faint but carminative odor, and a rough, bitterish, slightly aromatic taste. The flowers exhale quite a strong fragrance. The root is decidedly more bitter and astringent.

MEDICINAL USES.—A mild astringent tonic, agrimony is used by families in diarrhœa, mild cases of dysentery, passive hemorrhages, and in relaxed, atonic conditions of the bowels, attended with slight irritation, or chronic inflammation of the mucous membranes. It has been favorably used in suppression of urine, and some eclectic physicians assert that a strong decoction of the whole plant taken freely, for some time, will cure scrofula. In the same form (sweetened with honey) it has been recommended for the alleviation of asthma, colds, coughs, bronchial affections, and, as a gargle, in ulceration of the mouth and throat. But, doubtless, we possess more active and reliable agents for the former affections, and whilst we can get chlorate of potassa, we need not agrimony to relieve the latter.

ADMINISTRATION.—Given in infusion, one ounce to the pint of boiling water, and taken almost to any extent, *ad libitum*.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞Everything relating to this department must be sent to GEORGE CHINN, MARBLEHEAD, MASS. All communications are to be headed: "FOR PETERSON'S." All are invited to send answers, also, to contribute original puzzles, which should be accompanied by the answers.☜

No. 43.—TWENTY-ONE HIDDEN ANIMALS AND INSECTS.

Darling Nathan:—Well, as Susan the cook says, "Here I be," eating bread and making the butter fly, after my long visit to Admiral Miller's. My little brother, Atwood, is just over the colic. O, Walter has received Ogden's letter. Will Amanda send Joseph "Entering into Fairyland," the book she promised to lend him? Can you come to Hedgerow this fall? Hedgerow, Olf Williams says, is in its glory now. "Sleep, ignoble though it be in some cases, is

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essential to man," was W. Anley's subject for prose composition. Joseph's subject was "Heepleytown folks." Anley won the first prize, which was a novel by Victor Hugo. O, Senator Brown's dead, and, either to commemorate that or something else, Sarah, or Seth, Areton, I don't know which, is taken with the whooping-cough, and the way they go at it is enough to make one whoop in sympathy. Atwood, the little Arab, bit Joe on the arm, yesterday, so that it bled. No more at present from Your friend, E. E. RICHARDS.

Elisabeth, N. J. SUSIE WALTON HOLMES.

No. 49.—DOUBLE DIAMOND.

Across.—A consonant. Rich. Vegetables. An excrescence growing on a species of oak. A blossom. At a distance. A consonant.

Down.—Letter from England. A vehicle. Weakness. A kind of lace. An end of timber. Whole amount. Letter from Portugal.

Providence, R. I. TWILL.

No. 50.—EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of ten letters.
My 5, 9, 1, is a line of things.
My 7, 8, 6, 4, is a stout cord.
My 10, 2, 3, is plump.
My whole is a protection against rain.

Harlem, N. Y. MINNIE S. YOST.

No. 51.—WORD SQUARE.

My first is to expect. My second is greasy. My next is an apology. My last is a young hawk.

Marblehead, Mass. RALPH RACKSTRAW.

Answers Next Month.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

No. 45.

P
P E T
O R E
A S K
A P E
B I D
A C E
G U N
T O N
H U T
M U S T Y
C O L L E C T
A N A L Y T I C S

No. 46.

Croquet.

No. 47.

Charles Dickens.

MANAGEMENT OF INFANTS.

CHILBLAINS, ETC.—Many poor "little people" suffer terribly from chilblains, which come from a weak circulation of the blood, and the best way to avoid their coming is to let the feet be covered in winter-time with *worsted* socks or stockings, and thick-soled boots or shoes. There is no end of recipes for the putting to flight of these pests, but the following are two well-tried ones:—Rub the chilblains with laudanum night and morning, rubbing the foot or hand afterwards with a piece of warm dry flannel. When *broken*, put a common bread-and-water poultice upon them, and afterwards apply a little of this mixture:—half an ounce of pure lard, half an ounce of beeswax, quarter of an ounce of oil of turpentine, melted and stirred well together.

Children's feet should be studied. Let them have good thick-soled boots for out-of-door wear, and neat-fitting low shoes for indoors. The former will protect them from damp and wet; the latter are to ease their feet. The two pairs will save each other immensely.

Burns and scalds are of such frequent occurrence among our babies, unfortunately, that we must say a little about them. In the case of a severe scald undress the child quickly and carefully, so as not to touch more than possible or break the blisters. Put him to bed and cover the injured part with several thicknesses of cotton wadding, excluding every particle of air.

For a burn do precisely the same—a bad burn. For a burnt finger or other small part apply common whiting. Scrape some to a powder, wet it, and place thickly upon the place.

A doctor should be sent for in any severe case of the kind. Meanwhile the patient may be given a little wine and water, and as delicate children are liable to receive a severe shock to the system under such a circumstance, and often shiver greatly, the extremities being cold, put warm water bottles to the feet.

For a simple bruise simple treatment will do. Put cold water upon it, or cold water with some nitre in it to make it still cooler. If upon an arm or a leg, a handkerchief saturated with water and wrapped round it, wetting it as often as it gets dry, will answer the purpose. A severe bruise must have rags wetted with vinegar and water constantly on it, or a thick piece of brown paper dipped in the same, or in cold water, is an excellent remedy. For a cut or wound bathe it with a soft sponge and cold water to arrest bleeding, if any. If dirt is in it, and cannot be got out easily, put on a common bread and water poultice.

Cleansed thus, bring together the edges of the wound, keeping them in place with adhesive plaster—you have it in your medicine-chest—cut in convenient strips.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS, ETC.

PEACOCK FEATHER VALANCE.—An exceptionally beautiful Christmas gift, we would say to our fair subscriber ANNIE, would be a valance made of peacock feathers The feathers should be laid on gold-colored sheeting, one straight, then one a little inclined to the right, then another to the left, then a straight one again. The quills should be cut short and laid over each other. The feathers should be in the centre of the valance, which is one long straight piece, about seven inches deep. Hide the quills as much as possible, and choose full and well-matched "eye" feathers. Another way of arranging them is to cut three of the same length, lay them on the material slantwise, the quills towards the centre and fasten them on. Add a bow of dark red satin ribbon, of an inch wide, to tie them loosely together. In the centre of the valance, an oval medallion frame, formed of the smaller neck feathers, would look well, and in the middle a large monogram, worked in dark red silk, with an outline of dark green or black. The quills of the feathers must point towards the centre, and downwards on each side of the monogram. Allow three or four inches space between the groups. Turn in the edges of the sheeting top and bottom, and line with stiff muslin or net. The neatest way of fastening the valance to the mantel-board (also covered with satin sheeting) is to drive in gold-headed nails. This looks better than cord edging. A fringe is not necessary, but can be added if required. It should not be wider than two inches. The

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feathers should be tacked on, and not gummed. A table-cover border may be made in the same way.

BASKET.—A basket such as LUCY requires is not open work enough to require lining. On the top arrange a bunch of cherries and plenty of leaves. The cherries are made like the balls, by winding the wool round two tiny circles of cardboard; the leaves are cut out of baize and scraps of green flannel, which are attached by working the ribs in green wool; one line straight down the centre of each, and fur on either side, almost at right angles. Round the base of the basket are placed a strip of red flannel, with green, brown, and red woolen tassels depending, and a row of herring-bone in green wool in the centre of the red strip. Above this, in the middle of the basket, and at the top, place vandyke strips of red, worked in green, black, and gold wool.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUPS.

Oyster Soup.—Take four dozen oysters; parboil them in their own liquor. Beard two dozen, and set them aside. Pound the rest and the beards with the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs; add the oyster liquor and as much white stock as you want soup; let the whole boil, and then pass it through a hair sieve. Put in the whole oysters; make the soup hot, season with pepper, salt, and grated nutmeg, and just before serving, stir in off the fire a gill of cream, beaten up with the yolk of a raw egg.

Tomato Soup.—Boil a small piece of meat with cabbage, parsley, celery, pepper and salt, onions, allspice. When they are well boiled, add a good quantity of tomatoes, and a dessert-spoon of butter, rolled in flour; strain all through a colander, and serve with small squares of toasted bread.

Vegetable Soup.—One pint of milk, one teacup of lima beans, one of tomatoes, three carrots, sliced, pepper and salt. Boil for one and a-half hours.

DESSERTS.

Lemon Sponge.—Two ounces isinglass, one pint and three-quarters of water, three-quarters pound pounded sugar, the juice of five lemons, the rind of one, the whites of three eggs. Dissolve the isinglass in the water, strain it into a saucepan, and add the sugar, lemon-rind, and juice. Boil the whole from ten to fifteen minutes, strain it again, and let it stand till it is cool and begins to stiffen. Beat the whites of the eggs, put them to it, and whisk the mixture till it is quite white; put it into a mould which has been previously wetted, and let it remain until perfectly set; then turn it out, and garnish it according to taste.

Scotch Marmalade.—To every pound of Seville oranges put one lemon and two quarts of water, and boil them for two hours; then change the water and boil until quite soft; cut them in half, take out the pulp carefully, and remove the seeds; cut the peel into very thin slices, and return it to the pulp. To every pound of fruit allow two pounds of sugar; put a pint of the water the oranges were first boiled in to the sugar, mix the whole together, and boil twenty minutes, or until the marmalade is clear.

Buttermilk Creams.—Take a quart or two, according to quantity required, of freshly churned buttermilk; tie it up in a cloth, and hang it over a basin for three or four days till the whey has all run from it, and only the curd remains in the cloth. Beat the curd with a whisk, with either raspberry jam or fresh raspberries. If the latter, a good deal of white pounded sugar should be added; if the former, a little sugar will do. Send to table heaped in jelly glasses.

Gingerbread Pudding.—Three ounces flour, three ounces bread crumbs, six ounces treacle, five ounces finely chopped suet, one tablespoonful of sugar, one egg, one-half ounce ground ginger. Let it fill a mould or basin, and boil eight to ten hours.

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE RECIPES.

To Use Bread-Crusts.—They may be used in several ways. Put them on a tin, and place in a cool oven till crisp, then pound in a mortar till quite fine. Put away in a covered tin, and you have bread-crumbs already for fish, croquettes, etc. Or put the crumbs into a basin, and cover them with cold water; the next day put into a cloth, and squeeze all moisture from them, then add chopped apple, sugar, butter, chopped lemon peel, and lemon juice; put into a pie dish and bake, and you have a nice apple charlotte. Or take the bread when squeezed, add to it the yolks of two eggs, sugar to taste, a few sultanas or currants, and a little flavoring of some kind; when all is well mixed, stir in the whites of the eggs whisked to a strong froth; put into a buttered dish, and bake about half an hour.

Meat Jelly.—Cut some dressed meat (beef or mutton), into slices smaller than for hash; season them with salt and pepper. Dissolve a sixpenny packet of gelatine in one pint of good clear stock; arrange the slices of meat in a mould with slices of hard-boiled eggs; fill up the mould with the stock, and put it into the oven for half an hour. Let it stand till quite cold, turn it out, and garnish with watercress.

Knuckle of Veal, stewed brown.—Take a knuckle of veal, cut it into four pieces, just fry it to be brown; then put to it three pints of boiling water, and let it stew on a very slow fire nearly three hours; put with it a bunch of sweet herbs, an anchovy, and some vermicelli and salt, with a little cayenne. When it is done, take it up and pour the sauce over it.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

FIG. I.—VISITING-DRESS OF BLACK VELVET; it is made with a train and the front is trimmed with a narrow, black satin plaiting; when the plain train is joined to the front of the skirt, there is a band of lynx fur, which also passes across the front of the dress; the long plain basque is edged with a narrow black satin plaiting like that on the bottom of the skirt. Large black velvet hat with long ostrich plume.

FIG. II.—EVENING-DRESS OF YELLOW SILK; the round under-dress is of yellow silk striped with white satin, and is finished with a knife-plaiting of the same, headed by a plaiting of Breton lace; the over-dress of yellow silk has a short train, is draped low across the front, and has paniers, caught up by a garland of large pink roses with brown leaves; the deep cuirass waist ends in two large loops at the back; it is high on the shoulders, and low and square back and front. Large pink rose in the hair.

FIG. III.—RECEPTION OR EVENING-DRESS OF WHITE POMPADOUR SILK, with blue and pink roses; the short train is edged with a knife-plaiting of white silk, above which is a Vandyke trimming of pink silk; the long wrinkled apron is edged with a deep pink fringe. The dress is of princess shape at the back, has paniers at the side, and is finished on the front with wide, plain, pink silk; this pink silk faces the sides of the square train. The high waist is much ornamented with wide lace. The close coat-sleeves have a deep cuff of pink silk.

FIG. IV.—VISITING-DRESS OF DARK GREEN VELVET, worn over a skirt edged with a wide knife-plaited ruffle of dark green silk. A puffing and a second smaller ruffle trims the front. The velvet dress is trimmed in front with strips of green satin fastened down by velvet buttons, and the back of the coat-basque is ornamented in the same way. Small bonnet of dark green velvet.

FIG. V.—EVENING-DRESS OF BLACK SILK, brocaded in small colored bouquets. The back is princess in shape and has paniers formed by looping up the dress at the sides with

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bows of black satin ribbon. The front of the dress is of claret-colored satin with red silk diagonal stripes. A red silk ruffle passes around the front, as well as around the black-figured silk at the back; the body is low both back and front. Elbow sleeves, trimmed with ruffles of red silk and black and white lace. Black kid gloves, embroidered on the back.

FIG. VI.—HOUSE-DRESS OF SATIN BROCADE—BLUE FLOWERS ON A DARK BROWN GROUND. The skirt has two pleated flounces, edged with lace, and is arranged in folds half way to the waist. Short panier tunic, draped and edged with pleated frill of brocade and lace. Jacket bodice, with plastron of pleated blue silk and frill of lace. Lace frills and revers at the wrists. The back of the dress is princess and is looped up carelessly with a bow of brown satin ribbon.

FIG. VII.—HOUSE-DRESS OF PEACOCK-BLUE INDIAN CASHMERE, which opens over a Pekin striped silk of two shades of peacock blue; the cashmere dress opens to the waist where it fastens with three buttons; the silk front is trimmed with seven narrow knife-plaited ruffles; the back of the robe is princess, and is ornamented with a shell trimming of the silk.

FIG. VIII.—OUT-OF-DOOR COSTUME OF BROWN CASHMERE. Cloak of brown beaver cloth, made with wide sleeves and trimmed with deep chenille fringe.

FIG. IX.—SKATING COSTUME OF DARK BLUE CASHMERE, made with long kilt-plaiting down the front, and shirred on each side of plaiting; knife-plaited ruffle around the bottom of the skirt, above which is one of figured silk. Dark blue velveteen jacket trimmed with gray fur; muff of the same fur. Dark blue velvet toque trimmed with gray fur and a blue feather.

FIG. X.—WINTER-DRESS OF SICILIENNE, TRIMMED WITH STRIPED VELVET. The redingote is of bronze-colored cloth, close-fitting, and the collar, cuffs and pocket are of seal-skin. Brown felt hat and feathers.

FIG. XI.—WINTER COSTUME. The dress is of black silk, trimmed with several narrow flounces. The circular wrap is of heavy, corded, black silk (or can be made of wide black cashmere), and is lined all through with gray squirrel skin; the collar and narrow border are of lynx fur.

FIG. XII.—PRINCESS ROBE, IN DRAGON-GREEN CASHMERE, with a cross-cut border of darker velvet. Gray mantle of Indian cashmere, quilted throughout, and trimmed with fox fur, which may be completed by chenille fringe; pendant sleeves. Green felt bonnet with gray feathers, loops, and watered strings.

FIG. XIII.—SEMI-FITTING PALETOT OF BRONZE ARMURE SATIN, lined with white hare; otter fur borders the pockets and sleeves, and also composes the long round boa; the latter with handslits midway down, terminates in fur tassels. Dress of bronze silk.

FIG. XIV.—BRIDE'S HEAD-DRESS. The veil is arranged in the Spanish fashion. It is fastened at the back of the head near the top, and is caught together on the chest with a cluster of orange blossoms, without falling over the face; a double wreath of orange blossoms.

FIG. XV.—WHITE FELT BONNET, trimmed with white satin ribbon, caught here and there with gilt ornaments, and trimmed on left side with bunches of holly berries.

FIG. XVI.—BRIDE'S HEAD-DRESS; the veil is of tulle, is fastened at the back of the head, and falls in very long folds, almost to the bottom of the dress. The short end is brought front, and falls over the face without plaits.

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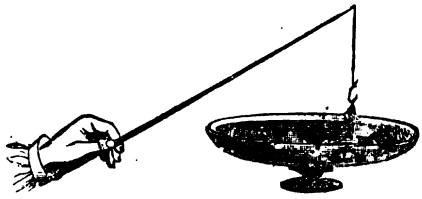

The Christmas Cabinet.

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feathers should be tacked on, and not gummed. A table-cover border may be made in the same way.

BASKET.—A basket such as LUCY requires is not open work enough to require lining. On the top arrange a bunch of cherries and plenty of leaves. The cherries are made like the balls, by winding the wool round two tiny circles of cardboard; the leaves are cut out of baize and scraps of green flannel, which are attached by working the ribs in green wool; one line straight down the centre of each, and fur on either side, almost at right angles. Round the base of the basket are placed a strip of red flannel, with green, brown, and red woolen tassels depending, and a row of herring-bone in green wool in the centre of the red strip. Above this, in the middle of the basket, and at the top, place vandyke strips of red, worked in green, black, and gold wool.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUPS.

Oyster Soup.—Take four dozen oysters; parboil them in their own liquor. Beard two dozen, and set them aside. Pound the rest and the beards with the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs; add the oyster liquor and as much white stock as you want soup; let the whole boil, and then pass it through a hair sieve. Put in the whole oysters; make the soup hot, season with pepper, salt, and grated nutmeg, and just before serving, stir in off the fire a gill of cream, beaten up with the yolk of a raw egg.

Tomato Soup.—Boil a small piece of meat with cabbage, parsley, celery, pepper and salt, onions, allspice. When they are well boiled, add a good quantity of tomatoes, and a dessert-spoon of butter, rolled in flour; strain all through a colander, and serve with small squares of toasted bread.

Vegetable Soup.—One pint of milk, one teacup of lima beans, one of tomatoes, three carrots, sliced, pepper and salt. Boil for one and a-half hours.

DESSERTS.

Lemon Sponge.—Two ounces isinglass, one pint and three-quarters of water, three-quarters pound pounded sugar, the juice of five lemons, the rind of one, the whites of three eggs. Dissolve the isinglass in the water, strain it into a saucepan, and add the sugar, lemon-rind, and juice. Boil the whole from ten to fifteen minutes, strain it again, and let it stand till it is cool and begins to stiffen. Beat the whites of the eggs, put them to it, and whisk the mixture till it is quite white; put it into a mould which has been previously wetted, and let it remain until perfectly set; then turn it out, and garnish it according to taste.

Scotch Marmalade.—To every pound of Seville oranges put one lemon and two quarts of water, and boil them for two hours; then change the water and boil until quite soft; cut them in half, take out the pulp carefully, and remove the seeds; cut the peel into very thin slices, and return it to the pulp. To every pound of fruit allow two pounds of sugar; put a pint of the water the oranges were first boiled in to the sugar, mix the whole together, and boil twenty minutes, or until the marmalade is clear.

Buttermilk Creams.—Take a quart or two, according to quantity required, of freshly churned buttermilk; tie it up in a cloth, and hang it over a basin for three or four days till the whey has all run from it, and only the curd remains in the cloth. Beat the curd with a whisk, with either raspberry jam or fresh raspberries. If the latter, a good deal of white pounded sugar should be added; if the former, a little sugar will do. Send to table heaped in jelly glasses.

Gingerbread Pudding.—Three ounces flour, three ounces bread crumbs, six ounces treacle, five ounces finely chopped suet, one tablespoonful of sugar, one egg, one-half ounce ground ginger. Let it fill a mould or basin, and boil eight to ten hours.

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE RECIPES.

To Use Bread-Crusts.—They may be used in several ways. Put them on a tin, and place in a cool oven till crisp, then pound in a mortar till quite fine. Put away in a covered tin, and you have bread-crumbs already for fish, croquettes, etc. Or put the crumbs into a basin, and cover them with cold water; the next day put into a cloth, and squeeze all moisture from them, then add chopped apple, sugar, butter, chopped lemon peel, and lemon juice; put into a pie dish and bake, and you have a nice apple charlotte. Or take the bread when squeezed, add to it the yolks of two eggs, sugar to taste, a few sultanas or currants, and a little flavoring of some kind; when all is well mixed, stir in the whites of the eggs whisked to a strong froth; put into a buttered dish, and bake about half an hour.

Meat Jelly.—Cut some dressed meat (beef or mutton), into slices smaller than for hash; season them with salt and pepper. Dissolve a sixpenny packet of gelatine in one pint of good clear stock; arrange the slices of meat in a mould with slices of hard-boiled eggs; fill up the mould with the stock, and put it into the oven for half an hour. Let it stand till quite cold, turn it out, and garnish with watercress.

Knuckle of Veal, stewed brown.—Take a knuckle of veal, cut it into four pieces, just fry it to be brown; then put to it three pints of boiling water, and let it stew on a very slow fire nearly three hours; put with it a bunch of sweet herbs, an anchovy, and some vermicelli and salt, with a little cayenne. When it is done, take it up and pour the sauce over it.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

FIG. I.—VISITING-DRESS OF BLACK VELVET; it is made with a train and the front is trimmed with a narrow, black satin plaiting; when the plain train is joined to the front of the skirt, there is a band of lynx fur, which also passes across the front of the dress; the long plain basque is edged with a narrow black satin plaiting like that on the bottom of the skirt. Large black velvet hat with long ostrich plume.

FIG. II.—EVENING-DRESS OF YELLOW SILK; the round under-dress is of yellow silk striped with white satin, and is finished with a knife-plaiting of the same, headed by a plaiting of Breton lace; the over-dress of yellow silk has a short train, is draped low across the front, and has paniers, caught up by a garland of large pink roses with brown leaves; the deep cuirass waist ends in two large loops at the back; it is high on the shoulders, and low and square back and front. Large pink rose in the hair.

FIG. III.—RECEPTION OR EVENING-DRESS OF WHITE POMPADOUR SILK, with blue and pink roses; the short train is edged with a knife-plaiting of white silk, above which is a Vandyke trimming of pink silk; the long wrinkled apron is edged with a deep pink fringe. The dress is of princess shape at the back, has paniers at the side, and is finished on the front with wide, plain, pink silk; this pink silk faces the sides of the square train. The high waist is much ornamented with wide lace. The close coat-sleeves have a deep cuff of pink silk.

FIG. IV.—VISITING-DRESS OF DARK GREEN VELVET, worn over a skirt edged with a wide knife-plaited ruffle of dark green silk. A puffing and a second smaller ruffle trims the front. The velvet dress is trimmed in front with strips of green satin fastened down by velvet buttons, and the back of the coat-basque is ornamented in the same way. Small bonnet of dark green velvet.

FIG. V.—EVENING-DRESS OF BLACK SILK, brocaded in small colored bouquets. The back is princess in shape and has paniers formed by looping up the dress at the sides with

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bows of black satin ribbon. The front of the dress is of claret-colored satin with red silk diagonal stripes. A red silk ruffle passes around the front, as well as around the black-figured silk at the back; the body is low both back and front. Elbow sleeves, trimmed with ruffles of red silk and black and white lace. Black kid gloves, embroidered on the back.

FIG. VI.—HOUSE-DRESS OF SATIN BROCADE—BLUE FLOWERS ON A DARK BROWN GROUND. The skirt has two pleated flounces, edged with lace, and is arranged in folds half way to the waist. Short panier tunic, draped and edged with pleated frill of brocade and lace. Jacket bodice, with plastron of pleated blue silk and frill of lace. Lace frills and revers at the wrists. The back of the dress is princess and is looped up carelessly with a bow of brown satin ribbon.

FIG. VII.—HOUSE-DRESS OF PEACOCK-BLUE INDIAN CASHMERE, which opens over a Pekin striped silk of two shades of peacock blue; the cashmere dress opens to the waist where it fastens with three buttons; the silk front is trimmed with seven narrow knife-plaited ruffles; the back of the robe is princess, and is ornamented with a shell trimming of the silk.

FIG. VIII.—OUT-OF-DOOR COSTUME OF BROWN CASHMERE. Cloak of brown beaver cloth, made with wide sleeves and trimmed with deep chenille fringe.

FIG. IX.—SKATING COSTUME OF DARK BLUE CASHMERE, made with long kilt-plaiting down the front, and shirred on each side of plaiting; knife-plaited ruffle around the bottom of the skirt, above which is one of figured silk. Dark blue velveteen jacket trimmed with gray fur; muff of the same fur. Dark blue velvet toque trimmed with gray fur and a blue feather.

FIG. X.—WINTER-DRESS OF SICILIENNE, TRIMMED WITH STRIPED VELVET. The redingote is of bronze-colored cloth, close-fitting, and the collar, cuffs and pocket are of seal-skin. Brown felt hat and feathers.

FIG. XI.—WINTER COSTUME. The dress is of black silk, trimmed with several narrow flounces. The circular wrap is of heavy, corded, black silk (or can be made of wide black cashmere), and is lined all through with gray squirrel skin; the collar and narrow border are of lynx fur.

FIG. XII.—PRINCESS ROBE, IN DRAGON-GREEN CASHMERE, with a cross-cut border of darker velvet. Gray mantle of Indian cashmere, quilted throughout, and trimmed with fox fur, which may be completed by chenille fringe; pendant sleeves. Green felt bonnet with gray feathers, loops, and watered strings.

FIG. XIII.—SEMI-FITTING PALETOT OF BRONZE ARMURE SATIN, lined with white hare; otter fur borders the pockets and sleeves, and also composes the long round boa; the latter with handslits midway down, terminates in fur tassels. Dress of bronze silk.

FIG. XIV.—BRIDE'S HEAD-DRESS. The veil is arranged in the Spanish fashion. It is fastened at the back of the head near the top, and is caught together on the chest with a cluster of orange blossoms, without falling over the face; a double wreath of orange blossoms.

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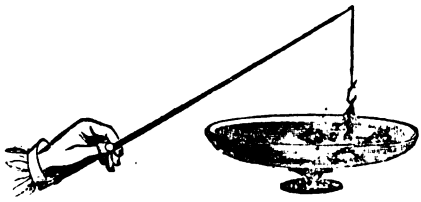

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